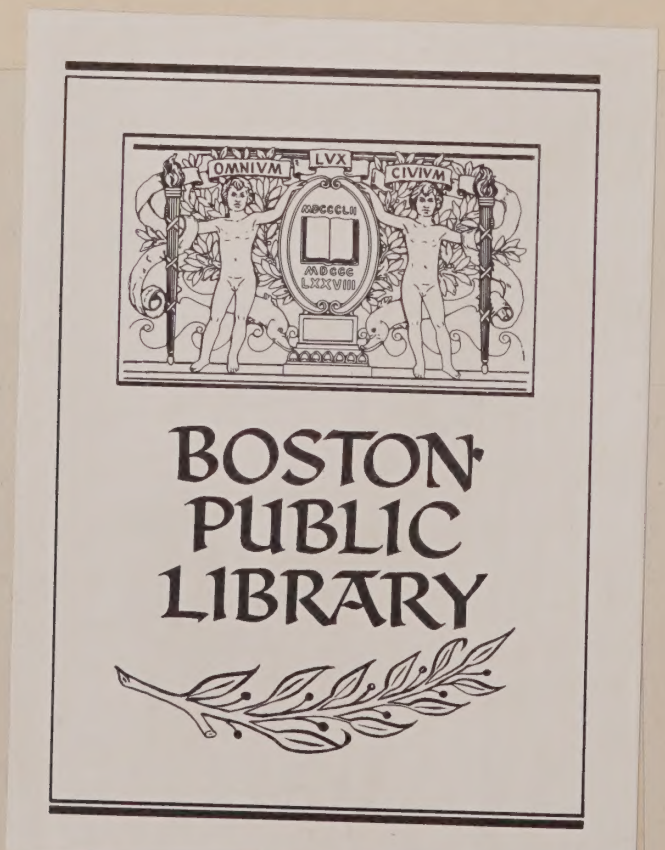
Boston Public Library
3 9999 10588 654 1

PRESENTED TO

THE MALDEN PUBLIC LIBRARY,

By E. F. BICKFORD.

Malden, Oct. 1st, 1885.



144 858 738 (1)

The Nation:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

VOLUME XIII.

FROM JULY 1 TO DECEMBER 31, 1871.

NEW YORK:

E. L. GODKIN & CO., PUBLISHERS.

1871.

Removed
AP2
.N2

10603

The Nation.

E L Bradford
Cloth

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1871.

The Week.

If it had not been for the college commencements during the past week the newspapers would have suffered from dearth of matter, in spite of the activity of criminals and lunatics. There could hardly be a better proof of the dulness of the season than the amount of space the Washington correspondents devote to speculations as to whether the President will pardon Bowen the bigamist. Some think he will, others that he will not, and the chances seem to vary from day to day. The latest story is that the President has handed the whole matter over to the Attorney-General, and it is to be presumed that that official is now giving laborious days to the examination of the case. The other great subject of the President's consideration is said to be the condition of New York politics, which he is once more going to reform, and is investigating the matter at Long Branch.

The Harrisburg *Telegraph* has been looking about for a really good candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and has succeeded in finding one who is just the man for the place. "It is hard to say," the *Telegraph* observes, "whether the party or the man would be most honored by the nomination," and it adds that it is not alone in this opinion, for the Philadelphia *Morning Post* thinks that no stronger man could be associated with Grant, and that his nomination would ensure a Republican victory in Pennsylvania next year, and an overwhelming majority. Both journals point to the fact that men in their own and other States are of their mind, and cite in particular the language used the other day at a meeting in Baltimore. This gathering was at first intended to be small and very informal in its character, but enthusiasm took hold of the people assembled, numbers flocked in, a meeting was organized, Mr. S. S. Blair being chosen chairman, and resolutions regularly passed. One of these nominates Grant for re-election, another speaks of a Vice-Presidential candidate who is a man not only eminent in the councils of the nation, but who also was the most active defender of his country in the time of her troubles, and whose private traits are as eminent and honorable as his public career. In short, it is Mr. Simon Cameron whom the *Telegraph* has discovered as the candidate who, in 1872, can sweep Pennsylvania by an overwhelming majority, and for whom the Baltimore meeting was so ardent. It is not high treason, we believe, to say, in view of this discovery, that the superintendent of the Baltimore Division of the Northern Central Railroad, of which road Mr. Donald Cameron, son of the Senator, is president, is the Mr. S. S. Blair who presided at the Baltimore meeting; nor to say that the *Morning Post* of Philadelphia, which casts so sagacious an eye over our troubled politics, is asserted by the world's people to be in great part the property of Mr. Cameron; and that of the Harrisburg *Telegraph* also, it is asserted by its enemies that it too, is, in part the property of Mr. Cameron. Apparently, then, Mr. Cameron has set himself definitely to work for the Vice-Presidency, and finds supporters who have the face to say even to the people of Pennsylvania that "it is hard to say whether the party or the man would be more honored by his nomination." The simple truth is that the Republican party contains hardly a man whose nomination would be more harmful to it outside of Pennsylvania, and it is little short of a misfortune to it that its prospects should be such as to hold out to a man like him the faintest hope that his name may possibly be put upon the Republican ticket. It is not one of the least things against Grant himself as a candidate for the nomination that he has taken Cameron as one of his friends and advisers.

The peculiar position which Pennsylvania occupies in our politics may be presumed to be Mr. Cameron's ground of supposing that his reputation will not be sufficient to put him out of the question as a candidate. It is, to be sure, some time yet to the next Presidential election, and it would require a wise man to say what are going to be the relative prospects of parties this time next year; but it would not require excessive prudence to fear that the Republican party—let alone this or that particular candidate—may need every electoral vote it can in any way get. For instance, one or two nominations readily occur to all minds as possible to be made by the Democracy, which being made would make it extremely doubtful if the Republican nominees could win. Or, on the other hand, it is conceivable that General Grant's administration, which six months ago was in such discredit and which rose again under the influence of the English negotiation, may, by taking vigorously in hand some one or two measures of excellence, as the overhauling of our financial management and of the civil service, make itself indispensable and independent of Pennsylvania politicians. In such political situations as the present, the October elections have always had a great deal to do with turning the general vote in November in this or that direction, and the Pennsylvanian vote has been the most influential of those of the October States. Doubtless, a manager who, by hook or by crook, can next year carry Pennsylvania for a platform, not such as Pennsylvania left to herself would have constructed, would be a valuable party-servant of a certain kind. But we imagine that Republicans are clear enough in the opinion that Mr. Cameron a long time since put it out of his power to render such service.

We have had a fight with the Coreans, a simple sort of people, of a Chinese turn of mind, and of the Buddhist persuasion, who are now the only nation with a seaboard that has managed to avoid intercourse with foreigners. As usual, however, their doom has come upon them through their having made a "treacherous attack" on Americans, for which they refused to apologize, which led to their being assailed by the American squadron under Admiral Rodgers, handsomely pounded, and five of their forts taken with small loss. It is hardly likely that this will be the end of it. Their animosity to foreigners will be increased by what has happened, and they will make other attacks, which will be punished again, and finally they will be dragged into intercourse with the civilized world. The only way of avoiding this process is for civilized navies to stay away from Corean waters. Apparently the most marked result of the opening of Corea to the commerce of the world would be a heavy fall in tigers, which it produces in great abundance.

The Civil Service Commission have begun their sittings at Washington, and meet, we believe, daily, but of course have hardly made much progress yet beyond settling the exact nature of their functions, which they have decided to be advisory merely. It will make a good deal of difference, however, whether they report to the President, and he takes on himself the responsibility of acting on the report, or merely sends it to Congress, and leaves that body to take some action about it. One does not require to be a seer to know what will happen if he does. Congress will shelve the report, and on the ground that, though nearly every member of both Houses is in favor of civil service reform, he cannot make up his mind that "this particular measure is just what is wanted, etc." Whereas, if the President will only summon up courage to adopt the Commission's suggestions, and enforce them on his own responsibility, we shall at least get in the narrow end of the wedge, and he may certainly count on the hearty support of the country. There is one danger which we may be allowed to express the hope the Commission will avoid—we mean the danger of attempting too much. If they try to introduce fixity of tenure, or prohibit removal except "for cause," and after trial, they may depend upon it their reform will not last long, as the politicians will find no difficulty in breaking it down in practice, because the heads of departments will repudiate all responsibility for maladministration, and throw the blame on the new system, as having deprived them of all control over their subordinates. The true plan is to leave every chief absolute power of dismissal without cause, but provide that he shall not fill the place

except by competitive examination. This would deprive him of all political motives for making a change, and would gradually, even in the worst cases, wean politicians from the habit of looking on offices as a means of rewarding party services, or, indeed, of thinking anything about the political opinion of office-holders. In short, the reform ought to be confined to fixing the qualifications which office-holders must have, and the mode in which they shall be selected, and, we would add also, promoted.

It were better for the judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts if they had never been born—for they have done the accursed thing. They have brought the cold, hard, and "legal mind" to bear on one of the warmest, most succulent, and juicy problems of the day—the right of women to be justices of the peace under the State constitution. Governor Claflin has appointed Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Stevens to be justices of the peace, and the Council, whose ways in the matter we do not at all like, took the opinion of the court on the question of eligibility before confirming the appointment, just as if the Governor, who is responsible to the people, was not as competent to form an opinion on this point as any of them. The court has decided that the appointment would not be valid, the laws of the State at the time of the adoption of the constitution, and the whole frame and purport of the instrument itself, and the construction put upon it for the greater part of a century afterwards, confining such offices to men. It ought to be added that the appointments in themselves were good, and the recipients will doubtless take the opinion in good part, but we doubt if the rest of the champions will acquiesce in it tamely. "Have the judges sisters, or wives, or mothers?" is a question which they are not unlikely to be asked, or "Do they dread the consequences to the male monopoly of the highest judicial offices which would speedily result from the admission of women to the lowest?"

The strongest objection to performances like this of the Governor's is that they are, as we have said once before, attempts to decide a question of the most serious kind—the admission of women to participation in the actual working of the political machinery, by what it is hardly unfair to call "a dodge." There is no question, and never has been any question, in the mind of any candid and intelligent man or woman, that no matter of what technical construction the instrument may be capable, no constitution in this country really intended women to vote and hold office, and no one doubts that their voting and holding office would make a serious difference in our social and political system, either for good or ill. It is, therefore, not *honest* to try to settle the question except by a fair and frank judgment of the men *and the women* of the community, even if it be reserved for men to say in what manner the government shall be carried on, and it is certainly the right of women to say whether or no they wish to be burdened with a share of it. All attempts to impose political duties on them by huggermuggering between male politicians and a handful of female agitators are tricks which deserve severer reprobation than they get. The gradual increase in their number at the instigation of the woman's rights champions does not make us hopeful as to that "purification of politics" of which we have heard so much.

The Supreme Court of the same State has done another thing which will expose it to much objurgation from another class of sentimentalists, in deciding that a mason who was fined $500 by a trades-union association in Boston for getting some of his stone-cutting done in New York (which was a breach of the society rules), and had to pay the fine in order to avoid having his men taken away from him, and being thus prevented fulfilling his contracts, was entitled to recover the amount from the members of the association, and he has sued them accordingly. It is this class of decisions which causes the French Communists to abolish the courts the minute they get into power, and substitute for them "the justice of the people," and to call for the "sweeping away of jurisprudence."

The Californian Democrats have joined in the "new departure." They accept the three amendments to the Constitution as a final settlement of the matters with which they deal, but demand the strict construction of them; call for universal amnesty; denounce "unlawful combinations" and also the "bayonet bill" passed to suppress them; declare for a tariff for revenue only, and reprobate the protective system; condemn land-grants to corporations; abuse Congress for not repealing the income-tax, for maintaining so many tax-gatherers, and for not stopping the importation of Chinese; denounce subsidies to railroads and other corporations; call for the amendment of the State constitutions for various purposes, but notably to prohibit the lending of the State credit to corporations; express warm sympathy with the workingman, and point to legislation shortening the hours of labor and restricting Chinese immigration in proof of their sincerity; again denounce Chinamen as an "inferior people," and abuse Congress for connivance at their coming.

The Treasury statement of the National Debt shows an unexpectedly large reduction, over seven millions for the month, mainly consisting of six millions of six per cent. bonds purchased and cancelled out of surplus customs receipts. The amount of five per cents subscribed for in exchange for sixes appears to have been nearly all delivered, the amount of the former appearing over fifty millions larger than on the previous statement. The new subscriptions appear to have ceased entirely, and the accounts from the agents sent to Europe are scarcely more encouraging, in spite of the continued abundance and cheapness of money at all the great financial centres.

The commerce of this port has been active. Large receipts of breadstuffs have been followed by a decided decline in price and heavy exports. Most of the other important staples have been higher, reacting from the previous decline. Cotton has had a further advance under the influence of continued unfavorable weather for the growing crop and the accumulating evidence of a largely increased consumption during the past six months. Coal has suffered a further decline, but the consumer has scarcely received the benefit as yet. Real estate is stagnant, although some of the suburban auction sales are reported to have been successful.

In the money market the utmost apathy prevails. Rates of interest have again been lower than ever before known. Stocks have settled down materially after the failure of the disgraceful Rock Island affair, but the extreme ease of money has enabled the great cliques to prevent any serious decline while the settlement of the recent collapse is in progress. Government bonds have been higher both here and abroad, but the unfavorable condition of the exchanges continues, and the coin shipment for the week has been unusually heavy. Under its influence the premium has been firm and has advanced somewhat, but the daily fluctuations are confined within extremely narrow limits. Double-eagles are again at a premium of three-eighths to one-half per cent. over small coin.

The terror and horror combined caused by the resistance of the Commune in Paris have had the effect, which we ventured to anticipate at the time, of filling the International Association with hope, and increasing its audacity. It glories in its doings in Paris, and, so far from being ashamed of the Commune, wants the credit of all its atrocities and desperation. The English communists have also held a meeting and issued an address of sympathy, which, for what used to be called cool wickedness, has not often been surpassed, and it has evidently frightened some of the genteel and "educated" sympathizers with the Reds, and they accordingly begin to haul off. Something of the same kind has been attempted in this city, but it was not very successful. The difficulty here is that there is no great ardor for a division of goods, nearly every man having something of his own he would like to keep;

and then, owing to greater mental activity, there are very few come-outers here who have not a hobby of their own, and each man is so anxious to have his own way that no hearty union against society and property seems probable. We are glad to see that Stephen Pearl Andrews was at the meeting, and hope that he may get "Alwato" adopted as the language of the "Universal Republic."

The Treaty of Washington has been ratified by the English Government, which finally settles the *Alabama* question in the rational way in which we predicted that it might and would be settled, soon after Mr. Sumner made his speech, when we said (*Nation*, May 20, 1869) "that America had a perfectly good case against England; that all that portion of her claim for damages which is computable, and which the opinion of the civilized world will pronounce reasonable, will be paid, if firmly, calmly, and decently urged, and that along with payment can be obtained an expression of regret for the wrong-doing which brought this damage about; but the negotiations will have to be conducted by statesmen and not by rhetoricians." The most important point in the whole matter, as regards the future peace of the world, is the expression of regret, because the truth is that most wars are wars of sentiment—that is, begun on sentimental grounds, much as duels used to be fought—and if it once be established that an expression of regret for wrong-doing does not involve loss of position, though it may not put an end to fighting, it will greatly diminish it. The ratification of the treaty met with less opposition in England than was anticipated, the *ex-post-facto* operation of the basis of settlement being the only point which was made much of. It was said it was monstrous to try England for an offence under a law which was not in force when the offence was committed, but to this there was the ready reply, that if England agreed to be so tried, it was not monstrous. The slight commotion made by the treaty caused an attack in the House of Lords on the Declaration of Paris, with regard to the immunity of enemy's goods in neutral bottoms, but it ended in a "conversation."

The accounts of the French loan are still somewhat confused and partly unintelligible. But the official announcement in the Chambers leaves no doubt that the loan is a triumphant success, exceeding even the anticipations of the warmest and most sanguine friends of France, and entirely upsetting the calculations of those who believed in the serious exhaustion of the country. The amount demanded was subscribed for more than twice over in a very short space of time, and the provinces had not yet all been heard from. But it must not be forgotten that the loan is payable in *seventeen* instalments, and that there may be some difference between subscribing and paying, especially when the money paid in is necessarily to some extent sent abroad. The connection, too, of some large German banking-houses with the loan is not altogether explained, and the result has evidently surprised even the French Government itself, which only a few days ago was reported as making most strenuous exertions to secure subscriptions in Belgium. The contrast between this result and our own failure to raise one-half the amount makes the French success only appear still more extraordinary.

M. Pouyer-Quertier announced to the French National Assembly the splendid success of the new loan in its sitting of June 28. In less than six hours the agents of the Treasury had been promised $900,000,000, Paris alone having subscribed more than half of that sum; not all the provinces had been heard from, so that the total amount of the subscriptions could not yet be ascertained. The Government, thus enabled "to hasten the deliverance of the country," the Minister added, "would not wait for the dates fixed by the Treaty of Frankfort" in paying the war indemnity. A few days later, the Bank of France began the publication of its returns, the bullion in its vaults then amounting to $110,000,000, and the treasury balance being $28,000,000. The long-delayed military review, which was finally held at Longchamps on the 29th, proved another success for the Government of M. Thiers, whose great ability in managing affairs, both on the stage and behind it—in spite of the endless difficulties of the situation—becomes from day to day more apparent. No Bonapartist demonstrations, as was apprehended, were made by the soldiers, who, on the contrary, evinced a loyal enthusiasm, repeatedly cheering the old Chief of the Executive. One hundred and sixty battalions of infantry, sixty squadrons of cavalry, and three hundred pieces of artillery were on the field.

The French elections of Sunday last have resulted in an overwhelming triumph of the moderate Republicans and their associates in supporting the Government of M. Thiers. The Radicals, Bonapartists, and Legitimists together have succeeded only in carrying about one-third of the electoral districts; the Orleanists seem to have had no candidates of their own, and to have voted mainly with the moderate Republicans. The accounts thus far received are, however, quite meagre and, in some respects, contradictory. Among the successful candidates we find Wolowski, the distinguished political economist, a naturalized Pole, who heads the list in Paris; the Generals Cissey and Faidherbe, the latter elected in three provincial districts; Gambetta, elected at Paris and two other places; Laboulaye, Pressensé, and D'Haussonville. Rouher is conspicuous among the beaten Bonapartists. The vote in the capital was very light, owing of course, to the losses and apathy of the laboring classes. The Republican press is jubilant over the result, while the monarchical journals have fallen to wrangling with each other. A considerable change in the position of parties in the National Assembly is naturally anticipated. What is most likely is, that the hotspurs among the Legitimists will now make a decided front against M. Thiers, in view of the fact that the prolongation of "the truce" which he advocates has proved so disastrous to the interests of their party at the very beginning.

Numberless, as might have been expected, were the manifestoes and appeals which preceded the elections. Most Bonapartists emphasized their devotion to the honor of France and of the church; others, like Rouher, made the interest of free-trade their main staff; the Royalists thundered against anarchy; the "unsubdued" of the Commune lavished imprecations against the rich, the priests, and the bloodthirsty army; the moderate Republicans dwelt on the necessity of upholding the *status quo;* the Radicals warned the people against the final and hopeless decay to which monarchy would inevitably lead them. The chief manifesto of the latter, though signed among others by Louis Blanc, is, we are sorry to find, a document full of high-sounding phrases and frantic apostrophes, without a single common-sense argument. We hear of "slumber," "death," "decay," "abyss," "fall after fall in a bottomless void," "the force of things which carries away dead things," "ruins" and "tombs"—characteristics, of course, of the past and future of monarchy in France—and are told that the Republic will cure all ills; but not a word is said concerning its failures in the past or its conditions in the future. M. Alexandre Dumas (*fils*), in his late epistle, speaks much more impartially of past fictions and failures, but the remedy he proposes—ten years of virtuous life—will hardly appear palatable to the people, with whom "virtue" is not in favor, and of whom the regular political preachers demand only a vote.

The King of Italy made his formal entry into Rome on Monday, and the various government offices being transferred to it also, that city is now once more, after the lapse of fifteen centuries, the capital of Italy. The Pope has, as yet, made no move, though it was positively announced that he would take his departure as soon as the "Subalpine monarch," as he pleasantly calls him, made his appearance. The difficulty of deciding where to go to is probably insurmountable. At this moment there is not a government in Europe from which he could ask for dignified refuge. Twenty years ago, there were a dozen. He has lived to see many strange things besides the falsification of the proverb which denies the Pope a reign of twenty-five years. The Döllinger trouble continues without serious change, but Döllinger himself seems to be advancing, as he has announced that he considers the participation of the laity in the government of the church one of the great needs of the day.

A SOUTHERN VIEW OF THE SOUTHERN PROBLEM.

THE report of the convention of taxpayers which met at Columbus, S. C., in May, has just been issued in an authentic shape, and contains perhaps the most coherent statement of the opinions of the disfranchised class of Southerners that has appeared since the process of reconstruction began. It derives all the more weight from the fact that the assertions it makes about the condition of affairs in South Carolina are now generally acknowledged by Northern observers to be true, or, at all events, well founded. When the first outcry reached us from Southerners about the doings of the new governing class which was called into existence by the Reconstruction Acts, there was very little disposition at the North to pay any attention to it. It was thought not at all unnatural that the slaveholders should wince at seeing their old slaves and their late enemies legislating for them, and then the Southern press and Southern orators had such a reputation for rhodomontade, and exaggeration, and misrepresentation, that very few people here paid much serious attention to anything that came from them. There was, moreover, a disposition which has now nearly died out, but which was the natural product of the war, to treat all the misfortunes of the "ex-rebels" as no worse than they deserved; and some of their sorrows were too purely the sorrows of a fallen aristocracy to be understood or sympathized with, even if understood, in a democratic community. The enormities of the "carpet-baggers" began to come to light at a very early period, but they made little impression, for two reasons: one was that there was a general expectation at the North, after the war, that the regeneration of the South would be worked by an influx of settlers and capitalists from the North; and there was a strong and widely diffused disposition to encourage this Northern emigration, and to think and speak well of the emigrants, and a strong indisposition to believe evil of them. The denunciations of the natives were, therefore, disregarded or laughed at, and, more than this, there was an amusing effort made by the Northern press to take all the reproach out of the word "carpet-bagger." We were told that the Pilgrim Fathers were "carpet-baggers"; that all New Englanders in the West were carpet-baggers; and, in fact, that every man who went to a new country in order to better his condition was a "carpet-bagger," just as if the term connoted nothing but change of residence with a small amount of baggage. The carpet-baggers, too, being all politicians, and Republican politicians to boot, naturally received a good deal of sympathy and support from their brethren at home. They were looked on either as missionaries spreading the faith in troublous places, or as very shrewd managers, whose skill deserved anything in the shape of reward they could lay hands on. Many a poor devil, whose labors in caucus and convention at home brought up nothing better than one chance in twelve of a post-office or of a weighership, envied the lucky fellows who had gone to the South from their side, and turned up in a few months members of the legislature or of Congress, or state treasurers, or auditors, or county clerks, in lands where book-keeping was in its infancy, and constituents were neither inquisitive nor suspicious. All these were, in their eyes, the legitimate prizes of an arduous and poorly-paid calling, the winners of which might be envied, but not denounced. The Convention was a most respectable body, and represented almost the whole of the taxpaying portion of the population. To its competency to speak for the community even such radical organs as the Charleston *Republican* bore strong testimony, and it is safe to infer, therefore, that something useful may be learned from its proceedings, both of the actual condition of government and society at the South and of the temper and tone of thought of that large body of persons who, though temporarily excluded from all share in the government, are, it is conceded on all hands, the persons who must eventually purify Southern politics, if they can be purified. We say of the "actual condition of society and government at the South," because, although we are only talking of South Carolina, that State presents an aggravated case of a disease from which most of the Southern States are suffering.

The first thing the Convention did was naturally enough to look into the condition of the State finances, and its reports on this point will furnish a good study to those who are interested in what we may call morbid politics—that is, the politics of sick societies—for its resemblance to the financial exhibits which municipal reformers occasionally lay before the public in this city is very curious, particularly in the item of salaries, which, we need hardly say, have all risen greatly. The committee of the convention compares the amounts paid in 1866, when the new régime was established, and those paid this year, and the way the increase is distributed gives one an instructive glimpse of the carpet-bag ideas about administration and carpet-bag ways of estimating the value and importance of services. For instance, the Governor's salary remains the same, $3,500, and the annual amount paid to the Judges is actually diminished from $30,000 to $28,000, though there is a slight increase in the salaries of the Chief-Justice and the Associate Justices. But the expenses of the Secretary of State's office, including his salary, rose at one jump from $500 to $4,000. The "Adjutant Inspector-General," who has, we believe, no duties, and is himself a hollow mockery, cost the State nothing in 1866, but now the sorry wag pockets $2,500 a year. The Treasurer's office used to cost $3,200 a year, it now costs $5,800; and the Attorney-General used to cost $1,100, he now costs $4,000; the Clerk of the Court of Appeals used to cost $800, he now costs $1,500. The "Solicitors," whatever they are, used to cost $4,500, but the State now pays them $8,000. "The Auditor of State," apparently a new officer, gets $4,000. But the gem of the accounts is the item called "Legislative Expenses," to which we have, however, called attention in the *Nation* before now. These were, in 1866, $45,850, and less, we believe, previously; in 1871 they were $400,000. Of this enormous sum we believe a large portion is drawn from the treasury on the Speaker's order, or that of the President of the Senate, in advance of any appropriation. The most taking item in the account, which in many ways surpasses anything to which we have been treated in New York, is $15,000 to a "commission to codify the laws," the duties of which, the report says, "might be discharged by a clerk"—which is either a severe reflection on carpet-bag jurisprudence or very high praise of it. Laws that a clerk can codify were either not worth making, or were so well made that he who runs may read them. Finally, the State taxes of the year reach $2,000,000, as against $400,000 before the war, while the value of the taxable property is diminished by one-half. Want of space compels us to pass over without notice the charges brought by the convention against the State government, in connection with their management of the State credit; the repudiation of the "Fire Loan," contracted to rebuild Charleston in 1838; their failure to publish accurate accounts of the amount of the State debt, or to exact proper bonds from the State financial agents, their reckless lending of the State credit, and their perpetration of divers jobs of greater or less magnitude.

As regards the state of mind of the delegates, as revealed in the resolutions, it is clearly that of "unrepentant rebels"; that is, they express no regret or shame at having engaged in the war, and invariably allude to "the cause" as highly respectable, and their past as great and glorious; but they acknowledge their defeat in the frankest way, and solemnly accept the results of the war as "finalities." There is also running through the speeches and resolutions that curious undertone of discontent with the way the game which they have lost was carried on, which has been the one thoroughly childish thing in the Southern demeanor both during and since the war. The South challenged the North to fight, with barbaric confidence and exultation, and well knowing what the conditions, consequences, and accompaniments of war were, and did everything that insolence of language and behavior could do to infuse bitterness into the struggle, and well knowing, too, that as it was about slavery the war had begun, and as slavery was the very basis of Southern society, the whole social system of the South, as well as its political rights, were staked on the result. Nevertheless, from first to last, it has never ceased to lament over the devastation wrought by the fighting, as if wars were usually carried on without devastation, and ever since the close of the war it has lamented over the harshness of the victor in making his own terms of peace, and in not dealing gently with the vanquished, as if the South had carried it on *à l'amiable*, as the French say, or in a way to soothe Northern feelings or disarm Northern prejudices. The Convention keeps up this dismal strain, and affirms that the South has been very hardly

treated, but nevertheless declares that they meditate no resistance to the United States Government, and intend to conduct themselves as peaceful, law-abiding citizens; to treat the reconstruction measures as "finalities," and "obey them in letter and in spirit"; that they look "to time and peaceful measures and the quiet influence of an enlightened public opinion" to solve the difficulties of Southern politics, and they "deprecate local disturbances," and appeal to the people to respect the laws, and look to them and them only for the redress of their grievances; and they supported this by other resolutions, providing for enquiry into the existence of violence and outrage, and the best means of repressing them. The committee charged with this enquiry reported that "violence prevailed to a greater or less extent in several counties of the State, but that in by far the larger number of counties no case of violence had been brought to their attention." These deeds of violence, they say, were "first simple larcencies and incendiarism, practised by ignorant, deluded, and bad men"; then came "instances of corporeal punishments and homicides, perpetrated by unknown persons on citizens, and even upon a few officials of the Government," all of which the committee pronounce "lamentable truths, which they feel called upon unequivocally to deplore and condemn." Their remedy for all these evils is one with which we in this part of the country are very familiar, but which has hardly as practical a ring as one would wish, namely, "the removal of all dishonest, incompetent, and bad men from office." The determination which they elsewhere express to push vigorously for minority representation, and not to give up the game or sit silent while Northern knaves help ignorant negroes to plunder the State, but to keep agitating, denouncing, and exposing, until they bring reform about, has a more hopeful sound; and in all this, as long as they show a sincere determination to accept the fact that the people of South Carolina now means the whole population of it, they will have the hearty sympathy of the best Northerners.

THE COLLEGES.

It is a strict rule of the newspaper profession that the most prominent incident of the day must always be noticed editorially at the time when it is occupying, or likely to occupy, the public attention, and nothing except the exceeding shortness of the public memory prevents the performance of the duty with regard to yearly recurring events being positively agonizing to sensitive men, owing to the striking resemblance which the "remarks" of each year must necessarily bear to those of the preceding year. For instance, there are few editors so hardened as to be able to gaze without wincing on a collection of the "reflections" suggested to them during say ten years by Thanksgiving-day, or Easter, or Christmas, or the Fourth of July. The man who would make such a collection from the columns of any of our papers would be worse than a heathen, and would richly deserve, and probably would be overtaken by, the total exclusion of his name from mention for many a long day afterwards. Bad as he would be, however, we think we should rate him more highly as a philanthropist than one who should gather together the ten years' comments of any of our contemporaries on "Summer Resorts" or on "College Commencements." Fruitful as these themes seem on the outside to the professional eye, there are few topics more barren and uninviting as the sands of Sahara. Some variety was, however, introduced into the treatment of college commencements a few years ago by the rapid rise and strong influence upon the editorial mind of what may be called the *Herald* school of journalism. It was the great founder of that school who first propounded the theory that the editor of the most widely circulated daily paper was *ex-officio* the wisest man in the community, and that, in fact, a man's wisdom was in the direct ratio of the number of people he got to listen to his sayings. He also invented in support of this doctrine the light and flippant way of dealing with dignitaries, and gave to the assertion that a man was "behind the age" the terrible sting which it now possesses in nearly all the papers in the Union. The steady preaching of this theory, combined with the really steady growth of the influence of the newspaper press on the public mind, daily advanced the editor more and more in his own estimation, as well as in that of the multitude, and finally converted the term "sanctum," which was at first used as a jocose appellation of his private room, into a synonym for a storehouse, not of all knowledge, but of all things worth knowing. Whatever branches of information or modes of investigation or ways of looking at things were not in use in newspaper offices, or found necessary in the composition of editorial articles, began to be pronounced at first "antiquated" and then useless, and finally "absurd." The world, as seen from the "sanctum" under this new light, naturally enough, looked somewhat faulty in its arrangements. Perhaps the most offensive feature in them was the prominence given to colleges, and the importance attached to college education, and colleges soon became to the new school objects of the fiercest contempt. Several of the most successful editors had had no college education; few "prominent financiers" had had any; what, then, was the use of it, and were not the pretensions of graduates very ridiculous? Under the influence of this feeling, the commencement for a time furnished considerable food for editorial ridicule. The ambitious efforts of the graduating orators and essayists were sometimes severely, sometimes jocosely, reproved, and this snubbing was not uncommonly followed by appropriate reflections on the awful waste of opportunities involved in going through a college course. After a while, the editors were reinforced by the Humanitarians, who placed all virtue in the absence of all kinds of restraint or direction, and taught that the way to reach perfection was to be yourself just as nature made you; that all you needed to know you could pick up while doing odd jobs, and the rule of right you could evolve from your own breast. Colleges under this new light gradually grew into crampers of the mind and chillers of enthusiasm.

The newspaper mode of treating colleges was, however, something more than a mere outburst of editorial flippancy and conceit. It was also in some degree the expression of the very popular belief which grew up with and was fostered by the democratic movement in politics, that inasmuch as the natural man knew as well as anybody what was good for the state, it was something very like presumption for a parcel of professors to suppose that they could better him by anything they could teach him. The "honest man," from being the peer of kings and princes, came gradually to be the peer of sages and philosophers, and somehow or other a far finer thing than if he were run through the mould of the schools. Out of the widespread praise of and confidence in popular intuitions there grew up a belief in an inner light which, in the breast of unlettered folk, not only furnished a substitute for the lore of the learned, but in dealing with the most perplexing problems of life was a far safer guide; and this belief was strengthened by the fact that, when the reformatory spirit began really to take possession of the world with heat and vigor in the second decade of this century, the persons whom it seized most easily were naturally poor and uninstructed, and it met from the literati and from colleges a good deal of the snubbing which is, do what we will, one of the unfailing concomitants of experience. Then, too, the colleges were as they have always been, and must always be, the strongholds of whatever ideas or forms of culture have fairly secured supremacy. They are not and will never be, and ought not to be, the first to open their gates to innovations, and they fulfil one of their highest functions in standing firmly in whatever position they have taken up until it has been ascertained whether the new positions to which they are invited are really academical groves, in which young minds may find philosophy, or mere beer-gardens to which radicals make excursions on fine days in barges, to dance and drink and swing.

The universities are now in every country deriving the benefit of the reaction in favor of training which was sure, of course, to come in the long run, and which has come at last. The "natural man," it must be confessed, has not distinguished himself. He has tried his hand at all sorts of things, and none of them have succeeded. He has set up governments, and they have been failures; he has raised troops, and they have been destroyed; he has procured arms of precision, and they have not saved him from slaughter. Altogether, the world is rather sick of him, and, what is better, he is sick of himself. Moreover, it has come about at last that liberalism in politics and religion have

found some of their warmest and ablest champions among the friends and preachers of "culture." There are various kinds of culture in the field claiming popular confidence—Professor Huxley's, and Matthew Arnold's, and the religious culture, and there is a mixture of all three, and the multitude is somewhat perplexed as to which is the genuine article; but it now begins to be generally admitted that culture is a good thing, and, indeed, a necessary thing, for the right government of life; and that culture means, in the educational sense, training; and that training is an elaborate process, requiring special machinery, and cannot be left to chance. Consequently, the colleges, as the only institutions which make any pretence of furnishing this training, are rapidly rising in popular favor and confidence. They, too, have done much to secure this favor and confidence by a frank recognition, not so much of the superiority of any particular kind of training as the only real culture, as of the right of each student to decide for himself what means of culture he will adopt, and of the duty of the colleges to undertake within certain limits to enable him to act on his selection. It is in this recognition of the individual right of choice that the changes which have of late years being going on in American and English colleges have mainly consisted, and these changes have chimed in well with the growing faith of the people in the uses of high training and growing distrust of the rule of thumb.

The tendencies of contemporary politics, too, have all helped to strengthen this faith and deepen this distrust. The Franco-German war may be said to have afforded the most striking lesson that could be given, not simply of the dangers of gross ignorance, but of the value of the higher education. Probably no event of history ever brought into sharper contrast, taking the lowest view of the matter, the physical strength of education and the physical weakness of ignorance, and the contrast has received a sharper point than ever from the enormous difficulty in recovering from her prostration which France plainly shows.

PRESIDENT WOOLSEY.

By the retirement of Dr. Woolsey from the office of President of Yale College, which he has filled with unsurpassed ability and success for a quarter of a century, that institution loses from its corps of instructors the most eminent scholar that has ever served it in this capacity, and, we venture to add, with full confidence that the general verdict of competent judges would accord with our own, the foremost scholar on the long roll of its graduates. This event involves a public loss; for the influence which President Woolsey has wielded, as the head of one of our largest colleges, is of just that character which the country can ill afford to spare. His whole career, in a sense that is true of comparatively few Americans, has been that of a scholar. In his youth, he studied theology, but was not ordained as a preacher until his accession to the presidency. Having held the post of tutor at New Haven for two years, and pursued linguistic studies, mainly, for three years in Europe, he was made Professor of Greek in 1831. While holding this professorship, he prepared the editions of the Greek tragedians and of the Gorgias of Plato which, it is not too much to say, marked an epoch in the progress of classical study among us. In the point of accurate philology, they did not fall behind the best standards of European scholarship. At the same time, they embodied in the unobtrusive form of brief annotations a rich fund of ethical and literary criticism. In these, as in all the other writings of President Woolsey, there are found that severe simplicity of style and that economy of words which might be expected from a sworn foe of diffuse and ostentatious rhetoric. An Italian satirist said of Guicciardini's History, that a Spartan who had been condemned to read it as a punishment for having used three words where only two were necessary, fainted in the first sentence. Such a consequence not even a Laconian would have the least occasion to fear from any of the compositions of the retiring President. On the resignation of Dr. Day, in 1846, Dr. Woolsey reluctantly accepted the appointment to be his successor. He now assumed the work of giving instruction in modern history and political science, branches of study for which his profound acquaintance with antiquity and his familiarity with the principal modern languages, as well as the acuteness and breadth of his mind and his love of justice, specially qualified him. His extensive collection of Greek literature, with his wonted liberality, was given to the College library, and the ancient authors whom it had been his business to expound to his classes he has since taken up chiefly as a recreation. Among the fruits of his studies in the historical department are the excellent treatise on "International Law," the Essays on the Laws and Principles of Divorce, and not a few review articles, such as the series on the Revival of Letters which appeared a few years ago in the *New Englander*. These productions, however, furnish no adequate measure of the extent and variety of the learned researches which President Woolsey has found time to prosecute in the midst of the numerous employments and interruptions which pertain to his office. Besides performing the full work of a professor and officiating as chaplain at daily prayers, he has not unfrequently preached on Sunday in the College Chapel; and the volume of sermons which, in compliance with solicitations from different quarters, he has recently given to the public, show in their depth of thought, impressive earnestness, and catholic spirit the satisfactory manner in which he has fulfilled this very useful, though self-imposed, portion of his labors. The wide range of the author's learning is unconsciously revealed to discerning readers of these admirable discourses, just as his taste and love of beauty occasionally break forth in unsought felicities of thought and illustration. The wonder is that President Woolsey has been able to do with exemplary thoroughness so great an amount of literary work, without neglecting in the least the multiplied and sometimes perplexing duties belonging to the presidential function. Nothing save a disciplined intellect, uncommonly rapid in its natural movement, coupled with the advantage derived from solid attainments, made in years of comparative leisure, suffices to account for it.

As an educator, President Woolsey brought to his station an innate, intense hatred of all false shows. It was inevitable that the college should feel at once and continually the inspiring influence of so ripe and conscientious a scholar. The atmosphere of his presence was a place where superficial acquisitions, conceit of knowledge, and the mere ability to use the tongue glibly where there is nothing valuable to communicate, could not flourish. The national idea, that it is the chief end of education, if not the chief end of man, to make a speech, has obtained no countenance under his administration. To say that punctuality in the performance of official duty, unwearied diligence, and a generous spirit of self-sacrifice, have characterized the retiring President, is simply to declare what has been obvious, not only to all of his colleagues, but also to every one of the pupils who, in successive classes, have gone forth from the institution. But his agency in elevating the tone of scholarship in the college is equally well known to such as are intimately conversant with it. Among the particular steps of progress which are due to him are the conversion of the senior year from a period of comparative exemption from hard work into one of the most laborious years of the course—a year filled up with very stimulating and fruitful studies in history, philosophy, and politics; and the establishment of the biennial (now annual) examinations. But these, and many other particular changes that might be mentioned, which have been effected under his auspices, would convey a very insufficient idea of the intellectual influence of President Woolsey within the walls of Yale College. The best part of his influence has probably been the practical example which he has himself daily presented to professors and students, of unselfish devotion to all good learning, of an equal modesty and thoroughness in the pursuit as well as the inculcation of knowledge, and of a cordial disgust for all sorts of affectation and shallowness. Plato's inscription over the vestibule of the house where he received his select pupils, forbidding all who were unacquainted with geometry to enter there, probably grew out of the philosopher's belief that mathematical truth is intermediate between the realm of phenomenal existence and that of ideas, between transient, apparent forms of being and the abiding, eternal realities, to the knowledge of which he would lead up the minds of his pupils. In another and broader sense, President Woolsey has fastened the attention of his pupils on that which is true and real, and has moved them to purge from their ideals of culture and character whatever is false, meretricious, and unsubstantial. He has administered his office in the spirit which Melancthon, the "Preceptor of Germany," nobly declared to be the proper temper of all instructors of youth. "The same tempers of feeling," says Melancthon, "which we bring with us into the temple, it behooves us to carry into the school"—"quos in templa animos afferimus, eosdem decet in scholas afferre." "If one comes into the school in order to bear away some portion of learning wherewith to get gain for himself or to use as an instrument of idle vanity, let him understand that he desecrates the most holy temple of science"—"Is sciat, se polluere sanctissima templa doctrinæ."

Among the topics which President Woolsey has been called upon to discuss, from year to year, in his class-room, are the true foundations of

political society, the proper functions of government, and the law of nations. It is impossible to estimate too highly the value of the instruction which he has given on these subjects to that numerous body of young men who have had the opportunity to receive it. Apart from the sound political and ethical doctrine which he has imparted, the deep abhorrence of injustice, of venality, and popularity-hunting, which could hardly fail to communicate itself, in some measure, from teacher to pupil, has not been the least of the benefits resulting from his instructions. The essential wrong and impolicy of slavery and of governmental interference with the natural laws of trade and industry, are lessons which there are few of his students who have not fully learned.

One of the best services that President Woolsey has rendered to the college over which he has presided and to the country, is in the proof which he has given of the value of exhaustive researches, such as are characteristic of the German scholars, in connection with the subjects which he has undertaken to elucidate. It is only by this method that knowledge is capable of a steady progress, for only thus can the present build upon the past. The historical, conservative, reverent feeling which makes one a patient explorer, as well as a thinker, is peculiarly needed in this country, where there is so much mental activity and so little, proportionally, of exact and extensive knowledge even in those who assume to be public teachers. It is a vulgar error that learning of necessity cramps the thinking power or interferes with vigor and independence of judgment. President Woolsey is a signal example of the possibility of uniting the utmost force and freedom of mental action with most painstaking investigations. Indeed, in the case of this distinguished teacher, it is difficult to say which is most conspicuous, the reach of his acquisitions, the intellectual force that judges and subordinates all, or the singular purity and elevation of his character.

It is gratifying to know that the resignation of President Woolsey does not spring from physical infirmity or a reduction of mental power; and it is hardly to be doubted that a portion of his well-earned leisure will be devoted to labors profitable to the public. It is already announced that he will give some lectures in the Divinity School on heathenism and the heathen religions, a subject to which he has given much attention. But this will consume but a fraction of his time. We do not presume to offer counsel; but we feel sure that historical students would be gratified if he should feel inclined to publish some of the results of his studies upon the feudal system and other characteristic institutions of the Middle Ages. In this difficult field, he is eminently capable of serving as a guide. President Woolsey is versed in the original Scriptures, and at home in the broad field of Biblical criticism. His keen perceptions, independence, and religious earnestness, in connection with the whole course of his studies in the past, peculiarly qualify him, also, for the work of an interpreter or commentator on the books of the Bible. A volume of this character, we have been told, relating to the Acts of the Apostles, he had at one time projected, and had already gathered the materials for it, when the appearance of Professor Hackett's excellent book prevented him from prosecuting his design. However he may choose to employ the time which will be afforded by his release from academic duty, he will carry into his retirement the heartfelt respect of all who know how to honor solid worth, and to appreciate the value of unselfish, laborious, long-continued services in behalf of education and religion.

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

We have for a long time been struck with the little justice that has been done to this writer, of whom we wish to say a few words to-day. Not that he has been treated with injustice, he has escaped all unfavorable criticism; but that he has been spoken of so little, while his merits are so considerable, is indeed surprising. He is scarcely mentioned by any French critic, never by Sainte-Beuve, and only once, and that but slightly, by Scherer. Julian Schmidt, who lets nothing escape him, devotes to him a few pages, and very good ones, in the last volume of his essays ("Bilder aus dem geistigen Leben unserer Zeit, neue Folge"); but with those exceptions, he has been unnoticed by those critics with whom American readers are familiar. His audience in Europe has been a large one, since he has for six or seven years been a contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which his novels have been appearing, and hence many of our readers will be already familiar with him. His novels are, "Le Comte Kostia," "Le Roman d'une Honnête Femme," "Paule Méré," "L'Aventure de Ladislas Bolski," "Prosper Randoce," besides some other works, "Le Prince Vitale," "Le Grand Œuvre," and "Le Cheval de Phidias," which are rather theses in the form of fiction than regular novels, and which even his admirers regard as failures, although they are willing enough to acknowledge their excellence in many respects. His novels, however, have shown that the possibilities of his work are so excellent that one is impatient with what would be a success for any one else, but which is a shortcoming for him.

Perhaps some of the silence of the French critics is due to their jealousy at seeing this young Genevese who outdoes the French novelists with their best weapons. The plots of his stories are always interesting, without being a perpetual chant of the joys and sorrows of breaking the seventh commandment. His healthy mind seems too robust to be fascinated unnaturally by the charm of that subject. The very fact that he is a foreigner, that his cultivation is wider than that of most Parisians, has been of service to him here. In France, certain questions had been discussed from every possible point of view by the novelists, until it seemed as if the country had fully ripened for the terrible fall this last year has shown us. The contagion had spread, too, to other countries. But meanwhile Cherbuliez was writing his novels, which might have shown that there are other objects of human interest than our neighbor's wife. Besides his superiority in the construction of his plots, his treatment of his characters is most able, and his style of the greatest brilliancy. It is never a distracting wit that dazzles one to the harm of the story, but always seems like the flow of the best of spirits, tempered by a generous cultivation. For instance, on opening "Le Roman d'une Honnête Femme" at random, the first sentence our eye meets is this:—"Il est des situations auxquelles il vaut mieux n'avoir pas eu le temps de se préparer. Notre imagination est un artiste; quand elle prévoit, elle met de l'ordre et de l'unité dans ses tableaux, et elle se trompe toujours, parce qu'elle simplifie tout et que rien n'est moins simple que la vie." Every reader of Cherbuliez will cry out at the ill success of our selection, nor will those who do not know him be at once converted by this extract; but it may serve as no extraordinary specimen of a much richer ore. Indeed, that a Genevese should have rivalled a Parisian in wit must have seemed incomprehensible, at least to Parisians.

Perhaps the greatest merit of his stories is his power of healthy treatment of all his subjects. His joyousness is never the unreflecting merriment of what we might almost call animal good-nature. It is not that he has not thought of all that pessimists tell us with such grim joy, but that he has survived it, he sees beyond it. Take "Prosper Randoce," for instance. No one who has drawn Didier can be said to be ignorant of the less buoyant way of regarding the world; yet there is not a sentence which shows a lack of sympathy for this character, any more than there is one that magnifies its importance. The whole book is written with the utmost objectivity. We see these two brothers, Didier and Prosper, who are so utterly distinct, as if they were the heroes of a play, walking about the stage before us, and at the end we put down the book perfectly contented with the story, yet without feeling that we have been tricked into our content, like children who close their ears to avoid hearing the end of a tragic tale. Perhaps this is the best of his novels. It is one that will bear re-reading; it is so rich in incident, so keen in the delineation of character. Prosper is always a puzzle, but never, in spite of all his faults, an offensive one. Didier, too, is such an excellent specimen of the analyzing, critical man of to-day that the book is perpetually charming. Of such characters as Didier, Cherbuliez is always fond, and he always draws them with the qualities of action that they possess in spite of themselves, rather than with merely the amiable impotence which they imagine to be their only trait. He is fond, too, of representing the struggle between a man's better and worse natures; and yet he does it without coarseness on the one hand, and without sentimentality upon the other; as for instance, in that charming chapter in "Le Grand Œuvre" in which is given the dialogue between the young man of that time and himself a few years before. "Ladislas Bolski," the latest of his novels, is extremely entertaining. It appeared only two years ago. The worst that can be said of it is that it is the best of sensational stories; and he who can follow the hero in his struggles against his nature, his love, and his ambition, without being moved, need not try to amuse himself with works of fiction. Novels were not written for him.

From what we have said, it will be clear what we mean in adding that his excellence is one that is not obtained by the harrowing of the feelings. The pleasure is more an intellectual than a sentimental one. We are continually treated to an interesting analysis, made by a cool demonstrator, who shows us the different moods of passion, but with the calmness of a writer who owns his creations rather than with the heat of one who is possessed, by his sympathy for mankind, by a deep pity for his

fellow-men. If we compare him with Turgeneff, we find him lacking in that inimitable pathos that lies so much deeper in man than any intellectual pleasure, however intense. He never approaches that bitterness of tragic interest of which Turgeneff is such a master. Not that his view of life is flippant or trivial, but it is a different one—cooler, calmer, rather studied, rather observed than felt. In comparing him with the contemporary French novelists, one can see at a glance the points of his superiority. He is entertaining without being low, witty but not cynical, careful but not mechanical. He never falls into the more obvious faults of his brother-writers, with their aristocratic mummery and chilly hardness.

From this writer we are authorized to expect a great deal yet. He is still a young man, and we can earnestly hope to see another of his stories in the *Revue*. Of those already published, but which we have only mentioned by name, we can recommend "Le Comte Kostia," more especially. "Paule Méré" is not so good. Although it appeared later, it bears marks of being an earlier work. "Le Roman d'une Honnête Femme" is perhaps less interesting than the others we have mentioned, but it need not be omitted on that account. One is lucky who reads no poorer books, and every one of those of Cherbuliez is marked by some of his good qualities. Better and worse are only relative terms.

Correspondence.

THE CHENEY CONTROVERSY AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Dear Sir: It is not with any desire of keeping up a controversy that I reply to your review of my statement in your issue of yesterday regarding the position of Mr. Cheney and his friends. I presume your object, as mine, is simply to maintain the "right," independently of personal issues. If what I shall now say seem to you of sufficient importance, perhaps you will insert it in your columns. If not, although it seems so to me, I am willing to let the article already published stand side by side with your review, for the unbiassed judgment of such readers as are fully informed as to the merits of the question.

The fact that my illustration did not contemplate a "voluntary association" by no means implies that I am unwilling to recognize the fact that Mr. Cheney belonged to one. Indeed, I am glad that you have brought this point to notice, since it affords me the opportunity to remind you that I do not advocate resistance to the execution of any *laws* under which Mr. Cheney *voluntarily placed himself*, but only against certain intolerant *enactments*.

In vindication of Mr. Cheney and his friends, I am happy to take the illustration which you have provided. A man joins an association for the establishment of a smallpox hospital. He solemnly binds himself, in case he has to resort to it for the treatment either of himself or his relatives, to abide by the rules and regulations of its managers. His wife being attacked with smallpox, is conveyed thither. The house surgeon prescribes; the apothecary prepares the dose. Here, however, something occurs which is not contemplated in your illustration. The man discovers that there is an attempt made to *poison* his wife. He resists the surgeon in his attempts to administer the potion. He is told that the only alternative is to remove her from the hospital. This he refuses to do, for he knows that such treatment would involve danger to her life. The officers approach him, but he stands firm in his resolution to defend his wife. He would be justified in calling in aid "from the street." (In the ecclesiastical case before us, he does not do this.) But the scuffle is overheard, and from the street assistance *flows in* to him.

This illustration serves to point out as well as mine the principle that *there is no rule without an exception*—the object I had in view in my last communication.

You *may* differ from Mr. Cheney as to the *vitality* of the issue; but if the moral results of his severance in this way from our church seem to him sufficiently great, you can scarcely blame him for taking his own part, or his friends who agree with him for "rallying round him." I have no sympathy with "the sentimentalists" on the one hand, nor on the other with the advocates of reason unguided by the Spirit and Word of God. But I *do* believe that the rights of an *enlightened* conscience are often superior to human enactments, and that in such cases "we ought to obey God rather than men."

As to "revolution." Your definition of it accords with my own view of it. I should be sorry to have you believe that Mr. Cheney "rebels simply with the view of releasing himself from the restraints of authority, or escaping the consequences of a particular sentence or enactment." He is too high-minded a man to be placed for a moment under such an imputation. He is standing for a *principle*—his friends for the same; and neither he nor they will be satisfied till they either see the church that they love freed from the mediæval spirit, or, when disappointed in this, shall have organized a new church in which the exercise of *Christian* charity shall be secured to all.

I am, dear sir, with much respect, yours very truly,

B. O. D.

[We have only to remark on this, that the question whether the dose was really poisonous was in Mr. Cheney's case submitted to a jury of experts in the manner prescribed by the articles of association, and by them decided in the negative; but Mr. Cheney still refuses either to leave the hospital or to allow the officers to perform their duties.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

In the various comments which have appeared in the *Nation* on the famous passage in "Romeo and Juliet," no distinct allusion has been made to what may have struck the common reader as an obvious explanation. Juliet says:

> "Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
> Towards Phœbus's lodging; such a wagoner
> As Phaeton would whip you to the West
> And bring in cloudy night immediately.
> Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
> That runaway's eyes may wink and Romeo
> Leap to these arms untalk'd of and unseen."

Let us recall the fable of Phaeton to which Shakespeare evidently alludes. In order that his paternity might be signalized, after much solicitation he obtained from Jupiter the privilege of driving for a day the chariot of the Sun. The "fiery-footed steeds" finding themselves guided by mortal hands took advantage of the driver and *ran away*. As they conveyed the Sun, this "personage" became a runaway, and the great dramatist, in keeping with the classical idea with which he makes Juliet commence her monologue, makes her continue it, and playfully call the Sun "runaway," and she prays night to spread her close curtain, that his eyes may wink and not betray the meeting of Romeo and herself. This interpretation requires no strain upon words, but is easy and natural and consistent with the highly poetical and figurative character of the whole monologue, indeed, with the whole play, so full of sentiment and poetry.

—We cited lately from a Lynchburg paper an instance of political fairness and good sense under the temptation to be partisan and petty. We now have the satisfaction of presenting a still more remarkable proof of the emancipation of the Southern mind, inasmuch as in the subjoined extract from the Richmond *Enquirer* of June 16, the rhetoric for which the South generally has been long distinguished, and for which even Richmond itself used to show some predilection, is punctured with as little feeling as if the critic had been born in the temperate shadow of Bunker Hill:

> With his body bent slightly forward, his eye blazing, his hand raised aloft, grasping a copy of Magna Charta, he exclaimed: "When you can tear the live thunder from its home in the burning ether, and bind it at the footstool of tyranny, then, and not till then, will I accept the situation."—*Mr. Robert Toombs, as described by an Augusta paper.*

We beg leave to remark that we do not know by what authority Mr. Toombs calls the thunder "*live*." Secondly. How does he know that it resides in "the burning ether"? Thirdly. Thunder is nothing but noise, and we cannot with propriety speak of "tearing a noise." Fourthly. We do not see the connection between binding this noise to "the footstool of tyranny" and the time when Mr. Toombs might feel himself at liberty "to accept the situation." That is all.

—Fresh light is thrown on the naval operations of the late war in Europe by a pamphlet just published in Berlin: "Unsere Flotte im deutsch-französischen Kriege," by Capt. O. Livonius. The author was in command of the turret-ship *Arminius*, which he carried safely through the French fleet from the Baltic to the Jahde in the latter part of July, and remained at this station till the close of hostilities. He had the additional advantage of being in the confidence of his admiral, and for particulars as to the German defence his narrative is more satisfactory than the "Campaign of 1870" which we recently noticed. The iron-clads *König Wilhelm*, *Friedrich Karl*, and *Prinz Adalbert* had been sent out on an experimental cruise in the Atlantic just before the outbreak of the war, and had already experienced those defects of their machinery which subsequently incapacitated them from taking the offensive. The squadron was intend-

ing to sail to Fayal, but being warned in season made a timely return to Wilhelmshaven by the 16th of July, the French admiral being so much in ignorance of the fact that on the 25th and the succeeding days he was cherishing the illusion that he should still succeed in intercepting these the flower of the German navy. Though the disposition of the German squadron defending the Jahde might alone have deterred the French from attempting an attack, they stood much more in dread of the enemy's torpedoes, and fancied them to be where not only they were not laid, but could not be made to stay. Their fears, after all, were much exaggerated, as the force of the currents made it exceedingly difficult for the Germans to keep the torpedoes in place; and, in fact, what with their drifting with the changes of the tide and endangering the German ships themselves, and what with their extreme touchiness while being handled, they cost more German lives than French, if, indeed, they took any of the latter. The German experience thus corresponded pretty nearly with that of the Confederates during the rebellion, and the lesson of each is that this branch of defensive warfare is as yet only in its infancy. The *Weser-Zeitung*, in reviewing Captain Livonius's work, observes that it fails to explain why the wooden fleet, which had no machinery to be deranged, and was not dependent on depth of water and had not the excuse of being poor sailers, so little distinguished itself, but permitted the French without molestation to ship arms and munitions from America. Perhaps this question will be answered by some future pamphleteer.

—It is going on five years since the establishment of what we may venture to call the very best of all the English societies which, from time to time, have set themselves to reprinting some of the works, inaccessible but for them, which lie at the foundation of our literature. But the Early English Text Society, useful as it has been, is not yet prosperous, if, indeed, it is self-supporting. Very much it owes to the self-sacrificing enthusiasm of its Secretary, Mr. F. J. Furnivall, and probably it might, but for him, have found its difficulties insuperable. Just at present it is waiting to see if it can get money enough to publish its next year's instalment of texts, of which it has several all prepared for the press. During this year just past, it has given, in return for the one-guinea subscription which it asks, no less than five books, containing matter, most of which is valuable, and all of which is curious and interesting; and it proposes to give as many next year. Its final issue of texts for last year was made last month, and contained the Minor Poems of Sir David Lyndsay, with a critical essay on Lyndsay, by Professor Nichol, of Oxford and Glasgow; "The Time's Whistle," a collection of satires of the time of James I.; and a curious collection of "Legends of the Holy Rood," or early English and Saxon poems concerning the cross. This is illustrated with copies of manuscript illuminations of the nails, hammer, scourge, crown of thorns, and other instruments of Christ's torture. Now that our booksellers and importers have begun to reckon the shilling sterling at about as many cents as it used to pass for in old times, before the war had carried it up to half a dollar, there is rather more reason, perhaps, and, at all events, there seems to be more than there was at the time of the Society's establishment, why American readers should become subscribers. The subscription need not be for more than a year. Indeed, we believe that the Society has on hand copies of most of its publications, and will even allow the subscriber to antedate his subscription, and take the books of that year which pleases him best. Of course there is choice, some of the works republished being for the student of English; some, like the five-volume "Percy Ballads Manuscript," being for "every gentleman's library;" and many others being well suited to such general readers as have anything bookish in their tastes.

—The book published by the Early Text Society next before the publication of the texts above-mentioned is, for instance, a very good example of the sort of reading which would interest and please very many readers who could not be called students or antiquarians, and it stands by no means alone in this category among the Society's publications. Its title is: "The Fyrst Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge, made by Andrew Boorde, of Physycke Doctor, edited, with life of Andrew Boorde, and large Extracts from his 'Breuyary,' by F. J. Furnival." Boorde was the original "merry Andrew," for though he began life as a Carthusian monk, and, when "dyspensed withe relygyon" by the Pope, took up the grave profession of medicine, he was, nevertheless, a humorist and jester by nature and habit, and if what is told of him is true, he used to frequent fairs and markets, and, setting himself in the midst of them, drew the people together by jocose speeches and stories, after which he would prescribe for them. "A rambling head and inconstant mind" is Antony a Wood's characteristically civil remark by way of accounting for Boorde's manner of practising medicine, and doubtless he had in his composition more or less of the vagabond; but in this reprint of his Breviary and Book of Knowledge he appears as a man of good learning in his profession, and with plenty of sound sense and shrewdness. He was bred a Carthusian monk, but appears to have left the order, under a Papal dispensation, for the purpose of studying medicine. He betook himself to Montpellier, at that time a renowned school of medicine, and on his return went to Scotland, either for the study or the practice of his profession. The Scotch he evidently was not fond of. "Shortly to conclude," he says, "trust yow no Skott, for they wyll yowse flattering wordes, and all ys falshoode." He got on with them, however, after a fashion: "Thei takyth me for a Skotysh mane's sone," he explains, "for I name my selff Karre, and so the Karres callyth me cosyn, thorow the which I am in more fauer." But still, says he, "it is naturally geuen, or els it is of a deuelysshe dysposicion of a Scottysh man not to loue nor fauer an Englishe man." It is improbable that Boorde went to Scotland for the purpose of study, as Edinburgh had not then the repute as a medical school which it has since enjoyed; but he was not yet free from apprehensions of being taken as a runaway monk by the Charter-house people, and may have thought it prudent to remove to some distance. Or it may be that he had then begun doing for Secretary Cromwell what he afterwards did for him on the Continent, where he was employed to travel and report how Henry VIII. was regarded by the French, the Genoese, Dutch, and other foreigners. It was in his journeyings of this kind that Boorde acquired that knowledge of Europe which he has set down in prose and verse in his "Book of the Introduction of Knowledge:" "the whych doth teache a man to speake all maner of languages, and to know the usage and fashion of all maner of countreys." It is a mixture of guide book, philology, satire, manual of useful knowledge, and other matters, and is highly amusing. In making the round of Europe the author begins with his own countrymen, and appears to be most struck with their proneness to change the fashion of their clothes, and with their talent for cursing and swearing. The Englishman is figured in a rude woodcut, holding in one hand a pair of shears, and in the other a roll of cloth, while underneath are these verses —"ryme dogrell," as Borde remarks:

> "I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
> Mu-yng in my mynde what rayment I shall were;
> For now I wyll were thys, and now I wyll were that,
> And now I wyll were I cannot tell what."

As for the swearing, he says: "In all the worlde ther is no regyon nor countree that doth use more swerynge than is used in England, for a chylde that scars can speak, a boy, a gyrle, a wenche nowadays wyl swear as great othes as an old knave and an old drab." English independence, too, as well as the swearing and the mutability of English fashions, Boorde insists upon:

> "No man shall let me, but I wyl have my mind."

The Welsh and Irish fare worse; and the doctor's old friends the Scotch, of course, come in for hard knocks. The device of putting these attacks on national vices into the mouth of the sinner himself, who is made to stand up and affirm himself to be thus and thus, comically enhances their effectiveness. One can imagine the state of mind in which Captain Fluellen would be thrown by these lines, especially if he had ever heard "Taffy was a Welshman":

> "I am a Welshman, and do dwel in Wales,
> I haue loued to serche boudgets and looke in males;
> I loue not to labour nor to delue nor to dyg,
> My fyngers be lymed lyke a lyme twig."

The old charges are brought against the Scotch:

> "I am a Scotyshe man, and trew I am to Fraunce;
> In euery countrey myselfe I do aduance;
> I wyll boost myselfe, I will crake and face,
> I loue to be exalted here and in euery place.
> I am a Scotyshe man, and haue dissembled mouche
> And in my promise I haue not kept touche.
> . . . . . .
> An Englyshe man I cannot naturally loue."

So the doctor goes through Europe, making a good many sensible remarks as he goes. In his Breviary, from which Mr. Furnivall makes copious extracts, Boorde treats of dietetics and the care of health, beginning in his treatment of the latter subject as far back as the rules for choosing a good situation for one's house, and throughout showing a freedom from professional prejudice and a practical wisdom that make him nearly as instructive as he is entertaining.

—"The Battle of Dorking" is said to have sold five additional editions—which would be five thousand copies—of *Blackwood's*, and its sale as a pamphlet by itself has also been large. It is still talked about, and various persons are mentioned as possible writers of it; a brother to the

Colonel Hamley to whom the authorship is commonly attributed, a Mr. Pullene, and one or two more. The publishers, though saying nothing definite, seem rather to encourage the notion that the article was not written by Colonel Hamley. This, perhaps, is because that gentleman holds an office under Government, and Mr. Gladstone's economical cabinet, already at daggers drawn with the whole military class, which is naturally delighted to see this attack on its enemy, may be thought of as not particularly well pleased over a work which gives popular expression to the opinion that the Liberal policy as regards national armaments is dangerously or meanly inadequate. The Germans, as may be supposed, get considerable pleasure from the spectacle of the fast-anchored isle thus "frighted from its propriety," and some one of them has written an article, not the most brilliant in the world in point of wit, but expressing such a contemptuous acceptance of the situation described by the Dorking volunteer as is not calculated to soothe the Heligoland excitement.

——We see, by the bye, that the author of "Dame Europa's School," another specimen of the literature of the panic, but one far inferior to the *Blackwood* article, has come out with a novel, being moved to do so by the success of his satire. "Tom Pippin's Wedding" is the title of it, and according to all accounts it is extraordinary stuff. The *Athenæum* quotes among other passages this: "One has heard drunkards blaspheme, and madmen rave, but for downright, cool profanity, for simple prostitution of all that men and angels reverence, give me a couple of evangelical ministers talking Scripture during a six-mile drive." The silliness and vulgarity of other passages, however, more than equal the intolerance—if that be the name of it—of this. A set of words is wanting for the expression of the movements of minds and hearts of a certain size. Intolerance which argues a certain amount of deliberation and thoughtfulness, and a certain genuine warmth of feeling in itself respectable, is hardly the term to apply to the state of mind expressed in these words.

—"The eminent barrister and historian," as his daughter in her biography of him calls Mr. John Adolphus, will hardly be known to many of our readers either as a historian or a barrister, although he was in good practice as a criminal lawyer, and although, some half-century ago, his very high Tory history of England under George the Third and his memoirs of the French Revolution were in favor among people of old-fashioned principles. But although his books are forgotten, and the eminence which his daughter's affection takes for real was but very factitious, her filial piety will probably secure for him in literature the niche which he failed of securing for himself. Her biography of him is an interesting and very readable book, full of gossip about the London of the beginning of this century, its theatres, literary cliques, taverns, ordinaries, spouting clubs, coffee-rooms, and all the strange fashions and habits of "the town." Among a thousand similar other things that the writer tells us is this dubious piece of philology about a slang term which still holds its own in England, and has some currency in this country. "The fashion of the house," says Adolphus, speaking of a tavern called the Queen's Head, in Duke's Court, "was to order spirits in a pewter half-quartern measure, which the drinker mixed with water according to his taste. It was frequently the fashion to say, 'Now I'll have another quartern, and go.' In process of time the order was cut down to the last word, 'Waiter, bring me a go;' and from that house, and from that mode of expression, the word extended probably over the whole kingdom as synonymous with half a quartern of spirits." If Mr. Adolphus's memory does not play him false, he was connected with one of our customs which has always seemed to most people to require explanation, and which he thus explains. When a boy at school, he used to spend his holidays with a great-uncle, residing in Sackville Street, of whom he stood in great awe, and in whose house he had but doleful days of it, his only solace in his dreariness being a print-shop at the corner of the street, and the kindness of a lady "of high fashion and great beauty" who lived near, and occasionally gave him sweetmeats and kisses. On the day on which he wore his first chimney-pot hat, he paid a visit to this leader of fashion, and she in joke put the boy's hat on her own head, and liking the look of herself in the new head-dress, she resolved to wear it into the Park, whither she was about to ride. This she did at once, and from then till now, in spite of attempts at innovation, the fashion has sustained its ground.

PAUPERISM IN ENGLAND.*

Mr. Maine, in his recent remarkable work on "Village Communities," has made the ingenious observation that pauperism was first pressed upon the attention of English statesmen when the old "cultivating-groups" of England, with their community of lands, began to fall to pieces, and the modern unequal division of landed property to take their place. This process of dissolution is still continuing in Great Britain, making more unequal the holding of land, and accordingly adding to the many difficulties of England's great problem—pauperism. During the last one hundred and fifty years, as Prof. Fawcett shows, nearly 7,500,000 acres have been taken by Acts of Parliament from the common lands, both arable and grazing, of Great Britain—that is, from the use and enjoyment of the poor—and added mainly to larger estates. Early even in the feudal ages, when the "village community" had partly given place to the "manor," population in certain districts of England began to press upon space, and combined with the breaking up of "commons," the ignorance of the laboring class, and the difficulty of communication, to create local problems of pauperism. Throughout the early English history, we find various Acts of Parliament dealing with this question, especially endeavoring to prevent indiscriminate almsgiving, and to distinguish between voluntary and involuntary poverty. Still, owing to increasing inequality of property, to the effect of foreign wars, and to unwise legislation, pauperism steadily increased throughout the kingdom.

The special legislation against this evil, the "Poor Law" of England, dates from the reign of Elizabeth. Under this act, for the first time, every needy person had a legal right to claim relief. To afford funds for this public assistance, rates were laid upon real estate. The able-bodied were compelled to work, or the cost of maintaining them was thrown upon their near relations, if they were able to bear it. Workhouses were established, and overseers of the poor appointed, who were responsible for the administering of relief. This act has been substantially imitated by the most recent legislation of the United Kingdom, and was undoubtedly wise in its provisions. For a hundred and fifty years, it worked comparatively well; vagrancy and mendicancy diminished under it, and the great evil seemed possible to be controlled. Gradually, however, a history of blunders and mistakes in the treatment of this perplexing matter began, from which England has never yet recovered.

That dangerous form of public charity, "outdoor relief," crept in; the workhouse test was dropped; allowances were given by the overseers of the poor to make up for deficient wages. "Settlement laws" were passed, which restrained poor workingmen from migrating from a parish where the labor market was overstocked to one where there was a demand. Even illegitimacy was encouraged, by a larger allowance being granted by the parish to a poor woman for an illegitimate than a legitimate child. Under this vicious system, a pauper became better cared for than a hard-working laborer, and that most wretched human condition, where people live by the cunning, deceit, and dependence of beggary—a state often more fatal to character than courses of absolute crime—became a profession, and was transmitted sometimes for several generations. In 1832, Prof. Fawcett states, the evil had reached a gigantic condition. Rates increased so as to threaten the absorption of the whole rent of the land. In one estate near Cambridge, 500 acres rented for about £1 per acre, while the annual poor-rates amounted to £250, the owner also testifying that his loss every year, from being obliged to employ pauper labor, was £100 more.

The discouraging effect upon honest labor of this public support of an army of able-bodied paupers can hardly be imagined. Thus, as Mr. Fawcett well puts it, a laboring man, by dint of much economy, self-control, and hard labor, saves sufficient to purchase a small annuity, and to procure, when he is old and broken-down, an income of five shillings a week. Another spends all his savings at the ale-house, and leads a lazy, dissolute life, leaving his family in misery. At precisely the same age, all he has to do is to apply to the parish for relief, and, without any unpleasant publicity or obligation to reside in the workhouse, he receives the same income—five shillings a week. Even during the years when they were able to labor, it often happened that the pauper received more than the industrious laborer could earn. As Prof. Fawcett remarks (from whose clear sketch this *résumé* is taken), "England was brought nearer to ruin by the old Poor Law than she ever was by a hostile army." The ghastly and corrupting effects of this blundering legislation are still visible throughout England.

There was one mistake, however, made by the British statesmen in treating this evil which it seems to us Mr. Fawcett does not sufficiently estimate—we mean their neglect of any general scheme for popular education. During those same centuries when this evil was reaching such tremendous proportions in England, two other communities, Holland and

* "Pauperism: Its Causes and Remedies. By Prof. Henry Fawcett." New York: Macmillan & Co. 1871. 12mo, 270 pp.

New England, had instituted a system of popular education which has done more to check pauperism in their limits than any other one cause. Had England begun with education before alms in assisting the laboring classes, her future would have been very different.*

The new Poor Law of England dates from 1834. Under it the "workhouse test" was revived, and the assistance by "allowances" abolished. The "laws of settlement" were made easier for the laborer, so that he could go where his labor was in demand; illegitimacy was checked by making the father responsible for the support of the child; and the whole administration of pauperism improved by freeing it of many abuses. Under this legislation, the increase of paupers was undoubtedly checked, and the cost of pauperism diminished throughout the kingdom, from an average of eight shillings per caput of the whole population, to five or six shillings. The whole mode of relief was reformed by a more general application through the authorities of the workhouse test; that is, by requiring every alleged pauper to live and work in the almshouse. Still, even with this reformed legislation, this terrible disease and national evil of Great Britain reached such a point as to inspire all thoughtful Englishmen with anxiety and alarm. Though the increase of national wealth is estimated at $50,000,000 per annum, the increase of poverty seems to keep pace with it. Every winter in London, it is estimated, there are 170,000 paupers within the limits, and the pauper children of the kingdom are said to number the vast multitude of half a million. The relation, too, of outdoor and indoor pauperism is not satisfactory. Throughout England, only one-eighth of the paupers are inmates of the workhouse, while in Ireland the reverse is the fact, the indoor paupers being to the outdoor as five to one—a much more sound, economic condition.

In fact, we may say, in summary, that Prof. Fawcett's history of the condition of England in this matter is exceedingly discouraging. We think, perhaps unreasonably so, he takes the "hard," economic, and despairing view of the question, while the remedies which he proposes are some of them as hopeless as the disease. We have a little query here in our own mind as to his statistics. The English custom is to class all as "paupers" who receive any assistance, however small, from the public authorities. But manifestly a hard-working, industrious, independent laborer, who fell into a temporary misfortune and was helped out of it by a small assistance from the overseers of the poor, should not be ranked with the degraded class of "paupers." So that when we hear of 170,000 paupers in London, we need to know how far those were dependent on the public before we make up our minds as to the extent of the evil.

In this city, for instance, there are some 22,000 persons aided each winter, to a very small extent, by the Commissioners of Charities. They are notoriously not "paupers," and support themselves the rest of the year, bringing up, many of them, honest and industrious families. So when we hear from Mr. Fawcett of the terrible increase of pauperism in Australia and the United States, and of "110,000 persons receiving outdoor relief in Philadelphia," and of "9,000 being inmates of the almshouse" in a single season, we know that his constitutional tendency, or his contact with this gloomy subject, has thrown a cloud over all his views, and obscured even his examination of statistics. We have not the Almshouse Reports of Philadelphia at hand, but such statistics as the above are utterly incredible. So far from pauperism increasing in our cities, the Report of the New York Commissioners of Charities for 1871 shows that, while the number of inmates of the almshouses of this city on January 1, 1850, was 1,313, or 1 in 423 of the population of the city, on January 1, 1870, it was only 1,114, or 1 in 808. The number assisted by outdoor relief seems to remain about the same, year by year, being 23,034 in 1865, and 22,782 in 1870. The expense of the relief of the outdoor poor averaged ten cents per caput of our population in 1865, and was eight cents in 1870. That for hospitals for the poor was eighty-seven cents per caput in 1865, and eighty-seven cents in 1870. And yet it must be remembered that New York is the centre of the foreign pauperism of the country, about twelve per cent. of our city paupers only being native-born.

The main remedy for this vast evil which presents itself to Mr. Fawcett's mind seems to us utterly futile—that is, the diffusion through the laboring classes of a sense of their duty to check population. Mr. Mill's admirers must have often felt that his chapters on this subject—"the voluntary checks" of population—are the least satisfactory of his well-known treatise. Mr. Fawcett follows in his footsteps. Their positions are unassailable, economically, but they are such as a laboring class can never be induced to recognize; and the notion that pauperism can ever be checked by proper views of the workingman's duty in this matter seems to us as wild as the favorite theorem of the female reformers—that men and women can work together in public life, and forget the relations of sex.

Mr. Fawcett's least satisfactory chapter is on what is generally held as the most "advanced" of the recent methods of dealing with pauper children—the "placing-out system." The great objection to it, in the mind of this English economist, is that this charity offers a reward to pauperism, as the pauper's child is thus treated better than the self-supporting workingman's, and so the laborer is induced to increase his family, because he is sure of their being well cared for. Here, again, the philosopher of the study has lost sight of the nature of the laboring man in real life. No consideration as to the future support of his family ever affects a workingman in such matters. Furthermore, if anything would make him devoutly desire never to be the father of a family, it would be the prospect of his children being "placed out." In this city, the only thing often which prevents the lowest poor from sending their children to the almshouse, is the fear that they will be placed out or sent West, not through dread of any abuse to them, but from the blind force of the paternal instinct. Mr. Fawcett, too, forgets, under his scientific prepossessions, that the pauper's children, though, economically considered, they ought not to have been born, are not responsible for the fact; and society is responsible for giving them a fair chance in the world. Moreover, society, in Mr. Fawcett's own view, can do nothing more economical than in "placing out" these children. The great expense and danger to society are in "breeds" of paupers and vagrants. The almshouse tends to make pauperism inherited.

The emigration plan breaks up the line of descent, and converts the little pauper into a self-supporting producer. Besides, the annual cost of placing out or boarding out a pauper child is far less than his support in an almshouse. The experience of a very extended private charity in this city—the Children's Aid Society—is instructive in this regard, as this association have placed out some 25,000 poor and vagrant children in towns in the West at an average expense of only $15 per caput, the children growing up to a very large degree honest, self-supporting, and industrious persons, some even having acquired large properties.

Mr. Fawcett's other remedies for this great disease of England are more wisely considered. His remarks on education, emigration, co-operation, the improvement in land-tenure, and against the enclosure of common lands, are deserving of careful study.

*In London, $25,000,000 per annum are spent on organized charities, while, till the present year, no general scheme of popular education was ever inaugurated.

The Fall of England; The Battle of Dorking. Reminiscences of a Volunteer. By a Contributor to *Blackwood.* (New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1871.)—There are few odder phenomena in modern politics than the feelings of the English people with regard to their national defences. They have deliberately, for over two centuries, chosen to rely on their fleet for protection against invasion, and have found their confidence in the advantages of this means of protection fully justified by experience. With the exception of the civil war of 1640, and the little raid of the Pretender in 1745, they have enjoyed for four hundred years complete freedom from hostile military operations on their soil, the beneficial influence of which on trade and industry, and on the growth and firm establishment of legal habits among the people, it is almost impossible to overestimate; and, indeed, nobody can form anything like an adequate idea of its value who does not consider what frightful evils the Continental nations have during the same period suffered from the movements of contending forces. It is, of course, impossible to say with certainty what cause has most contributed to any political results, but it seems safe to ascribe a very large proportion of the growth of English constitutional freedom to the absence of the military general, as a person of special weight or influence, from English politics. The growth, too, of that almost unique character, the Anglo-Saxon judge, who has played so important a part both in English and American political progress, is due to the total want of familiarity both of the governors and governed with the arbitrary processes of military rule. Moreover, the smallness and insignificance of the English army has undoubtedly had much to do with the subordination of the military to the civil power which is so marked and, to Continental Europeans, so striking a feature of English society. And yet, small as the army has been, it has sufficed not only for the preservation of order at home, but for operations of sufficient magnitude and brilliancy in Continental wars to acquire for the country a military reputation of the first order. The fleet, too, has not only proved a sufficient protection against invasion, but for

more than a century gave Great Britain all but complete maritime supremacy. Nevertheless, the national mind has been haunted, probably ever since the Norman Conquest, with the fear that an invader might in some way give the fleet the slip, and that if he did he would surely succeed in subjugating the country. "Invasion panics" consequently form a regularly recurring incident of all periods of peace. Few Englishmen are, in fact, ever entirely free from the dread of invasion except when English armies are invading some other country. Nothing ever comes of these panics, because the fear is never strong enough to overcome the dislike of compulsory military service which an enlargement of the effective military force would make necessary, or to overwhelm the traditional suspicion of large standing armies. Consequently, after a few months' talk, the matter drops out of the public mind, till some imposing display of force on the part of some Continental power brings it back again. All panics, except the last one, were inspired by France. It was always a French army which was to land at Dover and take London, which city was sure to be given up to pillage—its wealth furnishing a temptation such as no French general was supposed to be able to resist. Indeed, one of the saddest evidences of French decline is to be found in the fact that Frenchmen no longer figure in the imaginary invasions of England conjured up by the British imagination. The Germans have succeeded to this as to so many other places of honor long held by their unhappy enemy, and it is a curious compliment to their discipline, and systematic method of spoiling their foes, that they are not expected to pillage London, but to levy heavy contributions on it.

The last panic has been created by the spectacle of German prowess in France, and, as usual, has called forth a good deal of writing, and amongst other things the brochure before us, a *jeu d'esprit* which first appeared in *Blackwood*, and has been since issued in a separate form, and enjoyed a great success. Its main object, apart from the general one of creating alarm about the state of the military defences of the country, is to show the uselessness of the volunteers, who go out every Easter Monday, and manœuvre in helpless ignorance and inefficiency on open spaces near London, under the command of elected officers, who know no more of soldiering than the men. The writer, an old man, describes in the year 1925 a battle in which he as a volunteer took part, fifty years previously, in which the volunteer force was totally defeated, and the regular army sacrificed in the vain attempt to stay the march of a German army of invasion, which had effected a landing owing to the destruction of the iron-clad fleet by a newly invented torpedo, and to the absence of a large portion of the regular force defending Canada against the United States and Ireland against the Fenians. The author is evidently either a soldier or a man very familiar with military operations, and he uses his knowledge sufficiently to make a picture of extraordinary vividness, and yet without ever laying aside the dimness of vision with which a civilian volunteer might be supposed to watch the operations of a campaign. Nothing, too, can be more skilful, in a literary way, than the incidental portrayal, in the course of the narrative, of the disorganization and want of preparation of the volunteers, and of the misery and humiliation wrought by foreign conquest. The tale has consequently been devoured, not less for its opportuneness as regards the state of the public mind, than for its artistic merit, which is, indeed, so high that only one man, Colonel Hamley—the author of "Lady Lee's Widowhood"—has been guessed at as likely to combine the needful military experience with the needful literary dexterity.

Who is Responsible for the War? By Scrutator. With an Appendix containing Four Letters reprinted (by permission) from the *Times*. (London: Rivingtons. 1871.)—The pseudonymous author of this little volume began the arguing of the question which forms its title in the columns of the London *Times* in October and November last. It was done in a controversy with Professor Max Müller, which was ably and rather politely conducted on both parts. At that time, the question was still of considerable practical interest and importance, as the victor was but claiming a part of the territory of the vanquished, chiefly on the ground of the latter having begun an unprovoked struggle. When the writer, having enlarged his arguments, published it in book-form, the war was over, and the preliminaries of peace about being concluded, but he seems still to have flattered himself that his appeal to the English public in favor of France might yet, through mediating voices, exercise some influence upon the final settlement. Now that the victor has safely carried off the spoils he demanded, the argument can have but a historical interest, and even that is somewhat narrowed down by the way "Scrutator" endeavors to prove his paradoxical theses. For he puts all the blame upon Bismarck alone; represents King William and Germany as having been drawn into the war by the "diabolical" manœuvres of that man of "blood and iron;" "excepts the Crown Prince of Prussia from all the strictures expressed or implied" in his pages; admits that the French, before the war, betrayed as much longing for the Rhine as the Germans for Alsace and Lorraine, and that the Emperor Napoleon and his ministers were "reckless and criminal" in opening the contest. His impeachment of Prussia, however—that is, as its development shows it, of Bismarck—is broad enough. He "has endeavored to establish," among other minor points, the following:

"That the Hohenzollern candidature was a legitimate grievance to France."

"That the French Government . . . really desired a pacific solution of the question."

"That Count Bismarck got up the Hohenzollern intrigue with his eyes wide open to all the consequences that have followed."

"That Prussia never withdrew, directly or indirectly, the candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, and that the eventual retirement of the Prince took place in such a way as to leave the grievance of France precisely where it was at the commencement of the quarrel."

"That, nevertheless, France still sought a pacific solution."

"That Count Bismarck . . . precipitated the war by the gratuitous invention and publication of a fictitious affront offered by the King of Prussia to the French Ambassador at Ems."

"That Count Bismarck requires French territory, not as a security against French aggressiveness, but as a means of keeping up the military system of Prussia and keeping down German liberalism."

To prove all this, "Scrutator" quotes sundry diplomatic notes, despatches, and articles, none of which, if we remember right, contains anything new to the journal-reading public. It is in their juxtaposition and the dexterous drawing of inferences that he displays his skill in defending assertions which, in their entirety, hardly deserve a serious refutation. Strictly speaking, he convinces the reader of none of his points; and all he makes plausible is that Bismarck was not at all unpleasantly surprised by the eagerness with which Napoleon grasped the pretext of the Hohenzollern candidature for plunging France, unprepared as she was, into a war which the Prussian statesman—and, in fact, the whole world—had foreseen, or by the mad fury with which sincere and hired chauvinism answered to the Duc de Gramont's warlike announcements; that, knowing that war must come, he used all the means in his hand—means fair and unfair—to put France in the wrong before the world, and to inflame the German mind, north and south of the Main; and perhaps also that, after seeing with what enthusiasm Germany, the whole of Germany, was ready to take up the gauntlet flung into her face by her infatuated neighbor, he was not inclined to let slip the opportunity of fighting the battle, which had to be fought one day, at a moment ill-selected by the foe, and of uniting the two sections of Germany by victories won in a common defence.

The Psalms. The Common Version revised for the American Bible Union, with an Introduction and Occasional Notes. By Thomas J. Conant. (New York: American Bible Union; London: Trübner & Co.)—Long before the revision of the English Bible was seriously undertaken in England, the American Bible Union had entered upon the same project, and had published several books of both the Old and the New Testaments. These revisions, being the work of individual translators, are of different degrees of merit, and lack that general consent of scholars which is counted upon to give favor to the work of the English revisers. Moreover, though scholars of other communions have been employed upon the work, the fact that it was begun in the interest of the Baptists must always prejudice it somewhat in the view of the church universal. Nevertheless, the Bible Union has made some improved readings, which might be adopted with advantage by the English Commission sitting in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey. Dr. Conant is a good Hebraist, and his part of the revision is performed with conscientious thoroughness, yet with a wise regard for the hold of the standard version upon the popular mind. He has not attempted an independent translation of the Psalms, but a revision of the common English version with a more exact conformity to the Hebrew. This principle is correct; for, in preparing anew the Bible for the people, regard must be had to the purity and integrity of the English tongue as well as to the more advanced state of sacred philology. The scholars meeting in the Jerusalem Chamber may know Hebrew and Greek better than King James's translators, but it may well be questioned whether they know English better; and a revision of the English version, adhering

as closely as possible to the present text, is, perhaps, more to be desired than a new translation from the original Scriptures. Sometimes the change of a single word makes the sense more clear, and adds to the strength of the English. Thus, in Ps. xviii. 15, Dr. Conant reads, "The foundations of the world were *made bare*," where the common version has "discovered." So in Ps. ii. 5, "Will confound them in his hot displeasure" is an improvement upon "vex them in his sore displeasure." Again, in Ps. xlv. 1, "My heart is overflowing with a goodly theme" is more precise than "My heart is inditing a good matter"; and a new sense is given to v. 8 by the rendering, "Myrrh and aloes, cassia, are all thy garments; from palaces of ivory, stringed instruments cheer thee." Such examples of the improvement of the sense, without detriment to the English, might be multiplied from the revision of Dr. Conant. But the substitution of *bowed* for *cast* in the pathetic cry, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" (Ps. xlii. and xliii.), adds nothing either to the meaning or to the sentiment; and in Ps. xviii.: 7, the graphic description, "Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken," is not improved by Dr. Conant's reading, "Then the earth shook and *quaked;* and the foundations of the mountains *trembled*, and were shaken;" while the emphatic repetition in v. 10, "He rode upon a cherub and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind," is quite impaired by the phrase, "and *soared* along on wings of the wind." In some instances, as in Ps. xix. 3, Dr. Conant has adopted what appears to us the less accurate and facile of the various readings of the Hebrew text. Upon the whole, his revision is to be regarded as tentative rather than complete, a help toward an improved version, not that version itself. The poetic form and the explanatory notes add to the value of his scholarly work for the use of the general reader.

From Fourteen to Fourscore. By Mrs. S. W. Jewett. (New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1871.)—In the short "introduction" to this interesting story, the author informs us that she wrote it "to please herself." And this assertion is well sustained throughout the book, in the character which she has chosen to personate. It might easily pass for the veritable transcript of an old lady's journal and reminiscences, written out "with no view to publication," but to gratify a favorite grandchild. We do not mean by this to imply that it is not also likely to please others, but simply that it is not written in the interests of and theory, or party, or sect—that it is not didactic—that it cannot properly be classed among the "religious" novels, though there is a good deal of religion in it—that it can hardly be called even a "love story," if that means following the checquered fortunes of two persons through many fears and joys, doubts and hopes, to the inevitable conclusion. It is rather a collection of several love-passages, with quite the usual amount of cross-purposes, united, however, by the author's personality, to whose own story the main interest of course belongs. "If there is a moral to my story," the author says, "it is better that my life should teach it than my words." The reader, therefore, need not fear being preached to, though there are many passages which he may skip as prosy, if he is hunting only for incidents. It belongs rather to the "quiet" class of novels than the exciting, yet it never degenerates into dulness. The mere scenery of the narrative is of the slightest kind, and somewhat too vague, perhaps; but this is far from being the case with the sketches of character, which really form the true and permanent value of the book, and are positive additions to our spiritual portrait-gallery. Prominent among these are "Aunt Rebecca" and "Aunt Content"—the two most interesting persons in the book, unless the narrator herself be an exception. Both of these have had their lifelong trials, arising in each instance from disappointed love. But in the one case the lover's death brought the disappointment, and in the other his marriage. There is also a similarity in the two cases, in that both have sisters for rivals; but with the difference that the sister of Aunt Rebecca is a successful rival, and the sister of Aunt Content a disappointed one. Yet the former could be called successful only in a very literal and worldly sense. She is aware that her husband has given her but "a divided heart," the unmarried sister being still the most deeply loved. And in her treatment of this very difficult relation, the author seems to us to have shown rare delicacy and truth of sentiment. The reader will find here no justification of "elective affinities," or anything of the sort, in opposition to the true sanctity of marriage.

The contrast between the two sisters—that is, between the mother and aunt of our heroine—is admirably rendered, and not less so is the difference between the two "Aunts" already spoken of—Aunt Content, who is, upon the whole, our favorite, being of the homely sort, and Aunt Rebecca more refined. And yet the homeliness of the former is only of the speech and manner. There is no lack of true delicacy in the spirit of this excellent woman. "But why give us these sentiments in so homely a form, then?" it may be asked. "Why must a beautiful thought be degraded by vulgarity of style and constant violations of pure English?" It would be answer enough, perhaps, to say that, as a portraiture of New England life, these little touches of coarseness must not be omitted. But we maintain, further, that there is, indirectly, a valuable purpose to be answered by it, inasmuch as it reminds the "educated" classes of what they are so apt to forget—that defects of education are compatible not only with sterling worth, but also with the truest delicacy and refinement of feeling.

We have said that there there is a good deal of religion in this story, though it cannot be classed as a religious novel. Very little theology is introduced, and it would be difficult to assign that little to any one church or sect. But it certainly is of the healthy kind. It encourages no morbid excitement. It spins no wiredrawn subtleties. It refers continually to life, and believes, with Swedenborg, whom the book sometimes quotes, that "the life of religion is to do good."

Of defects in the book, we cannot say that we have discovered many worth noting. There is sometimes a little carelessness of grammar which might easily have been avoided. There are characters whom we would gladly have heard more of that are dropped too soon by the way. And, finally, Philip, who was meant to be the hero, decidedly falls off in interest in the latter half of the volume.

The Annual Register: A Review of Public Events at Home and Abroad for the Year 1870. New Series. (London: Rivingtons. 1871.)—This is a large, well-printed volume, consisting of two parts; the first comprising the "English and Foreign History" of the year, and a "Retrospect of Literature, Art, and Science;" and the second a "Chronicle of Remarkable Occurrences," an "Obituary of Eminent Persons," sketches of "Remarkable Trials," and "Public Documents and State Papers," besides some lists of minor interest. The whole second part, with the exception of the obituaries of Alexandre Dumas and Montalembert, and a few documents and "occurrences," is exclusively devoted to English subjects. Nor does the literary "Retrospect" review any production of the foreign press. The "History" is far from being equally partial—France, as might be expected, occupying a very prominent place in its foreign division. A separate chapter treats of Germany and Austro-Hungary; another of Rome, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and another, very briefly, of a number of other countries in Europe, Asia, and America. Africa, however, is passed over unnoticed, Asia is represented only by China—the topic being the Tien-tsin massacre—and the death of President Lopez of Paraguay is the only event recorded of South America. This sparingness is the more surprising in a book which devotes no less than 145 pages to chronicling events and accidents of merely passing interest, such as "the theft of Colonel Hickie's child at Maidenhead," a "burglary at the American Minister's," the "accouchement of the Princess Mary of Teck," the "destruction of the Old Star and Garter Hotel, Richmond," murders, collisions, explosions, gales, disasters at sea, banquets, riots, executions, colliery accidents, and similar sensational things. The whole of the compilation, however, is readable, and some of its more important parts are very well done. Such is, among other historical portions, the account of the situation in France before and at the beginning of the war. The narrative of the military events is clear, comprehensive, and attractive; but here and there not quite accurate in its details. It is not correct that McMahon's army, "on the Thursday morning before the battle of Wissemburg," numbered only "40,000 men," nor that at Wörth it "contested the ground desperately for *fifteen* hours;" and still less correct that of its numbers, "scarce 5,000 remained on Saturday night to retrace their steps, broken and dispirited, towards Châlons." The figures regarding the forces in besieged Paris are rather loosely and contradictorily given (p. 179 and p. 211). The loss of the French "at Chevilly and Chilleurs," before Orleans, December 4—"no less than 14,000 prisoners"—is greatly exaggerated. Other inaccuracies of the same kind are probably typographical errors. "Nearly 300,000" (p. 179), as the number of the troops "of Bazaine . . . . shut up within the fortifications of Metz," is probably a misprint for *nearly* 200,000. "180,000 men," referring to the army with which McMahon marched from Châlons to Sedan, stands for 130,000, or possibly for 150,000; "10,000 prisoners," stated as the loss of General Von der Tann in the battle of Coulmiers, stands either for 1,000 or 2,000, the number claimed by the victorious French commander.

"Frossard, with the 7th Corps" (p. 158), is an obvious misprint for *Frossard with the 2d Corps.* "At Ognon" (p. 218), is a mistake for *on the Ognon,* Von Werder having defeated the French on the river, and not at a place of that name. The revision of the foreign names is, in general, somewhat defective. We find "Pinard" for Picard (p. 135), "L'Amirault" and "L'Admiraut" for Ladmirault, or L'Admirault; "Hassner" for Hasner, "Borez" for Baez. The writer on "Austro-Hungary" speaks of "Czechs and *Gallicians, Poles,* Slovenes" [*sic*], etc., with evidently very little knowledge of Slavic affairs. The "English History" is very exhaustive. Some of the literary pieces betray a decidedly able hand.

The Historical Reader, embracing Selections from Standard Writers of Ancient and Modern History, interspersed with illustrative Passages from British and American Poets; with Explanatory Observations, Notes, etc.: to which are added a Vocabulary of Difficult Words and Biographical and Geographical Indexes. By John J. Anderson, A.M. (New York: Clark & Maynard. 1871.)—This is a rather long title, but its length is justified by the contents of the volume, every part of which is carefully compiled or elaborated. "As its name indicates, it is intended to be used, not as a book of lessons to be committed to memory and recited, but as a *Reading Book,* to be used independently, or to accompany any of the ordinary school manuals of history, and to be read in connection with the study of them." The selections—which are chronologically arranged within the three divisions of "American History," "English, Scottish, and French History," and "Miscellaneous . . . History" of other nations, ancient and modern—are well adapted to make the youthful reader familiar not only with the details of a multitude of important events and with the characters of many historical personages, but also with the best productions of English and American historical literature, and a number of writers belonging to other fields and nations. Both as to names and contents, the extracts are well selected, but chiefly as regards the former. Not only such English or American historians proper are represented as Clarendon, Burnet, Hume, Robertson, Ferguson, Gibbon, Mitford, Lingard, Milman, Macaulay, Grote, Merivale, Freeman, Froude, Irving, Bancroft, Prescott, Hildreth, and Motley, but also Milton, Berkeley, Chatham, Goldsmith, Burke, Scott, Southey, Bulwer, De Quincey, Thackeray, Dickens, Everett, Story, Greeley; as well as several writers of antiquity—Herodotus, Xenophon, Plato, Josephus, Tacitus; and some French—Rollin, Thiers, Lamartine, Michelet. German literature has, however, only one representative—Niebuhr, and Italian literature none. The compiler's introductory or explanatory notes and biographical notices are to the point, brief and well-worded, though not entirely free from mistakes, some of which may, however, be but typographical errors. James Fenimore Cooper died in 1851, not, as given, "in 1859;" the battle of Arbela was not fought in "330," but in 331; Halicarnassus was not "a city of Ionia," but a Dorian city of Caria; Thiers was *not* "a member of the Provisional Government that succeeded the Revolution of 1848." Nor do we agree with Mr. Anderson when he states that the "Consulate and Empire" of the writer just named is "considered one of the greatest historical works of modern times;" when he ranks the "History of Turkey" among "the most noted" of Lamartine's works; or when he calls Froude's style "strong and brilliant." In the notice of Niebuhr, there is no mention of his death. Nor ought the "History of the United Netherlands" to go unmentioned under "Motley," or the "History of the Jews" under "Milman," while many less important titles are given in other notices. The pronunciation of French names is often rather strangely marked, as the following specimens may show: "*Do-mavl*" (D'Aumale), "*shawng de mar*" (Champ de Mars), "*vareduhng*" (Verdun), "*sang ahn-twahn*" (St. Antoine). These defects are, however, very slight compared to the merits and usefulness of the "Reader."

Musings over the Christian Year and Lyra Innocentium. By Charlotte Mary Yonge. *A Concordance to the Christian Year.* (New York: Pott & Amery.)—To make an index or a concordance is in itself so thankless an office, so utterly unselfish and unprofitable a labor for the doer, but so serviceable to the reading public, that one who takes the pains should have the praise, and not be permitted to veil himself behind an anonymous publication. All admirers of Keble will be grateful for the "Concordance to the Christian Year;" but none more so than the hard-pressed clergyman, who, at the last moment, thinks to embellish his sermon with an apt poetic phrasing of his text or theme. The work is very thoroughly and satisfactorily done.

As an introduction to her "Musings," Miss Yonge has put together her own recollections of Keble with those of several friends, thus giving, in an easy, inartificial way, a picture of the everyday life of Hursley vicarage and an insight into the character and habits of the Christian poet. There was little in the outside life of such a man to attract the notice of the world; but it is pleasant to observe his kindness to the poor, his gentle fidelity in his work, his devout zeal for his church—though in the latter Miss Yonge sometimes causes Keble to appear less lovable in the reflection of her own intenser churchism. Her "Musings," too, sometimes rob a poem of its charm by translating it into the rugged baldness of a doctrine which it had deftly covered with the web of verse. A passionate admirer, a grateful protégé, a very devotee at the shrine of Keble, she gives an excess of attention to minor incidents and secondary qualities. These "Musings," however, are not without value in interpreting some of the obscurer poems by the incidents or frames of feeling which gave them birth; and they will take their place in Christian literature among the elegiac tributes of piety to genius, of love to goodness, and of faith and hope to the ideal life.

The Daughter of an Egyptian King. Translated from the German of George Ebers. By Henry Reed. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.)—The historical novel which hovers about the dubious border between fact and fiction is always in danger of being too fictitious for the confidence of fact, or too matter-of-fact for the illusion of fiction. And when its avowed purpose is the restoration of the manners and customs of a remote antiquity, it is likely to be too dry for a story or too fanciful for a picture of actual life. The legend of Nitetis, which Herodotus has preserved under three distinct forms in his "Thalia," is wrought by Dr. Ebers into a highly dramatic story, through the skilful combination of various versions. The daughter of Amasis of Egypt having been demanded by Cambyses in marriage, he palmed off as his own Nitetis, the daughter of his predecessor, whose throne he had usurped. The fair princess won the heart of the stern and fitful Persian, but just as he was about to consummate the marriage his jealousy was excited against his brother, and in a rage he sentenced Nitetis to be dragged through the streets of Babylon and buried alive. Before the sentence was executed, Cambyses became aware of his mistake—but too late, for Nitetis had already swallowed a deadly cosmetic. After her death the king learned of the trick that had been played upon him, and turned his grief to revenge upon the faithless Egyptian king. But the story is only a screen upon which to paint the manners and customs of the Egyptians and the Persians. Dr. Ebers is a learned Egyptologist, Director of the Museum at Jena, and author of "*Aegypten und die Bücher Mose's*" (reviewed in Vol. VII. of the *Nation,* No. 175). He has successfully reproduced the Egypt of the Persian invasion; his work is remarkably free from anachronisms, and will be valuable for consultation; but the story drags with the weight of the speeches; for the doctor has made every character as learned and technical as himself.

**** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books on the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Anderson (J. J.), The Historical Reader	(Clark & Maynard)	$1 80
Boyd (M.) Reminiscences of Fifty Years	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Collins (M.), Marquis and Merchant, swd	" "	50
Dickens (C.), Pickwick Papers	" "	
Dindorf (W.), Sophocles	(Harper & Bros.)	
Downing (C.), Selected Fruits	(John Wiley & Son)	
Droz (G.), Around a Spring, swd	(Holt & Williams)	75
Dunn (H.), The Study of the Bible	(G. P. Putnam & Sons)	1 50
Eberhardt (M.), Die Rechtstellung des Weibes innerhalb der Ehe, swd	(Meininger & Schick)	
Folsom (N. S.), The Four Gospels, 2d ed	(A. Williams & Co.)	
Forsyth (W.), Novels and Novelists of the 18th Century	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Garrett (Ruth and Edward), The Quiet Miss Godolphin, and A Chance Child, 1 vol.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Gilbert (Rev. D.), The Love of Jesus	(John Murphy & Co.)	50
Glenn (Jessie), Poems	(Bannan & Ramsey)	
Hawthorne (Nathaniel), Twice Told Tales	(Jas. R. Osgood & Co.)	
Mosses from an Old Manse	" "	
Helps (A.), Life of Hernando Cortes	(G. P. Putnam & Sons)	2 00
Henson (W. S.), Modern Astronomy	(Newark)	
Howe (Fisher), The True Site of Calvary	(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)	1 00
Hutchings (J. M.), Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity in California	(A. Roman & Co.)	3 00
Jelliffe (W. M.), Good Selections in Prose and Poetry	(J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.)	
Kingsley (Chas.), At Last: A Christmas in the West Indies	(Macmillan & Co.)	2 00
Lebon (H.), The Holy Communion	(John Murphy & Co.)	1 00
Leighton (R. F. A. M.), Greek Lessons	(Ginn Bros.)	
Lear (Edward), Nonsense Songs, Stories, Botany, and Alphabets	(Jas. R. Osgood & Co.)	
Lever (C.), Davenport Dunn, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	75
Lodeman (A.), German Conversation Tables, bds	(Holt & Williams)	40
Marryat (Florence), Her Lord and Master, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	50
Martin (Prof. B. N.), Choice Specimens of American Literature	(Sheldon & Co.)	
Meredith (Owen) Lucile and Other Poems, swd	(Jas. R. Osgood & Co.)	50

JUST OUT.

CHARLOTTE ACKERMAN,

A THEATRICAL ROMANCE

Founded upon interesting facts in the Life of a Young Artist of the last Century.

FROM THE GERMAN OF

OTTO MÜLLER.

Translated by

MRS. CHAPMAN COLEMAN AND HER DAUGHTERS,

The Translators of the

MÜHLBACH NOVELS.

Cloth, price $1 50; in paper, $1.

For Sale by all Booksellers.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,

822 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

JUST PUBLISHED.

I.

"THE MOST ORIGINAL NOVEL OF THE DAY."

TOM PIPPIN'S WEDDING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE FIGHT AT DAME EUROPA'S SCHOOL."

16mo, extra cloth, $1 25p; paper cover, 75 cents.

"We must confess that its perusal has caused us more genuine amusement than we have derived from any fiction, not professedly comic, for many a long day. . . . Without doubt this is, if not the most remarkable, certainly the most original novel of the day."—London Bookseller.

II.

TRAVELS OF A DOCTOR. A Book of Travels of a Doctor of Physic. Containing his Observations made in Certain Portions of the Two Continents. 12mo, extra cloth, ornamented sides, $2.

III.

THE UNSEEN WORLD in the Light of the Cross. By T. Stork, D.D. 16mo, extra cloth, $1.

IV.

WEAR AND TEAR; or, Hints for the Overworked. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., Member of the National Academy of Sciences, etc. 18mo, fine cloth, 50 cents.

☞ For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price, by the Publishers.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,

715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia,

JUST PUBLISHED.

The German Conquest of England in 1875, and Battle of Dorking.

DESCRIBED BY AN EYEWITNESS IN 1925.

Describing the Arrival of the German Armada; destruction of the British Fleet; the decisive battle of Dorking; capture of London; Downfall of the English Empire.

12mo, paper, 30 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

A powerful satire on the military helplessness of England. The Britons are stirred up by it as they have been by no magazine article of this generation."—Journal of Commerce.

Everybody is talking about it, and everybody should read it.

For sale by all booksellers, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,

PHILADELPHIA.

YALE and HARVARD use

Whitney's German Course,

Otto's French Course.

HOLT & WILLIAMS,

PUBLISHERS,

No. 25 Bond Street, New York.

The Publishers issue a very large assortment of works in the same department.

☞ A descriptive catalogue will be sent gratis to any one referring to this advertisement.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S LIST.

In one vol., crown 8vo, price $2.

AT LAST. A Christmas in the West Indies. By Charles Kingsley. With numerous illustrations.

"In this book, as during his visit, Mr. Kingsley revels in the gorgeous wealth of the West Indian vegetation, bringing before us one marvel after another, alternately sating and piquing our curiosity. Whether we climb the cliffs with him and peer over into the narrow bays which are being hollowed out by the trade surf, or wander through impenetrable forests, where the tops of the trees form a green cloud overhead, or gaze down glens which are watered by the clearest brooks, running through masses of palm and banana and all the rich variety of foliage, we are equally delighted and amazed."—Athenæum.

MEMOIR OF CHARLES MAYNE YOUNG, Tragedian. With Extracts from his Son's Journal. By Julian Charles Young, M.A. With Portraits and Sketches. 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, $2 25.

"Mr. Young is one of those pleasant diarists who, it is to be feared, are rapidly becoming as extinct as the delightful letter-writers of the past age. In this budget of anecdotes, fables, and gossip, old and new, relative to Scott, Moore, Chalmers, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Croker, Mathews, the Third and Fourth Georges, Bowles, Beckford, Lockhart, Wellington, Peel, Louis Napoleon, D'Orsay, Dickens, Thackeray, Louis Blanc, Gibson, Constable, and Stanfield (the list might be much extended), the reader must be hard indeed to please who cannot find entertainment."—Pall Mall Gazette.

"He has contrived to bring out a narrative often as detailed as Pepys, as versatile and lifelike as Boswell, and as full of recent personal interest as Crabb Robinson. It is not a barren record of facts, but a kindly chronicle of life and manners, and men and minds, running over the last half century."—Saturday Review.

"There is hardly a page of it which was not worth printing. There is hardly a line which has not some kind of interest attaching to it.... When we mention that the extracts from Mr. Young's own journal abound in choice anecdotes of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott, and many other of the great men of the last generation with whom he was brought into personal contact, we have said enough to prove the interest of the work, even if it had less of the grace and vivacity which characterize it from beginning to end. We lay down the volume with regret, and shall return to it in many a leisure hour."—Guardian.

MACMILLAN & CO.,

38 BLEECKER STREET, NEW YORK.

SCIENCE LECTURES

FOR THE PEOPLE.

FIRST SERIES. Thirteen Lectures by Professors Roscoe, Dr. Alcock, W. S. Jevons, and J. E. Morgan. 12mo, paper, 50 cents.

SECOND SERIES. Four Lectures by Professors Williamson, Dr. Carpenter, A. H. Green, and J. Norman Lockyer. 12mo, paper, 25 cents.

THIRD SERIES. Five Lectures by Professors Huxley, Roscoe, Huggins, Dawkins, and A. W. Ward. 12mo, paper, 25 cents.

D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher,

23 Murray Street and 27 Warren Street.

FINE BOOKS. CHEAP BOOKS.

BOOKS FROM LONDON.

J. SABIN & SONS,

"YE ANTIQUE BOOKSTORE,"

84 Nassau Street, New York.

LANE'S ARABIAN NIGHTS. Numerous beautiful Illustrations by Hennessy. 3 vols. 8vo, cloth, $10.

CAULFIELD, James. Portraits, Memoirs, and Characters of Remarkable Persons, from the Revolution in 1688 to the end of the Reign of George II., collected from the most authentic accounts extant. London, 1819. 4 vols. large 8vo, uncut. Fine copy. Several of the Portraits are by George Cruikshank. $24.

CRUIKSHANK. Oliver Twist, by Charles Dickens With all the original Illustrations by Geo. Cruikshank. 3 vols. crown 8vo, half-red morocco. London, 1841. $9.

CRUIKSHANK. The Comic Almanac. An Ephemeris in Jest and Earnest, containing Merry Tales, Humorous Poetry, Quips and Oddities, etc. With many hundred Illustrations on Steel and Wood by George Cruikshank. First series, 1835-1843. $2 75.

The Comic Almanacs of George Cruikshank have long been regarded by his admirers as among his finest, most characteristic productions.

CRUIKSHANK. The Biglow Papers, by James Russell Lowell. With Colored Plates, by Geo. Cruikshank. 12mo, cloth, $1 50.

THE COIN-COLLECTOR'S MANUAL. By H. Noel-Humphreys. Many nice Steel Plates. 2 vols. crown 8vo, newly bound, half-morocco. London, 1853. $5.

MR. SPONGE'S Sporting Tour. With Illustrations (colored) by Leech. 8vo, half-morocco, uncut. Scarce. $5.

FALSTAFF. The Life of Sir John Falstaff. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. With a Biography from Authentic Sources, by Robert B. Brough. London, 1850. Royal 8vo, uncut, $10.

The Illustrations to this book are some of the finest specimens of Cruikshank's masterpieces. Shakespeare's Jack Falstaff is inimitably rendered.

WALKER, Alexander. Beauty: Illustrated chiefly by an Analysis and Classification of Beauty in Woman, preceded by a Critical View of the Hypothesis of Hume, Hogarth, Burke, Alison, Leonardo da Vinci, Winckelman, Mengs, etc. Illustrated with Drawings from Life by Henry Howard, drawn on stone by Gauci and Lane. London, Wilson, 1836. Royal 8vo, half-levant morocco (new) extra, uncut. Fine copy of the original edition. With first impressions of the plates on India paper. $11.

CHAP BOOK. Pleasant and Delightful History of Jack and the Giants. 2 parts in one. 12mo, half-morocco, uncut. Nottingham, n. d. $1 25.

CHAP BOOKS (A Collection of). The Milliner's Girl; or, The Adventures of Fanny Bilston. The History of Mary, the Maid of the Inn. The King of the Beggars; or, Bamfylde Moore Carew. The Life and Sea Battles of Commodore Paul Jones. The Affecting History of the Duchess of C——, who was confined nine years in a Horrid Dungeon under ground, where light never entered, by her inhuman Husband. The Life of David Hoggart, the Murderer. The Remarkable Life and Death of Doctor Faustus, relating the means adopted by him to Raise the Devil. The London Apprentice; or, The Melancholy History of George Barnwell, who was induced by an infamous Prostitute to Rob his Master and Murder his Uncle. Greenacre; or, The Edgeware Road Murder: a most circumstantial account of that most Sanguinary Outrage of the Laws of Humanity. Cook, the Murderer; or, The Leicester Tragedy: being a faithful account of the Horrible Assassination of John Paas. The Life of Wolfe, a notorious Robber and Murderer, and the Bird and Pigeon Fancier. 12 very curious Chap Books. Numerous characteristic Colored Plates. Crown 8vo, newly bound, half-morocco, gilt top. Derby, n. d. $6 50.

CHAP BOOKS (A Collection of). Containing The Comical Budget, The Richardson Songster, London Songster, The Whole Art of Legerdemain, Mother Shipton's Dream-Book, Baron Munchausen, Napoleon's Book of Fate, Valentine Writers, Domestic Cookery, Nixon's Prophecies, The Dreamer's Oracle, and the Original Norwood Gipsy. Numerous Colored Plates. 12mo, newly bound, half-morocco, gilt top. Derby, n. d. $6 50.

CRUIKSHANK. Queen Caroline. A Series of Caricatures illustrating the Attorney-General's Charges against Queen Caroline. 51 Plates. Oblong folio, newly bound, half-red morocco extra, gilt edges. London, n. d. $40.

The American Bibliopolist and Literary Register, and Monthly Catalogue of Old and New Books, and Repository of Notes and Queries. Subscription $1 per year; cheap paper, 36 cents per year, postage free.

Office, 84 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

NEW ENGLANDER.

EDITORS:

George P. Fisher, Timothy Dwight, William L. Kingsley.

CONTENTS OF THE JULY NUMBER:

ART.

I. The Opening of the New Northwest. Burdett Hart.

II. Tai-Ping-Wang, and the Chinese Rebellion of 1853–1862. Rev. John E. Johnson.

III. Life in the Roman Catholic Church during the first French Revolution, as illustrated by the Memoirs of the Marquise de Montagu. William L. Kingsley.

IV. Evolutionism in Natural History as related to Christianity. Rev. James B. Tyler.

V. Mirabeau as a Statesman, in the light of the history of France during the last eighty years. Dr. H. von Holst.

VI. Yale College.—Some Thoughts Respecting its Future. Fourth Article. Prof. Timothy Dwight.

VII. Notices of New Books.

Price $4 a year. Single Numbers, $1.

Address, with orders,

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
119 Nassau Street, New York, or
W. L. KINGSLEY, New Haven, Conn.

CASSELL'S POPULAR EDUCATOR.

COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES.

Price, $15.

"We have gone over its pages with sentiments of real wonder. We know no work like it. It has occupied and filled up a field of education vast and most important to the community."—Dublin University Magazine.

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN,
596 Broadway, New York.

LONDON BOOKS.

PRICED AND DESCRIPTIVE
CATALOGUE No. 26
OF
Rare, Standard,
AND
Valuable English and Foreign Books,
which we offer at very low prices, now ready, and will be sent, free of charge, to any address.

A. DENHAM & CO.,
IMPORTERS OF ENGLISH AND FOREIGN BOOKS,
17 Murray Street,
(Near Broadway), New York.
☞ NEW INVOICES OPENED EVERY WEEK.

The Labor Question is the most important question in the Political Economy of the United States.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE COOLIE:

HIS RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

By the Author of "GINX'S BABY."

12mo, 380 pages, paper cover, price 50 cts.; in extra cloth (on thicker paper), price $1 25.

"This edition of 'The Coolie' has been expressly prepared for American readers, and has been corrected by the author's own hands. The subject of it is only one branch of a wide and deeply interesting question—one likely to increase in interest with the expanding energies of the Anglo-Saxon race through British and American dominions....It is well that Americans and Englishmen should feel a common interest in all great questions of social polity or of philanthropic principle."—Extract from Preface to the American Edition.

☞ For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent by mail, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,
416 Broome Street, New York.

THE WORKS OF THE

Rt. Rev. Ashton Oxenden, D.D.,

Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada.

My First Year in Canada. 16mo, cloth extra, $1. (Just ready.)

The Lord's Supper Simply Explained. 18mo, cloth, 40 cents.

The Christian Life. 12mo, cloth, $1.

The Pathway of Safety; or, Counsel to the Awakened. 12mo, cloth, $1.

Decision. 18mo, cloth, 60 cents.

Family Prayers for Four Weeks. 12mo, cloth, 90 cents.

Prayers for Private Use. 18mo, limp cloth, 40 cents.

Portraits from the Bible. Old Testament Series, containing twenty-three sketches of Bible Characters. 12mo, cloth, $1 25.

—— New Testament Series, containing thirty-four Sketches of Bible Characters, 12mo, cloth, $1 25.

Cottage Sermons; or, Plain Words to the Poor. 12mo, cloth, $1 25.

Cottage Readings. 12mo, cloth, $1 25.

Fervent Prayer. 18mo, cloth, 60 cents.

God's Message to the Poor. 18mo, cloth, 75 cents.

Short Lectures on the Sunday Gospels. Vol. I. Advent to Easter. 12mo, cloth, $1.

—— Vol. II. Easter to Advent. 12mo, cloth, $1.

The Home Beyond; or, A Happy Old Age. 12mo, cloth, 60 cents.

Words of Peace; or, The Blessings and Trials of Sickness. With Meditations, Prayers, and Hymns. 12mo, cloth, 60 cents.

Baptism Simply Explained. 18mo, limp cloth, 40 cts.

Our Church and Her Services. 18mo, cloth, $1.

Any book free by mail on recipt of advertised price.

POTT & AMERY,
Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue, New York.

ZELL'S

GREAT ATLAS OF THE WORLD

Is now being issued in parts at 50 cts. each, and will be completed in 25 Parts. Specimen Numbers 25 cts. each. Sent on receipt of price.

The maps of this Atlas are engraved on steel and printed in colors. Their artistic beauty and their correctness warrant the Publisher in saying that the Atlas will be unsurpassed by any yet issued.

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPÆDIA

Is now complete and will be served to subscribers in Parts or Volumes. There are 59 Parts, or Two Royal Quarto Volumes.

Specimen Numbers of Encyclopædia, 10 cts.

T. ELLWOOD ZELL,
17 and 19 South Sixth St., Philadelphia.
5 Beekman Street, New York.

CHEGARAY INSTITUTE.

English and French for Young Ladies and Misses, Boarding and Day Pupils, 1527 and 1529 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Will reopen on Wednesday, Sept. 20. French is the language of the family, and is constantly spoken in the Institute.

MADAME D'HERVILLY, Principal.

DARTMOUTH HOME SCHOOL
FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Instruction given in all departments. Apply for Circulars to
MISS L. J. SHERMAN, Principal,
HANOVER, N. H.

"AMER. SCHOOL INST."
FOUNDED 1855.

Is a reliable and practical Educational Bureau—
To aid those who want well-qualified Teachers;
To represent Teachers who seek positions;
To give parents information of good Schools;
To sell, rent, and exchange School properties.

Sixteen years have proved it efficient in securing "the right Teacher for the right place."

J. W. SCHERMERHORN, A.M., Actuary,
14 Bond Street, New York.

RIVERVIEW MILITARY ACADEMY,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Location healthy; Scenery unequalled; Building convenient; Teachers highly educated, earnest, working men; System of Order unsurpassed. A wide-awake, thoroughgoing School for Boys wishing to be trained for Business, for College, or for West Point, or the Naval Academy. Address OTIS BISBEE, A.M., Principal and Proprietor.

FINE ART AGENCY.—MR. WILLIAM J. STILLMAN, London, England, begs to offer his services to Fine Art collectors and amateurs, for the purchasing of Pictures, Fine Art Publications, etc., etc., from any of the European Schools; and will either select from the works of designated artists or exercise his discretion in the expenditure of definite sums, guided by such indications of taste as purchasers shall give. He is also authorized to act as the agent of Morris & Co. (see the *Nation* for March 2, 1871, No. 296), and will superintend the execution of any commissions entrusted to them.

Refers by permission to Martin Brimmer, Esq., Charles C. Perkins, Esq., Boston; Le Grand Lockwood, Esq., E. L. Godkin, Esq., New York.

Terms made known on application to Mr. Stillman (address care of Baring Bros. & Co., London), or to his agent, W. P. GARRISON, *Nation* office, New York.

PRATT'S Astral OIL. No accidents have ever occurred from burning, storing or handling Pratt's Astral Oil. Over 100,000 families who continue to use it can testify to its perfect safety. It gives also a clear, soft, and beautiful light—unequalled even by gas.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1871.

The Week.

Politics seem to be rather livelier in Massachusetts than anywhere else, though it is only among the politicians and editors that there is much stir as yet. Governor Claflin declines a renomination, an act which is said to mean that there are several gentlemen who wish to be governor, that the nomination of some of them would split the party, and that it has been decided that Mr. Claflin, who could be elected, shall withdraw, and that the split, if it is coming, shall be permitted to come this year. Our old acquaintance, General Butler, is understood to want the nomination, and probably he is as strong a candidate with the people as anybody else, for to the greater portion of the Republican vote he could add the vote of the Labor Reformers and what votes the Woman's Rights women could influence—such is esteemed to be the virtuousness of those ladies in political matters. But politics in Massachusetts have been so long in the hands of one party, that Massachusetts has a set of hack professional politicians between whom and the average voter the difference is much like that between a country mouse and an astute old stable-rat in the city, so, some candidate really weaker than Butler with the people, and not a particularly shining light morally either, may carry the convention. Doctor George B. Loring, for example, who is a professional office-seeker who has for years been painfully seeking the governorship, is said to be very determined not to be put off this time. His friend Butler is popularly believed to have robbed him of one or two nominations, and this time the Doctor will make an out-and-out fight. But it may be doubted if any convention can be made to believe him really a formidable personage, and if he may not be thrown aside unregarded as he was by Butler—a gentleman who knows when to be bold as well as he knows when not. Other candidates are plentiful, but no names of particular prominence are mentioned except Mr. Hoar's, which, in view of his recent services, would doubtless be a strong one; but probably the men inside politics could mention several things which, in spite of their fondness for him, compel them to think him unavailable. Mr. Phillips, we see, is out in favor of his friend Butler, and it might cheer the spirit of Doctor Loring if he would go over in his mind the times when Mr. Phillips was on the winning side, and of these see how many there were when he did not immediately set off and go into his own corner.

In Ohio, the leaders are trying to import some life into the contest, but it is hot, and everybody languishes. In September, however, there will be hard work, and it may reasonably be expected that the Republicans are going to carry the State, which is what they could hardly venture to hope two months ago. For one thing, the Ohio Democracy are open repudiators, and that alone ought to be the ruin of them. For another, it is by no means all of them who are pleased with "the new departure," and a great deal of the vitality and power of growth in that bantling of Mr. Vallandigham's were buried when he was, so that what hope there was of his serpent's swallowing up the others has in good part disappeared, and there is division in the Democratic ranks which will be felt at the polls. Then, too, there is a quarrel as to whether the candidate really got votes enough to nominate him, while the Republicans, on the other hand, escaped Mr. Ben Wade as a candidate—definitively, we trust, relegating that war-horse to grass, in spite of his announcement that he should deem himself false to his record if he could decline to obey the summons of the party—and escaped also a San Domingo plank in their platform, or rather declined outright to put one in. Those Republican journals, then, are probably right which are expecting a Republican success; but probably those are not so right which, we perceive, are already getting their mouths made up to announce the success as "an endorsement of the administration of President Grant." One good result, by the way, of a thorough civil service reform would be that there would be a stronger tendency to make State elections turn on State questions, and the attention of the people would be concentrated on their local office-holders, who would be called to a stricter account than at present. The general Government's means of interference now work harm in various ways, both in Washington and in every State capital.

The weighty question whether the President would pardon Bowen the bigamist has, we believe, at last been solved. He has pardoned him, on the ground that he acted in good faith; but no public explanation has yet been offered of the fraudulent divorce proceedings here and in Connecticut.

The Bowen bigamy having been got out of the way, the prominent Washington topic is the dispute between Mr. Boutwell and General Pleasanton—the latter, to make a long story short, denying the right of appeal to Mr. Boutwell from his decisions as Commissioner of Internal Revenue. They have come to loggerheads on other points, but this is the main question between them; and the beauty of the affair to the cynics is, that Mr. Boutwell is suffering now from the operation of a law made to exalt the Commissionership in power and dignity during the Johnson period, when Mr. Rollins held it, and the Secretary of the Treasury was suspected of heresy. The law gave nearly the whole control of the Internal Revenue collection to the Commissioner, and Mr. Boutwell, who was its most prominent supporter, forgot to get it repealed before he came into office. But the quarrel with General Pleasanton began when the latter came out against the income tax, and issued regulations for the assessment which went far to make its collection impossible, Mr. Boutwell being a firm supporter of it. The difficulty of settling the dispute lies in the fact that while the Commissioner has a very fair color of law on his side, and has a strong hold on the President's favor drawn from old military associations, the Secretary is rather too important an official to be lightly sacrificed, and has won a high reputation for honesty and fidelity, which ought not to be much to say of a financial minister, but, in the times in which we live, is a great deal. Mr. Boutwell has held enormous power over the money market ever since he took office, and the absence of all suspicion of abuse of it is certainly a strong testimony to his character.

The brutal assault on the Orange procession, in celebration of the Battle of the Boyne, which occurred last year in this city, and which the police made little effort to prevent, and for which nobody was punished, led to preparations on a great scale among the Orangemen to repeat the celebration this year, and to still more extensive preparations among the Catholic Irish for an attack on them. The result was that the city was for a full week in expectation of a bloody riot yesterday (Wednesday). The Orangemen called on the city authorities for protection, and the Catholics vowed that no protection should avail them; but the Catholics, for obvious reasons, carried their point, and forced Mayor Hall and the Superintendent of the Police into the unparalleled step of prohibiting the procession. The two documents—one a letter from the Mayor to the Grand Master of the Orange Association, and the other the general order of the Superintendent of Police—in which the reasons for not permitting the reception are given, are perhaps as amusing contributions as have yet been made to the literature of the municipality. Not that the reasons are not all good; they are those which have made the best Irishmen for the last seventy years look on the Orange societies as curses to Ireland, and which have led to the statutory prohibition of these processions in Ireland, after years of violence and bloodshed; and no candid and disinterested person can gainsay their force. But coming from Mayor Hall and Superintendent Kelso, who are well known to be simply obeying the orders of the Irish Catholic mob, represented in the Ring by two of its prominent members, they have a very ludicrous sound, particularly as the same authorities saw no

objection to Fenian processions, which were highly offensive to thousands, or the great German procession, which celebrated a triumph in war to the last degree humiliating to another portion of the American population. This open surrender of the city authorities to a lawless and bloodthirsty mob, involving as it did the establishment of a precedent which would make all processions dependent on the will of the majority for the time being, and put into the hands of the Mayor the power of deciding what events it was proper for American citizens to celebrate by parade, was too much even for the New York public; it was too much even for Governor Hoffman, and at last roused in him the old American Adam, which seems to have been sleeping a good deal of late. So he came to New York, revoked the Superintendent's order, issued a proclamation announcing his intention to protect the Orangemen at all hazards, and put the troops under arms, and at this writing stands ready to open a passage for the procession at the point of the bayonet.

We are, of course, heartily glad that the city has been saved from the disgrace which the Mayor and his confederates were about to inflict on it, and glad, too, that the followers of the Ring are about to receive a lesson in toleration; but this does not prevent us regretting deeply that this affair has ever occurred, because it marks, we fear, the formal transfer to American soil of one of the most ferocious, baleful quarrels of the Old World. We shall now have to prepare for a battle in the streets every Twelfth of July, and even if the law be every year successfully enforced—which is at least doubtful—the hates and antagonisms which these processions breed will burn through the rest of the year, and lead to many an outrage. The persons who parade in honor of St. Patrick in this city every year have certainly not as yet established many claims to the sympathy or respect of the American public, and get very little of either; but it ought not to be forgotten, in comparing the St. Patrick's procession with the Orange one, that St. Patrick was a Christian missionary and civilizer, and that a tribute to his memory does not and ought not to rouse any bitterness or animosity in the mind of any rational man. His name is associated with nothing but peace and good-will. The Battle of the Boyne, on the other hand, though it established civil and religious liberty on a firm basis in England, and was, therefore, one of the most important battles in history—*pace* the historians of the City Hall—was for the Irish the beginning of a period of almost unparalleled misery and oppression, and established among them a system of class-rule which it is no exaggeration to call devilish, and which came to an end only at the time of the American Revolution. That the Irish Catholics should therefore still remember it with hate and rage, and should see in a public celebration of it a kind of open rejoicing over their sorrow and degradation, and that the spectacle of such a celebration should rouse the more ignorant and degraded of them into blood and fury, is nothing wonderful. Orangemen profess to be very pious and great Bible-readers, and are, we believe, on the whole, a highly respectable and intelligent body of men. It may not, therefore, be useless to suggest to them, that now that their rights have been vindicated, the most creditable thing they could do for their order and for Protestantism would be to go in procession no more.

The City Ring has done a pretty good stroke of business during the week in procuring the publication of an apology for them in the New York *Evangelist*, the highly respectable organ of the Presbyterian body. Nobody who knows anything of the editor will doubt that he published it in perfect good faith, but it was nevertheless an act of singular indiscretion. It was the result, we learn, of an evening's conversation in his own house with Judge Hilton, whom the *Evangelist* pronounces a good man, but who, good or bad, has shown remarkable facility during the last two or three years in acting with some outrageously and notoriously bad men, and from whom, therefore, it would be absurd to expect a fair statement of the condition of the city government under the Ring in an evening's chat. There arecertain facts about the Ring which admit of no denial. As, for example, that its members have grown enormously rich in a very few years without being engaged in any legitimate business calculated to bring in large returns; that various misappropriations of large sums of public money and jobs have been proved against them; that large sums of money which pass into their hands have disappeared and have not been accounted for; that they for two years persisted in refusing to publish any accounts whatever; that they corrupt the legislature of this State and two of its judges. It is no answer to these charges to say that the city government is improving in their hands, that our parks are better kept, or our streets better paved. That might satisfy a French atheist or a Roman pagan, it ought not to satisfy "professing Christians" in America. It is not enough for us that the government is efficient—we have to see if we can that it is *pure*, that honest men administer it, and that neither its honors nor profits go to knaves, or ruffians, or whoremongers. Civilization demands this of us, and we owe it above all to the next generation not to give up trying for it, however wearisome the task may be. We may be thankful that Tweed and Sweeny are no worse, but we cannot afford to pardon them for being so bad. Such men cannot be forgiven, no matter how the parks are kept, if we mean to keep up the semblance of a moral standard in politics. Of course, we understand many good people's being weary of the denunciation of the Ring kept up by the New York *Times*, but then we do not see how moral, much less religious, men can find fault with that paper on any other grounds than those of taste or policy. We think, for our own part, the persistence and pluck it has shown have been deserving of the highest praise, and if anybody finds its iteration tiresome, it is the theme which is to blame. The one good and all-sufficient reason for denouncing the Ring every day is that the Ring is every day appropriating the public money, or debauching the public conscience. We used ourselves, in like manner, to be frequently requested to let Butler alone, at a time when Butler was every day trying some new trick in Congress, or making some effort to demoralize the public out-of-doors.

There came near being a very ugly tussle between the *Times* and *Tribune* last week—so near, indeed, that people began to put up their shutters and call the children in from the street, the cause being that old and delicate one of "free love," which seems of late to have a more irritating effect on the newspaper mind than anything in the whole range of "topics." It began with Mrs. Paulina Davis, who writes flowery letters in the *Tribune*, showing that, when a wife does not like her husband, she ought to have the privilege of leaving him and trying another; to which the *Tribune* very naturally replied that this was "free love," and that, when a woman made a mistake with one husband, there was no reason why she should not make a mistake with the second, and so on, and pointed out the obvious conclusion that under this system there was good ground for fearing that large numbers of women would go on trying new men all their lives, without ever finding their soul's darling—that is, that we should have under it no addition whatever to the happiness of society, and a very considerable addition to its filth. It also pointed to the murder in Newark of the late distinguished statesman, "Pet" Halsted, and the numerous murders of Mrs. Sherman of Connecticut, as illustrations of the consequences of indulgence of lawless desires. Whereupon the *Times* remarked that this was very surprising language to come from that quarter, and the *Tribune* immediately began to take off its coat and cravat, and there was for a few minutes prospect of bloody work.

Business is even duller than is usual at this season of the year. Under the influence of large receipts here and lower prices in Europe, breadstuffs have declined, although the principal European crops are reported unpromising. Cotton has further advanced on the accumulating evidence of a largely increased consumption, but the weather has been more favorable for the growing crop. Meats are firm at the prevailing low prices, dry-goods are dull, coal unexpectedly firm, and real estate stagnant. Exports are light, and the foreign exchanges were consequently strong, with an advancing gold premium, until the close of the week. But the extraordinary success of the French loan had the effect to stimulate to a great degree all the financial markets of Europe, a very marked demand for American bonds resulted, leading to large shipments, with a consequent decline in exchange and a moderate

reaction in gold. Later on, rumors of a sudden and unexpected success in the attempt to place our new five per cent. bonds abroad were generally circulated, then denied, and finally again reported as confirmed, the negotiation being reported as made through the London house of Jay Cooke & Co. The financial markets are all more or less affected by these rumors and reports, which, in view of the general buoyancy of the money market abroad, are entirely probable. The new French loan is quoted at a premium, and the old Rentes have advanced to 56, which is the highest point touched since the first reverses of the Empire. The discovery that the coin reserve and securities of the Bank of France as well as of many other financial institutions remained entirely untouched by the Commune, despite reports to the contrary, has contributed materially to the revival of confidence and activity in France and throughout Europe, but there are many minor indications that the seeming prosperity is in many instances fictitious and artificial.

There is some alarm in England over the fact that the Council of the International Society have marked out England as the country in which their great experiment on modern society can be most effectively tried first, as the country in which "the capitalist power—labor combined on a great scale under master capitalists—has gained possession of the whole process of production," and the only country where "every change in the economic facts will immediately react on the whole world." In short, "the English have every material condition for the social revolution; what they have not, is the generalizing spirit and the revolutionary passion." The Council decides, therefore, that while England is a good place in which to set the work on foot, it ought on no account, owing to the moral defects of the Englishman, "be allowed to fall into purely English hands." In other words, the Assys, Dombrowskis, and Cluserets are to be brought over to manage it. This prospect of the Commune say in London or Liverpool, worked by the statesmen who superintended the institution in Paris, has apparently alarmed some of the "educated men" who were apologizing for its doings, a month or two ago. The *Spectator* has a strong appeal to the English workingmen not to be led astray, and Professor Beesly writes to the London *Times* trying to "hedge" a little. He says that the account given by a "distinguished Positivist," some time ago (whom we have reason to believe was M. Littré), of the aims and creed of the Communists, was not authoritative. Its correctness, however, is not denied, and indeed the address of the Council, from which we have made extracts elsewhere, confirms it in every particular. We have more than once cited it in the *Nation*. Anybody who has read it, or read any statement of the objects of the Commune emanating from anybody connected with it, must have been amused by the accounts given of these objects to the American public by Messrs. Wendell Phillips and B. F. Butler. The New York *Times* made an attempt to drive Mr. Phillips into a corner by publishing in parallel columns what Mr. Phillips says about the Commune and what the Commune says about itself, which, however, only shows that the *Times* did not know its man. What would it say if Mr. Phillips were to inform it that all the Communists knew about the Commune they had learned from him?

Concerning the French elections of July 2, the Cable has left us in considerable darkness, the reports continuing contradictory both as to the number and the political complexion of the candidates elected. The first classification spoke of "120 Republicans, 8 Legitimists, and 12 Bonapartists;" the next of "86 for Thiers, 13 Radicals, 2 Legitimists, 3 Orleanists, and 1 Bonapartist"; then we hear that "the elections have increased the majority of the supporters of President Thiers in the Assembly by fully 100"; and, finally, that the election of M. Moreau "increases the Republican delegation from the capital to 7"—though Paris elected 26 representatives. Thus much, however, is certain, that the aggregate of the elections is generally felt and admitted in France to have been a great victory for both Thiers and the Republic, though not all Thiersites elected are Republicans, and not all Republicans supporters of Thiers. Both Legitimists and Bonapartists have suffered a crushing defeat; more or less secretly, however, they console themselves with the thought that their Republican antagonists, who are now masters of the field, will soon manage to compromise their new position by excesses and errors—a speculation which derives only too much support from the history of the past.

The Comte de Chambord has hastily acknowledged the utter rout of his supporters—though not of his hopes—by announcing that he is not going to avail himself of the recent abrogation of the proscription laws for taking his abode in the country of his birth and royal ancestors, for fear that his presence in it might give countenance to agitation. He is to wait until France will call him not only to her bosom but to her throne, and then, he adds, "we shall found a government with decentralization, liberty, and universal suffrage as our mottoes." These are sound mottoes, and somewhat different from some enunciations lately made by the same august personage when the royalist tide seemed to be irresistible. He continues, however, to praise the army, though the vote of the army in the supplementary elections may have contributed more than anything else to cast dismay into the ranks of the Bourbonists, and into the heart of their future Henry V., who had tried so hard to cajole MacMahon into playing the part of Monk. That vote is reported as overwhelmingly Republican, and to have been cast for lists of candidates "all headed with the name of Gambetta," which, if true, is of rather evil omen for the future of France, as it signifies the desire of the army either for a dictatorship or for war. Gambetta himself, however, is stated to counsel moderation, and the doings of the National Assembly show that it sees in the elections not the triumph of Gambetta, but of Thiers. The old statesman's principal care is to pay the indemnity, get rid of the Germans, and pacify France. He is reported to have discharged half of the Commune prisoners. His attitude towards foreign powers, Germany and Italy not excluded, is friendly. One of the great difficulties within is the question of the unpaid Paris house-rents.

There is a fierce conflict going on in France over the income-tax, which the free-traders of the agricultural and wine-growing districts clamor for, as a good substitute for the protective duties with which M. Pouyer-Quertier threatens them, and which they, having tasted the sweets of free-trade, dread. The protectionists are strongly opposed to the tax on the ground that it would be a tax on a class, and therefore odious and dangerous, and would yield little, the great mass of French incomes being so small, and would lead to an enormous amount of fraud and evasion, Frenchmen thinking it no great harm to cheat the government. The result will probably be a compromise, as M. Pouyer-Quertier will probably find it impossible to carry out the protectionist programme as it now stands, involving a rise of about 300 per cent. in the customs duties.

The German celebrations of victory and peace are over, or nearly over. There were, on a number of days, grand displays, rejoicings, and thanksgivings throughout the new Empire, both north and south of the Main. The city of Hanover, which five years ago was deprived by Prussia of its dignity as the residence of a sovereign king, seems alone of all the great cities of the Empire to have given vent to its feelings of disaffection towards the triumphant Hohenzollern, by refusing to vote the sum required for a celebration—an act of discord which has caused much comment of an unpleasant character. The ultramontanes of various parts of Germany added to the mortification thus inflicted on the more passionate unionists by not only celebrating on the days of the triumphal entry and thanksgiving at Berlin—July 16 and July 18—the coinciding twenty-fifth anniversaries of the election and see-taking of Pope Pius IX., but also boasting that the jubilations in honor of the Catholic Pontiff surpassed those performed for the glorification of the Protestant Emperor. Things, however, passed off quietly everywhere, and Germany is gradually subsiding into real peace and unity. Annexation proclivities here and there continue to be manifested, some self-constituted leaders of public opinion demanding the incorporation of the German provinces of Austria, others the deliverance of the Germans in the Baltic provinces of Russia, and still others the occupation of the Island of Heligoland; but these reckless counsels are scouted by the better sense of the nation, as either premature, adventurous, or flagrantly unjust.

THE GREAT LAND QUESTION.

The growing indifference on the part of the great body of the people in Europe to political questions, as distinguished from social questions, is aggravated in England by the difficulty of the land question, which is both social and political, and on the whole, perhaps, more social than political. It is not denied that the constitution of society is everywhere more or less dependent on the way in which the land of the country is held. If a few persons hold it, they will almost inevitably form an aristocracy, and exercise an amount of social and political influence such as no other species of property of equal value would give them. If the majority are landholders, they will form a democracy, and the existence of a small privileged or influential class, let it be never so wealthy, will be difficult or impossible. This well-known influence of the distribution of land on politics and society is in England strengthened by the traditions of a thousand years. The national character itself has worked in its favor. There is something in the unprogressiveness and permanence, and the having-and-holding character of this kind of property, which is grateful to ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred, in spite of the bold spirit of speculation displayed in English commercial history. All English speculators, however, from the Conquest down, whether they fought or traded, did so with a view to owning land, and surrounding their names with the fixity of land. The result has been, however, that the soil on which over 30,000,000 of people live has worked itself gradually into the hands of 30,000 proprietors, and the tendency in the same direction continues as strong as ever. Whichever way English reformers turn, therefore, they find themselves face to face with the land question. The process of democratization cannot be carried much if any farther than it has gone, unless the great estates can be broken up, or, at all events, an end be put to their agglomeration. But how is either of these things to be done without attacking the very principle of property, which moderate reformers are just now very anxious about, and feel to be seriously imperilled by the assaults of a much less scrupulous enemy?

There was a time when it was the fashion of platform agitators to say that all that was needed was to abolish primogeniture; but it has now become generally known that you might abolish primogeniture without seriously affecting the size of English estates in five centuries. The death of an owner of real estate in England without having made a will, and having regulated the descent of his property by a settlement, is a very rare occurrence—so rare that it might for all practical purposes be said to be unknown, and it is only in cases of intestacy that the law of primogeniture operates. The law might, as in France, interfere with the right of testamentary disposition, but this would be evaded by "settlements," such as are now made between father and son, and to interfere with these open proclamation has to be made of the theory that there is a distinction between real and personal property, which requires that the transmission, transfer, and tenure of the one should be regulated in a different manner from those of the other. This is the theory, however, which the English Tories have held and legislated on for centuries, and, what is more to the purpose, it is the theory against which the English Radicals have always fought. The latter have invariably contended that the sale or descent of a piece of ground should be as easy as that of a sheep, and the formalities no greater or more expensive than might be necessary to provide proper evidence of title. This view, however, the Conservatives have of late shown a suspicious willingness to accept, and the Radicals have begun to find out that, even if they got it embodied in legislation, the absorption of the small holdings would probably go on as rapidly as ever, for the simple reason that, owing to the eager competition for land among persons who have made large fortunes in trade, the price of land all over England is what dealers call "a fancy price"—that is, a price which men pay for a luxury, and which makes the usual return on capital impossible. No man buys an estate in England nowadays with the view of making money out of it. He buys it with the view of "founding a family," and giving himself social consideration, and amusing himself. The buyers of land, therefore, are always in the market, offering prices which no holder who is dependent on his land for his living can well afford to refuse, and which in practice few men of the farming and yeomanry class, in these days of speculation, emigration, and travel, think of refusing. The process which is going on all over England is, in short, the one which everybody is familiar with in the neighborhood of our great cities in this country, where land has come into demand for "country seats," and, therefore, risen ten or twenty times above its value for farming purposes. In other words, poor men cannot afford to own land. The evils of this state of things are now a subject of daily comment. The separation of the great body of the people from the soil, and the stripping of the land of all sentimental association with the national life, and its reduction to the character of an instrument of production simply, and the diminution to a mere handful of the number of those who can be said to have any real interest in the defense of property against the disorganizing theories which are gaining currency among the inhabitants of the great cities, are matters which begin to excite serious apprehension amongst all who have anything to lose. France, whenever the devil of socialism is let loose in her great cities, is able at once to meet him, and, if need be, to crush him with millions of peasant proprietors. But what could thirty thousand "noblemen and gentlemen," who now constitute "the landed interest" of England, do if the landless majority were to become hostile to, or even indifferent about, their rights? It is not the Radicals only, therefore, whom the present state of things is alarming. Conservatives, too, begin to see its dangers.

How is such a division of the soil as exists in France—supposing it to be desirable—to be brought about? It has in France been the result of three things—the general impoverishment of the noblesse, through their extravagance and exclusion from trade and from intermarriage with the commercial class before the Revolution; the confiscation and sale of noble and church estates during the Revolution; and the abolition of the freedom of testamentary disposition made by the Revolution. When we consider what all these things mean, and what an extraordinary combination of circumstances has been needed to produce them, it will be seen that even if the condition of landed property in France were never so desirable, it would be no easy matter to introduce it into any other country. To introduce it into England would require a far greater upturning than has ever taken place in France.

Supposing it were introduced, however, and supposing it to be desirable, would it be possible to maintain it without a great change in the Anglo-Saxon character and in the Anglo-Saxon philosophy of life? There is one fact in the social condition of both England and America which has to be seriously considered by anybody who undertakes to regulate the distribution of landed property in either of them, and that is the growing indisposition of the people to play the part of small farmers, and their increasing eagerness for town life and increasing restiveness under the solitude and monotony of country life. The French peasant's love of land and the tenacity with which he clings to and labors on the minutest portion of the soil, are in a large degree the result of his ignorance and want of enterprise. If he were educated and his horizon enlarged, and the spirit of speculation or desire to "get on," which devours Anglo-Saxon societies like a fever, were once to take possession of him, we should assuredly hear no more of the extreme division of the soil in France. It is safe to say that wherever the peasants are educated, or, in other words, wherever the farming-class is ceasing to be peasantry, the alienation from farming life, which is so marked a feature of American society, has sprung up or will spring up. The soil of England might, therefore, be parcelled out among farm laborers to-morrow, but if their sons went to the district schools and got a knowledge of strange places, and a hankering after the easy gains of trade, and the clean life of the store, the probabilities are very strong that they would be found disposing of their patrimony or abandoning it as eagerly as the sons of farmers in New York or Ohio. The truth is that the railroad, the telegraph, and the newspaper have taken the magic out of freeholds. The process of the concentration of land in few hands does not go on here because, in the first place, no man can here get either income or social consideration out of the holding of larger tracts of farming land than he can himself cultivate, and, in the second place, because Europe is steadily supplying a class who are still in the *peasant* condition of mind and body, to take the place of the natives who are abandoning

agriculture. We consequently do not need to trouble ourselves about the matter from a political point of view, and probably shall never have to do so; but one does not need to be very perspicacious to see that the problem, how to make country life attractive, which occupies social philosophers so much in the United States already, lies at the root of the land difficulty in England—far below the question of primogeniture or of testamentary disposition. To keep land divided in the way which seems most desirable in a healthy society, and at the same time make the farmer something better than a peasant, we must in some way make life on the farm more attractive than it is now. It is easy enough to provide that every man's real estate shall be divided equally among his children at his death, or that no man shall rent land to be cultivated by another, or even that no man shall own more than a certain quantity; but one certain result of this would be to make land a very undesirable species of property which few would wish to hold, and a likely result would be that nobody would live on it or cultivate it, except a class very inferior in intelligence and character to the rest of the community; and we should thus create and perpetuate the odious distinction between the town and the country population which has converted unhappy France into two mutually hostile nations.

Mr. J. S. Mill and others have organized an association to deal with the land question, and they have begun operations by a blow at the rich landholders, which is based on Mr. Mill's theory, that as land, being limited in quantity, and the source of subsistence, really belongs —and ought to belong—to the state, and as in England and all other countries whose law has a feudal foundation it legally belongs to the state also, the state is entitled to all the increased value which the land in the hands of private holders may have received from the increase of population and the rise of great towns and so on. He would not give this rule a retroactive character: that is, he would let those whose land has risen in value up to this date pocket their gains, but he would keep a watch on "the rise in real estate" hereafter, and see that the state, and the state only, profited by it. Whatever the abstract merits of this scheme may be, it may be safely said of it, as of many other schemes of reform now before the world, that they would probably answer the expectations of their authors in a society composed of philosophers or highly educated, far-seeing, and self-controlled people—that is, such a society as does not now exist and is not likely to exist for many generations; and that you cannot at the present day fling such a plan into the political arena of any community with the least expectation of seeing it carried out with the reserves and qualifications and restrictions necessary to prevent its degenerating into wholesale robbery. Let us add that we doubt whether it would have been seriously propounded in any country in which land had not been looked upon, as it has in England for centuries, as a possession of peculiar sanctity and dignity, totally unlike any other possession known to civilization. If such a theory as Mr. Mill's were gravely taken up by such a body of legislators as the great cities in Europe, for instance, would be likely to elect, or by such a body of legislators as some constituencies in America do already elect, the chances that they would confine themselves to confiscating the increase in the value of the landed property would be amusingly small. Fancy the Parisian Commune, for instance, or the New York Legislature solemnly restraining themselves within the limits of the distinction drawn by Mr. Mill between realty and personalty, and, while taking away Mr. Astor's gains from the rise in the value of his unimproved lots, letting Mr. Moses Taylor, or Mr. Stewart, or Mr. Dodge pocket the value of the rise in his bank stock, or railroad stock, or steamboat stock, or in his mining stock, or oyster-beds, or stock-in-trade, which could be ascribed to the general growth of the community in wealth and numbers. In fact, if any such idea were seriously taken up in our time, there is not one of us who would not every year be called upon to hand over to a pack of political knaves every cent which he could not show to have been the product of his personal labor; that we have no right to anything else is a doctrine already preached by one branch of the "Labor Reformers."

"RADICALS" AND "CONSERVATIVES."

Radicalism has of late been bringing good people into such strange places and queer company that many have begun to ask, in some alarm, whether one must really give up one's interest in reform, and one's desire to promote it, through fear of falling into or helping the excesses to which attempts at reform have in some cases led. Are they to give up all effort to settle the labor question, through fear of communism; all efforts to improve the condition of woman, through fear of "free love"; all efforts to abate intemperance, through fear of the trickery and unreason of prohibition? Just now, owing to events which are present in everybody's mind, this halting mood is more than usually widespread. Many persons who have been Radicals all their lives are in doubt whether to be Radical any longer; but at the same time have such a traditional horror of standing still, that they shudder at the thought of bringing on themselves the name of "Conservatives."

To all these doubters we think we can offer one or two consolatory suggestions, and suggestions that may possibly be useful in other ways than consolation. To those of the younger generation all over the country, and their number is very large, who have entered on their careers since the questions by which the last generation was most fiercely agitated were laid at rest, and who, while sincerely anxious to serve their kind, hesitate about the banner under which they should enrol themselves, we take the liberty of saying that there is no more necessity for calling themselves either Radicals or Conservatives than Guelfs, or Ghibellines, or Whigs, or Tories, or Federalists, or Democrats, Legitimists or Republicans, and for the simple reason that, in politics and sociology, the great question has ceased to be, Shall we stand where we are, or go forward? The question which now occupies men's minds is, What is the next best thing to do? In other words, none, or next to none, now maintain that things are best as they are; all admit that change may be a good thing, and that change is inevitable; the differences in our time are about the changes which it is best to try to hasten by active efforts, and the changes which it is best to leave to their natural course. There are, of course, old Conservatives who do not understand this, and who go about armed *cap-à-pie*, looking for Radicals, and who, expecting to find them murdering children and gutting houses, are surprised to find them teaching schools and nursing in hospitals; so also, there are old Radicals who are always collecting the power of the country to help them to root Conservatives out of their feudal strongholds, and are surprised to find them living in frame houses, and playing on pianos, or reading penny papers. But these eccentricities are the traditions of a period when Conservatives had no scruple in saying that they liked the world as it was because they got a good deal out of it, and when Radicals were so exasperated by this that they elevated mere assault and destruction into a mission.

There is no occasion any longer to belong to either faction, because there has come over the world a sense, which is none the less strong for not always finding expression or recognition, that the affairs of men in society are to a large extent the subjects of scientific adjustment, and in fact cannot be adjusted in any way but scientifically, and that though the "enthusiasm of humanity" may often be necessary to keep the machinery in motion, in the construction and arrangement of it something totally different from enthusiasm is necessary. When we say this, nobody need fancy that we are trying to administer a dose of Positivism in disguise; we are only saying what every thinking man, no matter what his views about the freedom of the will may be, acknowledges to be true. No opinions about the rightfulness or wrongfulness of the sale and manufacture of whiskey, for instance, affect a rational man's recognition of the fact that there is a point beyond which a tax on whiskey cannot be raised; and no opinions about the final cause of disease ever shut any intelligent person's eyes to the fact that cholera is controllable or preventible by certain sanitary precautions. We might multiply these illustrations indefinitely if it were necessary. What they would all show would be the fact that science has taken firm hold of society, and although we may not say, or believe, that the laws of human society will ever be discovered, or that there is not a wide margin reserved to individual freedom, the perfecting of the social arrangements is now, and must become more and more every day, the result of the careful collection, arrangement, and skilful comparison of facts and of the study of human character.

When we say this we suggest some curious reflections as to the pre-

cise status of the Radical as we all know him, and as many of us love and respect him. If a gentleman should present himself to Professor W. D. Whitney with his cravat off and his hair streaming in the wind, and tell him that he was utterly disgusted with the received theories about the origin and structure of language, that nothing good had ever come of them, and that he was going to war against them perpetually till he had overturned them and established new ones, and he were to confess on examination that he had never studied language, that he knew nothing of any tongue but his own, and did not understand the grammar of that, and that he had the merest smattering of ethnology, the Professor would certainly think he was either a very impudent or crazy person, and would waste but little time on him. Or if another was to visit Professor Peirce, and denounce astronomy as now taught, and vow never to rest till he had worked out a new and very superior solar system of his own, and were then to acknowledge that he was totally ignorant of mathematics and chemistry, or of the history of astronomy, and meant to remain so, the Professor would in like manner drive him off as a bore or fool. But a very large proportion of the Radicals of the day are really conducting themselves with absurdity almost as great over a subject even more recondite than language or astronomy. There is nothing deeper hidden than the springs of human action, and yet all our legislation and social arrangements have to be based on the imperfect glimpses we have got of them here and there through many ages.

The road before the reformer of to-day is, in fact, plainer than ever it was. His one duty is to find out things. His father was occupied in assailing monstrous and palpable evils, and getting the government into the hands of the many; the son has no such duty. He has no abuse of any magnitude to attack which is maintained by the few for their own comfort. His work is to adjust the relations of the individuals of the great crowd to each other, so that they may be enabled to lead a quiet, and comfortable, and free life. There is no need, therefore, of his hiring himself out to a "cause," or taking service under a banner, or calling himself either a Preserver or an Uprooter. He will preserve or uproot just as seems best, and without fancying that there is any more merit in one kind of work than in the other, or that it is a peculiarly noble thing to keep continually putting down plants and sowing seeds which he has no reasonable ground for believing to be suited either to the climate or soil. He will not, in order to give the laborer a better chance in life, spend his days howling against capitalist greed; nor, in order to elevate women in the social sphere, devote himself to denouncing men and marriage; nor, by way of promoting municipal independence, apologize for the burning of cities.

If it would not be travelling out of our domain, we should venture to suggest an application of what we are here saying to our esteemed and active friend, the Religious Radical, who just now hardly ever passes a night in his bed, and discovers a new object of adoration every week, and, if he can only get people to worship his god, will reciprocate the politeness by worshipping any other well-endorsed deity that is presented to him. It is apparently the opinion of this gentleman that some prodigious gain will result to mankind by having the greatest possible number of people lay before the world and work into each other's brains the greatest possible variety of odds and ends of religious ideas, and the amount of activity expended in this way by men and women whose speculations even on mean or simple subjects are of little value, and whose speculations on time, space, and eternity are absolutely worthless, is one of the most curious phenomena of the day. Now, what we would say on this point to any young man who is starting in life with the desire of either making the world better or promoting his own culture, is that, considered from the social standpoint, religion is of little or no interest or importance, except in so far as it promotes right living. Religious opinions which purify and elevate character, promote truthfulness, justice, temperance, and chastity, and brotherly kindness, or, in other words, supply springs of action, are infinitely valuable; religious opinions which do nothing more than help debating clubs to chop logic, and give people who have not learned how to think something to sharpen their wits over, and which a man may hold and proclaim daily without leaving off lying, or distorting, or slandering, or cheating, or stealing, are things with which nobody who wants to keep his brain clear, healthy, and strong, and his moral perceptions in good working order, will have anything to say to. They are to the mind what tippling is to the body.

ENGLAND.—BROUGHAM—GROTE—THE BALLOT IN IRELAND.

LONDON, June 23, 1871.

I HAVE just been reading the second volume of Lord Brougham's autobiography. Though the book is rather disappointing on the whole, it contains some letters and anecdotes curiously illustrative of the history of his time. The Brougham of the middle of this century was a very feeble and rather querulous old gentleman, with an undignified appetite for applause, and too great a reluctance to retire from the stage when his powers were failing. The amazingly strong constitution with which he, like most great lawyers, was gifted, seemed to have preserved his passion for notoriety after the comparative eclipse of his intellectual faculties. Yet he was interesting as the representative of a past generation. It was pleasant to see the mainstay of the old *Edinburgh Review*, the advocate of Queen Caroline, the energetic popular orator, the successful lawyer, who, as his chief rival remarked, if he had only known a little law would have known a little of everything. That was a singularly happy description; and I think that anybody who turns to Lord Brougham's writings in the hopes of learning much from them will be disposed to admit that he scarcely escaped the ordinary fate of those who aim at omniscience. His works are generally flimsy and pretentious. The present book, written in his old age, shows some singular symptoms of senility, as, for example, he transcribes a whole story of Voltaire's as written (doubtless it was translated) by himself at the age of thirteen; and he quotes a letter of George II., written to the Frederick who "was alive and is dead," as written by George III. to George IV. some sixty years later. Still, as the book is composed in great part of letters written during the first years of the century, when he was in his full vigor, it includes some valuable materials. The greatest triumph of Brougham's life was the defence of Queen Caroline. His eloquence on that occasion has been often celebrated, and is noticed with pardonable pride in this book. The position of the royal family is altered since those days. It is in no danger of any such disgraceful scandals, and, at the same time, it is far from exciting the same amount of loyalty by its virtues. The monarchy in its present form could scarcely stand such an exposure. It is bound to be respectable, on penalty of ceasing to exist, except, indeed, that one sometimes wonders whether a little more originality—even if it took a direction not strictly virtuous—might not be more popular than monotonous decency. It would be almost impertinent to speak of the merits of our present sovereign, for it seems like complimenting a lady in a private station for not outraging domestic proprieties. The Prince of Wales, in spite of certain scandalous stories, which have now pretty well died out, is admitted to be a very harmless, if not at all a brilliant, young man. His worst crime is that he patronizes the disgraceful sport of pigeon-shooting, which is unfortunately popular with our aristocracy, and some rather shrewd remarks have been made upon our distinguished legislators, who cease for a time from the labor of obstructing all business in Parliament to spend days in knocking over wretched birds in a garden. However frivolous and cruel the sport may be, it can hardly be considered as a heavy crime in the Prince not to be in advance of the sentiment which prevails in his class. And, on the whole, there is little enough in a positive way to be said against any of the family. How long this negative recommendation and the conservative disposition of Englishmen may keep the monarchy in its present position it would be hard to prophesy, but it may safely be said that just now the ordinary tone of mind is made up of absolute indifference and the certain stolid dislike to the risk and bother of a change. It is the state of mind of a husband who has discovered that his wife is silly and a bore, but feels that a separation would be more trouble than it is worth.

Another veteran author has just left us. Mr. Grote died a few days ago, and his services to English literature are beyond any panegyric that I can pronounce. His name was one which we quoted with justifiable pride when foreigners, and especially Germans, declared that we were unable to rival them in thoroughgoing research and intelligent criticism. In other ways he was a man of mark. He was identified with the London University from its origin to the present stage of its history. That body was originally designed as an unsectarian counterpoise to the strictly orthodox universities of Oxford and Cambridge. It has been unable fairly

to rival them, as wanting both their old prestige and rich endowments, and now that, after a contest of many years, they have at length been freed, or nearly freed, from their subjection to the state church, the existence of a secular university will not be so much wanted. Still, the London University has in its way done much for education, and it has supported a number of able professors, and has enabled people of scanty means to obtain degrees and get a fair amount of instruction at a moderate rate. Almost a generation ago, Mr. Grote was conspicuous as a chief member of the school of philosophical radicals, in company with such men as Mr. Mill and Sir W. Molesworth. Their direct services to the cause of liberalism were undoubtedly great, and they have done still more in influencing the general tone of thought throughout the country. Mr. Mill is the only one left who still takes part in active politics. He differed from Mr. Grote on the particular doctrine—or, shall I call it crotchet?—with which the name of the historian is chiefly associated. It has generally been considered as a weakness of the school in question, but they were inclined to attribute an exaggerated value to mere changes of political machinery. Mr. Grote entertained expectations of the moral effect to be produced by the adoption of secret voting which to most people seem exaggerated. Perhaps he was prejudiced in favor of this plan by its classical associations. And now, by a curious coincidence, just as he has passed away from us, the Ballot Bill, so long despised and rejected, has become the chief measure of the Liberal Government for the session. The Army Bill has been mutilated and reduced to a simple measure for the abolition of purchase. Almost all the other bills introduced with so much confidence at the beginning of the session have been thrown out, and Government is bringing its whole influence to bear in favor of the Ballot Bill, in order that the session may not be described as utterly barren and wasted. The radical wing of the party will, of course, be gratified by this adoption of one of the favorite points in their programme. Most other people, I think, regard the change without any lively anticipations of a great social regeneration from its adoption. I confess that, for my own part, I am not specially enthusiastic about it, and I have very little belief that it will materially alter the balance of parties in England and Scotland. Corruption, so far as it consists in actually giving money to voters, will be a little more difficult to carry out, and a little more difficult to detect. The influence of money will, of course, not be really diminished, whether its diminution be desirable or not. Intimidation may be discouraged, and we would readily give a good deal to put a stop to such a detestable practice, though I rather doubt whether secret voting affords precisely the best means of doing it. There is, however, another result with which we are threatened by the Conservative party, the importance of which might be incalculably greater. Though few reasonable men, as I have said, expect any great change in England or Scotland, the conditions in Ireland are extremely different. The effect of the Land Law has already been to render tenants far more independent of their landlords. Grant them the protection of secret voting, and they will be more independent than ever. Already "nationalist" members have been returned in some cases, and it is said by some people that if a general election were to be held in Ireland to-morrow, nearly the whole body of members would consist of men, like Mr. Martin, pledged to insist upon repeal, and only condescending to sit in a Parliament at Westminster under protest, and with the avowed intention of bringing about a separation. Mr. Plunket, for example, a young member, with a hereditary right to eloquence, put this argument with much force last night, and undoubtedly the prospect is a serious one. If the Irish members in a body, or in anything like a body, insisted upon secession, it would certainly be a very serious matter. Mr. Plunket, who is a Conservative, declared that a general election would be dangerous at the present moment with or without the ballot, but held that the ballot would materially increase the danger. I am not qualified to pronounce any opinion on this point, nor to say whether, if the ballot enables Irishmen to make their true wishes known, they ought not to have the ballot, even if those wishes are disagreeable to us. I am content to point out a possible contingency without speculating on its further consequences.

The results of this year's census just have appeared, from which it seems that we have been increasing in the last decade more rapidly than in the preceding, whilst Ireland, though still in process of depleting, is not depleting so rapidly as of old. The most remarkable circumstance to be observed on the face of the returns is the enormous increase of the towns as compared with the country. Purely agricultural districts have fallen off in many cases, whilst such places as London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow swell with almost American rapidity. And thereby hang several morals, which I leave to your sagacity.

PARIS AND FRANCE.

PARIS, June 27, 1871.

THE war with Germany has not been without results on the interior policy of France. For the first time in her history, a real divorce has been apparent between Paris and the rest of the country. This divorce is a new feature in our history. The moral dictatorship of Paris has been accepted almost at the remotest date. It was felt at the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, when Paris gave the signal of the persecution of the Protestants. Henry IV. acknowledged it when he said, "Paris is well worth a mass," and renounced the Protestant faith. This dictatorship became intolerable in the stormy days of the French Revolution and of the Terror. It became a sort of tradition, I would almost say, a dogma, that a handful of bold men, addressing a mob in the name of the sovereign people, from a window of the Hôtel de Ville, could legally proclaim a new government, and that France had nothing to do but to submit quietly to the dictation of the Parisian will. The centralization of all the political power in Paris, rendered more complete by each government in succession, and more easy by the invention of the telegraph and the railways, condensed, as it were, all the will of the country in one single spot. Paris really became the brain of France, and issued orders to all the muscles. But now, alas! the brain is diseased and these new nervous centres, and reflex movements take place in the whole body, to use the jargon of the physiologists. The revolution of the 18th March is the first example of a popular movement successful in Paris and unacknowledged by the country. This time Paris has been fairly beaten: it is now under martial law. I see groups of soldiers everywhere with chassepots on the shoulder, policemen with revolvers in the belt, and I cannot help remembering Milan at the time when the Austrian soldiers occupied it in the same fashion. The garden of the Tuileries is full of tents and of artillery, and hundreds of horses are led down to the Seine to take their drink. The Pantheon, like almost all the vast public edifices, has become a caserne; the regiments go by in their campaign-dress, with knapsacks and cartridge-boxes. You see everywhere the apparel of war. France has been beaten by Germany, and Paris has been beaten by France.

The magnitude of these events can hardly be overstated. Paris has always been the republican capital of a monarchical country. It had proclaimed again the republic on the 4th of September, without consulting the country, and all the efforts of Gambetta were directed against the nomination of a National Assembly. The government was entirely composed of the deputies of Paris, with the exception of General Trochu. In the name of the National Defence, the government of Bordeaux, which was, in fact, the dictatorship of a Parisian deputy, exercised through all France the most outrageous despotism—it dissolved the conseils-généraux, violated all the laws, suppressed provincial newspapers, tried even at the last moment to curtail the electoral rights of the citizens. How could France be reconciled to the Republic? The tree must be judged by its fruits. The fruits of the government of the 4th of September, of the Republican and Parisian government, were the invasion of a third of France, the capitulation of Paris, the treaty of Frankfort, the expenditure of four milliards of francs, the necessity of finding five milliards more for the Germans, and, finally, the Communist movement, with all its horrors and its follies. Paris, I have said, is the republican head of a monarchical country. But Paris does not know what a republic means; only a very few among the Republicans understand that the essence of a republic is the government of the majority by the law. In our days there are but two modes of establishing a government—universal suffrage or force. Universal suffrage has invariably been adverse to the republican form of government in France; and it will hardly now be reconciled with it. Montesquieu said that virtue was necessary to the republic; by which he meant that a republic cannot live if there are not many people capable of framing laws, of obeying laws, of understanding laws; and it must be acknowledged that this political culture, this general intelligence, is wanting in France. The country is led by instincts more than by ideas; but the instincts of the capital and of the country are totally at variance. The instincts of the *rurals*, as we now call them, are orderly, conservative, peaceful; they are, if you like, of a low order, but they are healthy; the instincts of Paris are morbid, simian, disorderly, revolutionary. Paris during the siege had really become a madhouse. There was something pestilential in the moral atmosphere. Even among the *bourgeois*, the rich bankers, and shopkeepers who escaped the tyranny of the Commune, there was a curious want of balance, of foresight, of sagacity. "We don't like the Commune," they used to say, "but we don't like the Assembly any

better. There ought to have been a compromise." They spoke of conciliation; they had almost a secret leaning towards the adventurers who occupied the Hôtel de Ville. And why? They knew it not themselves; it was because these tyrants represented the tradition of the sovereignty of Paris, because the Assembly represented the sovereignty of the French people. Paris has been for a century a Circe, who changes the wisest and the best men into fools. Politically, it is not more enlightened than France; it obeys other instincts, other passions, but it obeys only instincts and passions. Our great necessity is the diffusion of political *ideas;* and first of all of this idea—that a government, whatever be its name, is made for the majority of the people, and represents the wishes of the majority. An American child understands this better than M. Thiers, who, in order to gratify his own senile ambition, has been attempting to force the Republic on an Assembly which desires to establish a constitutional monarchy—better than M. Louis Blanc, who proclaims that the Republic is above the divisions of universal suffrage—better than most of our public men, who advocate a new trial of the Republic, because in the commotions and agitations of such a trial they expect to gratify their hopes with greater ease and rapidity. We live under conditions which are utterly demoralizing; there is no truth in anything. We are nominally under a republic, but the Assembly has only accepted the Republic as a fact. It may last two years, or it may last two months more. We can hardly be said to have had even a parliamentary government; for at Bordeaux M. Thiers did not take his ministry in the majority of the Chamber. Is he a king? is he a president? is his cabinet responsible? He has so far thrown all the weight of his influence on the side of the minority of the House. He had been named a deputy in twenty-seven departments as an Orleanist, and it was only after the downfall of the Commune that public opinion obliged him to consent to the abrogation of the laws of exile passed in 1848 against the Orleans family. During the first part of the second siege of Paris, he hoped to terrorize the Chamber into a proclamation of a republic it did not wish to proclaim. For the last months everything has been a sham; nobody would see the plain truth, or durst express it. It is not the fault of the people; the people expressed its wishes clearly enough in electing the House; it wanted peace with Germany, and peace in France; and, in order to have peace in France, France demands a constitutional monarchy strong enough to be liberal. France has lost all faith in the Republican party, in the liberalism, in the capacity, in the honesty of its leaders. She has made up her mind, but the politicians have not; they are still vacillating, anxious, uneasy, and they show an imbecile fear of the remnants of the Commune and of the Bonapartes. But if anything can give any chance to the Bonapartes, it is the trial of the Republic. The Republic of 1848 paved the way for them; if the monarchical party of the House does not impose its will on M. Thiers and his followers, we may see again a *coup d'état*, which will be fatal to liberty and to parliamentary institutions.

A. L.

Correspondence.

A LAST WORD FOR MR. CHENEY.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I feel great reluctance to trouble you with any further communication in regard to the case of Mr. Cheney, but I cannot allow to pass by unnoticed a most important position (and one which has much wider bearing than this particular case), assumed by both you and your correspondent "B. O. D.," which I believe is wholly wrong, and puts the whole question in a false attitude and light. As one of the friends and upholders of Mr. Cheney, I would ask the favor of calling attention to this point, and saying a few words in defence of our common position.

You both argue upon the assumption that the Protestant Episcopal Church is "a *voluntary association*," which one is free to join or leave, as a mere matter of individual choice. If this be true, if the church be a mere social compact of individuals, then all which you say concerning Mr. Cheney and his upholders follows legitimately. But if it be not a voluntary association, but a divine organization (as you intimate that Mr. Cheney must probably regard it), then our uniting with it is not a mere matter of choice, but of imperative duty. For, let it be observed that, to those who are by conviction Protestant Episcopalians, there can be no choice between this church and other churches, such as the Presbyterian or Congregational. For them, so far as this is concerned, there is practically no other church. In addition to this should be considered the fact that, in the Providence of God, we have been born and baptized and nurtured in this church. It is our birthright and heritage. When called of God to the work of the ministry, in like manner, it was not for us a mere optional matter in what particular church we should exercise that ministry. Here again there was for us practically only this one church.

In entering this ministry, we willingly and gladly promised to conform to the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church. But it is well known that this promise is universally considered and taught to be a promise of conformity to *substance* of doctrine, discipline, and worship, and that a certain amount of latitude of interpretation and practice is allowable. Even under the more rigid form of subscription, until lately used in our mother Church of England, the same has always held true. In his recent letter on the Purchas case, the Archbishop of Canterbury says that it has not been customary upon the part of parishioners to require from their ministers a strict observance of the rubrics in every particular, neither has it been the custom of the bishops to enforce it, but much has been left to the conscience and discretion of the minister.

Recently, the form of subscription has been altered to give more relief to the conscience, and bring it into conformity with this liberal interpretation and practice. Now, in omitting the word regenerate from the office of infant baptism, we believe that Mr. Cheney acted within the bounds of this allowable latitude of interpretation and practice. Others had been accustomed to make variations in it, among whom I may instance the late Bishop Meade, of Virginia. When Mr. Cheney's practice was brought to the notice of his bishop, and the bishop required of him the promise to use in the future the omitted word, evidently Mr. Cheney could not obey his bishop contrary to his own conscience. Here let it be observed that the promise of obedience to our bishops and other chief ministers, made at our ordination, is not an unconditional one, it is a promise "to follow with a glad mind and will their godly admonitions, and to submit to their godly judgments." Every minister is thrown back upon his own reason and conscience in determining what are godly admonitions and godly judgments. Refusing to make a promise contrary to his conscience, Mr. Cheney was next tried, suspended, and afterwards deposed by the ecclesiastical court of his own especial diocese.

Mr. Cheney is now placed in a new dilemma. He must either leave that ministry to which he has been called of God, and in the exercise of which God has largely blessed him, and must cease his ministrations to the people over whom he is placed, or he must resist this ecclesiastical decision. For be it observed, Mr. Cheney has not the choice of uniting with some other church; for him, so far as this is concerned, there is only this one church.

And here I want to call attention to another most important deduction from our position, that the Episcopal Church is a divine organization, and that is this, that the church itself is *limited* in its *right of legislation* by the charter or constitution which it has received from its divine head; it can legislate only according to the terms of this charter. It has not the same freedom in passing laws which a mere voluntary association possesses. It should be very careful not to pass any laws which infringe upon the rights which its members and its ministers have received from our common Master. It has no right to pass laws bearing severely upon the consciences of a minority, and then say to them, "If you do not like these laws you need not join us, or you are free to leave us;" for this joining or leaving the church is not optional with its members. I want to emphasize and call especial attention to this point, which is too generally overlooked.

It is a very serious question whether the whole legislation which has brought about the result of deposing from the ministry of "the Church of God" (Bishop Whitehouse's words) an earnest and godly minister like Mr. Cheney, for the conscientious omission of a word from the Baptismal Office which in no way affects the efficacy of the rite, is not an assumption of authority which is contrary to God's Word and to the whole spirit of the Gospel. Believing it to be so, very many ministers and laymen of the Church are prepared to resist it at all hazards. We believe it to be our duty to make our first effort *within* the Church. We are bound to the Protestant Episcopal Church by the closest ties, by the dearest associations, by the strongest convictions. Whilst differing from many of our brethren on some points of doctrine and discipline, we ask liberty only for the practical working out of our own views, desiring that they should have equal liberty for the exercise of their views. We have no desire to be in a narrow church, representing only our own particular opinions—we want our church to be a wide and comprehensive church, embracing all shades of opinion consistent with the platform of fundamental Scriptural truth. Our desire and effort are to make the Protestant

Episcopal Church such a comprehensive church, a Catholic church, in the true sense of that word. We appeal earnestly to all our brethren to make it so, and to repeal all restrictive and narrowing legislation—legislation which tends to reduce it to a mere human association or sect.

But if our effort and appeal are in vain; if such legislation is continued; if no relief is given to Mr. Cheney and those sympathizing with him, then there only remains for us the sad alternative you point out—leaving the church. The only way in which we Episcopalians can consistently do so is by withdrawing and forming a new Episcopal Church. But this step is so serious, and fraught with such momentous consequences, that we may well pause long before we take it; and we can only do so as a last alternative, after having exhausted every possible means to avoid it, and to remain with our brethren in one united church.

Surely this position is not the position of "a brigand"; surely there is such a thing as conscientious resistance to unconstitutional and oppressive legislation, without resorting to the last alternative of revolution. So our forefathers resisted the oppressive legislation of Great Britain. So the martyrs of the church have resisted, even unto death, merely as witnesses for the truth, appealing to the tribunal of the last day for the vindication of their cause. J. P. H.

[We publish the above as presenting a fresh view of the matter, but the controversy must close here, as far as we are concerned. Our correspondent must surely see that his admission that he and his friends may yet leave the Episcopal Church and set up another of their own is an admission of the correctness of our assertion that the church is a voluntary association; and we cannot help calling his account of the nature and effect of the ordination vow a very neat *reductio ad absurdum*. To promise to obey "a godly" judgment, and reserve to yourself the right of the deciding when it is "godly," is surely something very like child's-play. The fact is, Mr. Cheney's position is a false one, and therefore one out of which an honorable and straightforward man, who allows of no dodging on the part of his own conscience, ought to get as fast as possible.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

American announcements of new books are few in number and not of particular importance. Harper Brothers are to publish with illustrations Mrs. Sarah N. Randolph's life of her great-grandfather, Thomas Jefferson; "The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson: Compiled from Family Letters and Reminiscences," is the title of the work. The same house announce the third volume of the life of Brougham; a reprint of Bulwer's "King Arthur," and another reprint of the articles about Frederick the Great which have been appearing in their magazine, illustrated profusely, and written by Mr. J. S. C. Abbott, who, having been just preceded by Carlyle, may be supposed to have produced a better popular history in this case than he has in others. ——Messrs. Ivison, Phinney & Blakeman will bring out Mr. William Swinton's "Condensed School History of the United States: constructed for Definite Results in Recitation and containing the New Method of Topical Review."——Roberts Brothers announce another volume of Mr. F. C. Burnand's "Happy Thoughts," a volume which we can recommend to all who like the fun of the English comic papers, and indeed to a good many who care little for most of that sort of product.——Sheldon & Co. will publish the *Galaxy's* last pair of serial stories, Mr. De Forrest's "Overland," namely, and Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Lady Judith."——Dodd & Mead will reprint a fairly good English work with a title said to be too big: "Synonyms Discriminated: A *Complete* Catalogue of Synonymous Words in the English Language."

—In our issue of the 29th of last month (*Nation*, No. 313, p. 446, first column, 17th line from the top), there is a mistake of the press which probably most of our readers corrected for themselves, but which we mention here. After saying that we found in the recent decision of the Supreme Court "no trace of the exploded dogma that the originally sovereign states created the Government, and surrendered to it certain functions," we meant to say that "fifteen years ago Mr. Justice Nelson would probably *not* have used such language, but the court has moved during the last decade, and this progress has been conspicuously noticeable in some of its oldest members." The *not* italicized above was omitted.

—The July number of the *American Law Review* has some comments on Mr. George Ticknor Curtis's defence of Mr. Field which will doubtless surprise the author very much. It says, "It is one of the most amusing contributions to literature which has been made for many a long day," and it proceeds to prove its assertion in this way: Mr. Curtis claims the right to assume, for purposes of argument, the existence of a condition of affairs which every man who knows anything at all of the subject knows does not exist; and from this condition of affairs he deduces whatever he finds necessary. For instance, at the bottom of this controversy lies the charge made by General Barlow, and generally adopted by the bar, that Judge Barnard is corrupt; but, says Mr. Curtis, Judge Barnard cannot be corrupt, because, if he were, the people would not elect him, Governor Hoffman would not appoint him to the First District, and his brother judges would not sit with him on the bench. Here are three assumptions made by Mr. Curtis which have not a particle of foundation, either in the facts of this case or in Mr. Curtis's experience of politics or law; they are wholly gratuitous; but, once made, all is plain sailing afterwards. So, also, Mr. Curtis, having, as he says, no personal knowledge of Mr. James Fisk, Jr., and having no acquaintance with his merits or demerits, assumes that Mr. Fisk must be a very respectable man, and just the person to be appointed receiver of a large amount of property in an equity suit in which he is himself a party, and goes on and argues accordingly. So also, having shown that, under the Civil Code of New York, it is permissible for a judge to sign orders wherever he may be, and at any hour, Mr. Curtis thinks he need say nothing whatever in defence of Judge Barnard's meeting Mr. Field's clerk in the street at half-past ten at night, after coming down from Poughkeepsie on the summons, and going into a real-estate office of one of Fisk's friends, and signing an order there presented to him by the said clerk. The *Law Review* makes very merry over all this, and we admit that it is funny; but there is certainly a serious side to it. As we have already intimated, we doubt if anything more insulting to honorable and ordinarily intelligent men has issued from the press for a good while; and the fact that a practitioner of Mr. Curtis's previous standing could have been induced to go through such a performance for a fee, is one of the most striking indications which have yet appeared of the demoralization of the legal profession in this city. We ought, in justice to him, to add that we understand he has abandoned that reference given him by Barnard, in the case of "Johnson *vs.* the Kansas Pacific R. R. Co." This is right—he knows as well as we do why it was improper for him to take a reference from this judge, immediately after attempting to whitewash him in a bulky pamphlet.

—The biography of the late Rev. Samuel Joseph May, who died at Syracuse on the 1st inst., has been partially though unintentionally written by himself in his book entitled "Recollections of the Anti-Slavery Conflict" (Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870). As an author, he is perhaps most appropriately mentioned in this place; but as a clergyman and a philanthropist, overflowing with the milk of human kindness—whose very face has been called a benediction—and as a prominent figure in the great anti-slavery struggle of which he was only accidentally the chronicler, he will be much longer remembered than for his literary labor. To those who knew him intimately, he has long stood for the sweetest and purest example of the Christian character; and, the late Theodore Parker not perhaps excepted, no American clergyman has ever been the adviser, comforter, and confidant of so many whose religious views were totally at variance with his own, and who would even have felt it a peril or a sin to sit under his preaching. One may read in vain Mr. May's tract on the subject to discover in what exactly the Unitarian faith consists; but no one could meet him in person, or carry his griefs to him for sympathy and assistance, without a very just and lively sense of what constitutes Christianity. He was, in short, the beau ideal of a good pastor; and wherever his religious ministrations were performed—in Massachusetts, Connecticut, or New York—he was the centre of the warmest attachments and of the deepest and most widespread respect. Mr. May was a graduate of Harvard College, in the distinguished class of 1817. He was ordained in 1822; went first as a missionary to Brooklyn, Connecticut; was afterwards settled in Scituate, Mass.; and in 1842 was appointed by Horace Mann the principal of the Normal School at Lexington, Mass., the first in the State or country. His last years were spent in Syracuse, where he voluntarily retired from the pulpit on attaining the age of 70. At his death he was 73 years of age. He was a very earnest Abolitionist, and was by "natural selection" one of the most efficient conductors of the "underground railway." In the so-called "Jerry rescue," at Syracuse, in October, 1851, he played a quite conspicuous part; but as an opponent of slavery and of color prejudice at the North, and as a defender of the rights of public instruction and of free speech, he will be most fitly honored by posterity for

his conduct in the remarkable case of Miss Prudence Crandall—a chapter in the history of Connecticut which is probably not taught in the schools, but which would bear being read aloud in them at least once a year.

—We hope, for the benefit of slender purses, that some publisher may be induced to issue a reprint of Mr. Tylor's "Primitive Civilization." The cost of the English edition might keep it out of the hands of many who would be extremely grateful for the chance of reading these interesting volumes, for the book is one of those combinations of thorough investigation and bold, but never unsupported, hypothesis that cannot fail to leave its mark upon the history of the time. In fact, it may be considered as a sort of continuation of Darwinism, tracing the advance of man from the earliest period by means of the comparison of what we know of savage races of all times and countries, by the examinations of various legends and myths, and by the interpretation and explanation of many of our everyday customs and ordinary beliefs. He shows us how much our life is a polished repetition, when boys on the playground, when grown up, in our houses, and, indeed, in our churches, of the doings of our savage ancestors. The meaning of our children's games and their antiquity are set before us with new light. Our very familiarity with the subjects of which he treats makes the book attractive to many who might be unable fully to appreciate such books as Mr. Darwin's, for example, while the ignorance of their true meaning, of which we are perpetually convicted, keeps the book ever fresh and attractive. About three-quarters of the first volume are devoted to the study of our games and customs, the rest of that and nearly the whole of the second volume contain an account of the various opinions of men upon the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and kindred topics. The method of the book can hardly be too warmly praised. The amount of research that it displays is immense. Probably experts will detect points of error, time will undoubtedly correct and throw more light upon what is now obscure and misunderstood, but meanwhile the book is a most valuable collection of material for the student of mankind. Nor is it that alone; it is no mere unorganized collection of facts, but an exposition of interpretation for the most part as novel as it is convincing. Mr. Tylor has the rare power of managing a great mass of facts, and here and there he culls out some familiar story or game which we have read or played a thousand times, and explains its full significance with a clearness that makes us blush for our own dulness. In the last part of the book the reader will find those most important subjects treated with the same ability. It contains nothing that need shock the timid, nor, on the other hand, is the writer ever made dishonest by the solemnity of his subject. It is not necessary to defend here the importance of getting at the truth. In short, it may be said that the book deserves the highest praise that can be given to a scientific book—it is written in a perfectly scientific manner, science being as remote from flippancy as it is from superstition. The style is very good, at times being humorous, and often really eloquent, so that the book is as interesting as it is valuable. We warmly recommend it to publisher and reader. Before closing, we should like to say a word about the difference between this work of Mr. Tylor's and that of Mr. Cox, "The Aryan Mythology," which was published about a year ago. The latter, as our readers know, is an attempt to interpret the various myths, legends, and tales of the Aryan races as different versions of the solar myth, and thus it was a book of the same kind, although of narrower scope, as Mr. Tylor's, but that is their only point of resemblance; the contrast is most striking. One opens Mr. Cox's thick volumes and reads on in vain hopes of finding a succinct statement of his views, and an orderly arrangement of his proofs, but only finds a long succession of tales, told at great length, explained arbitrarily and often inconsistently. All the work has to be done over again by some more careful and systematic hand, while Mr. Tylor's will serve as a model for future investigators.

—Mr. Matthew Arnold proposes to write three essays, one of which shall treat of literature as it regards dogma, another of literature as it regards physics, and the last of literature as it regards science generally, and of these the first half of the first has appeared in this month's number of the *Cornhill Magazine*. Mr. Disraeli, it appears, "treating Hellenic things with the scornful negligence natural to a Hebrew," said the other day, "in a well-known book," that the English aristocratic class, the polite flower of the nation, are "truly Hellenic in this respect, among others, that they care nothing for letters, and never read." "Now, there seems to be here," says Mr. Arnold, "some inaccuracy," and he goes on to say that of Thesprotians and Mollossians, and the original Hellenes generally, and of some of their descendants, as the Dorians, it would be true to say that they had little culture, and were fond of field sports, and of open-air life; but that it is not true, but is misleading, to liken the English aristocracy, which loves field sports, and never reads, to those Hellenes who, by their culture, gave the term Hellenic the meaning which makes it mark the opposite of barbaric. The English aristocracy are, then, as Mr. Arnold has called them, barbarians, and show a decided disregard for letters. Having pleased himself—and not very greatly displeased Mr. Disraeli, we dare say—by these not very successfully malicious remarks to the author of "a well-known book," Mr. Arnold gets a little nearer the business in hand. Next after the aristocracy, the most favored class, the class enjoying most sunshine, and exacting most admiration from the middle class, or Philistines, is made up, according to Mr. Arnold, of the friends of physical science, with their brilliant leaders, and as to these men, "their revolt against the tyranny of letters is notorious." To substitute other studies for the study of letters is with them the object of a sort of crusade. Next after the friends of free science, in the matter of being in the sunshine, and exercising influence over the Philistines, Mr, Arnold puts the leaders of the religious world, and he says that these too are just now much opposed to mere letters, which "they slight as the vague and inexact instrument of shallow essayists and magazine writers," while their demand for more dogma is loud. Attempts made at a literary treatment of religious history and ideas they call a "subverting of the faith once delivered to the saints." Mr. Arnold quotes some instances of the religious leaders demanding more dogma, as the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester endeavoring in convocation not long since "to do something for the honor of Our Lord's Godhead"—which would seem to mean to do something to bring about a fuller and wider acceptance of the dogma of the unity in trinity of Christ and the Father. Furthermore, these gentlemen wished to do something "to mark their sense of that infinite separation for time and for eternity which is involved in rejecting the Godhead of the Eternal Son"—which would seem to mean to manifest more plainly their belief in the dogma that those who believe Christ to be God shall after death go into bliss, and those who do not so believe shall then go into punishment, both of which shall be eternal. Others also the essayist quotes, and makes this at any rate clear enough, that it is admissible for him if he likes to say that some religious people wish the church to be more dogmatic in its teaching; that a larger number of religious people certainly do object to a "literary" handling of the Scriptures and religious ideas; that the British aristocracy does not care as much for literature as it might; and that the physical science men, as they have small capacity for letters, so have small delight in them, and would fain get not only more share in the direction of education than the absurd educational system of England has hitherto allowed them, but also more than it is probably desirable they should have. Doubtless they are, just now, people with a hobby, and they are not as a rule famous for breadth of nature.

—When Mr. Arnold gets fairly at work on his defence of literature against the theologians he makes some good points, but in some places his work is very loose and ineffective. What likelihood is there, for instance, that a writer will carry along with him many people, professors of religion or rationalists, who says that "the true meaning of religion is not morality, but morality touched by emotion"; it is "ethics heightened, lit up by feeling"; and, again, "the object of religion is conduct"? Certainly the religious man, of whatever religion, who holds that his sacred books solve the universe; tell him truly who made it and him and why he and it were made; describe for him the nature of his Maker; show him how his sins are to be washed away; look on the other side of the grave for him; assure him of existence after death and how he may be for ever happy—the man with a religion that solves the universe and opens a heaven to him is not going to listen to one who tells him that the sole object or the main object of religion is his conduct among his fellow-men; that religion is ethics lit up by emotional feeling. And the rationalist, who holds that solutions of the universe have been too numerous, and is resolved that he will deal only with the admittedly certain and verifiable, will be as little likely to believe himself religious in any just sense of the word merely because he has an excellent ethical system which is sometimes, in part at least, lit up by emotion. The fact seems to be that Mr. Arnold, in opposing the theologians in their stiff handling of such extremely undefined and indefinable terms as "grace" and the like—the whole dictionary of the theologians, we may say—has had occasion to make definitions of those terms himself, and has read his sense—we do not say not the true sense, but *his* sense, which he read there—into both the Old and the New Testaments, and now finds believers in the Bible and disbelievers in it equally unwilling to follow him.

—The great defenders of the Paris Commune in this country, B. F. Butler and Wendell Phillips, must have felt a slight touch of envy on reading the official eulogy of that defunct body by the gentlemen of the "General Council of the International Workingmen's Association," Boon, Bradwick, Buttery & Co. This document is perfectly grand in its demagogic outspokenness, and sublime in its rhetoric. The Commune, it frankly avows, did not come into life as a protest against usurpation, real or threatened; "it was the positive form of that Republic" which was "not only to supersede the monarchical form of class-rule, but class-rule itself." It did not mind the affairs of Paris alone, as its name implied—that is to say, affairs belonging to a limited sphere within the state—"the Commune was to be a working . . . body, executive and legislative at the same time;" "not only municipal administration, but the whole initiative hitherto exercised by the state was laid into the hands of the Commune;" "in consequence of the siege it had got rid of the army," and its "first decree . . . therefore, was the suppression of the standing army, and the substitution for it of the armed people." It destroyed both "the standing army and state functionarism;" but "neither cheap government nor the 'true Republic' was its ultimate aim; they were its mere concomitants; . . . its true secret was this: it was essentially a working-class government, the product of the struggle of the producing against the appropriating class, the political form at last discovered under which to work out the economical emancipation of labor." "It wanted to make individual property a truth, by transforming the means of production, land and capital, now chiefly the means of enslaving and exploiting labor, into mere instruments of free and associated labor." In one word—the "General Council" has no hesitation in announcing it—the Commune meant "Communism."

—Having given its exposé of the meaning and aims of the Commune, the "General Council of the International Workingmen's Association" pass over to vindicating and glorifying its deeds. They do not stoop to answer the question, What good could there result from a civil war thus raised within sight of a foreign foe, who had just proved his ability to crush the combined forces of both contending parties, and whose cannon frowned down upon the Commune, ready to crush it in case of its victory? They proudly tell us this: "Within sight of the Prussian army that had annexed to Germany two French provinces, the Commune annexed to France the working-people all over the world." And they tell us how it did it: "The Commune admitted all foreigners to the honor of dying for an immortal cause." That it placed the Dombrowskis, Okolowiczes, and Wroblewskis "at the head of the defenders of Paris" was not because it could find no decent French officer to lead the assassins of Clément Thomas and Lecompte against the national army of France, but because "the Commune honored the heroic sons of Poland." That it suppressed scores of ournals was not the natural consequence of a system of terrorism wantonly inaugurated, but an unavoidable measure of self-defence, for in the terrible struggle it had entered upon it would have "shamefully betrayed its trust by affecting to keep up all the decencies and appearances of liberalism as in a time of profound peace." The Commune "dismissed and arrested its generals" and war-ministers one after another, it is true, but it was done because "they were suspected of neglecting their duties," and then it was a splendid "satire upon M. Thiers," who at the same time distributed military rewards.

—And then comes the glowing description of "the change the Commune had wrought in Paris" as to morals. The vilest of men, transformed as if by magic, no longer thought of "assassination, theft, and personal assault"; "the real women of Paris showed again at the surface—heroic, noble, and devoted, like the women of antiquity"; Paris, "almost forgetful of the cannibals at its gates," was "radiant in the enthusiasm of its historic initiative." It was the work of "the bloodhounds of order" that radiant Paris "was suddenly changed into a pandemonium." *Pétroleuses* now showed at the surface, but "the Commune had, long before, given full public notice that, if driven to extremities, they would bury themselves under the ruins of Paris, and make Paris a second Moscow"—and that from higher motives than military reasons, for snow-fields fatal to the Versailles troops could not be expected in May, nor the Seine to be turned into a Beresina, while those who were to pursue them would lie buried under ruins. Incendiarism was accompanied, it is true, by the execution of sixty-four hostages, with the Archbishop of Paris at their head; but "how could they be spared any longer after the carnage with which MacMahon's pretorians celebrated their entrance into Paris? Was even the last check upon the unscrupulous ferocity of bourgeois governments—the taking of hostages—to be made a mere sham of?" The slaughter came rather too late to be effective for this cause, but it may do good, we must presume, for the future. After all this—this is a fit conclusion—"workingmen's Paris, with its Commune, will be for ever celebrated as the glorious harbinger of a new society."

—Russia has at last reached, in her reforms, the one of all others that is to develop the national character and lay a sure foundation for future greatness. Within the past six months, Count Tolstoy, Minister of Public Instruction, has submitted to the Imperial Council—and that body has endorsed, after examination by a distinguished committee—certain law-projects looking to the improvement of both primary and secondary education throughout the empire. The scheme embraces (1) common schools to take the place of the present district and parish schools; (2) the organization of normal schools, which shall combine with the training of teachers for the public schools the objects proposed by the *Realschulen* or commercial schools of Germany; (3) the establishment of polytechnic schools, and (4) certain changes of a very important character in the courses hitherto prescribed for the gymnasia and progymnasia. The modifications in these latter institutions, in 1849 and 1851, were designed to check the study of the Latin language, and—strange as it may seem in a country connected in so many ways with Greece—to banish the study of Greek altogether. To this prohibition some have gone so far as to attribute, as a natural consequence, the materialistic and nihilistic tendencies of the present generation. But it is enough to point to the fact that attendance upon the universities has decidedly fallen off, and that it is impossible not only for them but even for the gymnasia to find native professors of the classic languages, of philosophy, of the Russian language and literature, and of universal history. The statute of 1864, though intended to reinstate Latin and Greek, has needed for full effect the legislation now determined on.

FORSYTH'S NOVELS AND NOVELISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

THE novels which delighted our grandfathers and grandmothers, and which (or some of which) we read in our youth almost as a necessary part of a liberal education, are unknown, many of them even by name, to our sons. And why? First, there is an impression prevalent among younger readers that these works have a general stamp of unreality. It appears to be founded partly on the traditions of the romance (a very different thing from the novel), extending from Mrs. Radcliffe in the last century to Miss Porter in the present, and partly to the peculiar and not undeserved reputation of the voluminous Richardson. Yet it is a false impression, for Miss Burney was the founder of realism, and though there are scenes in "Evelina" which verge on caricature, many passages in "Cecilia"—those, for instance, in which Mr. Dubster is brought into contact with the military "swell," as he would be called nowadays—vie, for their delicacy and accuracy of handling, with the very best work of Anthony Trollope. Nor can unreality be reckoned among the sins of Fielding. Of Jane Austen we say nothing, as she belongs to this century, though Mr. Forsyth classes her among the authors of the eighteenth, because some of her works were written, though not published, prior to 1800.

The second reason is a better, indeed a very good one. The exceeding grossness of a majority of the last-century novels (another marked difference between them and the romances) repels the ingenuous mind of the modern Anglo-Saxon youth. Here we are called upon to discriminate between a just conclusion and an inference not absolutely warranted. It is very proper, and in our more refined age very natural, that a young man should throw down one of Smollett's novels in disgust, and that it should be to a young lady something unapproachable. But it is another matter altogether when we come to ask how far such books present an accurate picture of their age. To take a strong case from Fielding. The author of "Tom Jones" (from what we know of him independently of his writings) evidently considered fornication a gentlemanly accomplishment; accordingly and characteristically, he makes his hero a rough-and-ready sinner in that way, while the villain Blifil, as the crowning trait of his villany, is a chaste man—not, be it observed, a hypocrite of the "Tartufe" and "Joseph Surface" class, but a person constitutionally cold. Now this is bad; strong terms are required for stigmatizing such a perversion and inversion of morality; but it is not fair to infer at once that Fielding was the representative man and author of his day: the assumption must not be made without careful investigation and comparison.

If we find ourselves at the outset giving prominence to an unpleasant

* "The Novels and Novelists of the Eighteenth Century, in illustration of the Manners and Morals of the Age. By William Forsyth, M.A., Q.C., author of 'The Life of Cicero,' etc., etc." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

subject, it is because that subject is really the main staple of Mr. Forsyth's book. He begins by expressly disclaiming (in his preface) any attempt at a history analysis of eighteenth-century fiction, and his incidental specimens of literary criticism are certainly not of a nature to make us wish that they were more direct or numerous. His work is not unlike such a one as we might suppose Mr. James Parton to write, if that gentleman would suppress some of his *philosophical* reflections and look a little more carefully to his English. It is a familiar and lively, but decorously cautious, picture of British manners and morals in the last century, drawn from the pages of its most popular novelists. Of course it is impossible to escape the delicate and important question how far a writer of fiction is to be accepted as a witness of the truth. Mr. Forsyth's notice of this difficulty is, to use the mildest term, inadequate. He puts out of court "Dickens's caricatures"—though here it is worth while remarking that out of ten characters which he enumerates "in whose existence it is impossible to believe," two are considered by those who profess to be acquainted with the original to have been intended for real persons. Taking a wider view, we may observe that all obviously partisan novels, whether political, religious, or social in their aim, must be taken with a great many grains of salt, if indeed they can be admitted at all. Further, we see that in our own country a number of non-partisan novels, which only profess to represent manners and real life, are utterly unreal and unlike any state of society that ever existed anywhere. And when we come to the probability of this or that type-character, the elements of discussion become very complicated. Imagine some critics of a future day debating whether Charles Kingsley's or Wilkie Collins's representation of the fashionable athlete was the true one, and how far Charles Reade could be depended on as an authority on the Kingsley side.

Not only does Mr. Forsyth deduce from the popular novels of the last century a most undesirable state of social morality, but, with a pertinacity that almost makes one suspect a pious fraud, he asserts that, "with the exception of some well-known names, they are deplorably dull," "their plots are contemptible and their style detestable"; their incidents "poor," their construction "inartistic," their narratives "insipid," and their dialogue "stupid." A fair specimen of his more detailed treatment of them is afforded by this appreciation of "Chrysal; or, The Adventures of a Guinea":

"I have looked through the four volumes of 'Chrysal'—it is impossible for human patience now to peruse them—to see if there was anything that could interest a reader of the present day, but the attempt was vain; the book, both in style and matter, is execrably bad. . . . It has sunk into total oblivion, and I am bound to say that it deserves its fate. . . . . The vice is not redeemed by wit or grace of style, and the book is simply unreadable."

From this judgment we entirely dissent. "Chrysal" is not unreadable. We have a distinct recollection of reading it twice, at an interval of some ten years, and if we were starting on a twelve-hours railroad trip, we would run the risk of a third reading sooner than trust to many native works or even European reprints of the day which enjoy a fair popularity and circulation. The style is certainly not first-rate, yet it compares favorably with that of several lady authors now more or less in vogue, such as Mrs. Henry Wood in England, or Mrs. Mary Holmes on our own side of the Atlantic. Two things should be borne in mind when forming an opinion of "Chrysal"—first, in reference to the merits of the book itself, the idea of describing widely-separated scenes and characters of all sorts by the medium of an object passing from hand to hand, was—we will not say absolutely new, for we do not pretend to an acquaintance with the whole range of European fiction—but new to the British public. It has since become hackneyed even to children, so that later readers cannot put themselves in the place of its first public, any more than the present generation which has seen Cooper run out to the dregs in two languages, through Simms, and Bird, and Kennedy, and "Gabriel Ferry" De Bellemarre, down to Aymard and Mayne Reid on land, not to mention his countless imitators at sea, can judge of the effect which his earlier works had in their freshness and originality on our fathers. Secondly, as to the value of its testimony to the manners of the age, there is sufficient evidence, internal and external, that the author, Charles Johnson, was an embittered and disappointed man, and the obviously misanthropic tone of his book renders it anything but an impartial witness.

The *animus* of our author may also, we think, be traced in such little touches as these, that he introduces the novels of Mrs. Behn, although they belong to the middle of the preceding century, and that he dismisses De Foe as "throwing little light on the social manners of the age," apparently because De Foe makes his low people behave like low people, and his gentlefolks as gentlefolks should.

His remarks on Fielding are to the effect that this author is very coarse, that no parent or schoolmaster at the present day would think of putting him into a boy's hands, and that he is fond of [burlesque] Homeric similes, which last original discovery Mr. Forsyth thinks worthy of being illustrated by three pages of quotation.

Still, whatever shortcomings of detail Mr. Forsyth may have committed, we must own that he has made out his case on the general issue. He undertook to prove that the "swell" of a hundred years ago was a very deboshed fish, and by the corroborative testimony of essayists and diarists, added to that of the novelists, he has done so. If the progenitor of our cousins (and partly of ourselves) was not exactly Darwin's hairy animal with pointed ears, living in trees, he was a moral monster, in some respects as extraordinary and antagonistic to the British or American Philistine of to-day. The fashionable man of the eighteenth century was generally a measureless tippler, so generally that the occasional appearance of a temperate liver like Chesterfield seemed a social phenomenon. He was prone to profligacy, usually in a low, boorish, animal way, sometimes with a clumsy imitation of that seductive science which even then had made adultery one of the fine arts in France. His ordinary talk blossomed out at small provocation into profanity and obscenity. He not only fought duels, but indulged in those extemporaneous and promiscuous encounters which the chivalry of another age and clime knew as "street fights," the principal difference being the substitution of cold steel for firearms. Ladies, married or unmarried, were frequently assailed with indecent language, and sometimes but too ready to listen to it. And this was the least indignity to which they might be exposed, for abductions were at least as common then as elopements are now, and liberties sometimes taken or attempted in public which would at this day hardly be practised on a recognized courtesan. The common people could scarcely be expected to improve on the example of their betters, especially as neither government nor society treated them with much humanity, for the laws were almost Draconian, and culprits received such usage as we only hear of now among the "heathen Chinee" or other semi-barbarous nations.

Yet this, or most of it, we, or most of us, knew already, and it seems as if we did not need a Queen's Counsel and ex-Fellow of Trinity to tell it to us. Freely, we confess that this book has been a great disappointment to us. The subject is magnificent, and much might still be made of it, even after Thackeray and his imitators. Mr. Forsyth has produced—what? A very moral and proper monograph, safe reading *virginibus puerisque*, but absolutely without critical value. It was begun, he tells us, "to divert the idleness of a long vacation." Whatever amusement its composition may have afforded the author, the result affords little gratification to the curiosity of the mature reader. It might have made a tolerable magazine article or series of articles; it is not sufficiently substantial for a separate work.

An ex-Fellow of Trinity may be expected to write good English—though we have known some who did not. Mr. Forsyth's diction is generally precise and elegant; but we notice an odd bit of slip-slop on p. 71 (note): "Richardson thoroughly *reciprocated* this lady's dislike of the Miss Gunnings," meaning that he *shared* it! The damaged Latin quotation on p. 166 we will charitably set down to the credit of the American republishers.

STIMULANTS.*

This volume should have been called "Gossip about Stimulants." It describes the history, pharmacology, and effects of opium in its various forms: it tells us something of the nature of the other substances mentioned in the title; and it abounds in quotations which represent the literary as fully as the scientific treatment of the subject. While he contributes nothing new to our knowledge of it, Dr. Calkins gives us glimpses of nearly all that has been written about stimulants and narcotics. He cites an abundance of facts; but he helps us to no decision of the debates which rage around the question of the use or renouncement of these agents. For the rest, the volume is written in a style so grotesque and turgid as to be positively amazing, as witness the following sentences: "Many a snug packet of the cherished morphine, drawn from the interior boutique of the conniving pharmaceutist, finds, through surreptitious procurement, a safe transmission to the palatial boudoir." And *apropos* of "champagne-wine or anisette cordial," Dr. Calkins says: "In a goodly

* "Opium and the Opium Appetite. With Notices of Alcoholic Beverages, Cannabis Indica, Tobacco and Coca, and Tea and Coffee, in their Hygienic Aspects and Pathologic Relations. By Alonzo Calkins, M.D." (J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

city of ours there was an Esculapian brother, whose wont was to prepare himself with liberal potations of the like preparatory to the expected soirée, and, once mingled with the throng, to grow decidedly impulsive and loquacious in the general not only, but amusingly demonstrative and ingratiative in the particular."

The logical method of this work is uniform and simple: *post ergo propter* is its canon of argument. Thus, we are informed that the number of cigars used in Paris during the year 1852 was two hundred millions, while it had increased to seven hundred and ten millions in 1867. Consequently, according to our author, after fifteen years "a notable decrease in height, as in the physical stamina, is observable in the Parisians generally." We may dismiss the volume with the public warning that it lacks an index, and is prefaced by a table of contents so vaguely worded as to be worthless.

The questions that are stated, rather than discussed, in Dr. Calkins's book, require a new method of treatment at the hands of scientific men. Stimulants and narcotics are not less powerful factors in modern life than electricity and steam, yet our knowledge of the action of these fine yet potent forces is still very imperfect. In no department of science are we made more painfully aware of its limitations than in that which attempts to define the advantages and the disadvantages of their use. Few questions in physiology are of greater or of more immediate importance than those which relate to stimulants and narcotics; for hardly any concern our physical, not to say our moral, welfare more directly than they; and the considerations which we would offer have not, we think, been sufficiently taken into account in the debate which rages around them.

Wherever we find a thousand adult human beings, we shall find that more than nine hundred of them habitually use one or more of the stimulants we have named. The Chinaman uses opium, the Malaysian the betel-nut, the Indian hashish, the European alcohol; and most of the few who are strangers to these stimuli are to be numbered among the hundreds of millions who use tobacco, tea, or coffee. Stimulation by means of one or another of these substances is an act more nearly universal than any other which is not, like sleep or eating, a function of life itself. In America, considerably more than half of the adult population use either tea, coffee, or tobacco. A majority of the remainder use alcohol in one or more of its various preparations. Most of the small remaining minority are included among the not inconsiderable number of those who use opium habitually; and few of us cannot count on our fingers all the persons whom we know to be total abstainers from each one of the stimuli we have named. No fact in the physiology of habit is so extensive as that of stimulation. The love of stimulants would seem to be the correlative of the desire for nutriment; and to be a desire hardly less powerful, hardly less general, and hardly more eradicable than the instinct of self-preservation itself. We may almost venture to call the love of stimulants a character of humanity.

Whatever objection, therefore, may be urged against their use, it cannot be held as probable that they will ever be abandoned. The use of stimulants is likely to continue quite unchecked by the declamation of the reformers, who are unable to bring any decisive scientific testimony against it. For the authorities are still divided in the discussion of this question. Thus Magendie claims to have extracted alcohol from human blood; Percy concludes that alcohol has a marked affinity for the cerebral tissues. Coffee, tea, tobacco, hashish, and opium hold each their parliament in the world; and between the Right and the Left an angry debate continues. We know, indeed, that it is the function of alcohol and of caffeine to accelerate certain vital functions, while they check the transformation and waste of tissues. But science does not yet announce their laws of adaptation to the individual, the definite rules of temperance or of abstinence which are needed to guide the practice of the world. Neither those who denounce nor those who indiscriminately extol the use of stimulants can adduce, in the present state of physiological science, sufficient reasons for their belief. The data of a definite judgment are still wanting, and we must wait for their discovery through scientific observation and experiment.

But we are not obliged, meanwhile, to forego the possession of a rational opinion upon this question. We may frame a provisional hypothesis to serve as a sort of scaffolding for our convictions, while scientific men are slowly building up the edifice of a proven theory. If the employment of stimulants and narcotics is thus nearly universal, if it is not materially checked by any attempts to diminish it, and if the moderate use of stimulants, even in the most intemperate countries, is far more frequent than their injurious and excessive use, may we not regard these facts as indicating a feature of the human constitution itself—a character that can never be eradicated? In our judgment, we may; and the effort of the future with respect to stimulants and narcotics will not be to prevent their abuse by forbidding their use—an effort as unwise and futile, if this judgment be correct, as the attempt to stop railway accidents by discouraging railways—nor yet to urge a vague precept of temperance upon the public mind; but rather to discover the laws of special adaptation in stimulants; in other words, to indicate the temperaments and constitutions to which particular *stimuli* are applicable, and the *stimuli* which are dangerous to particular constitutions and temperaments. Little effort has yet been made in this direction; but this is the path which the scientific investigation of the question of stimulants is hereafter to follow. The law of healthy stimulation is now the philosopher's stone of physiological science. We commend its search to investigators, feeling sure that the quest will be rewarded much more completely than that of the Floridian Fountain of Youth.

THE MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

With a sort of perversity by no means unexampled, indeed, but which always strikes one strangely when observed in a person who has ability of a certain kind and degree, "George Eliot" continues to write in verse rather than prose. This month's *Atlantic* has a long poem of hers, entitled "Armgart." We are not of the number of those admirers of hers who think that her later prose works, even if "Romola" be classed under the head of late work, are up to the level of her earlier; but though "Felix Holt" is not "Adam Bede," it is surely far better worth doing than "The Spanish Gypsey" or poems like this one in the magazine, though, for reasons of various kinds, the critical world generally has declined to say so. Armgart is a young girl who aspires to distinction upon the lyric stage, and who, when we first see her, has just made her début and had a success. A certain count who loves Armgart, Walpurga her maid, and old Leo, her instructor in music, are the other characters, of whom the one best depicted is Leo, or, perhaps, we should rather say the one who is most distinctly before the eye after the poem has been read and has produced its own direct effect, and the indirect effect of reviving other portraitures of the same figure. He is an old neglected singer, living in much poverty, somewhat embittered by his failure to succeed with the world; hoping, if he can be said to hope any longer for anything, that his music may be discovered by posterity; sharp-tempered on occasion; disgusted with the new-fashioned ways of singers and the petty devices of popular musicians; and getting his chief gratification in life from training young singers according to the true principles of their art. He and Armgart in the first scene relate the story of her success—the best passage, and a fine one, though perhaps it needs careful reading to bring out the sense, being put into the mouth of the latter:

> "Well! the first notes came clearly, firmly forth,
> And I was easy, for behind those rills
> I knew there was a fountain. I could see
> The house was breathing gently, heads were still;
> Parrot opinion was struck meekly mute,
> And human hearts were swelling. Armgart stood
> As if she had been new created there,
> And found her voice, which found a melody.
> The minx! Gluck had not written nor I taught—
> Orpheus was Armgart, Armgart Orpheus.
> Well, well, all through the *scena* I could feel
> The silence tremble now, now poise itself
> With added weight of feeling, till at last
> Delight o'ertoppled it. The final no'e
> Had happy drowning in the unloosed roar
> That surged and ebbed and ever surged again
> Till expectation kept it pent awhile.
> Ere Orpheus returned, phui! he was changed—
> My demigod was pale, had downcast eyes
> That trembled like a bride's, who fain would send
> Backward the rising tear.
> *Armgart.* I *was* a bride,
> As nuns are at their spousals."

The count, who had before asked her to marry him and had been told to wait, now renews his proposal, thinking that, satisfied with her success, she may be willing to return from a stage she has conquered, and himself being even willing, in case she decides to continue in her professional career, to allow her to pursue it after marriage.

Armgart, however, declines, talking rather after the manner of a woman's rights woman in a state of full activity, and exhibiting a needless hardness of spirit towards the count, and indeed all men, as husbands and fathers. But she is soon more than repaid, for a physician, who treats her for a throat disease, ruins her voice, and she fails at rehearsal. A scene ensues, in which Walpurga, irritated at the kind of eloquence with which Armgart speaks of the lot of ordinary women, drudges, mothers, and the like, turns upon her, and very effectively rebukes her wilfulness, conceit, pride, and lack of sympathy and generosity. Armgart repents, and the poem ends by her going away to Freiburg, where she will teach

music, be thoughtful for others, and be humbler. The rejected count meantime goes to India, sending a letter of condolence to Armgart in her misfortune, and it is left doubtful whether there will sometime be a marriage, though the probabilities seem to be that there will not, and that the upshot of the poem is the moral reformation through the lessons of sorrow of the self-willed and selfish heroine. This, it will be seen, is an affair that concerns the moralist and not the poet; and, as for literary forms, the novel affords an opportunity both for the presentment of the evil, and of the gradual process of cure, which no other form affords. The poem is, in fact, a short novel containing a cramped exhibition of George Eliot's power of moral insight, and destitute of the humorous delineations which show her at about her best, if not at her very best.

The *Atlantic* opens with a little sketch, excellent for its nervous style, and for some admirable touches of description, in which Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., tells of a visit to the Adirondacks, where, years before Harper's Ferry became famous, he made the acquaintance of John Brown. The descriptive touches of which we speak might better have some other term applied to them, for it is by felicitous breadth and vigor that they are characterized, and not by small delicacies. Here is one of them—a model for "word-painters," and a warning to most of them to begin and learn their trade over again: "With this and the summit of Mount Washington, now probably but three or four days apart, the traveller can get the two extreme opposites of North American mountain scenery; the view from Mount Washington being a wild sea of bare tops, and sides with but little wood or water, while that from Tahâwus is a limitless expanse of forest, with mountains green to their tops, and all the landscape dotted and lined with the wide mirrors of large lakes, glittering bits of small lakes, silver threads of streams, and ribbons of waterfalls."

For its other contents, the *Atlantic* has its usual number of articles, most of them readable, and some very good. The poetry, however, is not very good, nor is "The Poet of Sierra Flat," nor "Our Whispering Gallery." In the latter, by the way, Mr. Dickens remarks that he does not recollect that he ever dreamed of any of his own characters. It would be curious to know if it is at all a common thing for anybody to dream of the personages of fiction; to know, indeed, if it ever at any time happens. "Castilian Days" is this time devoted to the bull-fighting, and will give most people a clearer idea than they had before of a matter that everybody fancies he knows all about. "Can a Bird Reason?" occupies itself with an assertion of some of the "sounder" of the old-fashioned ethical writers who fight tooth-and-nail against the opinion that beasts and birds are not guided wholly by instinct, but possess and use reasoning powers as men do. The author of the article gives some curious information as to modifications introduced into nest-building within the last few years by birds who very evidently had done some thinking about saving of labor. But in fact, one would say that the next bird-house that the ethical writers in question came upon should have been held a sufficient refutation of their position. Mr. Howells is especially good this month in "Their Wedding Journey," in which, in using some truthful language concerning New York, he subtly contrives the derision of Boston. In "Kate Beaumont" we have the duel between the hero and Tom Beaumont; a prospect of many miseries for the heroine; while her brother-in-law is killed, not too soon, it appears, at a "cracker" ball—a Southern institution, by the way, which Mr. De Forest describes only sketchily, but with truthfulness and some vividness.

In *Scribner's*, the most noticeable article refers to the ancient riddle which baffled the wedding guests at Timnath some thousands of years ago, and which, according to Mr. R. W. Wright, has ever since baffled all Bible readers who have accepted the Philistine solution. Once, when Samson was going down to Timnath to visit the woman with whom he was in love, he destroyed a valuable wine-press—a thing odious enough as a part of the wealth of the Philistine oppressor, and particularly odious to him as a Nazarite, a person vowed not to taste wine. Afterwards, when, with his father and mother, he went down to his marriage, he turned aside to look at the press and found that bees had built in it and that it contained honey. The riddling couplet with which the young Hebrew puzzled his contemptuous guests contained a reference to his destruction of their property—

"Out of the eater came forth meat,
And out of the strong came forth sweetness."

Unable to guess the meaning, they called in the aid of Samson's wife, in whom herself he appears to have trusted little, as believing her treacherous, and she supplied them with what she thought the true solution, which accordingly they put into an answering couplet:

"What is sweeter than honey?
And what is stronger than a lion?"

To this, Samson replies with a couplet containing a jeer at them and at his wife, whom he has found deceitful like all her tribe, and whom he forthwith abandons:

"If ye had not ploughed with my heifer,
Ye had not found out my riddle"—

which they had not found out at all. Briefly, their blunder was in understanding the term kephor-arâyôth, lion cup, to be kephir arâyôth, or lion cub. Our translators, says Mr. Wright, perpetuate the error of the Philistine youths, and so out of Samson's first exploit—which, like all the others performed, when "the Spirit of the Lord" came upon him, was directed against the life or property of the Philistines—they make a fabulous tale of his tearing in pieces a young lion, and of the honey-bee, a fastidiously clean creature, making honey in the decayed carcase. It is an ingenious piece of argumentation, upon which it is for Orientalists to decide.

The Rev. Horace Bushnell talks about the nature of Protection and Free Trade, and indicates his belief that the extreme Free-traders and the extreme Protectionists are equally impracticable personages, though they are not equally in error; for the free-trader's logical position, from the free-trader's point of view, he considers inexpugnable. Dr. Bushnell's views seem sound, and the clear exposition of them before the world of magazine readers will not fail to be of service. Dr. Bushnell, it must be confessed, has some peculiarities which interfere with clearness; tidings he almost always has to deliver, but "to stand like a man of this world and deliver them," is what he does not always do; and he has not done it particularly well here. "A Fête Day at Malmaison" is pleasantly done, with good feeling and good taste. Here is a successful touch—new, too, we believe: "A sombre-looking place, too, it must be confessed, seeming to bear the burden of a memory, with that wonderful expressiveness that all historic houses have, as if they were on the point of telling you their story." For the rest, *Scribner's* has "Backlog Studies," a piece of Mr. Charles D. Warner's humorous writing, which will be found agreeable reading, though a little thin in point of thought, as nearly all of Mr. Warner's writing is; an illustrated article about Japan, and another about Philadelphia; a very good hospital sketch by Miss Susan Edson; a "Plea for Chinese Labor" in our kitchens, by some one who has seen some harrowing cases of young ladies doing house-work; a "Tartar Love Song," by Mr. R. H. Stoddard; a negro dialect poem, done more than fairly well by Mr. T. D. English; and some very plain talk to Mr. J. T. Fields for saying what he did about Mr. Hawthorne's religious views.

People accustomed to laugh at "Ouida" will temper their justice with mercy and their contempt with respect and liking after reading her "Provence Rose," which is innocent, pretty, and touching. The Provence rose is a rose-tree in a poor girl's room. The story, or rather the latter half of it, is contained in this month's *Lippincott's*. Other things worth looking at in the same magazine are Mr. James Grant Wilson's recollections of the late Mr. Robert Chambers, as useful a man as Scotland has recently produced, and not the least able. A letter written to his father by John Quincy Adams, when he was minister at St. Petersburg, gives us a rather amusing account of an interview that he had with Madame de Staël. He seems to have had a sincere respect for the lady's talents, but it is evident, too, that he was not entirely rapt either, and she appears in some at least of her native semi-ridiculousness. There are also a story by Margaret Hosmer; and an article, entitled "Baltimore Beauty," in which may be seen, if the writer and the officers of the army and navy will allow us the expression, that messroom and wardroom sort of rather puppyish view of womankind, which seems to be the regulation view for young gentlemen of both services to take. It mingles quantities of sentiment with quantities of cheap admiration for young ladies who better represent "the sex" as toasted at dinners than any reasonable man's conception of what a woman is or what she should be, and is partly respectful and partly impudent; though its respect the best women would think rather impudent, and its impudence may be held to be respectful enough for those who get it.

Four good illustrated articles open the July *Harper's*, the most interesting relating to the Florida Reefs, or the subterranean researches at Jerusalem, or the Mont Cenis tunnel, or the United States Naval Academy, according as readers differ in taste. Boys who take an interest in strange beasts and birds will be sorry that the Florida Reef articles come to a close in this number, and will miss the pictures very much. The letterpress, too, has been good, the writer not only being, so far as we can judge, sound in his science, and having an interesting zoölogical field in which to work, but also being of a pleasant and companionable disposition, so that he likes to bring his fellow-explorers into his story, and closes the narra-

tive by telling how one of them, a deserter under sentence at Key West, got his pardon on account of a gallant action which he performed, and is now in Vermont, safely married to a Florida girl.

"The Climate of the Lake Region" deals with the climate of the great lakes, and appears to be instructive; the "Scientific Record" and the other tables are full; and "The Editor's Easy Chair" discusses Thalberg and other pianists, reads editors a lecture on newspaper morality, and has some sound criticism on the "mounting" of plays, a business in which there has certainly been of late a "wasteful and ridiculous excess," which speaks very ill for the judgment and taste of the theatre-going public, and makes bad confession, too, concerning the real talent and vigor of those actors and managers who trust to it so much.

The *Overland* has for its first article a sketch, by Mrs. Thérèse Yelverton (Viscountess Avonmore), entitled "With the Sœurs at the Golden Horn." The writer informs us that her husband being before Sebastopol, and she being unwilling in her anxiety to live so far away from him as at Malta, got herself put under the protection of the Sisters of Charity at Galata, and there was a witness of their life. She describes it well and with feeling, and the article is worth reading. So also is Captain Scammon's "Pacific Coast Sea Views," in which there is much of the charm that, in so many books and stories, has made most people vow, now and again, once or twice in the course of their lives, to go and live in South America. Mr. John Manning tells something about the Maories which will be new to most American readers, and there is other good reading in the *Overland's* customary good quantity.

Old and New for July is called a commencement number, and has an interest for college men which it has not for the general reader. The general reader will, however, be pleased in reading what was the condition of learning in this country when the late Mr. Everett was a college student, and will take courage when he sees how sure has been the advance from bad to better in our American college system within the last half-century. We have small doubt that in the Harvard College of 1911 the student will be offered as wide a field of study, and as good instruction in it, as the student in any college in the world. In *Old and New* we have contributions from a dozen different professors and presidents scattered throughout the country as to the condition of things at their various colleges. The articles are not systematized, but information can be got from them.

The most agreeable reading in the *Catholic World* is an account of Father John de Brébeuf, a Roman Catholic missionary to the Indians in Canada and the West, some three hundred years ago. Agreeable, too, in a way, is a bloodthirsty attack on Mr. J. A. Froude, the historian, apropos of his recent speech, or oratorical essay, delivered before the students of St. Andrews, in which his subject was "Calvin and Calvinism." We do not profess great admiration for Mr. Froude nor for his histories, and we do profess some respect for this writer, who seems to us to have made out a case against Mr. Froude more than once, and to have shown him to be very inaccurate and very careless, if not a good deal worse than that; but we suggest that, if Mr. Froude deserves all of this writer's contempt, he deserves, then, rather less of his indignation and wrathful displeasure. It may not, by the way, be generally known, and it may, perhaps, be as well to know it, when considering how to take him when his business is the handling of this or that religionist, that Mr. Froude was at one time deep in the Puseyite or Newmanite movement at Oxford, and followed Newman far towards Rome.

In "The Italian Guarantees and the Sovereign Pontiff" the government of Victor Emanuel gets some invective of a kind which, in the ear of an American not a Catholic, sounds like the talk of a person in a dream. Here is the first "indictment" brought against Signor Venosta and his colleagues: "By this decree the door is thrown open to every sect that chooses to come and try to proselytize the Roman people. They must see as clearly as we do that the last clause of Article Second deals the most powerful and insidious blow at the spiritual power of the Pope in spiritual matters, encouraging his people to spiritual defection, or at least lessening him in their esteem as a spiritual teacher." The last clause of this Second Article reads as follows: "The discussion of religious questions is entirely free." In the opening of his article the writer appears to assert of Victor Emanuel that he personally displayed rather a violent form of reluctance when his ministers were endeavoring to persuade him to accept the Roman *plébiscite*; he kicked the furniture about at Florence, breaking chairs and overturning tables in his unwillingness to permit "the violation of the Papal territory, or to accept the *plébiscite* of the so-called people of Rome." But his legislators were too much for him, and success crowned the infamous policy whose sole object is to retain in the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff's enemies as much of their ill-gotten power over him as they can retain without incurring danger from his spiritual weapons.

*** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books on the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Mulock (Miss D.), Little Sunshine's Holiday	(Harper & Bros.)	
Olive: a Tale	" "	1 50
Pendleton (Mrs. H.), The Parent's Guide, 2d ed	(S. R. Wells)	1 50
Poor (H. V.), Manual of the Railroads of the U. S. for 1871–72	(H. V. & H. W. Poor)	
Rankin (John, LL.D.), Fons Clavigera	(John Wiley & Son)	1 00
Schwartz (Marie S.), The Wife of a Vain Man, swd	(Lee & Shepard)	1 00
Spillan (Dr. D.), Livy's History of Rome, translated, 2 vols	(Harper & Bros.)	
The Workshop, No. 5, swd	(E. Steiger)	40
Tyndall (Prof. J.), Light and Electricity	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Wallace (Mrs. E. D.), Strife: a Tale	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)	1 75
Walworth (M. T.), Delaplaine	(G. W. Carleton & Co.)	1 75
Whitney (Mrs. A. D. T.), Zerub Throop's Experiment	(A. K. Loring)	
Wilford (Florence), Vivia: a Tale, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.)	50
Won—not Wooed, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	50
Yonge (C. M.), Cameos from English History, 2d series	(Macmillan & Co.)	1 50

JUST OUT.

CHARLOTTE ACKERMAN,

A THEATRICAL ROMANCE

Founded upon interesting facts in the Life of a Young Artist of the last Century.

FROM THE GERMAN OF

OTTO MÜLLER.

Translated by

MRS. CHAPMAN COLEMAN AND HER DAUGHTERS,

The Translators of the

MÜHLBACH NOVELS.

Cloth, price $1 50; in paper, $1.

For Sale by all Booksellers.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,

822 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

BOOK-BUYERS.

Send for Catalogue of INTERESTING, USEFUL, and SCARCE BOOKS added to the Stock in hand of

FRANCIS EMMINS,

80 Nassau Street, New York.

NOW READY:

The American Law Review

FOR JULY, 1871

(Completing the Fifth Volume).

CONTENTS:

I. History of Admiralty Jurisdiction in the Supreme Court of the United States. II. The Reporters and Text-Writers. III. The Scotch Courts. IV. Digest of the English Law Reports for February, March, and April, 1871. V. Selected Digest of State Reports. VI. Book Notices. VII. List of Law Books Published in England and America since April, 1871. VIII. Summary of Events. IX. Correspondence.—Title and Index to Vol. V., Table of Reports, Table of Cases.

TERMS:

Single Numbers $1 25
Yearly Subscription 5 00
Vols. I.–V., in law sheep, each 6 00

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers,

BOSTON.

YALE and HARVARD use

Whitney's German Course,

Otto's French Course.

HOLT & WILLIAMS,

PUBLISHERS,

No. 25 Bond Street, New York.

The Publishers issue a very large assortment of works in the same department.

☞ A descriptive catalogue will be sent gratis to any one referring to this advertisement.

HENRY K. VAN SICLEN,

BIBLIOPOLE,

133 NASSAU STREET

Catalogues sent on application.

Special attention given to orders by letter.

THE WORKS OF THE

Rt. Rev. Ashton Oxenden, D.D.,

Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada.

My First Year in Canada. 16mo, cloth extra, $1. (Just ready.)
The Lord's Supper Simply Explained. 18mo, cloth, 40 cents.
The Christian Life 12mo, cloth, $1.
The Pathway of Safety; or, Counsel to the Awakened. 12mo, cloth, $1.
Decision. 18mo, cloth, 60 cents.
Family Prayers for Four Weeks. 12mo, cloth, 90 cents.
Prayers for Private Use. 18mo, limp cloth, 40 cents.
Portraits from the Bible. Old Testament Series, containing twenty-three sketches of Bible Characters. 12mo, cloth, $1 25.
—— New Testament Series, containing thirty-four Sketches of Bible Characters, 12mo, cloth, $1 25.
Cottage Sermons; or, Plain Words to the Poor. 12mo, cloth, $1 25.
Cottage Readings. 12mo, cloth, $1 25.
Fervent Prayer. 18mo, cloth, 60 cents.
God's Message to the Poor. 18mo, cloth, 75 cents.
Short Lectures on the Sunday Gospels. Vol. I. Advent to Easter. 12mo, cloth, $1.
—— Vol. II. Easter to Advent. 12mo, cloth, $1.
The Home Beyond; or, A Happy Old Age. 12mo, cloth, 60 cents.
Words of Peace; or, The Blessings and Trials of Sickness. With Meditations, Prayers, and Hymns. 12mo, cloth, 60 cents.
Baptism Simply Explained. 18mo, limp c'oth, 40 cts.
Our Church and Her Services. 18mo, cloth, $1.

Any book free by mail on recipt of advertised price.

POTT & AMERY,
Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOKS FROM LONDON.

All buyers of Fine, Standard, and Miscellaneous Books should put themselves in communication with

J. SABIN & SONS,

BOOKSELLERS AND IMPORTERS,

84 Nassau Street, New York,

AND

272 Buckingham St., Strand, London.

They keep constantly on hand a large and varied stock, and are in constant receipt of Books from London. Orders or English Books will receive attention.

The Bibliopolist, a Monthly Catalogue and Library Register, contains a Catalogue of a portion of the stock. The numbers for June and July (continued) will be issued in ten days. Specimen sent gratis.

SOME OF THE BOOKS FOR SALE.

DEFOE'S WORKS. 20 vols. 16mo. Tree-calf. The best edition. $90.

HUMBOLDT, A. New Spain. 6 vols. 8vo, half-calf, uncut. London. 1811. $10.

CARLYLE, THOMAS. The History of Frederick the Great. 6 vols. 8vo, tree-calf extra. Splendid copy. $35.

LAMB, CHAS. Works of. 4 vols. 16mo, calf. London. Moxon. 1850. $11.

WALPOLE, HORACE. Royal and Noble Authors of England, Scotland, and Ireland. 5 vols. 8vo, tree-calf, gilt edges. A splendid copy, fine impressions of the plates. Binding by Rivière. $45.

THE BEST EVENING PAPER.

NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER,

PUBLISHED AT 2, 3, 4, AND 5 O'CLOCK.

One year, invariably in advance.....$9 00
Six months, in advance..... 4 50
Three months, in advance..... 2 25
Per month, in advance..... 0 75

Single copies, for sale everywhere, at 3 cents.

Terms of Advertising in Daily.

Advertisements, Leaded or Displayed, on First, Second, and Fourth pages, 10 cents per line each insertion.
Local Items, on Editorial page, before Business Notices, 25 cents per line agate measure, each insertion.
Business Notices, 20 cents per line each insertion.
Notices after Money Article, or in Editorial columns, 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion.
Advertisements on Third page, Leaded or Displayed, 15 cents per line each insertion.
☞ All advertisements charged for the space they occupy, on a scale of 14 lines to an inch.
☞ No advertisement inserted in any part of the paper for less than 75 cents first insertion.

NEW YORK SPECTATOR.

The Cheapest Reading,
The Best Weekly,
The Largest for the Price.

TELEGRAPHIC, POLITICAL,
PERSONAL, LOCAL,
LITERARY, COMMERCIAL.

Its News, Market Reports, Financial Review, and Editorials are made up from the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, the leading evening paper of the country, the oldest, best, and most reliable journal published in the United States.

In the columns of the *Spectator* will be found matter interesting and instructive to the farmer and his family.

Its Financial, Commercial, and Market Reviews will be full, complete, and satisfactory to merchants and business men.

Especial attention is to be given to that department which will be most attractive to the ladies. The Latest Fashions, Household Miscellany, Stories, Poetry, etc., for the home circle.

Its Editorial Matter will be found fresh and sparkling, bold in tone, spicy in matter, accurate, concise, and read-

Terms of Subscription.

Single copies, one year..... $1
10 copies, one year..... 9
20 copies, one year, one address..... 16
40 copies, one year, one address..... 30

Terms of Advertising in Weekly.

Published on Thursday.

One month, or 4 insertions, 10 cents per line each insertion.
Three months, or 13 insertions, 8 cents per line each insertion.
Six months, or 26 insertions, 6 cents per line each insertion.
One year, or 52 insertions, 5 cents per line each insertion.

Advertisements must be received by 3 o'clock on Wednesday to ensure insertion.

Be particular and direct all orders,

HUGH J. HASTINGS,
Corner of Fulton and Nassau Streets, New York.

Weekly papers copying the above Prospectus, and sending us a marked copy, will be entitled to a copy of the *Spectator* for one year.

The Labor Question is the most important question in the Political Economy of the United States.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE COOLIE:

HIS RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

By the Author of "GINX'S BABY."

12mo, 380 pages, paper cover, price 50 cts.; in extra cloth (on thicker paper), price $1 25.

"This edition of 'The Coolie' has been expressly prepared for American readers, and has been corrected by the author's own hands. The subject of it is only one branch of a wide and deeply interesting question—one likely to increase in interest with the expanding energies of the Anglo-Saxon race through British and American dominions....It is well that Americans and Englishmen should feel a common interest in all great questions of social polity or of philanthropic principle."—Extract from Preface to the American Edition.

☞ For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent by mail, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,
416 Broome Street, New York.

SLAVE SONGS OF THE UNITED STATES.

A Unique Collection of Original Melodies—words and music—obtained among the negroes of the South; preceded by an account of these Songs, and an Essay on the Negro Dialect, as observed at Port Royal, by Prof. W. F. Allen, of the University of Wisconsin. Cloth, 8vo, price $1 50.

Sent post-paid on receipt of price. Address

Publisher of "THE NATION,"
Box 6732, New York City.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

MAGAZINE. $4 00 PER YEAR EACH,
WEEKLY. $10 *for the Three,*
BAZAR. $7 *for Two.*

An Extra Copy of either gratis for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at* $4 *each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for* $20.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE sent by mail on receipt of five cents in postage stamps.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

T. C. SELLEW,
DESKS,
OFFICE AND LIBRARY FURNITURE,
103 Fulton Street, New York.

BANKS AND OFFICES FITTED UP.

PRATT'S Astral OIL. Remember that oil may be cheap, and give a good light, but be unsafe to use. Pratt's Astral Oil is the most reliable, purest, and, above all, the SAFEST illuminating Oil ever made. It does not take fire or explode if the lamp is upset and broken. It can be used in the ordinary kerosene lamp.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1871.

The Week.

A LITTLE interviewing of prominent politicians is about as near an approach to activity as politics have been showing this week, and the principal personages interviewed have been Mr. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, and Mr. John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, both of whom had something to say about "the new departure." A very old departure, Mr. Adams said, it was in Massachusetts; and, indeed, it is to be noted, that both on the Republican and the Democratic side, Massachusetts was very early after the war to show sense and statesmanship. It was in 1865 that Governor Andrew laid it down as the only sound doctrine for reconstruction, that the natural leaders of the Southern communities must be allowed to take their natural place in that work or it could not be stable. To-day we have about learned the lesson which six years ago that truly sagacious statesman tried to teach us. That the Democrats in Massachusetts should have felt the inevitableness of accepting the results of the war, may seem not remarkable, considering what their surroundings are. But Connecticut has plenty of Republicanism in it and around it, yet see how unteachable the Connecticut Democrat is. Perhaps, with his generations of Calvinistic disputation behind him, he is more logical than his Eastern brother. Mr. Adams said that the Democracy must declare outspokenly in favor of free trade and a general reduction of taxation. Those Republican journals which are anxious to have the "failure of Grant's administration, which the Democrats talk about" pointed out to them, should listen to what Mr. Adams has to say about the financial policy of the Secretary of the Treasury, which Mr. Adams speaks of as "disgracefully incompetent," and a policy which, to so shrewd a people as ours, should seem unpardonable. As for the amendments, they must be accepted, and there was no reason that he could see why the Democracy should be frightened at them. Reconstruction could be modified under them. And it ought to be modified, for the undiluted ignorance of the negroes made them dangerous, as ignorant voters must always be; ignorance disfranchised about 50,000 men in Massachusetts, he was told, the State requiring its voters to know how to read and write; and ignorance should disfranchise in the South as well. No one charged Massachusetts with violating the amendments by demanding this educational prerequisite. As for candidates, Mr. Adams thought that, as the strength of the party is, and must be, in the West and South, the candidates should come from those parts of the country. Mr. Hoffman would be a good candidate in 1876. Mr. Gratz Brown simply had to say that "Grant is as dead as a door-nail," and that he thinks "Mr. Greeley will have no show in the Republican nominating convention."

The Civil Service Commission came upon the constitutional question before it had been many days in session, and adjourned after making a case for the Attorney-General's opinion. One of the Washington correspondents fired after them as they went off, as a parting shot, a statement that they had drawn fifty dollars a day for their services, which was not a bad story to set afloat, the inference from it being obvious, that Civil Service reformers, who began their work in this way by lining their own pockets, were a parcel of hypocritical pretenders. So they explain through the New York *Tribune* that Congress having appropriated $10,000 for the expenses of the commission, and four of the commissioners having been appointed from private life, the President assigned these $2,000 each, as suitable compensation, which they are at liberty to draw when they please; and as they had come great distances from their homes, and are entitled to no mileage, and spent three weeks in Washington in the middle of the hot weather, their going off with $500 apiece in their pockets, was not such a proof of a grasping, voracious disposition, and of complete indifference to the public welfare, as it seemed at first sight to the "reportorial" and editorial eye, particularly as they are going to devote themselves during the next four months to the study of the subject. But what a grand thing it would be if one of them could, before Congress meets, be detected in getting drunk or stealing a watch! Let us keep our eyes on them.

The differences between Mr. Boutwell and General Pleasonton have ended, as was anticipated, in the resignation of the latter, who is to be succeeded by Mr. Douglas, his deputy. This is the sole piece of Washington news worth mention, except the finding of an indictment by the Grand Jury against Messrs. White and Ramsdell, the *Tribune* correspondents, for refusing to testify before the Senate. What they have to do to save themselves from the terror of the law is to say where they got the copy of the treaty which they transmitted to their paper. This handing of them over to the court is, however, a very undignified proceeding. The Senate ought to have chastised them with its own sword, or else let them go.

Worse things might happen than the election of Mr. Adams to the Massachusetts' Governorship next year, for Mr. B. F. Butler has written a letter, saying that he intends to get the Republican nomination if he can. This letter is characteristic of him at his best, and is a pleasant mixture of fraud, guile, evasiveness, impudence, cunning, and malice, and will have the effect of making Doctor Loring very disagreeable company for his friends during the next few days. The editors of a Sunday paper wrote to the General asking him, in substance, these four questions: Do you intend to get the nomination if you can? When you ran for Congress in 1866, did you promise to help Loring to get the Governorship, and are you cheating him in allowing your name to be used now? Did you "inspire" a certain article in the Newburyport *Herald*, and may its views be considered yours? If you should be elected, what would you do about enforcing the Prohibitory Law? It is in his reply to the second question, where the General sticks pins into the doctor, that the letter is best. In answer to the first question, Mr. Butler says yes, he does desire the Governorship, for it is an honorable office and to be sought "by all proper means." And, he goes on to say, "Your second question I have answered in my reply to the first, because, if Doctor Loring had made any agreement with me, either express or implied, by which I was to give him any support, however feeble, for the high office of Governor in consideration of his advocacy of me for Congress, such an argument would not be a proper means by which that office should be attained." So that's clear. It would be naughty; and of course, if it was anything naughty, B. F. Butler is not the man to have anything to do with it. And here is a pin for Doctor Loring, who should not be greedy for office till he has been longer in the ranks: "The falsity of such assertion is seen when the element of time which the detractors of Dr. Loring and myself do not take into account, is observed. My first candidature for Congress, when Dr. Loring was at all in the field, was in 1866, two years only after he came into the Republican party, and when it is unreasonable to suppose he could have had any expectation or thought of being its candidate for Governor, or could have been making any arrangements therefor." The doctor is evidently no match for this sort of a letter-writer. But Butler is well hated by a good many Massachusetts politicians, and the disgrace of seeing him in Governor Andrew's chair may not improbably be averted. We should hope that, in case he is nominated, decent Republicans, instead of staying away from the polls, may go there and vote for any respectable Democrat. As the Chicago *Tribune* remarks, there is no reason why the Fifth District, having caught him, like the small-pox, should try to communicate him to the whole State.

At this writing forty-seven victims of the late riot in this city have died; the number of wounded will probably never be accurately

known, as a good many cases have been kept private for various reasons, but it cannot fall far short of two hundred. It is safe to say that no occurrence has for many years, if ever, so thoroughly roused and united the intelligent and respectable portion of the community, of all parties. The Protestants are really angry and combative, and the better class of Catholics have been at least apologetic. The militia regiments which took part in the fray, and especially the Seventh, never turned out in greater force—a good evidence of the depth of the feeling excited by the Mayor's action. The mob seems to have been thoroughly cowed; it is doubtful whether so large a force of blackguards was ever before tamed in so short a time. The police, in spite of the discouraging circumstances under which they had to act, and in spite of the fact that a large proportion of them are Irish Catholics, behaved admirably. By the action of the soldiers, one little fact was established which is worth notice by all intending rioters, and all persons whom idle curiosity tempts into localities in which riots are expected, and that is, that calmness and self-restraint and a passive waiting for orders under strong provocation are not to be expected from volunteers as it is of regulars. When volunteers begin to feel the brickbats and stones, a volley from them may be reasonably expected. This is, perhaps, not as it should be, but it is well that it should be known and remembered by whom it may concern.

It seems to be established, we are sorry to say, that Governor Hoffman did know what Mayor Hall was going to do about the Orange procession, at least a day, or it may be two days, before the 12th, and that consequently the glory of rousing himself frantically, on hearing what was impending, and coming to the city in the night in the character of a raging American, to see that the Orangemen had their rights, is not justly his due. In fact, he appears to have come only when he heard of the torrent of indignation which burst forth when the Mayor confessed that he could not prevent the ruffians of the city doing what they pleased. He consequently is not receiving as much applause from the Americans as his conduct at first sight seemed to deserve, while to the Irish he is naturally an object of deep execration; nor is it likely the Ring will forgive him. On the other hand, the Mayor produces in his justification a letter from Mr. Bond, the Orange Grand Master, written to the Superintendent of Police several days before the 12th, begging of him not to let the procession come off if he could help it, if he thought it would be attended with bloodshed, Mr. Bond being evidently considerably frightened, and his fright being very grateful to the worthy Mayor. As it was, only a very small force of Orangemen appeared in the procession. This certainly does in some small degree palliate the Superintendent's order.

Whether all processions should not now be prohibited is a question under discussion before the Police Commissioners. There are weighty reasons for deciding in the affirmative; but we must say there are also very weighty ones on the other side. Processions block the streets, to be sure, but they make holidays for a class which needs holidays sorely, and in a community in which holidays are rare. They cherish feelings of fellowship and co-operation, and gave a little dash of the picturesque every year to lives that are apt to be very bare and monotonous. Besides, they all, except the Orange procession, help to promote peace and harmony; but we must repeat that the Orange processions are, in their very nature, demonstrations of defiance and hostility. This is a fact which no amount of pious declamation on the part of Protestants, and ruffianism on the part of Catholics, can cover up. Nevertheless, if the Irish Catholic associations here were not composed, as they so often seem to be, of inflamed idiots, they would, next year, escort the Orange procession through the city, and give the Orangemen a dinner in the evening. In so doing, they would do more to make the hated order harmless than eight millions of Irishmen, armed with two bludgeons each, and making six speeches a week, could hope to do in a century; and more than this, they would gain from the American public what they have not now—a reputation for common sense and decency.

We do not exactly know what it is in our views on Irish history expressed apropos of the late riot which surprises the *World*. It seems as if it thought we had fallen into a grievous error in saying that the result of the Battle of the Boyne was the establishment in Ireland of a "system of class rule which might fairly be called devilish," and which only came to an end at the time of the American Revolution. We did not suppose it would be necessary to explain that we referred to the "Penal Laws," which formed the only system of class rule resulting from the Battle of the Boyne which could fairly be called "devilish," and which did lose their stringency about the time of the American Revolution. We mentioned the American Revolution for the purpose of explaining to numerous gifted writers all over the country, who were following the luminous footsteps of the erudite Hall and Kelso, in talking of the Battle of the Boyne as a "local scrimmage," fought two hundred years ago—that not only was it a very important battle, one of the most important of battles, but that its consequences were felt by the Irish Catholics in the very marrow of their bones down almost to a period within the memory of living men. It is quite plain that it would do many newspaper men good to read some popular history of the Revolution of 1688, and some of them will be driven to it, if this Orange row lasts much longer.

Elizur Wright has written to the Boston *Advertiser*, maintaining, as we expected somebody would maintain—apropos of the recent opinion of the judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, about the eligibility of women to be justices of the peace—that a written constitution can be interpreted by anybody who can read it; that lawyers are no more competent to get at its meaning than any one else; that it is improper to interpret it by the aid of "custom;" that Governor Claflin is just as well able to decide as the judges who may be appointed justices of the peace, and so on. This doctrine about written constitutions has been held, if not proclaimed, by large numbers of Radicals during the last ten years; and it has at least the merit of simplicity and economy. Written constitutions were originally understood, in American polity at least, to be restraints on the will of the majority for the time being; and to ensure their being so, a body of professional judges was charged with the duty of interpreting them, and surrounded by every possible guaranty of honesty, impartiality, and ability. This being found inconvenient, the grand plan of choosing the interpreters for the express purpose of interpreting in a particular way, was resorted to, and in many States, even in the United States, is now in operation. But even this is found too cumbrous and troublesome; and we are now getting down to what may be called the "hard pan" doctrine, that everybody who can read a constitution can interpret it for himself. If the governor can, of course the sheriff and constable can, and *à fortiori*, the private citizen, who makes the governor and the sheriff. The French reached this point long ago, and get over the difficulties which occasionally arise as to whose interpretation is the right one by cutting each other's throats. We are too humane to settle matters in that way; so we shall vituperate each other in the newspapers and in lectures.

There is one other delightful invention, which may be called supplemental to the above, and which is intended to get rid of the effect of contemporaneous construction on the interpretation of constitutions, and it is this: When you want to find something in a constitution which is not there, and which you know as well as you know that there is a nose on your face, that the framers of the constitution never even dreamt of putting there, you must bring up the rule, "They builded better than they knew," which means that the framers did really intend what you wish they had intended, but that they did not themselves know they in-

tended it—the words which according to you bear that meaning being put into the instrument under inspiration or other occult influence. In this way you get what you want without wounding tender consciences or laying yourself open to the charge of lying or equivocating, and not only without seeming guilty of want of respect for the constitution, but with the appearance of a deeper respect for it than the literal interpreters. A similar holy trick is occasionally practised by the temperance men when they try to prove that the wine made by Christ was unfermented wine, and by the Woman's Rights champions, who declare that, when Paul condemned women to silence in the church, he only meant the naughty Greek women. We need hardly say how much this process contributes to manly simplicity and truthfulness and candor in national and individual character.

The full accounts of the Corean affair have reached home, and it certainly wears a somewhat different aspect from that which it presented when it was first reported. We were told that the fight occurred because the Coreans had treacherously murdered the crew of an American ship, and would not give proper satisfaction; but it now appears that when the American fleet appeared in Corean waters it at once made preparation to survey the Corean coasts, rivers, and harbors, and entered on this duty with armed boats, and said nothing about vengeance or satisfaction, but, on the contrary, assured the Corean authorities that its intentions were pacific. The Coreans, however, on seeing "the boat parties armed with cutlasses, pistols, and Remington rifles," and "the Benicia launch carrying a 24-pounder in the bow, and the others with 12-pounders, and all having a good supply of shell, canister, and shrapnel," surveying their river, as hard as they could, without asking permission, did what any civilized people in the world would probably have done, and what a barbarous people, jealous of foreigners, was sure to do—looked on it as a hostile demonstration, and brought down troops and attacked the expedition, and were soundly thrashed and slaughtered for their pains. Of course, if it be lawful, or in the interest of civilization, to survey foreign rivers, whether the owners like it or not, the fight was a very honorable exploit; but if the Coreans have the right to prevent their rivers being surveyed, it was a great outrage. In fact, it is but a continuance of the policy begun, in the East, by Great Britain, and which we had hoped all Western Powers had abandoned.

In England, the collapse of the army bill has been followed by the success of the ballot bill in the House of Commons, and its success in the House of Lords is counted on, but not with certainty. The discussions over it in the press are interesting, as indicating the transition from the trust theory of the franchise to the "natural right" theory. The opponents of the ballot maintain that, as the suffrage is a trust, it should be exercised at least under the control of public opinion, which alone is capable of ensuring its proper exercise. They also fall back on the purely utilitarian argument, and predict the most horrible consequences, particularly in Ireland, as likely to flow from secret voting, but occasionally, in a wild way, cite the example of America in support of the doctrine that the ballot, after all, does not ensure secret voting. On the whole, if all the arguments about it were put together, it would seem as if it would do neither harm nor good. We think it might be said, as the result of American and all other experience, that where the constitution of society is such as to expose large classes of voters to intimidation, the ballot helps to protect them in the enjoyment of their liberty; and where there is no danger of intimidation, it practically loses its secrecy, and exposes the voter freely enough to the action of public opinion.

Appearances in France are all in favor of a trial, at all events, of the Republic—this time, as M. Thiers says, by the Monarchists, the Republicans having shown themselves unequal to the task. The trial will be made now, however, under unusually favorable auspices, for reasons to which we have already called attention, and notably the overthrow of Paris by the country. A Republican Assembly can now sit in the capital with an amount of security which none of its predecessors has enjoyed, though of course this might be said of any government which might be set up. *Coups d'état* by mobs will probably never again be blindly accepted by the provinces. The devotion of the Conservatives and Moderates to Thiers continues to grow in intensity—and even Mazade, who has always, except at the outbreak of the war, been very calm, calls him "le glorieux vieillard." Gambetta is appearing more prominently on the scene, and has taken his seat in the Legislature, but in a very chastened and sober frame of mind, and declared, according to an interviewer sent after him by the New York *World*, that ignorance has been the cause of French disasters; he used to think it was "treason."

M. Edmond de Pressensé, the well-known writer, contributes an interesting article to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of June 15, containing his own reminiscences of the Commune, which he studied very closely, having remained in Paris during the second siege. His account of its origin and aims is substantially that which we have frequently put forward in the *Nation*—that it was, in the beginning, a regular Jacobin rising, in imitation of that of 1793, and having in view the establishment of a Red Republic all over France, to be governed by a Central Committee sitting in Paris. It was under the influence of this idea that the forces of the Commune marched out to disperse the Assembly at Versailles, but the plan was frustrated by the fire of Mont Valérien. It was then, when all hope of ruling France had to be given up, that the theory that they were fighting for municipal independence was got up with which they were so successful in gulling foreigners, though it seems all along to have amused French observers mightily. The internal conflicts by which the Commune was rent were due to the constant collision of the Socialist element, which wished to "reorganize society" with the merely rowdy and military element, which cared nothing about Socialism, but liked fighting, and tumult, and power. M. Pressensé's accounts of the administration of justice under the Commune would be very amusing if they were not so horrible. He quotes from the notes of M. Rousse, the *batonnier* (senior member) of the order of advocates of Paris, an account of a curious interview with Rigault, the Procureur of the Commune, with whom he sought to intercede in behalf of the imprisoned priests. Rigault was a hardened ruffian, of the type of our City Hall politicians, who used to amuse himself making out proscription lists, and used to attend the theatre, surrounded by a bevy of prostitutes, with whom he laughed and joked obstreperously during the performances, apparently enjoying the terror with which he inspired the audience. "Humanity" was relieved of the rascal's services by his summary execution after the entrance of the troops.

As regards the financial situation in France, it continues amazingly good, though the correspondent of the London *Economist*, an exceptionally good authority, says the greater part of the sum "demanded" by subsidies to the loan "was asked for without the slightest desire to get it, and without the means of paying for it if granted, with, too, the intention to sell on the Bourse the portions obtained without delay, in order to profit by the premium to which the loan had been driven." Perhaps the greatest danger the Republic has to run will come from the increase of taxation, which the cost of the war has made necessary, and which M. Thiers is aggravating by a return to a protective policy. The strong point of the Empire with the peasantry was, that it kept the taxes light by meeting its yearly deficit with loans, a device through which the peasantry ought to have seen, but, being ignorant, did not, and the new regime will doubtless suffer in their eyes from its greater honesty, as well as from its difference of views on the tariff question. The Consul-General at New York during the war, M. Place, has, in spite of his denials when here, been found guilty of fraud, peculation, and embezzlement. He misappropriated in various ways $254,000, and put thirty-five per cent. more than he paid on some of the arms he bought for the government.

THE IRISH AND THE RIOTS.

It is somewhat surprising, and is, indeed, fresh proof of the want of political capacity of the Irish Catholics in this city, that they do not defend themselves in the matter of their attacks on the Orangemen by the arguments which some of our radical brethren have put forward in defence of the Communists. The Irish can truly say that they do not try to kill Orangemen through any love of killing. They shoot and throw stones at them simply as a means to an end, and that end is the realization of an ideal, namely, the establishment of a social state in which there will be no Orangemen, or, indeed, Protestants of any description, but in which all will be Catholics, and confess their sins twice a year auricularly, and when they walk in procession will walk in honor of some saint. They may be mistaken in thinking that killing people is a good way of bringing this about, but they are at least earnest in an age when Protestants are nearly all lukewarm and half-hearted. Moreover, it must be admitted that the rioters, as they are called, are courageous; rioting, therefore, cannot be such a bad thing after all, when those who engage in it risk their lives as the gallant men and women did on the sidewalk and in the windows of the tenement-houses last Wednesday week. Let us add, too, that the police acknowledge that while the rioting was going on crime of all kinds in other parts of the city notably diminished. There was fighting in Eighth Avenue, but there were never so few assaults, batteries, or burglaries in the other avenues and streets. And the Catholics might ask the snivelling conservatives who are now denouncing them whether no killing has ever been done by Protestants, and whether the United States do not kill whenever it suits their purpose. The United States killed tens of thousands only a few years ago in order to realize their social ideal, and are the Irish population of this city not to be allowed to kill anybody to realize *theirs?* Those who affect to be horrified by their doctrines are usually men who live at home at ease, satisfied with things as they are, and thinking this the best of all possible worlds because their wants are supplied. The Irish Catholics of this city, however, are not satisfied with things as they are. In fact, they do not at all like the way things are going. They want more money, and less work, and fewer Protestants, and cheaper whiskey. Whatever marching in procession is to be done, also, they want to do themselves; and they desire these things with a passionate longing which ought to put to the blush the cold and sneering Yankee voluptuaries who are abusing them, and who desire nothing strongly enough to take off their coats and fight for it; and it ought to make progressive men hesitate about interfering with them. It may be that their ideal is impossible of realization, and that there will never be a world in which all will be Catholic Irishmen, but we advise those who think so to look back a little. The world moves, and we move with it. If anybody had predicted, fifty years ago, that nearly a third of New Yorkers would be Catholic Irishmen, he would have been laughed at for his pains, if not worse; and yet that has come to pass.

This view of the case is not, perhaps, an obvious one. It would not occur to most men, but neither did it occur to most men that it could, under any circumstances, become laudable or excusable for a Jeremy Diddler like Cluseret, and a little Bohemian like Paschal Grousset, and a theatrical claqueur like Bergeret, and a blackguard loafer like Rigault, and a pair of crack-brained visionaries like Delescluze and Assis, to take possession of Paris, and burn it in the interest of "humanity"; or that the cruelties of Thiers on the field of battle, and the atrocities of the Catholic clergy in various ages, could make it allowable or proper to murder sixty old and inoffensive priests in cold blood; and yet men in America, who call themselves "moral" and "religious," have been saying all this, or something very like it.

There have been various morals drawn from the riot, and, of course, first and foremost, the obvious one that there is a point at which the patience of Americans becomes exhausted, and that, when it has been reached, people like the Irish mob in this city had better go home quietly, and attend to their lawful callings; but there is another, which does not, perhaps, at this moment present itself so readily, and that is, that the duty of obeying the laws of the land, and the great laws of morality, is not one that can be taught spasmodically with any effect. The Irish were long received with open arms in the United States, in the conviction, which was firmer some years ago than it is now, that the possession of the ballot acted like magic on men, and could in a year or two convert ignorant peasants into intelligent citizens. This has been gradually surrendered; it is now generally acknowledged that naturalization leaves a man pretty much what it found him, and that the quality of the voter depends entirely on the quality of the person out of whom the voter is made, and that the ignorant and brutal have to become decent and self-restrained through much the same process on American soil as elsewhere. It has in like manner been supposed, and even preached, that winking at, or conniving at, their violations of law would, in some mysterious manner, gradually train them to respect the law. The Fenian organization, for instance, has been from first to last a standing outrage on the peace and dignity of the United States, and probably nothing better calculated to create and develop a lawless, turbulent spirit among the Irish population than the attempts made by that organization to make marauding expeditions into Canada could well have been invented. It is by no means wonderful that both those of the Irish who engaged in these attempts, and those who looked on and saw them made with impunity, should have come to the conclusion that there was nothing they might not safely attempt, if they only put their political or religious feelings in the foreground, and it must be remembered that it was not Mayor Hall and Bill Tweed who encouraged these monstrous violations of the law; it was leading Republicans. In fact, it is only four short years since the principal Republican papers roundly abused Andrew Johnson for a very mild attempt to hinder large bands of Irish robbers from marching into Canada, drums beating and colors flying, under orders from a junta sitting in New York. But although two of these Fenian performances have taken place, nobody has been really punished for them, and nobody has found fault with the Government for not punishing them. It may have been wise policy for the United States Government, so far as they were concerned, to let the matter drop, but it was very unfortunate for the city of New York, for it satisfied a large body of Irish here that they were really above the law as long as they acted in masses and on some religious or political theory of their rights.

We may add that we cannot help fearing that those who imagine that the slaughter of the rioters on the 12th has put an end to the pretensions on which the riot originated will find themselves very much mistaken. What has happened has been the result of a totally unlooked-for display of energy and independence on the part of Governor Hoffman. Had he chosen to remain quiet, the Orange procession would not have marched; the great assertion of American principles would never have been made; and whatever damage the triumph of the Catholics would have inflicted on the principle of religious and political equality would have been inflicted. It must be remembered, too, that it is this city which chooses the governor, and, for some time back, the Ring has found no difficulty in procuring a subservient legislature from the State at large—that is, from Protestant Republicans. Peter B. Sweeny is just as powerful in Albany as he is in the New York Common Council. It is by no means likely that Hoffman will escape punishment for the late revolt, or that his successor will get the Democratic nomination without a searching investigation into his views about the right of Protestant processions to the streets of the city; and on this question we may be sure he will be "sound," and will promise not to meddle with the action of the local authorities. Now, with a governor "of the right sort" at Albany, and such a legislature, say, as the last, there is not the least reason to hope that we shall have any permanent improvement in the state of affairs here. With a legislature such as the State of New York ought to elect, the great Catholic bogy in the city could be readily robbed of all its terror. The matter of processions, for instance, might be dealt with by general legislation in such a way as to prevent the streets being made the battle-ground of factions. But in saying this, we come back once more to the fact that behind the folly and wickedness of the Irish there lie American shortcoming, corruption, and indifference, without which Irish folly and wickedness would be of little importance and cause little inconvenience. Any reform which is to affect the condition of this city must come from the action of Americans themselves.

NORTH CAROLINA AND A NEW CONSTITUTION.

We hear from North Carolina the first sounds of a political strife which many thoughtful observers have anticipated as almost certain to follow the reconstruction measures by which the revolting States were restored to their normal relations with the Union. A bill is pending before the legislature—or perhaps has already been enacted into a law—which provides for a convention to revise the State constitution. The existing constitution, which was adopted in the spring of 1868, contains a clause in substance as follows: "No part of the constitution of this State shall be altered, unless a bill for that purpose shall have passed the legislature by a three-fifths majority of all the members, and shall have then been published six months previously to a new election of members, and shall have again passed the legislature next succeeding such election by a two-thirds majority of all the members, nor unless the amendments so proposed shall have been finally submitted to the electors, and shall have been approved by a majority of all those voting." The Republicans of North Carolina, at least as represented by the newspapers, pronounce this movement of the Democratic legislature to be utterly illegal and void. They predict, as we learn from Washington, that if the proposed plan is carried into execution, and a new constitution passes through the forms of adoption, and an election is held under it, the present State and county officers will refuse to surrender their offices to the claimants, and that the disorders and contentions which will necessarily arise from this conflict of authority will furnish a sufficient occasion for interference by the United States Government. This programme, which some of the correspondents have sent on from Washington, is certainly not a pleasant one to contemplate. All attempts on the part of the Republicans to create a public opinion which shall be triumphant at the polls, and which shall defeat the Democratic project of undoing the work of settlement and remodelling the organic law for mere partisan ends, would be legitimate and eminently praiseworthy; but another appeal to the general Government, another interference by Congress and the President in the domestic politics of the State, would be worse than anarchy. We pass this topic by, however, with no more than an allusion to its importance. We purpose to enquire whether the proposed convention to revise the North Carolina constitution, and the work done by it, will, in the face of the restrictions contained in the present fundamental law, be legal and valid; or whether, on the contrary, they will be illegal and void, revolutionary and usurping, so that resistance by the existing State officers will be not only proper but necessary.

The answer to this question will not in the least depend upon any theory of State or national sovereignty which we may adopt. Assuming that complete political sovereignty resides in the one people of the United States and nowhere else, still the exercise of this sovereignty in respect to a very large class of governmental objects and functions has been entrusted to the people of each State, to be wielded by them as freely as though they were independent in every sense of the term. Among these objects and functions the most important is that of forming a State constitution. With the manner, means, process, and time of creating a new constitution for a State, neither the United States nor its Government has anything to do; upon this subject the organic law of the nation is absolutely silent. The question then is simply this: Can the people of a State, by any self-imposed limitation, restrain themselves from the exercise, under the forms and processes of law and not in a revolutionary manner, of the powers of sovereignty which have been freely and fully entrusted to them?

We can conceive of a society as a mere aggregation of individuals without any government or law. With them the initiative in the formation of a constitution would of necessity be a voluntary act, of which nothing legal could be predicated. The same may be true when a government has been overthrown by revolution; the reconstruction may have no connecting link of legal validity with the past organization, and its commencement may be without any element of authority. But the ordinary process of revising a State constitution belongs to neither of these classes. There is no absence of government and law, and no break made by revolution. We instinctively assume that the new structure must be united to the old by a legal connection; that the work of rebuilding must proceed with all the forms of law and under the sanction of the government; and that the result shall have no operative force, shall be in fact a mere proposal, until it has been accepted and ratified by the people at large as the expression for the time being of their supreme will. This is the American idea and the American practice. In the vast majority of instances this legal connection and these regular forms have been simple, obvious, and unquestioned. State constitutions have generally contained no restrictions upon the power of amendment, and have either been silent upon the subject or have expressly authorized the legislature to take the initiative. A change appearing to be desired, the legislature, either by virtue of its general powers or of an express authority, passes a statute providing for a convention. This body, elected directly by the people, meets, deliberates, and produces a plan which is submitted to the electors for their approval or rejection; if approved, it becomes the organic law. The constitutional convention thus described is a regular part of our governmental machinery, as necessary and as legitimate as the ordinary legislature.

In some instances, State constitutions have affirmatively prescribed the manner in which amendments may be adopted or an entire revision made. Such provisions, unless they are expressed in a negative form and contain positive prohibitions, are plainly declaratory in their nature. They do not prevent a resort at any time to the fundamental action of a constitutional convention. But the constitution of a State may contain a clause respecting amendment and revision which is not simply declaratory, but, like that of North Carolina, is restrictive to the one manner and form prescribed, and prohibitory of any other. Is such a clause operative and binding upon the people's will, acting through the ordinary legislative channels, and finally expressing itself by a general vote? It may be instructive to refer to some examples. The Pennsylvania constitution of 1776 provided for the election, at short intervals, of a small body, to be called the Council of Censors, who were empowered to call conventions to amend or revise the organic law. The preamble made this particular method obligatory, and plainly forbade a resort to any other. These censors failing to exercise the authority conferred upon them, the legislature in 1789, without any previous vote of the people, called a convention which framed the constitution of 1790. The constitution of Delaware of 1776 contained the following section: "No other part of this constitution shall be altered, changed, or diminished, without the consent of five parts in seven of the assembly and seven members of the legislative council." The legislature was composed of two houses, the assembly, containing seven members, and the council, containing nine. As the language of this section was entirely negative and prohibitory, if operative at all it cut off any resort to a convention, or to a vote of the people, even though unanimous, and left but one legal and valid method in which the constitution could be revised, a concurring vote of the two houses, with a majority at least of five to two in the one, and of seven to two in the other. In the face of this peculiar and peremptory restriction, the legislature, in 1791, without any previous legal authority from the people signified by their vote, called a convention which constructed the organic law that became operative in 1792. The Maryland constitution of 1776 said: "That this form of government and no part thereof shall be altered, changed, or abolished, unless a bill to alter, change, or abolish the same shall pass the general assembly, and be published at least three months before a new election, and shall be confirmed by the general assembly after a new election of delegates in the first session after such new election." Here, too, as in Delaware, a convention was legally impossible under any concurrence of legislative and popular majorities, if this clause was as binding in law as it appeared to be in words. No change was made until 1850. In that year the general assembly passed a statute submitting to the people the question whether a convention should be held or not. In pursuance of the vote upon this statute, a convention assembled. Their work being submitted to the electors, and approved by them, became the constitution of 1851. The constitutions thus formed and adopted, in direct opposition to the negative and prohibitory restrictions of the former system, have always been regarded as valid. No one has doubted or questioned their complete binding force as the fundamental law of their respective commonwealths. They

have received the obedience of the people and the governments as freely and fully as though the process of creation had been in exact conformity with the prescribed methods.

But it may be said that this was the result of mere acquiescence. We must then go deeper than the political fact and ask, Were the governments established by these constitutions governments *de jure*, or simply governments *de facto*? This furnishes the unerring test of the question whether the action of the legislature, the convention, and the people in Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, was legal or revolutionary. Did a government subsist in Pennsylvania from 1790 to 1838, and in Delaware from 1792 to 1832, and in Maryland from 1851 to 1864, by sufferance only, and without any foundation of absolute right? This question admits of but one answer; and yet that answer must be an affirmative one, unless these governments were *de jure*—that is, unless the conventions which constructed them were valid and legal bodies, and not usurping assemblies.

The section found in the constitution of North Carolina is identical in substance, though somewhat more elaborate in form, with the provisions quoted from Delaware and Maryland. It prescribes one, and only one, method of amendment or revision—the concurring assent, by majorities of three-fifths and two-thirds, of two successive legislatures, and the approving vote of the electors. Although the people should demand it with unanimity, and their demand should be seconded by the legislature, no convention is possible without a revolution, if any binding force and effect is to be given to the restrictive language. We are thus brought to the very point upon which the whole discussion must turn. No such limitation inserted in a State constitution, and attempted to be placed upon the supreme will of the people acting in an orderly manner through the regular and customary legislative means, can be effective; the action of the people in this manner and by these means must be legal and valid and not revolutionary. It should be carefully noticed that this proposition does not include the case—which once arose in Rhode Island—of an attempt, outside the existing government and unsupported by legislative sanction, to establish a new organic law under color of the people's voluntary action. This would be revolution, and would be none the less so although successful. Constitutions are but the expressions of the people's will. According to the present universal practice, they receive their sole authority from a direct vote of the electors and not from any assembly of delegates. It is the peculiar feature of American government that the people have reserved to themselves the power of creating, by their own immediate act, the organic law of a State. A constitution, being thus a creation and an instrument, cannot be above and superior to the creators who have given to it all its life and force. The very meaning of sovereignty implies this; and if we do not admit that the States possess sovereignty the conclusion is not changed, for the free exercise of the powers of sovereignty which have certainly been given to them implies the same truth. Sovereignty cannot exist under limitations, nor can its free exercise be controlled. This is plain if we consider that, from the very nature of the attribute and of an organic law, if a limitation may exist at all, it may be made absolute. If a State constitution may confine the supreme will of the people to one method and means of operation in reference to future amendments and revisions, it may prevent a recourse to any and all methods and means, and thus make itself permanent. While, therefore, conceding that the statute passed by the North Carolina Legislature, and the convention which may be assembled in pursuance thereof, will, in themselves, be tentative only, and that the instrument which this convention may adopt will be a proposal merely, we reach the conclusion that, when the electors shall have, by virtue of the same statute, approved and ratified this proposal, it will become, to all intents and purposes, *de jure* as well as *de facto* the constitution of the State. Continued resistance would then be rebellion, and interference by the National Government would be usurpation.

NOTORIETY.

We are only saying what nearly everybody has either said or thought, when we say that by no means the least marked of the effects on modern society produced by the newspaper press, has been the increase and diffusion of the love for publicity through all classes and conditions. This it has accomplished by putting publicity within nearly everybody's reach. The love of fame is of course a passion as old as the race, but it differs essentially from the love of notoriety in this, that fame rests on respect and admiration, in greater or less degree, while notoriety rests simply on the lowest order of curiosity. Now, it would be useless and unfair to deny that the press has done and does much for fame, but it would be also useless to deny that it has done far more for notoriety, and in doing it—that is, in making it easy for a man to become widely known without having achieved anything which would justify his fellow-creatures in occupying their minds about him—it has enormously stimulated the passion for being known and talked about, *no matter for what reason*, which seems to be inherent in a certain class of natures. For a good while this passion showed itself among us in a very mild form, by converting a few men into bores at public meetings and other gatherings, and leading to excessive display at watering-places, and even in these cases it was not easy to draw the line between it and an honest desire for admiration. But of late it has grown out of a mere weakness into a positive disease, and is fast producing among us a class of persons whom it is no exaggeration to term moral monsters. There is now hardly any class, or any institution however respectable, in which its ravages may not be traced. Take the church for example. If there be one doctrine of Christianity more persistently and earnestly preached than another, both by its founder and all its greatest professors, it is that religion is a thing which, to do its full work in the soul, requires above all things privacy—not to say secresy—not only a constant indifference to public opinion, but an active avoidance of all reference to it; prayer is to be secret; good works are to be secret; confession is to be secret; repentance secret. In short, they take constant note of the debauching effect, even on the best natures, of a life of publicity, and of the habit of subservience to the vain and fleeting judgments of men, and the steady decline of self-reliance which such a life is sure, in the long run, to bring about. All the philosphers tell the same story. They all say, if you would be pure and manly, and aim high, you must be simple; and if you would be simple, you must keep a very large portion of your life, and, above all, your motives, out of the market-place. Your self-examination must be private; revised copies of your judgments upon yourself must not be handed to the reporters; and you must steadfastly look for the reward of nine-tenths of your good deeds in a region where "first-class notices" are unknown.

If we were now to attempt to prove by illustrations how far this ancient way of building up character has been departed from in the practice of the modern church, how many noisy pastors help to produce noisy disciples, to whom the seclusion of the smallest corner of the soul would be agony; who cannot bear that even the least of their little thoughts about life, or death, or judgment, should not be "worked up" in some way; who can hardly pray without letting the newspapers know they are going to do it, or sorrow over a child's or wife's death-bed, or lose a friend, or go through any other deep, or bitter, or sweet experience of life, without having it made, or making it, the subject of an editorial, or turning it into a magazine article, and calling the whole nation to take a look at their emotions, we should raise a pretty storm about our heads. We shall therefore not do anything of the kind, and happily it is not necessary. There is no person who reads this who cannot supply dozens of such illustrations from the sphere of his own observations. We shall not, for a similar reason, seek them in other places than the church. We shall content ourselves with saying that those who imagine that the atmosphere in which these things are done is a healthy one, or one in which the seeds of noble character are sown, are not only mistaken, but may rest satisfied that it is an atmosphere highly conducive to the growth of noxious weeds, and that though it takes a good while for the plan of living, and praying, and working, and sorrowing, and rejoicing with open doors to show its full fruits, they come at last.

If we were to say that Fisk, and Train, and Woodhull, and Claflin, and a dozen others we might name—whose visible influence seems to be small, but whose career, depend upon it, is producing its effect on the silent and invisible army of young men and women who are pouring into our great cities year by year in quest of fortune, and determined to be *known* somehow—were the legitimate and natural results of the insane culture of publicity in thought, word, and deed which has been a very prominent feature for some time back in religion, literature, and reform, we should, perhaps, seem guilty of extravagance, and yet we cannot help saying it, and have no doubt of its truth. It is a system which develops

the coarsest side of human nature, and appeals to the lowest class of motives, and subjects conduct to the least reliable of tests, and naturally and inevitably opens a career to knaves and charlatans which is full of prizes, and which every year is sure to be more crowded. Having once got into the habit of encouraging people to make themselves notorious, we cannot avoid rewarding them by notoriety, and notoriety has become, with the aid of the newspaper press, not simply a source of gratification, but of gain.

Take the case of Fisk. This man came to New York a few years ago, a smart, impudent, and ignorant pedlar, without morals or manners, and with a good deal of animal spirits, and in search of two things—physical enjoyment and notoriety. The physical enjoyment he might have had with a little money, but notoriety he could only get with the help of the newspapers, and this help they gave him to his heart's content. He went incontinently to work to do strange, indecent, and outrageous things, and they went to work to chronicle them and denounce him for them. This was natural enough when he first showed himself on the scene as a swindler and blackguard, but when it was discovered that he was really indifferent to public opinion, that he had no shame and no sensibility, and really enjoyed his bad reputation, liked to be thought lewd and smart and knavish, the press at once began to treat him as a curious phenomenon, and laugh over him, chronicle his movements, record his jokes, give him pet names, and devote an amount of time to the consideration of him as an entertainment simply, which proved the best advertisement any charlatan ever had, and gratified his dearest ambition. To be "in the papers" every day, to be thought wicked by respectable people, to be thought smart by brokers and drygoods-men and railroad men, are what he of all things most desires. The treatment he received, too, helped all his speculations. It advertised his theatre, his steamboats, and his railroads; it made the box in which he sat, and the carriage in which he rode with his strumpets, the objects on which all eyes were fixed. His fame, in short, filled the continent, and has now filled the civilized world. At last, too, the jocose treatment of him resulted in making him look less disreputable than he was at the beginning; from laughing over him a good deal, people got to thinking him "not such a bad fellow after all"; and, finally, we came to see business suspended at mid-day in the principal thoroughfare of the commercial capital of the country, whose courts and legislature he had corrupted, in order to see him ride down as elected Colonel at the head of a regiment nine hundred strong, composed of respectable young Americans. As colonel of this regiment, he, the other day, asked for a municipal invitation for himself and it from the city of Boston, and, amongst other things, expressed a desire to have "divine service" celebrated for his benefit on Boston Common. The newspapers, thereupon, took this up, and discussed it, and joked over it, showed the absurdity of it in article after article, and paragraph after paragraph, as if Fisk was really trying to play the hypocrite, and was trying to pass himself off as a religious man, the fact being that he was merely gratifying a showman's love of making a sensation, and by the newspaper exposures of him as an impudent dog got all he wanted, and probably far more than he looked for.

The last instance of the way in which the press allows itself to nurture this evil growth is the most flagrant and startling of all. Most certainly the late riot was, to any right-minded man, a very shocking and very solemn occurrence. The slaughter of nearly fifty persons and the wounding of two hundred others by the fire of soldiers in the streets of a great city in a time of profound peace is something by which nobody could well help being deeply impressed, even if it were the result of an ordinary riot raised by plunderers or brawlers. But, considering that the riot was an outbreak of savage bigotry and lawlessness on the part of a very considerable portion of the population of the city, and a portion, too, which exercises a powerful influence on the government of the city and State, it must be admitted that it furnished food for a great deal of painful reflection. Heaven knows, too, it furnished plenty of serious topics for editorial treatment. There is hardly a single interest of the city, political or social, which the mental and moral condition of this ferocious and brutal Catholic rabble does not touch at some point or other. It seems scarcely credible under the circumstances, and yet it is strictly true, that while the dead were still lying unburied, and everybody was filled with horror and indignation, and was trying to form a rational judgment about the cause and probable consequences of the tragedy, the point which most of our leading morning papers, and amongst the evening papers even the *Post*, treated as apparently second in order of importance, was the manner in which James Fisk, jun., bore himself in the fray. Did, or did he not, stand his ground? Did he fly, or, if so, was he disguised? If disguised, what was the disguise? Was he really hurt, or was it all a sham? Whither did he fly, and where is he now, and what does he think of the whole thing?—were questions which editors and reporters discussed, some gravely, and some jocosely, but all elaborately and at length. It having been finally ascertained that Fisk really was borne from the field disabled, and did really make a hasty escape through fear of the mob, we were treated to whole columns of banter and reprobation of him as a humbug and pretender, and a person wanting in military courage, as if there was something amazingly ludicrous or shockingly disgraceful in this wretched charlatan's unwillingness to expose his body in an honest cause; and as if his career had been of a kind to lead people to expect him to face bullets without flinching, and as if, too—and this is the best or worst of it—he was particular about his reputation for bravery, and would be overwhelmed with shame and mortification at having people believe that he showed the white feather. The whole thing might, perhaps, pass as a very poor joke, if it were not that it is joking of this kind which keeps Fisk and the like of him afloat, and which is likely to produce scores of his successors. We cannot make Fisk a personage of importance, and fill everybody's mind every morning with his doings and sayings, without making Fisk's career an object of secret admiration to thousands, and making thousands in their inmost hearts determine to imitate him. The newspapers ought to remember that, while for some offenders against public decency and security denunciation may be a proper and effective punishment, the only way of reaching others is not to mention them.

Correspondence.

SCIENCE AND ALCOHOL.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your issue of the 13th instant, a clever reviewer of Dr. Calkins's book on stimulants, referring more particularly to the action of alcohol and caffeine, says that "science does not yet announce . . . the definite rules of temperance or of abstinence which are needed to guide the practice of the world. Neither those who denounce nor those who indiscriminately extol the use of stimulants can adduce, in the present state of physiological science, sufficient reasons for their belief. The data of a definite judgment are still wanting, and we must wait for their discovery through scientific observation and experiment;" with much more to the same effect.

Those who either "denounce" or "indiscriminately extol" the use of stimulants cannot possess the true scientific spirit which recognizes neither right nor left, and refrains from judgment until sufficient data have been carefully observed and compared; but for those who side with neither tipplers nor teetotalers science does suggest something very like "definite rules" for the employment of alcoholic stimulants in health or in disease.

The denunciatory school founds its philippics upon the solitary proposition that alcohol is not convertible into any living tissue, and therefore, not being a "food," can subserve no purpose in the economy; the extreme partisans of alcohol, on the other hand, under the not very definite formula that it diminishes disassimilation, seem inclined to infer that the more of it one swallows, the greater will be the saving of tissue. Both appear to overlook the one great purpose of food and of living tissue—namely, the evolution of force. So demonstrable is this that the physiologist can predicate the amount of force obtainable from a certain quantity and kind of food with almost as much accuracy as an engineer can calculate the motive power procurable from a given weight of coal. Most of our aliments become integrated in the textures of the body before they fulfil their final function of generating energy; but some afford immediately and rapidly oxidizable material, and chief among these stands alcohol. If exertion be so suddenly demanded, or so prolonged that the ordinary processes of assimilation are inadequate to preserve the balance between waste and repair or to furnish fuel as quickly at it is wanted, alcohol may supply the temporary need, and thus prevent the exhaustion of structures required for other purposes. In some fevers, for instance, where combustion is going on so actively that the patient is actually, and without metaphor, burning to death, not only does alcohol save the solid textures from destruction by supplying other material for oxidation, but its appropriateness is frequently shown by the fact that larger quantities are tolerated in such sickness than in health.

The question as to the amount of alcohol which is consistent with

"temperance" is of course to be answered by determining the maximum which can be oxidized—*i.e.*, utilized for the evolution of force; all beyond this amount exerting a narcotic action, or, in other words, becoming a poison instead of a food. This maximum amount has been fixed by the careful observations of Dr. Anstie, and by the still later experiments of Professor Parker and Count Wollowicz, at about two ounces of absolute alcohol per diem (a quantity nearly represented by four ounces of brandy or whiskey) for a healthy man of average weight and stature; the proper allowance for women, and probably for "light-weights," being proportionately less. If more than this amount be taken, the surplus circulates in the blood either, as some physiologists assert, unchanged, or, as modern chemists believe, having been converted into aldehyde, the great affinity of which for oxygen impedes the proper aeration of the blood.

Of the positive utility of alcohol in well-selected conditions of disease, there can be no doubt. Its use in health may probably be circumscribed thus: If a man be so circumstanced that he need not overtax his energy, that he need only work when he "feels like working"—that is to say, if he lead a physiological life—or if his daily expenditure of force be no more than can be steadily supplied by the assimilation of more nutritious food, he will seldom, if ever, require the aid of alcohol; but in the brain-wasting and muscle-taxing strife of civilized communities so many sudden or wearying exigencies, whether of business or of pleasure, beset us that few of us can place an optional limit to our labor, and in such cases the moderate employment of alcohol—if taken to supplement, not to supplant, more enduring food—is not only harmless, but beneficial. The fact that a few exceptional individuals are able to accomplish great work on no stronger diet than vegetables and cold water, cannot afford a rule for the vast majority, whose instinctive desire must be regarded as the expression of a physiological want.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

A. L. C.

New York, July 15.

THE RUNAWAYS AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your explanation of that famous passage in Romeo and Juliet, commencing "gallop apace," in No. 314 of your paper, is good. But it occurs to me that Juliet continued the "classical idea" more closely, and called the "fiery-footed steeds" the "runaways," and that that word should be plural possessive instead of singular.

As Shakespeare used the word "wink" to mean to close the eyelids, and to keep them closed, as in this passage, "And I will *wink*, so shall the day seem night," the idea would be that the "steeds" should "immediately" reach the end of the journey, and close their eyes in rest in the "close curtains" of darkness, and, as you say, "not betray the meeting of Romeo and Juliet."

The point I make is, that there is no need to bring in the sun as a "runaway," but let the steeds be the "runaways."

The change of an apostrophe from the left to the right of a letter *s*, or the reverse, is surely a very small typographical error even in our day.

Truly,

O. C. Blackmer.

Chicago, July 8, 1871.

Notes.

Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston, the well-known publishers of medical works, issue a circular announcing for publication in August, September, and October next a long list of works valuable to the profession, and among them is one which may be of interest to the unprofessional reader. It is rather strangely described as being "by the author of 'Protoplasm'"—a title which one would say is the property of Professor Huxley—and is called "Life Theories: their Influence on Religious Thought." The author is Dr. Lionel S. Beale. The unprofessional reader may, perhaps, be interested in another of Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston's books: namely, a translation of Dr. Duchenne's work on the use of electricity as a healing agent. The translator, who is Dr. Tibbits, Superintendent of the London Hospital for Paralyzed and Epileptic Patients, adds to Dr. Duchenne's treatise many notes of his own.

—In their *Monthly Bulletin*, Messrs. Lee & Shepard give some account of the Swedish novelist whom they are introducing to the American public, and quote a letter of hers to her American translators which presents her in a pleasant light. Madame Sophie Marie Schwarz began writing in 1852, in which year she published "The Preface," which had, she says, youthful defects, but also was thought to have merit, so that in the same year "Unprotected," the story of two illegitimate children, and written, says Madame Schwarz, "too much in the French style," was published and received with kindness. In the course of the next year appeared "The Marriage," "Self-Interest," and "The Passions," and, before 1858, such was the author's fertility, she had published fourteen works of fiction, besides numerous smaller writings. In 1858 appeared the first of her "novels of purpose," a variety of fiction that she afterwards cultivated a good deal, and then gave up, for the creditable reason, which we wish some of our story-tellers would consider, that, warmly as she felt her heart beating in behalf of some of the causes which she wished to promote, she perceived that she was not equal to solving the problems with which she had been trying to deal. This confession she makes so frankly—and upon her perception of its truth she acted with honesty—that it speaks very much in her favor, and determines us to think well of her books in spite of her productiveness, so ominous of ill, until we have read some of them. This we hope to do shortly, and to relate our experience to our readers. It was in this year, 1858, that she first became fashionable in her own country, and since then she has written no less than twenty-five stories, which have all been well received. She has had the honor of translation into Dutch, French, English, Polish, and German, and is said to be popular wherever she is known. Since 1865 she has been writing under two agreements with Otto Janke, a Berlin publisher, the first being one which bound her to publish with him in German one year before she publishes in Swedish, and to publish in Swedish under a pseudonym; the second, now in force, binding her, in consideration of a larger honorarium than she had been receiving, not to publish certain of her books in Sweden till they had been three years published in Berlin—rather singular compacts, which Herr Janke may, perhaps, be pleased to see in print. Madame Schwarz praises highly the work of Miss Selma Borg, a Swedish lady, and Miss M. A. Brown, an American lady, who have jointly translated her books for the Boston publishers. As it does not appear that she habitually uses English, it is not clear that her judgment on this head is of value; but authors have a way of passing such encomiums on their translators as contentedly as our philanthropists and clergymen, *qua* philanthropists and clergymen, testify to the relative excellence of pianos, or warrant chromo-lithographs to be "as good as the original"—which, indeed, they often are; but for a reason which the clergyman and the philanthropist suspect not.

—Under pressure of fear of the cholera, we here in New York, some years since, gave to our Board of Health as much power as the most paternal government could desire, and the board made some use of its despotic authority, and to good purpose, but in ordinary times we allow it to do as little as it likes, and other American cities are not so very much better than ours in this respect. Nor indeed are foreign cities. All chimneys in England do not yet consume their own smoke, despite the Act of Parliament enjoining it upon them, and, to hear Mr. Ruskin talk of English rivers, one might suppose that the sewage question and kindred questions had never been broached. But there are signs of improvement; though the public is not yet convinced that there should be such a thing as "state medicine," and the more enlightened classes represented by the Royal Sanitary Commission are not so enlightened as to prevent that body of medical officers from proposing that the supervision of the public health by enforcement of sanitary legislation should be entrusted to the Poor Law medical officers, of whom, says *Nature*, there are more than 4,000 in England alone. When we consider the character of the British medical student; when we recollect that it is not the medical student of the best type who goes into general practice in country towns; and when we think of the very slender acquirements upon which may be based, and oftenest is based, a successful claim for a license, it stands to reason that the poor-law authorities probably have in their four thousand physicians a very great many men who know little about medicine, and very little indeed about the best means and methods for preserving the health of towns. Indeed, for that matter a man may be an excellent physician, and yet be altogether incompetent to advise the state as to its sanitary legislation. Recognizing this truth, the university of Dublin has addressed itself to the task of supplying the state with medical men versed in state medicine, and a month ago held its first examination, which was open to all doctors of medicine of the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. The course arranges itself under the heads of law, engineering, vital and sanitary statistics, meteorology, pathology, chemistry, and medical jurisprudence, and the successful candidate must show himself acquainted with the legisla-

tion relative to sanitary measures, to the conduct and duties of medical men, to vaccination, to inoculation, and to the management of lunatic asylums; he must have enough of engineering to know what are the sanitary laws regulating the construction, arrangement, and equipment of hospitals, barracks, troop-ships, prisons, water-works, and sewers; he must know what has been accomplished in the science of statistics as applied to the health of man; in chemistry, he must have studied the proportions of air, water, gaseous poisons, and of the principal disinfecting and deodorizing agents; in pathology, the laws of contagion and infection, and the influence of hereditary predisposition; in meteorology, the effects on life and health of various climates, and of changes of the weather. This, it will be seen, is a long and interesting course, and the successful candidate for a diploma will doubtless be able to do the state much service. The aimless young Americans, with money and leisure, "who do not enter on political life," and who, according to one of our religious papers, really have nothing to do, might profitably betake themselves to Dublin, and there prepare themselves to come home, and be efficient members of our boards of charities and correction and boards of health. Or it is not improbable that they may be able so to prepare themselves without crossing the water; the medical school of Harvard University, being, as it is, on the point of transforming itself, may see fit to establish a course of instruction such as "the silent sister," greatly to her honor, has established.

— It may be that the increased cost of making books in America enables English publishers to undersell American; or it may be that, because nature abhors a vacuum, English books rush in to supply the lack of American—for, since the days of Woolsey and Felton, American editions of the higher classics have been few and far between. Whatever may be the cause, there are several series of English text-books that have come largely into use in this country within a year or two, and by their cheapness, neatness, and intrinsic excellence are likely to be used more and more, and perhaps to preoccupy the field against future American editions. Of these is the *Catena Classicorum*, of which Messrs. Sever, Francis & Co. are the American publishers, and which, so far as issued, consists entirely of Greek works. The edition of Thucydides in this series is to be prepared by Rev. Charles Bigg and Mr. G. A. Simcox, in alternate volumes, the first volume, by Mr. Bigg, comprising the first and second books. The introduction contains a brief life of Thucydides and a discussion of the date at which he wrote, which is placed at B.C. 403 or 404, after his return from exile. Then follows an essay on "some characteristics of Thucydides," in which the historian is hardly rated so high as has been common among modern critics. The analysis of his defects, and the way in which they were connected with the circumstances of the time and the spirit of the age, is interesting and instructive, even if it should be thought that his merits have not full justice done them. The notes appear to be very judicious; we have been especially pleased by those which illustrate the politics of the Greeks in commenting upon the Funeral Oration of Pericles.

—"If an Algonkin place name is to be misinterpreted," says Mr. J. H. Trumbull, "the misinterpretation is usually made on the supposed authority of Eliot. When his version is referred to for the purpose of finding an Algonkin word corresponding to one in the English text, the chances are that an affix or primitive is mistaken for the root. There are few writers on American languages who have not somewhere been led into error by relying on statements made on the alleged authority of Eliot's Bible or of Zeisberger's Grammar of the Lenni Lenape (Delaware) language." And Mr. Trumbull goes on to convict of error Max Müller among others, Mr. Duponceau, Mr. Farrar, Vater, and Adelung, and adds that the Indian Bible has been a common place of resort for philologists with some shaky linguistic structure for which they have been unable to find support, unless something of Eliot's could be so wrenched as to be of service to them. Thus it happens that the missionary's great work often goes without the credit which is its due, and the Indians also have been unduly depreciated. Mr. Farrar, for instance, in order to illustrate "the primordial and unbroken barbarism of the North American Indians," and to exhibit "the almost imbecile deficiency of abstraction" which characterizes Indian languages, says on the authority of M. Duponceau—whose dictum is founded on a guess made by Mr. Hackewelder—that when an Algonkin wished to say, "I am that I am," the nearest he could come to that gratification was to say, "I do I do," for his language had no substantive verb. Now, it is to be admitted, says Mr. Trumbull, that the Algonkin tongues have no substantive verb; but to supply the want of one every Algonkin tongue has several verbs to express the *where* and the *how* of being—conditioned existence. *Ohtau*, for example, means *he has, he owns; ohteau* means *it has itself; ayeuonk* (place) *ohteau* is therefore Eliot's translation of Judges xviii. 12, "the place is;" the place has itself. So also *Appu*, meaning "he sits," is used in its various forms to mean *he remains, abides*, and so, *continues to be*. *Ayeu* is another modal verb, which is easily made to do some duty for the verb substantive. It means *to be in some place designated*. Another part of Mr. Trumbull's little essay—which forms a part of the last year's Transactions of the American Philological Society, but is here printed separately—is devoted to the error of maintaining that Eliot found and used in his version an Indian definite article—*mo*, "contracted from *monko*, and properly signifying *it*," and, by Eliot, still further contracted into *m*, which, whenever it occurs before a consonant, Eliot joins to the latter by a *u* or an *e*. Yet it may be easily shown, Mr. Trumbull remarks, that the *m'* prefixed to certain classes of Algonkin nouns is not a definite article, that it does not stand for *mo*, that *mo* is not a contraction for *monko*, and that *monko* does not stand for *it*. *Metah*, for example, does not mean *the heart* in Eliot's Bible, or elsewhere. *Mo* is a negative particle, standing in Eliot's vocabulary for *not*, but oftenest used by him as the sign of the preterit tense to denote completed action, that which *was* and is *not*. The office of the prefixed *m'* was just the reverse of that of a definite article. It was used not with all nouns, but a few only, and with the names of the body and its members, of articles belonging to the person, and of terms expressing relationship, and, as its force was always negative, it was used with these to divest them of all personal and individual appropriation. For example, when an Indian, spoke of the heart, it was his habit to use with it a pronominal prefix, as "*my* heart," "*your* heart," "*his* heart." So, when he wished to speak of heart in the abstract, he used a negative word, and said *m'tah*, which means "heart *not* mine, *not* yours, *not* his," etc. Mr. Trumbull contends also that it is an error to assert the existence of a vocative case in the Massachusetts and Delaware dialects of the Algonkin speech, whatever may be the truth as regards other dialects; and that it is not true that the Indian verb is never found without a pronominal suffix.

—Accompanying the essay on mistaken notions of Algonkin grammar is another which also was contributed to the Transactions of the Philological Society, and which, doubtless, was of interest to that body, and will interest other students of linguistics. "On the Best Methods of Studying the American Languages" is the title of it, and the author begins by pointing out that, if we look through the entire collection of materials for the study of our aboriginal tongues, we shall find that a great part of it is absolutely worthless to the critical student of language. A principal source of error in this, as in other fields of philology, has been that in the collecting and arranging of materials there has often been constant reference to some other languages previously known. Thus, one writer searches twenty American languages for Egyptian roots. Of course, he is just the man to find them in abundance, and it may be imagined of how much service his labors are likely to be. Another, after having, to use his own words, "pursued the comparative examination of the Haytien language and dialects upon all the languages of the earth," announces that the Haytiens are of "Pelagic origin," but that the Northern Algonkins are to be assigned to Central Asia. A third presents a list of words which exhibit the likeness of the Micmac to classical Greek. The rage for collecting words into vocabularies, with the Indian word set against the English, has also, in Mr. Trumbull's opinion, been of bad result. It is next to impossible, he says, to translate any Indian name or verb by any English name or verb. In English, the analytical tendency has attained its fullest development, and, by the use of independent words to express grammatical relations, it has reduced a great part of its vocabulary to monosyllables. The Indians, on the contrary, carry the synthetical method to its fullest development; as Gallatin says, to express in a single word "not only all that modifies or relates to the same object or action, but both the action and the object, thus concentrating in a single expression a complex idea, or several ideas, among which there is a natural connection," is their constant aim. Thus, if an Indian would say what an Englishman says in the words, "He, falling down upon his knees, made supplication to him," he would put it, as Eliot did, into this one word, *wutappesittukqussunoowehtunkquoh*. This is an extraordinary instance, to be sure, but there is an example still more remarkable in the Indian reading of the words, "Our well-skilled looking-glass makers," which is recorded by Rev. Experience Mayhew, a minister on Martha's Vineyard. It runs as follows: *Nuppahknuhtopepenauwutehutchuhquokanehchaeninnumununonk*. And this tendency to synthesis is to be seen in the very roots of the language, and characterizes the primary verbs as certainly as it does Mr. Mayhew's twenty-two syllabled word. For exam-

ple: there is an infinitude of verbs to express *being* under all conditions, but there is no Indian verb over against which, in its vocabularies, we may properly set the English verb *to be*. So, too, of the verb *to go;* it has no Indian equivalent, but the Indian verbs of motion are almost numberless, as to go by paddle, on foot, jumping, flying, after a person, aslant, by a devious path, and so forth. Evidently nothing is gained when a man has collected his list of three or four hundred Indian words, and opposite such words as "to go-on a-foraging-expedition-on-horseback" has placed our verb "to go," "to travel." The Indian nouns, too, present difficulties to the mere maker of vocabularies, unless he sedulously obeys a rule which Mr. Trumbull lays down as of prime importance to the student of our American languages, and sets himself to the task of taking apart, by analysis, what the Indian has so carefully and skilfully put together by his agglutinative synthesis. An Indian noun may rather be said to have tenses than cases; it is predicative, and asserts something, and can seldom be translated into English without an adverb. Thus, the beaver is "the feller of trees" in one Algonkin dialect; another makes him the one "putting his head out of the water." Of general names, of abstract nouns, no Indian language knows anything, and each noun must be taken as a piece of true description—not description as "horse" is in the ears of most men who hear it, but as it is in the ears of an etymologist, who knows it means "neigher." The Chippeway word for the same animal literally means the creature "whose hoofs are all solid;" the Massachusetts word is "the beast that carries on his back a living burden;" while the Dakota is "the wonderful domestic animal." Mr. Trumbull concludes his essay with some directions as to the lines of investigation which it is most profitable to follow out, and, doubtless, would send the pamphlet to any enquirer who—like some of our officers on the frontier, for instance—is so situated as to be of service to philology. Such an enquirer could not fail to find it very useful to him, coming, as it does, from the authority who is recognized as the highest in this branch of philology.

—By a unanimous vote of the corporation of Yale College, Professor Noah Porter was elected to the presidency of that institution, the office having been made vacant by the resignation, after twenty-five years of service, of President Woolsey. President Porter, who is now about sixty years of age, has been a professor in the college for twenty-five years. With all that has been done there, and with all the working of the present system of instruction and government, President Porter is, then, thoroughly conversant, and, as he joins to his intimate acquaintance with the college a character which makes him widely beloved and respected, knowledge of the world as well as of books, it may be considered certain that he will make a highly successful president of Yale as she is. It is not to be denied that it may have been a disappointment to some of the friends of the college that the new president was not taken from among men who believe in the "new education" as it is called, and who think Yale is less like a university for men, and more like a school for boys, than she might be and more than she should be; and this whether the young men's interests or her own are considered. But there seemed to be no such candidate, and we take it to be certain that the public opinion at Yale and among her graduates does not yet approve of the proposed changes, and that the new president represents well the best judgment of nine out of every ten men upon whom the college must lean for support. As an instructor Mr. Porter has been more successful than as an author—though in virtue of his work entitled "The Human Intellect," he holds a good rank among American metaphysicians—and has the affectionate respect of innumerable pupils. The college will not witness violent changes in the course of his administration, but an equable and easy movement in the accustomed channels may be expected with confidence.

—The resignation of President Woolsey, the election of Professor Porter, and the admission of six of the alumni into the corporation, where they take the places of the six senior members of the State senate, were marked by the beginning of an attempt to raise a fund of five hundred thousand dollars, which is to be unrestricted and for the general uses of the college, and is to be called the Woolsey Fund. A committee of fifty, for the collection and provisional management of the fund, is to be formed, and the following named gentlemen are already appointed as members of it, the first ten in order being the original committee, which was empowered to raise its number to fifty, and which at once added the seventeen names that follow: Noah Porter, of the class of 1831; Munsell B. Field, of the class of 1841; Timothy Dwight, of the class of 1849; D. C. Gilman, of the class of 1852; Charles A. White, of the class of 1854; Wm. G. Sumner, of the class of 1863; Edward G. Mason, of the class of 1860; Mason Young, of the class of 1860; Joseph H. Twichell, of the class of 1859; M. Dwight Collier, of the class of 1866. Hon. Thomas L. Bayne, New Orleans; Hon. B. Gratz Brown, St. Louis; Gen. G. Mason Brown, Kentucky; Hon. W. A. Buckingham, Norwich, Conn.; Hon. W. M. Evarts, New York; Hon. Dwight Foster, Boston; Hon. Wm. L. Learned, Albany; Prof. F. W. Fiske, Chicago; Hon. H. H. Haight, San Francisco; Hon. A. Q. Keasbey, Newark; Hon. W. P. Lynde, Milwaukee; Hon. Wm. Strong, Philadelphia; Hon. H. H. Raymond, Charleston; Dr. Wm. H. Stokes, Baltimore; Hon. A. Taft, Cincinnati; Hon. A. D. White, Ithaca; Hon. R. P. Spalding, Cleveland. Half-a-million is a good deal of money, but doubtless the always ready patriotism of Yale will not be vainly called upon, and the committee will report favorably before its five years are out.

—"The Convention of Washington contrived for the Destruction, not the Reconciliation, of Great Britain and the United States," is the rather dismal title of a little pamphlet containing a petition which has been laid before the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty by Mr. John Hindle, Mr. Joseph Foden, Mr. E. Mensforth, and other persons, who represent themselves as acting under the orders of the "Foreign Affairs Committees"—whatever they may be—of Cheshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Birmingham, Maidstone, and St. Pancras (London). They seem to be not very strong as publicists. They say that "they live in daily terror lest England should disappear as a great power from Europe," for her strength is chiefly maritime, and under the benumbing effect of the Declaration of Paris it cannot now be put forth. They add that it is with them a subject of lasting gratitude that her Majesty has never in any way sanctioned that suicidal Declaration—though what they mean by this is not clear—and that they hope she will refuse her sanction to the equally fatal Declaration of Washington. They find it ominous that the treaty in question was signed on the 8th of May, for it was on an 8th of May that the Treaty of London was signed—a document by which the other powers interfered in the domestic affairs of Denmark, and paved the way for the dismemberment of that country, the demolition of the German Confederation, and the unhappy defeat of France. Their fourth cause of despondency Mr. Hindle and his friends find in the fact that the King of Italy is to be among the arbitrators, he "having obtained a great part of his dominions by means of the Garibaldian expeditions, which, being piratical, were similar in character to that of the *Alabama*," and thus being unfitted to sit in judgment upon a case so much like his own. They seem to hold the opinion which "some well-informed parties" were holding in Washington this spring, that Victor Emanuel would pack up his Grotius and Vattel and Von Martens and Wheaton and Mr. Seward's despatches, betake himself to the country, go into his closet, bring his own proper mind to bear on the controversy, and after some studious months come out with his award. In fact, their "sixthly" is not at all unlike the "apprehensions" of our "well-informed parties," who were in fear that the Emperor of Germany might die, in which case the arbitrating which he was to do would have to be done by his son, "who had married a daughter of Victoria, Queen of England," and would so decide as to ingratiate himself with his mother-in-law. The petitioners say that they fear for England, sixthly, "because the arbitrator in the San Juan Channel business is the Emperor of Germany, who has never fulfilled any of the treaties he has made, has broken up the German Confederation of which he was a member, has perfidiously annexed the Kingdom of Hanover, and has shown in his war with France a disposition so ambitious and unscrupulous as to make it impossible to rely upon his judgment in any matter, far less upon one in which a false issue is put before him." The conduct of the war against France is a curiously selected illustration of defective judgment. The petitioners, we may say in conclusion, though they do not exhibit great talents for diplomacy, appear to have plenty of good intentions; so far, at least, as concerns their own country and this.

—The Commune destroyed the Vendôme Column, the Tuileries, and the Hôtel de Ville; it tried to destroy the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which would have been a greater loss to France and the civilized world in general, but in this it completely failed. The order of suppression was issued after the publication of the number of May 15, and before the next semi-monthly number was to appear, the Commune was no more. It must, however, be acknowledged that the *Revue* nobly deserved the order, and that its tenor during the nine weeks of the Communal sway was in every respect worthy of its character and its past. Not only did it continue to present to its readers regularly and calmly, as it had done during the German siege, its periodical budgets of philosophical, historical, and entertaining literature; but not in a single number did it hide its political convictions, or alter its tone under the influence of the terror exercised by the raving apostles of the millennium proclaimed on the 18th of March. The regular and able

expounder of the political opinions of the *Revue*, Charles de Mazade, it is true, surrendered his pen for the month following that *dies nefastus*—for reasons not stated—to F. de Lagenedais, but before the 1st of May he was again at his post as the writer of the "Chronique de la Quinzaine," and both chroniclers were equally unflinching and outspoken in denouncing the origin, the follies, and the crimes, and foretelling the doom, of the insurrectionary government, though prudently refraining from all personal allusions.

—"The date and the form of the *dénouement* in Paris," wrote M. de Lagenedais on April 14, "are slow in becoming known; but the doubts about the *dénouement* itself have vanished. Paris will not oppress France. . . . Right will triumph; this is now assured to us; and, however painful self-felicitation on a success in these fratricidal struggles may be, over that victory we shall have to congratulate ourselves. The nationality of France, so grievously wounded, is in question; it must be saved at any price." "The great achievement of the fortnight is the army, reorganized by the skilful activity of M. Thiers, and through patriotism restored to its sentiment of duty; and if this achievement has not yet been crowned with a triumph in Paris, it is because it would be necessary to shed more blood to have it sooner, and because humanity commands patience when patience can no longer anywhere produce uncertainty." A fortnight later M. de Mazade wrote: "What would be the result if this situation could extend itself, if the sway established in Paris under the name of the Commune could expand, and assume an appearance of duration? It would be the moral, political, material, and national ruin of France; it would be the dissolution of French unity itself." And under date of May 14, he says of the chiefs of the insurrection: "They will have had their quarter of an hour of ephemeral domination only to mark their passage through ruins of their own making. They will have used their existence only for representing the violation of right and liberty under all their forms. If they were to triumph, they would represent only a vulgar usurpation." And as to the near future he adds correctly: "To judge by the signs of decomposition which manifest themselves in the Commune, the end is before us." It was these utterances which exhausted the forbearance of the Commune.

HENRY BROUGHAM.*

THIS first volume of Lord Brougham's autobiography, covering thirty-two years of his life, contains little that could help the reader to detect a chancellor *en herbe*, or foretell a great reformer. Not because it fails to show the lines of character already marked, and the theatre of action already prepared, but Henry Brougham, among all the men of his time, was the one who found occasions rather than made them, and one-third of his life had gone by before his great occasion befel. His genius was not constructive so much as modifying; in literature, he criticised and compiled, but did not create; in law, he amended more than he originated; in statesmanship, he cleared the paths that others pointed out. And if he has left no finished work, and perhaps no lasting fame, it is because his life fluctuated with the events to which he attached it, rather than developed steadily on fixed principles in some chosen course.

Born and trained in Edinburgh, fighting his way and satisfying for a time at least his highest ambition in the wider sphere of London, yielding to rest only so much as his declining years compelled in France, he had the true *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, the pushing energy, the shrewd calculation of interest, the firm grasp of opportunities, that have so often led his countrymen to success, and always saved them from failure. With weaker predominance of his intellectual over his moral nature, less intense personality, and more steady principle, he might have become great instead of remaining only extraordinary.

Brougham records the respectable mediocrity of his many ancestors, without making any clearer claim to that high descent which his enemies ridiculed him for affecting. Perhaps his assumption of the title of Vaux justified them in supposing that uncertainty rather than modesty forbade the claim. But from his maternal grandmother, the sister of the historian Robertson, remarkable for her masculine intellect and clear understanding, he inherited better things than rank or lands. He might have thanked her if she had transmitted her singular beauty too, and so spared him the conspicuous contrast between the handsome Lyndhurst and his almost grotesque successor. From her he derived his thirst for information and his persevering energy, and a far less active mind than his must have gained strength and expansion by intercourse with the able teachers and intelligent society that surrounded him. His companions, too, of his own age, men such as Jeffrey, Horner, Young, Cockburn, Mackintosh, were all youths of parts and ambition, and all rose to distinction in their several pursuits. A brief record made by his mother notes that his great mental powers showed themselves early, and his aptitude to learn continued progressive. From very tender years he excelled all his contemporaries. Nothing to him was a labor, no task prescribed that was not performed long before the time expected. At a very early age he showed considerable talent for speaking in public, and was distinguished for close argument and extreme quickness in reply, seasoned perhaps with a little too much sarcasm. But there was nothing of the prig about him or his companions. The debates of the Speculative Society were relieved by "high-jinks" at the Apollo Club; and the sea-green doors of the New Town, with their huge knockers and brass bell-handles, tempted the endless restlessness of these youths to pranks which Brougham, writing at ninety years of age, recalls with pleasure and even exultation.

Yet with all that they were fed upon, his powers at first took no definite direction. His early fancy of a special aptitude for science never left him in after-life, and it is not unlikely that exclusive devotion to those pursuits might have made his name eminent. At the age of sixteen he conceives himself to have hit upon the binomial theorem in algebra, and a paper on the Newtonian theory of light, which he sent to the Royal Society when seventeen, contains, he declares, the first suggestion of photography. But it becomes clear enough that such efforts were but tentative, and inspired by eagerness for distinction rather than pure love of science, when we learn that he produced about the same time an utterly useless paper on porisms. A porism is defined as "a geometrical proposition aiming to find the conditions that will reader certain problems indeterminate"—and not even Brougham, writing at cold ninety, can persuade us that a hot-blooded Scotch youth of seventeen years was ever as much in love with porisms as he was with paradox and publicity. What his strength of all kinds was at this time may be gathered from the unwilling testimony given some years later by Wilson, who never liked as much as he wondered at his eccentric countryman: "The Lord Harry has more brains than all the rest put together, and has watered them with more toddy, and latterly claret, than would float the whole kit to perdition."

On leaving the university, Brougham made a brief yachting excursion among the Western Islands, of which, to judge from his own account, frolic was more the object than science. "Every morning we shoot grouse, hares, and deer, till five o clock, then eat luxurious dinners, drinking claret, champagne, hermitage, and hock; at night we are uniformly and universally dead drunk." This was followed by a longer tour through Denmark and Scandinavia. There is little of interest in the journal of these travels, if we except a curious story of an apparition, which is dismissed with the matter-of-fact observation, "I believe that every such seeming miracle is, like every ghost-story, capable of explanation." Brougham was never likely in his most excited moments to yield an inch to imagination.

At the age of twenty-three he was admitted an advocate in Edinburgh. How little he was satisfied either with his residence or his profession may be inferred from letters written in 1800, declared that he "continued more and more to detest this place and this cursedest of cursed professions." Evidently the romantic city, pale Edina, wanted for him the spell it exercised over his more poetic contemporary, Scott. He declares that he had an invincible repugnance to the profession, and constantly wrote to friends in London, expressing his desire to escape from it, and to accept any opening in diplomacy. Brougham, in truth, was not meant for a lawyer. He was too petulant and hasty in temper, too impatient of rule and restraint, ever to have risen to the height of his profession unaided by politics. A merely great studious lawyer, like his contemporary Denman, or an oratorical one such as Erskine was, or a philosophical one such as Romilly, he could never have become. It was in cases concerning state interests, or public institutions like the press, that his ardor and passion made him truly great. It was in the vehemence of attack preceding reform that he found his real work. At this period of his life the death in a duel of a brother to whom he was much attached leads to the singular confession that he verily believes his mind was for a time unhinged, for he left Edinburgh and wandered about he knew not where. This unconscious admission is worthy of remark. It betrays a want of mental balance noticed at more than one point in his future course. Throughout his career, calculated eccentricity and strained originality contradicted Scotch sedateness, and made his enemies whisper and his friends grieve. During his early practice on circuit in Scotland, his excesses of audacity at the expense of the

* "The Life and Times of Henry, Lord Brougham. Written by himself." In 3 vols. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers. 380 pp. 12mo.

bench caused his wits rather than his wit to be called in question. And after his descent from the woolsack, the singularity of his conversation while in Paris, and his long brooding retirement in the country, gave rise to grave fears as to his sanity. His restless and irregular mental action more than once threatened to pass into aberration.

Brougham's sketches of the leaders of the Scotch bar at this period are full of generous discrimination. While tracing with much nicety of truth the special merits of the chief lawyers of his time there, he attributes the success of Jeffrey to the fact, mentioned without being explained, that literary reputation, which would prove fatal in Westminster Hall, rather aided than impeded a lawyer's progress in Edinburgh. Yet he adds illogically that Scott had no success at the bar, and that the works of Kaimes and Monboddo were the fruit of their leisure after being raised to the bench. Whether as an aid to success or from strong natural bent, he devoted himself more to literature than to practice. A compilation on the colonial policy of the European powers made his name known to the political world. Viewed in the light of later experience and studies upon the subject, this production seems crude and indefinite; but the topic was then new, and the idea of writing upon it at all made him marked. In 1802, he became, with Jeffrey, Horner, and Sidney Smith, one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, of the origin and management of which he gives a detailed narrative, correcting the "fanciful account" of Sidney Smith. The *Review* was designed to promote sound and liberal opinions upon all questions in church and state at a time when protection reigned triumphant, parliamentary representation in Scotland scarcely existed, the Catholics were unemancipated, men were hung for stealing a few shillings, the horrors of the slave-trade were tolerated, and the prevailing tendencies of the age were jobbery and corruption. The first triumph and continued success of the *Review* astonished its projectors. The most accomplished men in every department of thought became its contributors. The price paid for articles was at first ten, and afterwards twenty guineas, for a sheet of sixteen pages; and all who wrote, no matter what their station, were required to accept payment. A history of the *Edinburgh Review* would fill a small volume; it is enough to say here that Brougham's support of it continued untiring and powerful for many years. To the first four numbers he gave twenty-one articles, and in the first twenty he wrote eighty; and he congratulates himself with reason and modesty on his share in creating its permanent and excellent influence. It might have amused his readers to find an authentic account of his onslaught in 1809 upon Byron's milk-and-water first effusions, and the compliment to "blundering Brougham" it provoked. Byron's own note to his satire indicates how little known out of Scotland Brougham was at that time.

In 1804, Brougham made a tour through Holland, with the professed object of obtaining information on the subject of the slave-trade. He extended his travels to Italy, going as an American with American papers and passport; but his journal contains little worth observation, unless it may be some simple but sensible criticism on the pictures and theatres of Venice, and a brief description of St. Peter's. Returning to England, and after an unsuccessful attempt to organize at Edinburgh a volunteer force —an attempt which was treated by the Government with a neglect that he justly resents—Brougham at length obtained his introduction into public life. This was through an appointment as the secretary of a special mission to the court of Lisbon, intended to counteract Napoleon's presumed design of invading Portugal. The mission was fruitless, as it deserved to be, for it was suggested by suspicion, and planned with insolent treachery. Its purpose, as explained in detail, was to concert aid against a French attack, and, if this should be refused, to seize and transport the Portuguese fleet and court to Brazil, and compel the transference of the government thither! A more mad and wicked scheme of national kidnapping it would be hard to devise. And yet Lord Brougham, while giving a minute account of the plot, and alleging that it was copied from Cortez's seizure of Montezuma, finds no stronger words of condemnation than to say that it was not grounded on good faith. Possibly not; but neither the failure nor the infamy deterred the English Government from as criminal a breach of international law in the seizure of the Danish fleet on a like pretext the year after. The secretary to the Lisbon conspiracy seems to have labored faithfully, and without any compensation from his employers, unless he may, perhaps, have counted it an advantage to have made his first acquaintance with the "tricks and manners" of questionable queens.

The opening of a public career thus gained was sedulously followed up by correspondence and intimacy with leading men of the Whig party. That choice of the party to which his instincts and his training both inclined him being once made, Brougham continued always faithful to it. Capricious and impracticable as he often was, there was nothing false or tortuous about him, and all his future political connections, abstinences, and enmities were dictated by passion, and not by interest. Already, in 1803, he had taken the necessary steps for admission to the society of Lincoln's Inn, and two years later he transferred his home to London. The memoir is vexatiously meagre as regards his first years of professional and social life. Among the Whig leaders, and at Holland House, "the favorite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen," he became a power, from his talent for conversation, his social dexterity, and his occasional sarcasm. But practice came slowly to him, and it was not until the year 1808, when he was thirty years of age, that the occasion arrived which may be said to have made his professional fortune. He was retained as counsel before Parliament for the Liverpool merchants, petitioning against the Orders in Council adopted in reprisal for Napoleon's Berlin decree blockading the British Isles, and for several successive days he spoke brilliantly and impressively before large audiences. It was still two years, however, before he took the next step in his career, by entering Parliament on the nomination of the Duke of Bedford for the pocket borough of Camelford. A letter from the Earl of Rosslyn, in answer to Brougham's request for advice on this occasion, is worth preserving for the good sense inspiring its views of English political and professional life. His maiden speech, made after a month of surprising silence, upon a motion to censure a member of the Cabinet for unconstitutional conduct, was remarked only for its moderation and mildness. He never afterwards exposed himself to a like criticism.

With this beginning of his parliamentary career, at the age of thirty-two, the first volume of Lord Brougham's memoirs closes, leaving the really interesting part of his life yet to be told. The book makes no pretensions to style, edited as it is under peremptory directions to his executor that nothing the manuscript contained should be altered or re-written. But the personal portrait is not the less firmly drawn because it wants miniature finish; and the naturalness of the traits, the side-lights lent by anecdotes and letters, fully make up for any carelessness in artistic execution.

WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.*

JUNE of last year was a hundred and ten years since John Woolman, in the course of one of the most memorable journeys of his life, having crossed from Long Island to New London "in a large open boat," presented himself at Yearly Meeting at Newport. The proverbial "Quaker fog" which prevails at that season may have exaggerated his ungainly form in the eyes of his brethren, but it could have added little to the distortion with which fancy had prepared them to view so notorious a disturber of the peace of slaveholding and slave-trading communities. Of these, Newport was then one of the foremost, and the Friends were as deeply involved in ventures to the Guinea coast, and in buying, selling, and holding their fellow-creatures, as were the most reputable of the "world's people" their townsmen. Woolman's labors were direct and eminently practical. He spoke in meeting, he entreated members privately at their homes, he endeavored to get a hearing before the legislature. Thanks largely to his efforts, the movement had already begun in the Friends' Society which was, ere long, to purge it of complicity with slavery. The "short essay of a petition" which he had prepared to be signed for the abolition of the slave-trade in Rhode Island, and which he "felt easy to leave among Friends, for them to proceed in it as they believed best," was probably pocketed in the committee which Friends have devised for such emergencies. The good seed, nevertheless, was sown, and, in December, 1783, the Quakers were sufficiently advanced to petition the legislature to abolish slavery. An act was promptly drawn, accordingly, but consideration of it was postponed till the next session of the Assembly, and final action was reached only in the fall of 1787.

Mr. Whittier has traced in his Introduction, which is written with a purity of style that makes us regret his exceptional appearance in prose, the history of the connection, or rather of the disconnection, of the Friends with slavery. He conceals nothing of the truth, and only claims for them the just honor of being the first Christian denomination to feel troubled in conscience because of African bondage, and to establish a uniform practice in opposition to it by making it a disciplinable offence. We do not disparage the Quakers, but merely come to the rescue of human nature, when we dwell on the fact that Mr. Whittier's historical sketch proves that the Quaker creed was not, of itself, more saving than any other against what

* "The Journal of John Woolman. With an Introduction by John G. Whittier." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871. 12mo, pp. 315.

we now regard as the greatest crime of which man is capable. The peculiar tenderness and humanity which we associate with the character of Friends, while it doubtless mitigated the hardships of servitude under them, was not instinctively shocked by the very contemplation of the cruelties of the system as practised around them. Woolman, indeed—partly from expediency, it may be admitted, but doubtless also from the natural working of his mind as a sectarian—was wont to picture the slave as the object and occasion of wars sooner than as the suffering "man and brother" of the later Abolitionists. "As purchasing any merchandise taken by the sword," he said to the Yearly Meeting in Virginia (p. 111), "was always allowed to be inconsistent with our principles, so negroes, being captives of war, or taken by stealth, it was inconsistent with our testimony to buy them; *and their being our fellow-creatures*, and sold as slaves, *added greatly* to the iniquity." Even in the wilderness of Northern Pennsylvania, his sorrowful and constant reflections on the evils of slavery, which led him to feel, "in that which is immutable, that the seeds of great calamity and desolation are sown, and growing fast on this continent," took the shape of "a close, laborious enquiry" whether he, "as an individual, kept clear from all things which tended to stir up or were connected with wars, either in this land or in Africa" (p. 194). At this period (1763) the Quakers, professing to be in a peculiar sense followers of the Prince of Peace, differed in no particular from the other Christian denominations in regard to the rightfulness of slaveholding and slave-trading; in other words, their creed offered no test of superior Christian virtue or non-conformity with general usage.

It may be worth while to illustrate this somewhat further by enquiring into the relations of Friends to slavery in the United States, after it had ceased to be permitted in the Society, but when it had become sacred in the public opinion of all parts of the Union. On this point we shall summon but a single witness, and that a saint not surpassed by Woolman himself—the late Rev. Samuel J. May. He, too, visited Yearly Meeting at Newport, in June, 1835, hoping to get from it some "testimony on slavery." The whole story is told on pp. 147-150 of his "Recollections of the Anti-Slavery Conflict"—how the wealthy Friends in the cotton manufacture secured the public halls of the city against him during the continuance of Yearly Meeting; how they even tried to have him excluded from the principal hotel, and, failing in that, had their meals served apart; how they refused him permission to attend their "Meeting on Sufferings," in order to state the objects of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and refused to give the desired testimony. What follows must not be abridged:

"An arrangement was then made by the members who were Abolitionists, many of whom boarded with me at 'Whitfield's,' that I should address as many as saw fit to meet me in the large reception-room of the hotel, in the evening of the second day of my visit. So soon as this was known, it was asked of me if I would consent to let the meeting be conducted somewhat in the manner of 'The Society of Friends,' so that any who should be moved to speak might have the liberty. I acquiesced most cheerfully, not doubting that I should be moved, and should be expected to address the meeting first, and give the direction to it.

"Fifty or sixty persons assembled at the hour appointed. Deeming it respectful to my Quaker brethren to sit in silence a few minutes after the meeting came to order, I did so; and in so doing, lost my chance to be heard. A wily brother took advantage of my sense of propriety, rose before me, and delivered a long discourse upon slavery, made up of the commonplaces and platitudes of the subject, about which all were agreed. He was followed instantly by another in the same vein, and, when the evening was far spent, and the auditors were beginning to withdraw, I was permitted to speak a few minutes upon the vital points in the questions between the Immediate Abolitionists and the slaveholders on the one hand, and the Colonizationists on the other hand."

When purposing a voyage to the West Indies, Woolman had argued himself into the conviction that he could take passage with a good conscience only by paying more than the usual rates, as the penalty for thus encouraging what he called the "excessive" and not very moral trade with those islands. Subsequently, crossing over to England, he preferred to go in the steerage rather than in the cabin, on the outside of which he had observed "sundry sorts of carved work and imagery," and, inside, "some superfluity of workmanship of several sorts." For he justly reasoned that, "according to the ways of men's reckoning, the sum of money to be paid for a passage in that department hath some relation to the expense in furnishing it to please the minds of such who give way to conformity to this world; and that in this case, as in other cases, the moneys received from the passengers are calculated to answer every expense relating to their passage, and, amongst the rest, of these superfluities"; so that he felt a scruple about contributing to defray such expenses. One who tries to figure Woolman restored to life and present activity will perhaps think of him as taking passage for Newport on one of Fisk's steamboats, and endeavoring to settle in his mind what extraordinary price he ought to pay as atonement for countenancing the rascalities of Erie, or what remote corner of steerage or depth of hold he ought to seek as a testimony against the decorations of the state-rooms and saloons. In his own day our Quaker saint fitted not too well with his surroundings, for it was thought when he wore a hat of the natural color of the fur that he "savored of an affected singularity," and Mr. Whittier, in one of his valuable notes, tells of the cool reception and almost repulse given him on his first appearance in Friends' Meeting in London, because "his peculiar dress and manner excited attention and apprehension that he was an itinerant enthusiast." It is certain, therefore, that, considering the transformations among the Quakers themselves, the New Jersey preacher would be sadly out of place if he stepped down from his niche in their pantheon into their meeting-houses and homes at the present day. St. Simeon Stylites at the Fifth Avenue Hotel would hardly appear more anachronistic. Doubtless, the suggested contrasts between our age and his, joined to Woolman's childlike simplicity and naïveté, his often inconsequential discourse, and his half-pitiful, half-amusing bodily afflictions, were what made his Journal favorite reading with Charles Lamb. And if we do not misjudge, they strike a responsive chord in Mr. Whittier's humor (a greater possession than the world gives him credit for); and he takes up the book, not always that he may deepen his moral sense and renew his standard of duty—what every one may do who reads his "Journal" devoutly—but as one, not a Quaker, would open "Don Quixote" or "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

A MEMOIR OF CHARLES MAYNE YOUNG.*

THE title-page of this volume does not well describe the character of its contents, for, of its nearly five hundred pages, something less than a hundred are taken up with the account of the actor, and all the rest of the book consists of extracts, some good, some not so good, from the very comprehensive and garrulous diary of the actor's son. Not that the volume is thus made less pleasant reading; on the contrary, it is a relief, as one reads on and sees Mr. Charles Young's life drawing so very rapidly to a close, and wonders how the remaining pages are to be filled, and fears that they are to be filled with theatrical criticism and greenroom reminiscences—it is a relief to find Mr. Julian Young coolly opening his journal, and, without asking leave or making apology, spreading out before us in all innocence his stories of ghosts and presentiments; his anecdotes of exalted personages, for whom, as a class, he has exalted respect apparently, although of such of them as he dislikes or disapproves he can tell tales; his account of his journeyings to the Continent, and of what and whom he saw there; his jottings everywhere of everything that interested him, from Theodore Hook's joke of calling Miss Matilda Jesse Miss Jatilda Mess, and Sir Dudley Hill Sir Hudley Dill, to the murder story which he relates on the authority of a member of the Aulic Council, and in which are novelist's materials that would have satisfied Werther himself.

We take at random some of Mr. Young's extracts, and think they will make most of our readers to be of our persuasion, that if his intention was to produce a book which should be very readable light reading for all kinds of readers, a garrulous book to be perfectly lazy over, yet over which one can hardly be said to waste time, he has been highly successful. No book of gossip is immortal, and plenty of cleverer books of gossip than this very unpretending one have been widely read and forgotten, but for the present this ought to have popularity. Here is something about a wit of greater reputation once than now:

"1831. June 18. Dined with Mr. Jesse. Met, as one always does, a most agreeable party at his house. None among them shone more brilliantly than James Smith, one of the joint authors of 'Rejected Addresses.' His talk—for conversation it was not—was very racy and witty, and his memory nothing short of marvellous. He quoted pages of Pope and Goldsmith; and sang some of his facetious songs to his own accompaniment. Jesse gave me a curious instance of his ready wit. When he was preparing for the press his 'Gleanings in Natural History,' James Smith one day unexpectedly burst in upon him. The moment he saw him, he said, 'My dear Smith, you have come in the very nick of time, as my good genius, to extricate me from a difficulty. You must know that to each of my chapters I have put an appropriate heading: I mean by that, that each chapter has prefixed to it a quotation from some well-known author, suited to the subject treated of—with one exception. I have been cudgelling my brains for a motto for my chapter on 'Crows and Rooks,' and cannot think of one. Can you?' 'Certainly,' said he, with felicitous promptitude; 'here is one from Shakespeare for you':

'The cause (caws), my soul, the cause (caws).'

* "A Memoir of Charles Mayne Young, Tragedian, with Extracts from his Son's Journal." By Julian Charles Young. Macmillan & Co., London and New York. 1871.

"After dinner we were talking of divers incongruities in language, genders and grammar, as a science. I had the effrontery to say that it always struck me that grammars might be very much simplified in their construction; and that there was one error common to the grammars of the one or two languages with which I had any familiarity which I should like to see corrected—namely, the giving the rule before the definition; that this was putting the cart before the horse; and I fancied that, if a number of instances were given first, from which the scholar saw that 'an adjective agreed with its subjective in gender, number, and case,' he would deduce the rule almost for himself; whereas, according to the present system, the pupil must accept the rule as arbitrarily defined, without understanding it, until the definitions made it clear. There was so much quotation from Horne Tooke, and Harris, and Priestley, and Lord Monboddo, that I began to feel that I was getting out of my depth, and therefore made a diversion by remarking the singular fact that, though the sun in most languages was masculine, in German it was feminine; and the moon, usually feminine, masculine. 'By the bye,' said I, 'if I recollect rightly, in Latin, the names of rivers are generally masculine.' 'I forget,' said James Smith, 'but that can't be the invariable rule in English, for the two great American rivers must be feminine—Miss-souri and Miss-sissippi.'"

Mr. Young's sense of the ludicrous appears to have been easily tickled, but very often the laughs that he records in his diary may be shared by the world in general. A friend of his goes to an Irish gentleman to buy a horse, and this dialogue takes place:

"*Buyer.*—'Have you got a clever horse to show me?'

"*Seller.*—'I have that, sir.'

"*Buyer* (looking at a horse that is brought out for inspection).—'Is he a good hunter?'

"*Seller.*—'Is it a hunter, sir? Why, then, sir, I'll be open with ye. He's a craving oss, but he's what I call a flippant lepper (leaper). I might say, he's the most *intrickate* lept oss in the south of Ireland.'

"*Buyer.*—'Is he a good hack?'

"*Seller.*—"Is it a hack you mane, sir? Well, sir, I'll be fair with ye. He could not, convaniently to himself, trot under sixteen miles the hour.'

"*Buyer.*—'And whereabouts is the figure?'

"*Seller.*—'Is it the figure, sir? Then, I'll tell you, by the virtue of my oath, I should consider it my duty to go a hundred miles to call *anny* man out who would preshume to offer me less than £80 for him.'

"*Buyer.*—'Is he good at water?'

"*Seller.*—'Is it wather, bedad?' (looking round, and standing up in his stirrups, and surveying the country, as if he were a stranger in those parts). 'Boys, is there anny canals about?'"

Perhaps we may best give an idea of the character of the volume, by quoting what immediately precedes and what immediately follows this conversation with the horse-dealer. That which follows it we quote first:

"1856. May 29. This day peace was celebrated. At Miss B. Coutts' to witness the illuminations and fireworks. I went up to the roof of the house with the Rev. Mr. Barlow and Faraday. It was a splendid position, for from its elevation one could see not only over the Green Park, but St. James's Park, Hyde Park, Primrose Hill, Highgate, and Hampstead. I was exceedingly amused by the childlike enjoyment of the fireworks shown by Faraday. He seemed to know the ingredients used in all the pyrotechnic wonders, and halloaed out, with wonderful vivacity, 'There goes magnesium,' 'There's potassium,' etc., etc."

The first of the passages we have mentioned repeats the substance of a letter written home by a boy of eighteen, who had served as a commissioned officer in the battle of the Alma. His mother, a widow, had been anxious to hear from him, but before getting a letter saw his name mentioned, with great praise of his gallantry, in a newspaper correspondent's description of the battle. She wrote to her son, and, as may be imagined, with fervor, calling him her hero boy. The reply was as follows, or nearly as follows, for Mr. Young had to trust to his memory, and, besides, had the story not from the mother, but from a friend of hers. But as he tells it it seems true:

"'Now, dear mother, that your fears about my safety are allayed, and that you have been cheered by favorable intelligence of me, I must undeceive you as to my having any right to such an epithet as you applied to me in your letter.

"'I must confess to you, that, when first I saw the Russian guns opening fire, and saw the smoke wreathing itself upon the heights, I felt disposed to run away as fast as my legs could carry me. I was not without thoughts of undutiful reproach against you for putting me into a profession for which I was physically disqualified. I felt I was a born coward! My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth: my heart beat against my ribs like a sledge-hammer: my knees knocked together; and I doubted whether my ankle-joints would not refuse to perform their office. I found myself unable to resist looking over my left shoulder to see how the land lay behind me; when, suddenly, I was conscious of a strong hand between my shoulder-blades, and of a kindly voice, in good broad Scotch, saying to me, "Come, laddie—forward, mon—forward! Duty, aye, duty!" At that moment, had I been twitted by him or any coxcomb of an officer, with what must have been plain to read in my ashen face and shrinking step, I should assuredly have run away. But there was something so encouraging in the tone of friendly expostulation, coupled with the brave bearing of our old sergeant-major, that I felt renerved, and as if I had had a fresh backbone put into me. On I went with redoubled courage for some little time, till, as I drew closer to the scene of action, and saw more of the hideous effects of shot and shell, I found myself once more looking over to the left; when, again, with the promptitude of a guardian angel, the same firm hand was at my back, and the same kind words repeated in my ears. "Eh, sirs. Come, come, laddie; ye've done vera weel. Forward, then! Duty's the word—aye, duty. Come, then; I'm just proud o' ye." Inspired with a fresh ambition to deserve his good opinion, and the more so because of his generosity and forbearance, I put forth all the energy and resolution I could muster, until the man on my right and the other on my left were shot down by my side. This was too much for my, coward heart. Nature asserted herself, and I deliberately turned round to fly; when both my shoulders were seized in an iron grip, and these words were hissed in my ears: "Fie, fie, laddie! Think o' yer mither!" Then it was that, stung with self-reproach, and a sense of shame unutterable, and wrought up at last to resolution by the magic power of that dear name, I remember springing forward, rushing into the very thick of the *mêlée*, throwing fear to the winds, ceasing to be a craven, and, I hope, bearing myself as a soldier should.'"

We have found Mr. Young a very agreeable companion, old-fashioned, with old stories to tell, some of them not very good, with more of the kindness of old age than its severity, with a not portentously wise head, and with a good heart, and we are glad to recommend his journal to our readers. They will find it better than a source of mere amusement—though mere amusement in this season seems to have uses that elevate it out of itself—for in reading it they will make the acquaintance of some very amiable and admirable people in the persons of the elder Mr. Young, his mother, his beautiful and admirable wife, his brother, and, by no means least, his son and biographer. And no one need apprehend too milk-and-watery a narrative. Here is a story about Mr. Julian Young's uncle, George Young:

"I have lately read the memoirs of a man I knew very well, Crabb Robinson. I see he mentions in them an anecdote of my uncle, which gives some slight insight into his nobility of soul. Vol. iii. p. 148: 'I spent a couple of hours with Mr. George Young. I took courage to relate to him an anecdote about himself. Nearly forty years ago I happened to be in a hackney stage-coach with Young. A stranger came in. It was opposite Lackington's. On a sudden the stranger struck Young a violent blow in the face. Young coolly put his head out of the window, and told the coachman to let him out. Not a word passed between Young and the stranger. But the former having alighted, said, in a calm voice, before he shut the door, 'Ladies and gentlemen, that is my father.' Young recollected the incident perfectly, but not that I was present.'"

This father of George and Charles Young's was a surgeon in excellent practice, a man of great abilities, but of a violent and brutal temper, and at enmity with his sons, who had been obliged to leave his house with their mother, because he brought his mistress home to live with him. It was this misfortune which drove his son Charles to the stage, where, however, he prospered, and, like his brothers, acquired a competence before he had passed middle life. Like them, too, he had all that should accompany old age, in the honor, love, and obedience of his son, dependents, and the affectionate respect of many friends.

The Modes of Origin of Lowest Organisms. By H. Charlton Bastian, M.A., M.D., F.R.S. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1871. 12mo, pp. 109.)—The sharp discussion carried on a few years since in France between the advocates of spontaneous generation, headed by Pouchet, and the opponents, led by Pasteur, ended in the virtual withdrawal of the former from the field. The contest has been transferred to England, where Dr. Bastian and Professor Huxley are the disputants, and has given rise to Bastian's articles in *Nature*, Huxley's address before the British Association, the present treatise, and also to some animated controversial writings in *Nature*. Any one who reads Bastian's essay will, we think, be impressed with the belief that he is diligent in making and conscientious in recording his experiments; but we cannot help coming to the conclusion that his method is at fault, and does not lead to definite and decisive results, and in some cases leads to no result at all. In the first set, comprising fifteen experiments, the contents of nine flasks were observed either not to change, or to show only some slight change of color, and one recorded as "still in my possession unopened." As regards the question of spontaneous generation, these are without value; for, unless a microscopical examination of the contents is made, and this must be done without opening them, what really happened in the flasks cannot be determined. A marked defect in his method is the omission for the most part of test experiments, which it is always important to have. We ought not only to know what follows a certain condition, but also what would happen, other things being the same, if this condition did not exist. Experiments I., II., III., and XXII., *e.g.*, simply show that after four different solutions

had been boiled ten minutes, and were left exposed to the air, infusoria appeared in them in from forty-four to forty-six hours. The reader is left entirely in doubt as to whether the boiling did or did not influence the result. This doubt might have been avoided if there had been used other flasks holding some of the same fluids, under the same conditions except the boiling. The opponents of spontaneous generation have always urged that the air supplied the low organisms or the germs of them which appeared in the solutions experimented with. Dr. Bastian tries to make it appear that these are greatly overestimated, and are of comparatively little importance; but, admitting them to be present as claimed, he asserts that there is no proof that some of them, at least, as bacteria, preserve their vitality when dried, and so, when added to a given solution, they cannot become active again. In a strictly experimental enquiry, as in a case like this, it would seem that the first and most natural suggestion would be to add some dried infusoria to a solution and watch the result. He has not only not done this, but says such an experiment would be uncertain, because "it soon becomes impossible to distinguish between those which have been added from those which arise in the fluid." This difficulty is real, if one restricts oneself to a single form of experiment, but could be avoided by means of a test experiment. If he will take two sets of flasks in equal numbers holding portions of one and the same fluid, and add dried bacteria to one and none to the other, and if at the end of a certain time living bacteria appear in large numbers in the first and do not appear in the second, as experiment shows will be the case, the only way of explaining the difference is by the added bacteria. To go still further, if instead of dried bacteria he will collect dust directly from the air, or take such as has settled on shelves, he will have the same result again, leaving no reasonable doubt as to the source from which the organisms came, and that consequently they had not lost their vitality. It is agreed on all hands that experiments intended to prove spontaneous generation must be made in such a way as to ensure the destruction of all living things in the substance used at the beginning, and to keep it free from all such from without during the progress of them. This last condition is easily secured by following Needham, and using hermetically-sealed flasks; but to destroy the organisms which are contained in the air, or the materials enclosed in the flask, involves the whole difficulty which has blocked the way to decisive results. It would seem to be an easy matter to kill such small things as monads, bacterias, and vibrios, but observation shows the contrary. Dr. Bastian believes that he kills them by boiling his flasks for a few minutes at 212° F., or, under diminished pressure, even at a lower temperature. As far as his experiments with ammoniacal solutions go, it appears that the vital activity of bacteria has been destroyed by subjecting them for a few minutes to a temperature of 140°. But as most of his own experiments, as well as those of others, are made with solutions of animal or vegetable matter, it would have been more to the point if he had used these instead of his alkaline ones, for what may be true in one case is very likely not to be true of the others. As recorded experiments show that bacteria and vibrios may resist the action of boiling water for three or four hours, it is certainly unsafe to say that bacteria which appear in a solution after being boiled ten minutes are due to spontaneous generation, or, as Dr. Bastian prefers to call it, *archebiosis*, and are not due, as Prof. Huxley claimed, to the organisms or descendants of such as were included in the flask when it was sealed. Dr. Bastian's experiments are many and varied, and have been made in part with reference to the connection between low organisms and fermentation, to the discussion of which he devotes a large part of his book, making a fair issue with Pasteur, and maintaining with Liebig that they are not necessary to it. He has also shown conclusively that the cotton filter and the crooked necks of flasks to which Pasteur, Tyndall, and even Huxley have attached so much importance, are by no means the safeguards they allege against fermentation and putrefaction, and that notwithstanding these safeguards infusoria appear when the above-named observers say they do not. Dr. Bastian's experiments with flasks in which infusoria appear in solutions exposed only to a vacuum seem most satisfactory, but his statement that he has seen minute "specks" at first about $\frac{1}{100000}$ of an inch in diameter" appear in perfectly clear fluid, and develop into bacteria and torulæ, will be challenged until some one else has seen the same thing, because it is too important a statement to be accepted unless confirmed by several observers. While we come to the conclusion that a case for spontaneous generation has not been made out, Dr. Bastian's book is certainly valuable for its facts and experiments.

The Life and Letters of Hugh Miller. By Peter Bayne. (2 vols. 8vo. Boston: Guild & Lincoln. 1871.)—It is in some respects unfortunate for the correct appreciation of Hugh Miller that his life has been written by Mr. Bayne. It is as a popularizer of science that Miller will hereafter be known rather than as a scientific pioneer; and undue stress is laid upon his enthusiasm for science, which his biographer naturally enough sets down wholly as originality. Not that we would deny the importance of the discoveries of Hugh Miller in the old red sandstone, the acuteness of his observations, nor the charm of his writings, which has given him such a strong hold upon all English-speaking people, and which has made him the envy of his scientific friends. When carefully analyzed, we find his fame rests more upon the dissemination of scientific truths than their discovery, upon the freshness, straightforwardness, and deep convictions pervading all his works.

When Hugh Miller was at the height of his fame, it had not become the fashion among scientific men to descend into the arena of the newspaper or the review, and come directly in contact with the masses of the people. Here he is a pioneer; he longs to let his people know of his progress, and to bring them into relation with the progress of science. He feels that science and religion cannot indefinitely advance side by side without having anything in common; he brings his strong moral sense, his deep convictions, to grapple with the conclusions of science, and is the first to break the ground for the crop of scientific writers of the present day, who, among the most eminent in their departments, no longer believe in a scientific aristocracy which holds itself aloof from the public, but give in simple language, and in an intelligible form, the results of their life and study, in hopes of its falling upon fertile ground.

The distrust with which all speculations relating to the early history of the earth were regarded when Hugh Miller began writing, and, at the same time, the dissatisfaction felt by intelligent people with the attempted reconciliation between the facts of science and current religious belief, found the Scotch well prepared to receive with genuine enthusiasm any one who would bring to this discussion what Hugh Miller possessed in an eminent degree: the confidence of scientific men, unswerving fidelity to truth, deep convictions, with a command of language which alone would have given him a rank in English literature, independently of his subjects and his mode of treating them.

It was mainly his personal influence, the attractiveness of his style, his strong religious belief, his honesty, which made it possible for Hugh Miller to obtain a hearing in Scotland for his favorite science. It is the editorial part of his life which Mr. Bayne shows us to best advantage; it was the least known probably to the general reader, and it gives us a clear insight of the motives animating him during so large a portion of his career. To us it is specially interesting, as giving an account of the views of a self-educated man on many of the problems now agitating society with a vehemence unknown at his time. They are not the views of a self-made man who is constantly recalling to you his humble origin, but those of one whose aim has been the highest culture, who believed in education, and has himself reached a degree of excellence rarely attained as the result of the most intelligent training. His opposition to Popery was as intense as that of a true Scotchman, and the Free Church ever found him one of its strongest defenders. It is remarkable to see how little sympathy he shows for the sentimentalities of the labor question or the educating influence of the newspaper, believing as he does that nothing will educate man as wisely as the study of nature, and strongly urging that new education which is fast taking the place of the old scholastic methods.

Too great a part of the volumes before us is taken up with his early life; it is pleasant reading enough, but has no special value as illustrating his intellectual development. It would have been better to reduce the life to a single volume, more likely to be extensively perused than these two which make a work unduly bulky. In Scotland, however, the case may very well be different, and the biographer may probably be acquitted of any error of judgment.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Brooks (E.), The Normal Algebra	(Sower, Barnes & Potts)
Bush (R. G.), Reindeer Dogs and Snow Shoes	(Harper & Bros.)
Collyer (Robert), The Life that Now Is	(H. B. Fuller)
Da Costa (B. F.), Rambles in Mount Desert	(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)
The Moabite Stone	" "
Guide for Travellers by Railway, Stage, and Steamboat, in the Pacific States, swd.	(A. L. Bancroft & Co.)
James Gordon's Wife: a Novel, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.) $0 50
Maanel (H. L.), Metaphysics; or, The Philosphy of Consciousness	(D. Appleton & Co.)
New Map of Central California	(A. L. Bancroft & Co.)
Professors Huxley, Roscoe, Huggins, Dawkins, and Ward, Science Lectures for the People, swd	(D. Van Nostrand)
Professors Williamson, Carpenter, Green, Lockyer, Science Lectures for the People, swd	(D. Van Nostrand)

POTT & AMERY'S

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE INCARNATION AND PRINCIPLES of Evidence: A Theological Essay. By Richard Holt Hulton, M.A. With an introduction by

SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D.

18mo, cloth.

FACSIMILE OF THE BLACKLETTER Prayer-Book. Containing Manuscript Alterations and Additions made in the year 1661, "out of which was fairly written" the Book of Common Prayer, subscribed December 20, A.D. 1661. Photozincographed at the Ordnance Survey Office, and published for the Royal Commission on Ritual.

Folio, cloth, price $20.

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTIUM. By Charlotte Mary Yonge. Together with a few Gleanings of Recollections of the Rev. John Keble.

12mo, cloth extra, $2 50.

A CONCORDANCE TO THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. Uniform with the "Musings."

12mo, cloth extra, $2 50.

POTT & AMERY,

COOPER UNION, FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

JUST PUBLISHED.

AT LAST:

A CHRISTMAS IN THE WEST INDIES:

By Charles Kingsley. 1 vol. crown 8vo. with numerous illustrations. Price $2.

"In this book, as during his visit, Mr. Kingsley revels in the gorgeous wealth of the West Indian vegetation, bringing before us one marvel after another, alternately sating and piquing our curiosity. Whether we climb the cliffs with him and peer over into the narrow bays which are being hollowed out by the trade surf, or wander through impenetrable forests, where the tops of the trees form a green cloud overhead, or gaze down glens which are watered by the clearest brooks, running through masses of palm and banana, and all the rich variety of foliage, we are equally delighted and amazed."—Athenæum.

"The book is both instructive and amusing. Mr. Kingsley's powers of observation and description are great, and both botanist and zoologist will acknowledge that he has used eyes and pen to good account in order to produce this book, which will be very interesting and attractive alike to the scientific naturalist, the politician, and the general reader."—Globe.

"The comments of the author on the social condition of the islands, whose natural beauties afforded such exquisite delight to every sense, present many original suggestions, and on the whole, allowing for the intensity of his expressions, and his inclination to paradox, are of an instructive character. But the strength of his work, as well as its peculiar charm, consists in his descriptions of the animal and vegetable life, in the luxuriant wealth of which he revels with all the ardor of a vehement, poetical nature."—New York Tribune.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

WESTWARD HO! or, The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh. $1 75.

TWO YEARS AGO. $1 75.

HYPATIA; or, New Foes with an Old Face. $1 75.

HEREWARD THE WAKE, Last of the English. $1 75.

ALTON LOCKE, Sailor and Poet. $1 50.

YEAST. A Problem. $1 50.

THE WATER BABIES; a Fairy Tale for a Land Baby. $1 75.

MACMILLAN & CO.,

23 BLEECKER STREET, NEW YORK.

BOOKS FROM LONDON.

All buyers of Fine, Standard, and Miscellaneous Books should put themselves in communication with

J. SABIN & SONS,

BOOKSELLERS AND IMPORTERS,

84 Nassau Street, New York, and 22 Buckingham Street, Strand, London.

They keep constantly on hand a large and varied stock, and are in constant receipt of Books from London. Orders or English Books will receive attention.

The Bibliopolist, a Monthly Catalogue and Library Register, contains a Catalogue of a portion of the stock. The numbers for June and July (continued) will be issued in ten days. Specimen sent gratis.

SOME OF THE BOOKS FOR SALE.

DEFOE'S WORKS. 20 vols. 16mo. Tree-calf. The best edition. $90.

HUMBOLDT, A. New Spain. 6 vols. 8vo, half-calf, uncut. London. 1811. $10.

CARLYLE, THOMAS. The History of Frederick the Great. 6 vols. 8vo, tree-calf extra. Splendid copy. $35.

LAMB, CHAS. Works of. 4 vols. 16mo, calf. London. Moxon. 1850. $11.

WALPOLE, HORACE. Royal and Noble Authors of England, Scotland, and Ireland. 5 vols. 8vo, tree-calf, gilt edges. A splendid copy, fine impressions of the plates. Binding by Rivière. $45.

CASSELL'S POPULAR EDUCATOR.

COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES.

PRICE, $15.

"We have gone over its pages with sentiments of real wonder. We know no work like it. It has occupied and filled up a field of education vast and most important to the community."—Dublin University Magazine.

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN,

596 Broadway, New York.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

The annual commencement will take place on Thursday July 13. The examination for admission to College will be on the Tuesday preceding (July 11). There will be a second examination for admission to College on the 13th of September next: the academic year will begin the day following (September 14, 1871).

Students whose means are limited can have the tuition ($90 a year) remitted. It is the aim of the College, whose Corps of Professors is now full and ample for the work of instruction in the different departments, to give a symmetrical development to the powers of the student—to educate his entire manhood, body, soul, and spirit—in order to fit him for engaging in business or for entering on the study of any of the learned professions.

For further information apply to the PRESIDENT OF TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, CONN.

BREAD-LOAF INN,

RIPTON, VERMONT.

A GOOD PLACE TO PASS THE SUMMER AT.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

This favorite summer resort, commanding a view of the valley of the Hudson, unsurpassed by any in the world, and so justly celebrated for its delightful temperature, will be open from June 10th to October 1st.

Stages connect at Catskill with the trains of the H. R. Railroad and the day boats from Albany and New York; also, with the steamboats, Thomas Powell and Sunnyside, leaving Pier 43, foot of Canal Street, New York, for Catskill, daily at 5 P.M.; Saturday at 2 P.M. CHAS. L. BEACH, Proprietor.

THE new way of doing the retail clothing trade adopted by Baldwin the Clothier, Canal and Broadway, brings its big results.

Instead of letting the stock run down in mid-summer, he replenishes, and now offers an entire new assortment adapted to the hot weather. He informs us that every day he places new lots of stylish suits on the counters, and sells three to seven thousand dollars a day—C. O. D. His stock embraces a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing expressly for retail.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE,

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

Applicants for admission to Williams College will be examined on Tuesday, June 27, at 9 A.M., in Alumni Hall.

There will be another examination at the same place on Wednesday, August 30, and private examination will be given to those who cannot conveniently be present on either of these days on application to the President.

Pecuniary assistance will be given to all young men of character and ability who may need it.

MARK HOPKINS, President.

SCHOOL OF MINES, COLUMBIA COLLEGE. Practical and theoretical instruction in civil and mining engineering, metallurgy, geology, mineralogy, assaying, analytical and technical chemistry, physics, mechanics, mathematics, drawing, French, German, etc., with laboratory practice. Regular courses for the degrees of Civil and Mining Engineer, Bachelor and Doctor of Philosophy. Special students received without examination. Pecuniary aid extended to those students who require it. Reopens Monday, October 3. Examinations for admission to the regular courses, Thursday, September 29. For further information and for catalogues apply to C. F. CHANDLER, Dean of the Faculty, East 49th Street, New York.

CHEGARAY INSTITUTE.

English and French for Young Ladies and Misses, Boarding and Day Pupils, 1527 and 1529 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Will reopen on Wednesday, Sept. 20. French is the language of the family, and is constantly spoken in the Institute.

MADAME D'HERVILLY, Principal.

DARTMOUTH HOME SCHOOL

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Instruction given in all departments. Apply for Circulars to

MISS L. J. SHERMAN, Principal, HANOVER, N. H.

RIVERVIEW MILITARY ACADEMY,

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Location healthy; Scenery unequalled; Building convenient; Teachers highly educated, earnest, working men; System of Order unsurpassed. A wide-awake, thoroughgoing School for Boys wishing to be trained for Business, for College, or for West Point, or the Naval Academy. Address OTIS BISBEE, A.M., Principal and Proprietor.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE

OF THE NEW YORK INFIRMARY,

128 SECOND AVENUE, N. Y.

Winter Session begins 1st of October. For particulars, address the Secretary, EMILY BLACKWELL, M.D.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1871.

The Week.

BEFORE the bodies in Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Streets were well cold after the rioting the other day, it became a question of warm interest in the minds of some of our journalists whether Hoffman "had wilfully, foolishly, and deliberately lied" when he said he did not know there would be a riot, or no procession, until the 11th. As good Republicans, we suppose we must regret to say that he appears for this once to have come somewhere near the truth. A member of his staff, General McQuade, publishes a statement to the effect that he and the Governor came on from Newport to New York on Sunday night—which itself is a fact for the rural Republicans; "keep it before the people"—and arrived here on Monday morning, but too late for the Governor to catch the 8 o'clock train. So he drove to the Clarendon, breakfasted, and went to Albany by the 10.30 train, leaving General McQuade to converse with the municipal authorities, and telegraph what he learned to be the state of things to Albany in the course of the day. The General went to Mr. Kelso, who assured him the police would be ready, and so would the military, under General Shaler; General Shaler said that a proper force, under his command, would turn out to preserve the peace; and Mayor Hall, whom General McQuade did not see until three or four o'clock in the afternoon, "substantiated what had been said by Superintendent Kelso and General Shaler, that proper precautions had been taken to preserve the peace." General McQuade telegraphed to the Governor that everything seemed right, and that on the next day he would communicate with him by letter. On the night of the 10th came Hall's prohibitory order, and on the night of the 11th the Governor prepared his counter-proclamation, having come down here to do it, though there is no reason made clear why he might not have had it out in Tuesday's evening papers. It becomes a question, then, whether General McQuade was not mystified by Hall, who probably knew before three o'clock on Monday that he was going to forbid the procession. However that may be, it appears certain that some of the scathing which some of us gave Mr. Hoffman for having "been seen in the city on Monday," and "consulted with the Mayor," was not merited. The effect of his action on his political standing has undoubtedly been very bad for it in this city—and especially so far as concerns those important thousands of Democratic votes that are never cast, but are added to the returns by Mr. Tweed, and which Mr. Hoffman will never get again, as he has had them before—but, as undoubtedly, it has helped him greatly with the party at large, and will always be remembered to his credit. As for the Ring's caring for the national interests of the party, the whole membership of the Americus Club would wink at each other to hear it mentioned—"their only care but to increase their store."

As most of our readers know, Mr. Richard Connolly, the Comptroller, who disburses the money of this city and county, is required by law to make a quarterly statement of receipts and expenditures. That it does not at all suit the books of Mr. Tweed, Mr. Sweeny, Mr. Hall, and Mr. Connolly himself that this exhibit should be made, may be readily imagined. Mr. Tweed, for instance, was a bankrupt chairmaker a very few years ago, and now he has twenty-two or three horses in his stables, and, next to the Astors, is the largest real-estate owner in the city. So Mr. Connolly coolly disregards the law, and does not make his exhibits. But the *Times* of this city having, by hook or by crook, got hold of some of the Comptroller's figures, has begun publishing them, with the preliminary remark that Mayor Hall is a thief and a common cheat, that Connolly is another, and that if they dislike to be called so, they can bring a libel suit, and it will not only call them so, but prove them to be so, and prove Tweed and Sweeny to be the same. We may remark that a little more moderation of epithet would not detract from the weight of the *Times's* case. The bladder with beans in it, as well as the lash, is audible after some of its strokes. It began on the 8th of the month to present its case, which briefly is as follows: The city pays rent for twenty-four armories to the amount of $275,600. Their real annual value, at a liberal estimate, is about $79,000. The Ring pockets the difference. The hiring is done by J. H. Ingersoll, the partner of Tweed in the chairmaking business—a business in which Tweed has apparently made up his mind not to suspend payment a second time. The claims for rent are passed upon by Hall and Connolly; and it is presumable that the $200,000, more or less, is not divided without the knowledge of Tweed and Peter Sweeny. But the embezzling of the rents is not the only way of making the armories a source of profit. They are perpetually needing repairs—ten of them, by the way, are entirely unoccupied—and their bills for chairs and carpets are enormous. For equipping the ten unoccupied ones and keeping them in repair nine months, the bills foot up $941,453 86. During the years 1869 and 1870, the sums drawn out of the treasury on warrants drawn directly in favor of Ingersoll & Co., or endorsed over to them, amounted to no less than $5,663,646 83. For furniture, upholstery, and repairs most of this money was paid out, and it is a singular fact that much of the repairing was done on the new court-house, which has the remarkable fate to be under repair before it is finished. Its appetite for carpets, too, is enormous, for it is debited with nearly six hundred thousand dollars' worth. $565,731 34 are the exact figures, and supposing the carpeting to be worth five dollars a yard, here is money enough to carpet the City Hall Park all over with three thicknesses of carpeting. So careless were the thieves about their frauds, that in cooking up their accounts—some time after the fact evidently—they have in thirteen instances, as the day of certain recorded transactions, hit upon a Sunday, when the offices could not have been open, nor any work done of any kind, clerical or other. For plasterers' work and repairing done in the new county buildings during a period of little more than one year, a Mr. A. G. Garvey was paid $2,870,464 06. Some of these plasterers' or painters' warrants give curious evidence of the carelessness of our worthies. Two of them are drawn in favor of a certain Fillippo Donnarumna, and are endorsed over to Garvey in one case by the signature "Phillip F. Dummy," and in the other by the signature "Fillip Dummin." "The Secret Accounts—Warrants signed by Hall and Connolly under False Pretences," is the *Times's* heading for its revelations, which naturally make some stir, and which, for the first time in its history, we believe, have brought the Ring before the public in an elaborate attempt to show that its hands are clean. It usually has thought best to keep on and not say a word.

Very likely one reason why they have seen fit to attempt a reply is that there is talk in Wall Street and the Produce Exchange of going into the courts and making combined resistance to the payment of taxes until there has been a full showing of the state of the municipal accounts, and that since the riot of the 12th inst. there have been signs among decent people of some attempt to unite in favor of a general reform in the city government. The Mayor's reply is in two parts, the first of which appeared in his newspaper, the *Leader*. He begins by saying that every lawyer knows that if you can show that a witness has "a bad motive against the side which his testimony assails," it is folly to waste time on his statements; and that he can show that the *Times* has a selfish motive in attacking the city government. It has a bill of nearly $14,000 against the City, payment of which the Comptroller, by direction of the Mayor, has contested and is contesting, and it is only since this opposition that the *Times* has been so denunciatory—which does not explain Mr. Garvey's bills nor Mr. Ingersoll's. Then, too, says Hall, the city withdrew corporation advertising from the *Times*, and that made the *Times* angry, so that when a clerk was discharged from the Comptroller's office—for dishonesty, be it understood—and went about trying to sell extracts from the accounts of the office, the publishers of the *Times* eagerly bought them up, although other persons had declined them, and "mentally kicked" the proposer and

proposal down-stairs. It is enough to say of this that it has not the least relevancy to the matter in hand. The Mayor does not deny that the transcripts are actual transcripts of portions of Connolly's accounts, and himself calls the bills of Garvey, Ingersoll, and the rest "large and perhaps exorbitant claims." Finally, he says, if there have been payments of exorbitant bills, the publisher of the *Times* is responsible, because when, in 1868, the Legislature had passed a tax levy authorizing and directing the Comptroller to pay a certain class of claims, and Governor Fenton hesitated to sign it because its provisions as to these claims would open a door to fraud, the Comptroller, in order to pacify and persuade that great and good man, informed him that he, too, feared there might be frauds, but that, if the Governor would sign the bill, he might rest assured that the Comptroller would pay not one of the claims in question. Thus these two gentlemen sat down after the Legislature had made a law, and did a little legislation themselves. This again has no relevancy, and leaves the eight or nine acres of carpeting as much unaccounted for as before the Mayor began writing.

His first reply being recognized as a dead failure—though some perfectly well-informed papers put on an air of great innocence that was at once amusing and almost intolerable—and the most favorable of privately expressed opinions being that "it was not the opinion anywhere round the City Hall that the Mayor personally got any of it," Mr. Hall came out with another reply. It is, in substance, as follows: The publisher of the *Times* broke down the Fenton-Connolly pledge, and opened the way for the Ring payment of exorbitant claims, setting people an example of attacking the city treasury by himself getting out a mandamus ordering Connolly to pay the *Times* its bill. The *Times's* reply is that it had earned its money honestly, and wanted it, and had law on its side, and, further, that the Mayor's point is totally irrelevant. The Mayor says, secondly, that all the accounts published in the *Times*, and stated to be "secret," have for some time been in process of printing, for the public inspection; but not a word of the withholding of the exhibits, no assertion that the *Times's* version of the accounts is not copied from Connolly's books, and no promise as to when we shall see these accounts, and whether we shall see them "undoctored," which we shall not. They have, at any rate, always been filed according to law, the Mayor says. Thirdly, he says that "the claims alluded to by the *Times* are large, and may have been exorbitant, but no responsibility for them" rests on either himself or the Comptroller, because their office is merely ministerial, and the law orders an audited claim to be signed—a monstrous doctrine, which would prevent Hall's refusing his signature to a bill of five millions annually for the care of the Hindoo bull in the park; and, of course, a doctrine opposed to the law. According to him, such a bill coming before him, he must sign without remonstrance, and "no responsibility" rests on him for signing or on the Comptroller for handing over the five millions—especially to Mr. Tweed's partner. Next, he urges that many of the claims in the *Times's* list were for work done in 1868, and audited by the old Board of Supervisors, meaning, by that, to convey the impression that a Board equally composed of Republicans and Democrats audited them, and that the Ring of four is not responsible. But this is not true, either as to the Republican party or the Ring. The Board ceased to be evenly divided in 1867, months before any of these claims in the *Times's* list were made; and Mr. William M. Tweed was the head and front of the Board. A New York Republican is not a being whose purity we would undertake to defend through thick and thin; but it is not necessary either to make him responsible for Mr. Tweed's labors. In short, the defence is no defence, and leaves the Mayor and Comptroller Tweed just where the *Times* left them, with all the enormous expenditure for armories, upholstery, furniture, and repairs still to be explained. Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, in particular, who found Mr. Connolly's accounts all so correct and satisfactory a few months since, must be waiting for an explanation, and so must Mr. John Jacob Astor and Mr. Moses Taylor.

Judge Hilton, one of the corporators who are soon to begin building the Viaduct steam railway, the most important public work that has been attemped in New York certainly since the laying out of the Central Park, has just been making a statement of progress, and giving to his fellow-members of the Executive Committee the views which, after consultation with the engineers, he now entertains "of the ultimate results which will attend on positively assuring rapid transit to the citizens of New York." They certainly need it. Outside of Cairo and camel-riding, the people of no city suffer what New York suffers in going from the counting-house at one end of the island to the dining-room and bedroom at the other. Vile street-cars, where filthy currency is given to the passenger out of filthier hands, jolting omnibuses, yawing and rattling over and across the pavement, or glass coaches fit for an Irish funeral, are the principal means of getting up and down town, and it seems almost too good to believe that we are to have a steam road with two branches—one on the east and one on the west side of Broadway, from Chambers Street, near the City Hall Park, to Harlem River, with a continuation down to Wall Street, trains running twenty miles an hour on two tracks for fast trains, and twenty such trains running every hour, while way trains, going slower, but as numerous, run on two other tracks. The cost of both branches, including the price paid for real estate, right of way, construction, and running stock, Judge Hilton makes out to be fifty millions. The gross annual income from the passenger and freight traffic of each line he estimates at $9,500,000; the average number of passengers carried daily being set at 140,000, and the average fare at 13 cents. The net income would be about $5,250,000. Everybody not interested in some one of the other proposed lines of rapid transit, whether he thinks well of all the details of this company's plan, will rejoice heartily that we are going to have steam communication with the upper part of the city; that we are to have two lines instead of one, and that Broadway is not to be ruined by being made the route. That we are to have all this, the names of the corporators would seem to give assurance.

Among them are A. T. Stewart, W. B. Duncan, C. L. Tiffany, W. T. Blodgett, Mr. Hilton himself, L. P. Morton, John Taylor Johnston, and others as much respected by their fellow-citizens for character, as well as for business ability, as any business man anywhere in the world need to be. But associated with them—and we may imagine how, in view of recent disclosures, they like the association—are no other persons than Connolly, Sweeny, Tweed, Hall, and O'Gorman. These operators are not among the directors of a company which is going to buy city lots by the hundred, and spend money by the million, without having certain views and expectations; and, beyond doubt, these views and expectations are such that we should say anybody takes a heavy responsibility who invites or advises anybody else, rich or poor, to invest any money in the company's stock. And let it be granted that in this city the saints themselves could do nothing without paying tribute to these four or five men who own it, and that they had to be taken in, and that they are joined with men so able that they will have small chance to exercise their customary functions, then comes up the question whether the hard blow to public morality which is given when our best men consent to work with these robbers is compensated by our getting our viaduct railway a little sooner than otherwise we might. Tweed and his friends, if they never steal a copper from the company's funds, may make the railroad a very dear one to us nevertheless.

In spite of the extreme ease and abundance of money, and of the combined efforts of some of the most powerful cliques ever known to Wall Street, it has been found impossible to maintain the price of securities at the Stock Exchange. As we long since pointed out, the speculative fever among the people has exhausted itself; and the fluctuations in all the great markets for some time past have been either due to purely natural causes, or else to the forced and artificial movements of rings and combinations in which the public absolutely refuses to participate. In the stock market, the majority of the leading stocks are thus held

by rings of manipulators to whose power and influence has been largely due that reckless course of bank management to which we have frequently referred, and under which the loans and discounts of the city banks have risen, in the height of an unusually dull season, to the extreme figures of the greatest and most prosperous activity. Yet with the aid of the concentrated bank influence, with the entire power of the Government thrown into the scales in favor of inflation, and abundance of money, prices of almost every single article bought or sold in this market have for several weeks past been steadily declining. Stocks have had a very severe fall. Gold is lower by about one per cent. Cotton is less strong. Breadstuffs have suffered a sharp decline, and the general tone of most markets is depressed.

The prospects of the growing cotton crop have greatly improved. The accounts of the cereals are generally favorable, especially in Europe, where the earlier reports described a very discouraging condition of the grain crops. The dry-goods trade is fair for the season. The production of coal is enormous—at least fifty per cent. in excess of the reasonably possible consumption; and we are rapidly striding towards either strikes or extreme low prices, or both—most probably both. The real-estate market is in a condition very similar to that of the stock market. The great bulk of the marketable property on the island and throughout the adjoining counties is in the hands of great rings and combinations, who are incessantly trying, mainly at the expense of the public, by means of new boulevards, parks, viaduct railroads, and other schemes, to advance the price of that property, but who do not succeed in getting the public to buy. These real-estate speculations of the city rulers are a very interesting element in our local political problem, precisely as the railroad-combination scheme is in our national political problem. They are highly likely to end in the financial bankruptcy and consequent political impotence of the schemers, long before any reform agitation can drive them from the seats of power.

The event of the week in England has been Mr. Gladstone's manœuvre in abolishing the purchase of commissions by royal warrant. The Army Bill had collapsed in the House of Lords, and one of the two Government measures which alone had been saved out of the talk and strife of the present session seemed thus lost to a certainty. The surprise and indignation of the Lords at the new turn of affairs, and the cry of "unconstitutional" launched at the ministry from all sides, were to be expected. It cannot be said, however, that there is anything more humiliating in being checkmated by the crown, however fictitious the interposition, than in being obliged, as the Lords are now regularly obliged in their most important differences with the Commons, to smother their convictions and vote as the Lower House insists. Nor does the objection to the constitutionality of Mr. Gladstone's procedure lie against the nature but against the manner of it. We remarked the other day, in mentioning the reason why the confirmation of treaties should not be left to Parliament, that "the ministry lives by a majority in the House of Commons, but rarely has a majority in the Lords, so that, if so important a point of policy as a treaty could be made the subject of a serious assault in the Upper House, it would expose the ministry to a danger which might not improperly be called unconstitutional." It is useless to disguise the fact that Mr. Gladstone's manœuvre only hastens the decline of the Lords to a condition in which, not only on subjects of much greater importance than some treaties (like the Army Bill itself), but on subjects of much less importance, their opposition will be regarded as unconstitutional, and their opinion and advice superfluous. In other words, Mr. Gladstone has made a great bid for popularity, and will obtain it, and has strengthened the crown materially—at least for the present—by arraying it against the Lords. How justifiable he was in resorting to these exceptional tactics depends principally on the nature of the opposition which the Army Bill had received; and that it was factious and irrational, no one who has read the debates is likely to deny, or that the issue on the part of the Government was a truly national one. It remains for the Lords, in sober second thought, to pass the bill and thus secure indemnity to the holders of commissions.

On Saturday, the French Assembly debated at length, and finally referred to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the petition of the bishops for interference on the part of France to restore the temporal power of the Pope. The chief speaker was naturally Thiers, who was backed up by Gambetta, and whose position was, in a word, that while he would do everything to secure the independence of the Pope, he would do nothing to alienate Italy. This disposes of the omens drawn from the stay of the French ambassador at Florence, after his colleagues had followed the King to Rome; and if anything were wanting to confirm the Pope in his recently-uttered belief that only a miracle can now save the Papacy from being altogether lost, the instructions under which the Belgian ambassador kept company with the French would be sufficient. He was to go to Rome just as if Belgium had not already a representative there at the Papal Court; but he was not to be in a hurry. If any of his colleagues lingered, so should he. Such was the whole protest, from the only country in Europe with a Catholic majority in the government, against the violation of the Pope's territory by the removal of the capital. The Pope, therefore, must content himself where he is, or quit the country; and as there is a very general agreement that it would require a miracle to make his holiness contented, the faithful are casting about for a new seat for him. It is rumored in France that Corsica will be offered him.

Victor Emanuel, meanwhile, has had a pleasant house-warming in his new quarters; and thus far, no difficulty has arisen from having two sovereigns and two courts within the same walls. Nothing could exceed the grace and good sense with which Florence resigned the dignity which it had enjoyed since 1864. Her example has not been without its effect on Turin, whose magistrate, on being presented to the King at Rome, was greeted with the exclamation, "Turin! *benissimo!* now Turin will be satisfied." In fact, the removal to Rome promotes not only the unity of provinces but of parties in Italy, by putting an end to the Piedmontese faction, whose existence has been one of the most serious and unnecessary obstacles to the recent progress of the kingdom. The reassembling of Parliament will be the next event of interest, and for once the deputies may be comfortable in the thought that their foreign relations are on the best possible footing, and that the internal affairs of the country alone will demand their serious attention. For this, they must admit, they are not so immediately indebted to the Latin as to the Teutonic race beyond the Alps.

Taking the reports of the Germans themselves from Alsace, their progress in denationalizing or otherwise converting the people into loyal subjects of Emperor William is rather discouraging. The antipathy, to give it no harsher name, against everything German places the officials in a very uncomfortable isolation, which is shared in a full degree by native office holders who have held over under the new régime. They are, in fact, cut off from social intercourse much as were the Federal and Northern State officials in the South in the beginning of reconstruction. The gendarmes or rural police, however, have the worst time of it, being regarded as a continuation of the military subjugation. These feelings appear to have been fostered, even to the extent of causing some disturbances, by the French prisoners-of war, who have accordingly, when not belonging in the country, been ordered under arrest, if found in uniform without a permit. Some idea of the popular temper may be got from the fact that the authorities, in repairing the losses occasioned by the war, have been obliged to announce that the Government action was not from a sense of duty, but from motives of economy. The gratitude they fairly expected to reap is not manifested, and as all their amenities are looked upon as a sign of weakness, the French incapacity for self government assumes a very perplexing form. The advent of the great anniversaries of the late war must give rise to much sober reflection in regard to this corner of the new empire.

THE ANGLO-SAXON JUDGE.

In our notice of "The Battle of Dorking" (*Nation*, July 6, 1871) it was said: "The growth, too, of that almost unique character, the Anglo-Saxon judge, who has played so important a part both in English and American political progress, is due *to the total want of familiarity both of the governors and governed with the arbitrary processes of military rule.*" A recent decision of the Court of Claims, in the case of E. M. Brown *v.* The United States, abounds with what may be termed English illustrations of this remark, some of which will be novel and even startling to many well-informed American citizens. Indeed, the decision, discussing questions of law not often before courts, and dealing with English *nisi prius* reports that rarely find their way into an American lawyer's library, seems to have startled lawyers, the Washington bar having requested its immediate and separate publication. The opinion shows by repeated contrast how the American judiciary and the American judicial sentiment alike have been drifting back toward barbarism; while in nearly all European countries they have been advancing toward a higher civilization. That our elective judiciary has fallen far from the standard of Kent and Spencer no one will dispute; but that our Federal judiciary, and more especially our national views as to judicial duties, have receded from our own standard, few Americans, not chronically despondent, will be disposed to admit. Still more difficult would it be to convince the mass of our countrymen that, while the best portion of our judicial system has been at the utmost standing still and holding its own, the judicial system of England has been steadily and rapidly advancing, so that it is now doing more for human rights and liberties than our own ever did; and that, for the protection of the weak as against the strong, and the citizen as against the government—albeit the government is in part a monarchy and in part an aristocracy—it now speaks in language so courageous and so elevated as might well shame every American court. The United States started nearly three-quarters of a century ago much in advance of other nations in things relating to personal rights and civil liberty; but the past generation—that is, the men of the last thirty years—have done little for the improvement of civil government beside boasting and bragging of what their fathers did for mankind. During these same thirty years, most European states have been moving, and particularly England, so that about the year 1850 she caught up with our most advanced State governments in matters of law reform, and at present is so far ahead that for some years to come we shall have little to do beside copying English statutes. Fortunately, one can hardly rouse the American conscience into healthy action better than by saying that the American citizen does not now stand as high before his Government and before the law as does the British subject. But to recur to the illustrations of the Court of Claims.

What would be thought of one of our citizens bringing a personal action against the Secretary of State because he neglected to act upon a certain paper? And what would be thought if this citizen should summon the Secretary as a witness and compel him to come into court and take the witness-stand, and be examined and cross-examined by lawyers? Yet, in 1862, such a suit was brought against Sir George Gray, Secretary of State for the Home Department, "and the plaintiff actually called the Secretary as a witness, who came into court and testified"; and none of the judges of the Common Pleas doubted "that if the Secretary of State had neglected his duty and done nothing, he would have been amenable at law for his negligence."

The idea that a public servant who has neglected his duty by doing nothing should be amenable at law for his negligence to a private citizen, undoubtedly will strike many of our "advanced thinkers" as civil service reform run mad. General Logan will be very likely to denounce it as belonging to the aristocratic governments of Europe, and not at all consonant with the free and liberal institutions of a great republic. Mr. Dawes will probably be pleased with it as an abstract idea, but unable to approve of any particular measure toward bringing such a state of things about, and especially doubtful of those measures that have been tried elsewhere and found thoroughly effective.

But take another case, and, as our "advanced thinkers" will say, a much more visionary one. What would be said if a citizen, late a regimental officer in the United States service, should bring his action against the Secretary of War (the late Mr. Stanton, for example) for having illegally and from improper motives summarily dismissed him from the service? What would be thought of the audacity of such a suit, albeit that the commission had been fairly earned by heroic service, by broken health, and, moreover, furnished to a worn-out man his only means of support? And supposing the case to be tried before Chief-Justice Chase and a jury, and Mr. Stanton to have come into court as a witness, what would be thought of the Chief-Justice if he should ask the Secretary whether any personal influence had been used or sought to be used in regard to the dismissal of the officer? Would not the late Mr. Thaddeus Stevens and all of his friends have roundly denounced such conduct as malignant in the highest degree, and sufficient provocation for a new amendment to abolish the Supreme Court, or make the justices thereof elective by the people on the nomination of the men inside politics? But in 1863, one Mr. Dickson brought his action in the Queen's Bench against the Secretary of State for War, the lord-lieutenant of the district, and the colonel of a regiment, "for causing by means of false charges the removal of the plaintiff from the office of lieutenant-colonel of the regiment," the regiment referred to being not of the regulars, but militia, and Mr. Dickson having been nothing more than a militia colonel who never rendered any actual military service other than being once called out for a few months. On the trial, the Secretary at War was examined as a witness, and Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn, who presided, put this question to him: "Was there any personal influence used, or sought to be used, upon you, to make you depart from the ordinary course?" Finally, the Lord Chief-Justice thus stated the case: "I shall tell the jury that if they believe that his [the Secretary's] intention was to oppress and injure the plaintiff, he is liable; but that if he made the recommendation to dismiss him out of an honest sense of duty, even though he may have been mistaken, he is not liable in law."

That such decisions as these should awaken surprise in the American mind, shows only how far the present generation has receded from the law-abiding and law-invoking character of the same people of two generations back. The military experience of the last decade and the encroaching assumptions of the legislative over the judicial power, have practically lessened every citizen's right to judicial redress, and conversely thrown a certain idea of immunity around public officers; or, as the opinion of the Court of Claims puts it, "there has grown up such a belief in the divine right of public officers so nearly resembling all that was ever believed of the divine right of kings, that it is vain to look for more than one personal action brought against a high officer of state." That the Anglo-Saxon judge has prevented this in England, the court fully shows. One noticeable case which might throw a shade of fear over the hearts of some of our military governors is that of the Governor of Minorca, who imprisoned and banished a poor Minorcan, "only by treaty made a subject of Great Britain." "It was in 1771—a hundred years ago; but an English jury soon after cast him [the Governor] in £3,000 damages, and the Court of King's Bench, with Mansfield at its head, sustained the verdict." Another curious case of military governors is one brought against the Governor of Gibraltar, who sent a company of soldiers to search a house for a Spanish general supposed to be there secreted. In an adjoining house lived an English merchant, who, coming to the door to see what was the matter, was stopped by a sentry's bayonet, and compelled to remain within for a few minutes. The merchant's house was not entered, nor was the Governor present at the search; but "for this constructive assault," and "this imaginary invasion of an Englishman's castle," "an English jury fined the Governor £50." "All of the judges of the Common Pleas held that the action would lie, and that the verdict should stand. Wherefore," concludes the Court of Claims, "the divine right of governors to do unlawful acts may be considered now, as in Great Britain, entirely at an end."

Another curious case was one before Lord Eldon, when chancellor. Sir William Congreve, the inventor of the Congreve rocket, acting under the orders of the Ordnance Office, had continued to use an article patented by a Mr. Walker, notwithstanding an *ex-parte* injunction

had been granted. The Lord Chancellor said, with a frankness that to such eminent jurists as Justices Barnard and Cardozo must seem the weakest puerility, that he ought not to have granted the injunction *ex-parte*; that if he had read the affidavits with strict attention, he would not have done so. But he then added, "Speaking with all respect, I will treat government here as I would any suitor of the court. Let an account be kept," etc. And he then concludes with this very broad hint to the official power, "I would recommend to government to pay the costs of the present application, as there are grounds for believing the injunction violated. I can only recommend the government; *but I would have it understood that if the recommendation is not attended to, I will make an order for the defendant, Sir William Congreve, to pay them.*"

A case cited from that somewhat anomalous court of last resort, the House of Lords, would furnish healthy reading for many of our judges, legislators, and public moralists—Ferguson *v.* The Earl of Kinnoul. Decided in 1842, it is "illumined with the concurring opinions of Lyndhurst, and Brougham, and Cottenham, and Campbell." Boldly rebuking the idea that a public officer, or any person whatever, can be held liable only for sins of commission, it strongly lays down the broad doctrine which includes all sins of omission in the legal liability. "If the law casts any duty," is the language, "upon a person which he refuses or fails to perform, he is answerable in damages to those whom his refusal or failure injures." And we are struck with another case where the decision of the Privy Council, "prepared by Sir John Taylor Coleridge, and read by Dr. Lushington," firmly meets those cases that appeal to our sympathies—cases where an officer under orders or in mistake, but acting in good faith, has violated the law and committed a wrong. In such cases the Congressional conscience has of late years been strongly inclined to take the bull by the tail instead of the horns, and, instead of indemnifying the officer out of the public treasury, to block up the jurisdiction of courts by taking away from the injured citizen all legal means of redress. The only sound and safe doctrine we deem to be that admirably stated by Sir John Coleridge in a single sentence: "In such cases, the government is morally bound to indemnify its agent, and it is hard on such agent when this obligation is not satisfied; but the right to compensation in the party injured is paramount to this consideration" (13 Moore, Pr. C. R. p. 236). Admirable, too, is the language of Lord Cockburn, in a more recent case (1865), in which he sums up the present views of English judges: "In our opinion, no authority is needed to establish that a servant of the crown is responsible in law for a tortious act done to a fellow-subject, though done by the authority of the crown—a position which appears to us to rest upon principles which are too well settled to admit of question, and which are alike essential to uphold the dignity of the crown on the one hand, and the rights and liberties of the subject on the other."

"Therefore" (is the conclusion of the Court of Claims) "it appears by the concurrent opinions of all the judges of the six great courts of Great Britain—the Exchequer, the Common Pleas, the Queen's Bench, Chancery, the Privy Council, and the House of Lords—that it is a fundamental principle that every British subject who has suffered a legal wrong shall have legal redress against some one—a lofty ground to be maintained, but the only ground to stand upon if vested rights are to be secure, or laws are to prevail over men."

Unfortunately, the contrast does not stop with the English judiciary. In cases of legal conflict between the solitary citizen and his government, the judicial sentiment of Congress seems narrow beside that of Parliament. A citizen of the United States has no legal redress against the government save in the Court of Claims, and there the jurisdiction is limited to actions on contract; while the only judgment which can be rendered must be in money, and neither interest nor costs are recoverable. The Court of Claims thus states the substance of English legislation: "Shortly before the reorganization of this court, Parliament passed an act, known as 'The Petition of Right Act of 1860,' or popularly from its learned author, the present Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, as 'Bovill's Act.' By it, the creditor of the crown was reassured as to all the remedies of the common law for lands occupied, for goods withheld, for property taken and used, for contracts broken; and under it he may take defaults against the crown, and recover costs, and seek relief either in courts of law or courts of equity."

Nor does the contrast stop with England and English jurisprudence. In 1868, the Fortieth Congress, in order to complicate the *Alabama* difficulties in a covert way, being in happy ignorance of "the Petitions of Right Act of 1860," passed a statute prohibiting an alien from prosecuting "cotton cases" in the Court of Claims, unless his own government accorded a similar right to American citizens. So ignorant were our honorable legislators that the avowed object of the act was to exclude British subjects, and the belief was that it would exclude nearly all the rest of the world. The British claimants, however, were not slow to prove that their government accorded to American citizens a much broader right, and to receive the unanimous judgment of the Court of Claims, since unanimously affirmed by the Supreme Court. But this sagacious action of Congress threw upon all alien claimants the burden and delay of proving the law of their own country, and as aliens of nearly all nationalities had had cotton seized, so the laws of nearly all the governments of Europe had to be shown. The result is thus stated by the Court of Claims:

"The laws of other nations have been produced and proved in this court, and the mortifying fact is judicially established that the government of the United States holds itself, of nearly all governments, the least amenable to the law. First in this high civilization that protects the individual and assures his rights, stands the great empire of the German States. 'The state,' says a lawyer, also distinguished as a writer, who was examined as a witness in this court, 'represented in its pecuniary capacity as the representative of money and property affairs, is called the *Fiscus*. For the purpose of maintaining suits against the government, the *Fiscus* stands in the place of the government; for the purpose of compelling the payment of demands against the state, the *Fiscus* is substituted for the state itself. I know of no restriction of the rights of the subject of Prussia to maintain any suit against the *Fiscus*. . . . Judgments rendered against the *Fiscus* may be satisfied in the usual way, by execution.' In Hanover and Bavaria, the redress is substantially the same. In the republic of Switzerland, the federal tribunal takes cognizance of suits between the confederation on the one side, and corporations or individuals on the other, when these corporations or private citizens are complainants, and the object of litigation is of the value of at least 3,000 francs. In Holland, the Netherlands, the Hanseatic Provinces, the free city of Hamburg, and probably in all countries which have inherited the perfected justice of the civil law, the government is in legal liability thus subject to the citizen. Even in France, under the late Empire, there was a less circumscribed means of redress, a more certain judicial remedy, a more effective method of enforcing the judgment recovered, than has been given to the American citizen, notwithstanding the pledge of the Constitution. Of all the governments of Europe, it is believed that Russia alone does not hold the state amenable, in matters of property, to the law. Of all the countries whose laws have been examined in this court, Spain only resembles the United States in fettering the judicial proceedings of her courts by restrictions, and leaving the execution of their decrees dependent upon the legislative will."

"RAILROAD AXIOMS."

To deny that railroads very greatly facilitate the exchanges of products, and, consequently, contribute largely to the production of wealth, would be a palpable absurdity. But besides this one simple and indisputable fact, there is a number of so-called facts, or, more truthfully, assertions, which are now current as established axioms concerning the economic influences of railroads, which may be safely set down as delusions. It would not be easy to furnish a more striking illustration of the extent to which interest can succeed in blinding the public than that presented by the wild vagaries on the subject of railroads which a sober, conservative investing public has been gradually seduced into accepting as mathematical truth. So far has this process gone, that it results in perfect intolerance. To question the truth of the assertion that railroads open up the wilderness, or cause the desert to blossom as a rose, has come to be considered as a national heresy. Boldly to deny that the unlimited extension of our railroad system is an unmixed blessing, is a demagogic attack upon the vested rights of our greatest public benefactors.

Here is, for example, the "Manual of the Railroads of the United States for 1871–72, by Henry V. Poor," one of those industrious, careful compilations which, for completeness, promptitude, and general trustworthiness, form a pleasant contrast to the imperfect publications which but too frequently issue from our Government presses. With the general reservation that the information furnished is derived almost

exclusively from the parties in interest, it is safe to say that a more trustworthy publication is not often put in the hands of the public. The work is prepared by a gentleman well known in railroad circles as an authority on the general subject, and as one who has probably done more to compound and popularize "railroad axioms" than any other one writer. Every series of this valuable manual is preceded by an introduction, containing a large amount of interesting and striking statistics and illustrations, neatly arranged in a form admirably suited for "editorial use"; and it would be doing the press of the country great injustice to deny that they have liberally and generously contributed towards bringing these matters to the public notice. Amid these statistics and illustrations, undeniable in their truth, lie scattered the seductive "railroad axioms," and among them some insidious but unmistakable errors. Says Mr. Poor, to quote a few of these remarkable axioms:

"With such a work (a railroad), consequently, the circle within which corn and wheat at the prices named (75 cents and $1 25 per bushel) will have a marketable value, will be drawn upon radii of 1,600 and 3,200 miles respectively. The area of a circle with a radius of 125 miles is 49,087 square miles; that of a circle drawn upon a radius of 1,600 miles is about 160 times greater, or 8,042,406 square miles. Such a difference, enormous as it is, only measures the value of the new agencies employed in transportation, and the results achieved, compared with the old." . .

"Wheat that will bear transportation 2,500 miles over railroads, will not bear transportation for more than one-tenth that distance over ordinary highways. Wherever they are constructed, they give immediately, and everywhere, a high commercial value to the products of labor." . . .

". . . . The construction of a railroad will add five times its cost to the aggregate value of the property of the community constructing it. The commerce and wealth which it will create *annually* (!) will exceed five times its cost. The country, consequently, is vastly better off for it, even should it produce not a dollar of direct revenue." . . .

If statements like these were merely the private views of Mr. Poor, we might afford to laugh at them as harmless delusions. But they are as far as possible from being individual notions; they have, on the contrary, been put forward with a boldness, a perseverance, and, unfortunately, with a success that has converted them into articles of the national faith.

It must be evident at a glance that the paragraphs just quoted are chiefly intended as arguments in favor of new railroads, as refutations of the fears or doubts of investors that the new roads might not pay. The leading assertion is, that a road of 1,600 miles in length would open up to traffic a territory of 8,000,000 of square miles, or 4,000,000 of square miles on each side of the road. Distributing the four millions of square miles equally over the 1,600 miles of road, we should have a territory 1,600 miles long and 5,000 miles wide. Now, to assert that a railroad opens up to traffic regions 2,500 miles distant from it, is such a palpable absurdity that it needs no serious refutation. But many readers may think that the author of that statement was only guilty of some error in his figures, some flaw in his calculations, and that the general fact is, nevertheless, correct, that railroads do open up large territories to traffic and commerce. Let us see.

The great argument of the railroad advocates is this: Corn can be transported over common roads at an expense of 10 cents for every 16 miles; over railroads it can be transported 264 miles for the same amount. Therefore, if corn is worth at any point 75 cents, the producer can afford to transport it 120 miles by common roads, and nearly 2,000 miles by railroad, but if the producer send his corn 120 miles by common road, or 2,000 miles by railroad, and then sell it for 75 cents per bushel, the whole proceeds will be eaten up in freight, and he will receive for his corn—exactly nothing. It is evident, therefore, that he cannot send it quite so far. It is estimated that the average cost of production of corn is not less than 38 cents. If the farmer is to realize cost for his corn, he cannot afford to send it more than 60 miles by common road, or 1,000 miles by railroad. If he is to realize a profit of only 15 per cent., he cannot afford to send it further than 50 miles by common road, or about 850 miles by rail. Now, if a railroad from a given market, like Chicago, for example, is pushed 850 miles out into the wilderness, the farmer who can raise corn to good advantage on the land directly adjoining the road at 38 cents a bushel could afford to send it 850 miles to Chicago to market. If he lived only one mile from the depot, he would have to cart it one mile at an expense equal to its carriage 17 miles by rail; in other words, he could only afford to send it 833 miles by rail. If he lived 10 miles from the depot, he could afford to send it only 680 miles; and if he lived 50 miles from the depot, he must find a market at the depot itself for his corn at 75 cents a bushel, or he cannot exist at all. At Chicago itself, he could afford to cart his corn 50 miles. But, 850 miles from Chicago, his farm must adjoin the depot. In other words, the average territory opened up to traffic by a railroad 850 miles long does not extend beyond 25 miles from the line of the road, as far as the raising of corn is concerned. But go farther. The calculation of 10 cents as the cost of transporting a bushel of corn 16 miles is based upon the experience of the Atlantic or older States, where there are good highways. In the new countries just opened up by railroads, it would be folly to suppose that transportation by carting could be had at any such price. It would be far more reasonable to calculate it at double the cost, and that would at once reduce the area opened to cultivation in corn by a new railroad to less than thirteen miles on either side of the road.

These calculations bring us to something like an intelligible basis of estimate. It is safe to say that any new railroad anywhere in the United States opens up to traffic the territory along its route to the extent of twelve or thirteen miles on either side of the road, if the territory is devoted exclusively to corn-raising. The limits will be extended to about twenty-five miles on either side if the product is exclusively wheat; and the limits will still further widen if other more valuable and less bulky articles are produced. But as throughout all newly opened territories the chief industry must necessarily be confined to the staple products of agriculture, as these will consist of a mixture of corn and wheat, and as a large portion of the territory opened will necessarily be unsuited to cultivation, we can confidently assert that the territory opened up to traffic by new railroads does not on an average exceed fifteen or sixteen miles on either side of the road. This would give for a road of 1,600 miles in length at the outside a territory of 48,000 square miles to drain, in place of Mr. Poor's 8,042,406 square miles. Such a difference, enormous as it is, only measures the difference between the preposterous statements of the railroad advocates and the simple truth.

Whether a new railroad opening up even this restricted traffic might not be reasonably profitable, is not now the question. We know that many roads in the densely populated and highly-cultivated Eastern States, draining a much greater breadth of territory, are far from profitable, and we scarcely believe that roads running in the wilderness will do very much better. But that is not now the question. The question is whether the deliberate statements put forth by the advocates of railroad extension are not gross exaggerations intended wilfully to mislead; and certainly these statements concerning the area thrown open to traffic are, to put it mildly, very far from the truth.

Mr. Poor further tells us, as quoted above, that the construction of a railroad will add five times its cost to the aggregate value of the property of the community constructing it. The estimated average cost of the railroads of the country has never been given below $30,000 per mile. We know that the Union Pacific was made to cost over $100,000, and the Central Pacific over $110,000 per mile. The average is probably nearer $60,000. At this figure the value added to the property of a community by the building of a road must be equal to $300,000 per mile. In the new community, the chief property is in the land; in the wilderness, the *entire* property is in the land. According to our calculation, that each mile of road throws open thirty square miles, or about 20,000 acres of land, each acre of land within fifteen miles of the road would have to become worth $15 an acre before Mr. Poor's figures could be reached—a result too preposterous for consideration! On the very next page, Mr. Poor tells us that the pioneer can afford to pay $10 an acre for land by the side of a railroad. Few persons stop to consider what $10 an acre means. The pioneer, if he works with borrowed capital, certainly pays not less than ten or twelve per cent. interest. If he works with his own capital, he ought

certainly to earn what he might earn if he lent his capital. Ten per cent. interest on $10 is equal to $1 per annum. The interest on an acre of land costing $10 is equal to $1 per annum. If the land yields ten bushels of wheat, a liberal average in the wilderness, the interest will amount to ten cents on each bushel raised. But ten cents will pay for the transportation of a bushel of wheat for two hundred and sixty-four miles. In other words, rather than pay $10 an acre, the pioneer will go two hundred and sixty-four miles further, and settle on Government land. It is precisely in this way that the new railroads are for ever chasing an *ignis fatuus* over the wilderness. Government gives them the land. To make it of any value at all, they must ask a large price for it. The large price drives the pioneer still further West, or still further away from the line of the road. Then to reach these distant settlements still further lines of railroad must be built, which again drive the pioneer further on. But in the meantime property has indeed advanced. The railroad companies and the real-estate speculators make returns of fabulous values to the census-takers, and the wealth of these newly opened regions apparently increases in an unheard-of ratio; while the truth is that the first excitement of a new road builds up a thin narrow strip of sparsely-settled territory, which maintains for a few years a sickly existence as an inhabited region, and then gradually sinks back into a string of dreary settlements around the station depots, making a precarious living by supplying poverty-stricken meals to the passengers and officers upon the road.

Undoubtedly some of the newer States, like Kansas, Nebraska, Texas, and Arkansas have recently developed new sources of wealth, and have been materially aided in their cultivation by the new railroads recently constructed. How far the anticipated results of these railroad enterprises will be realized is a question yet to be settled by events. But it is very evident that much of the public sentiment by means of which the money has been obtained for their construction has been based upon statements essentially devoid of truth.

ENGLAND.—PARLIAMENTARY FILIBUSTERING—TWO POETS.

LONDON, July 7, 1871.

LAST night the intelligent foreigner might have been witness to a remarkable scene in the House of Commons. As soon as the debate on the Ballot Bill opened, the Liberal party calmly rose and walked out of the House, leaving behind them some half-a-dozen representatives. The Conservatives calmly proceeded to occupy both sides of the semi-vacant chamber. Some of them crossed over to the ministerial benches, and a long debate took place—if that may be called a debate in which one side alone sets forward its objections to a proposed piece of legislation. Once the operation known as a count-out was attempted; but immediately the Liberal members, who had been lurking in the various purlieus of the House, rushed in and prevented the threatened catastrophe. Ultimately, after a good many hours had been consumed in talking, the bill made a little progress, and the House adjourned. The explanation of this remarkable performance is simple enough. Mr. Gladstone had summoned a "caucus" of his party on the preceding day. He said, substantially, that the Conservatives were prepared to oppose the bill, by using all the means of delay given by the forms of the House. They were resolved, in short, to talk the bill to death. To meet this threatened manœuvre, it was proposed that the Liberal majority should maintain an invincible silence; that they should withdraw as much as possible the various amendments which they had proposed, and which might serve as a pretext for discussion; and that they should hold themselves in readiness to give a silent vote whenever it might be demanded. In this way it was hoped that obstruction would be overcome, and that the dead weight of the majority would force the bill upon the reluctant minority.

How far this policy will be successful remains to be seen. The proposal to force a bill through without debating is dangerous enough, and can hardly be successful unless it is generally recognized that the opposition is of a factious and unreasonable nature. Each party is, in fact, trying to draw odium upon the other. Mr. Gladstone's friends accuse the opposition of straining the forms of the House to obstruct a measure which is unmistakably approved by the majority; Mr. Disraeli's friends accuse Mr. Gladstone of trying to force through a measure of which nobody sincerely approves, by means of party discipline. I shall not attempt to decide which view of the case is most accurate, nor to prognosticate the probable fate of the measure. It may, however, be said, without much hesitation, that the spectacle is far from an edifying one, from any point of view. There is certainly much to be said for the hypothesis that the minority are indulging in a palpably factious mode of warfare. It is equally true that there is very little genuine enthusiasm opposed to them. In spite of all that can be said by the ministerial newspapers, secret voting is not one of those reforms which elicits any great amount of enthusiasm. Somehow or other, it has long been the proper thing for a radical to profess himself in favor of the ballot; but the number of those who sincerely believe that it will effect any important change in the purity of our elections is certainly small. The simple truth seems to be that we are all growing rather tired of the session, and rather disgusted with the singularly small legislative harvest which it is likely to bring forth. Liberals have tried to screw themselves up to pass, at any rate, one reform which has been long advocated; and, though they care little enough for the reform itself, think that its adoption will be some defence against the charge that they have done next to nothing in their six months' labor. The Conservatives, on the other hand, seeing how small is the intrinsic zeal displayed, are anxious to throw out the measure, to show the weakness of the Government; and thus the main question really is whether or not Mr. Gladstone is strong enough for the emergency. That, much more than any dispute as to the intrinsic rights of the question, is what really occupies men's minds, and, I presume, it will in time be settled one way or the other. That the world at large cares very much about it seems to be a most doubtful proposition. Meanwhile, we are seeing a kind of parliamentary warfare which has been unknown for many years, and do not feel very much edified by the spectacle. When all argument is resolved into the brute force of silent majorities, the struggle is not very animating, whoever may be chiefly responsible for bringing about such a state of things.

Meanwhile, English society consoles itself by talking about anything else that occurs to it. The one great and absorbing topic has been the cross-examination of the claimant to the Tichborne estates. On that point my mouth is still shut, or I could unfold tales which would astonish your readers, if, indeed, they did not prefer to set them down summarily as foolish bits of gossip—a judgment in which I dare say they would not be far wrong. When, however, this fruitful subject is exhausted, what else remains? The Emperor of Brazil and the Crown Prince of Prussia are at present in London, and help to fill columns of the newspapers. But for all practical purposes, they might as well be in their native wilds—an expression which I venture to use, not as implying a specially unfavorable judgment of their respective countries, but as a natural mode of describing any place outside of British territory. The only other topic which fills our columns just now is a ball at which all the grand people have been displaying themselves in costumes drawn from the Waverley novels, by way of celebrating the centenary anniversary of Scott's birth. The celebration may give some cause for reflection. It is now sixty years since the appearance of "Waverley," and already the ordinary English reader is beginning to pronounce "Waverley" dull. In that there is nothing surprising. Few, indeed, are the books, even of the highest order, which retain very lively attractions for the general public so many years after their appearance. If Scott has already become a little faded, that is no more than might be expected even by the warmest believers in his genius. My own faith in his surpassing merits is certainly not shaken. It is more melancholy to look round and ask what writer there is at the present moment whose works will have the honor even of being pronounced dull in the year 1931? We are in one of the intervals which separate the great outbursts of imaginative genius. There are many very agreeable writers who have no claim to be placed in the first class; but the mantle of the great writers seems to have fallen upon no living successor. George Eliot is, I presume, the one novelist who can be named as having produced work of a really first-rate order. Unluckily, that was a long time ago. The merits of "Romola" are a disputed point; and though to my mind it was an unfortunate misapplication of great power to an impossible task, I know that a good many people admire it exceedingly. But few even among the warm admirers of George Eliot can manage to extend their admiration to her poetry. Of course, the appearance of "Armgart" in this number of *Macmillan's Magazine* has sent the magazine through three editions, and produced the proper amount of respectful comments. When a writer has acquired so great a reputation, few critics, even though shielded by anonymity, dare to say frankly that she has made a decided mistake. But though public criticism is of the most gentle order, and indulges itself, at the outside, in a few temperate hints that George Eliot is not quite so admirable as she used to be, the private opinion of such

critics as I know is unequivocally condemnatory. It is indeed as impossible to deny her very high order of talent and the loftiness of her aims as it is to believe that she is working in the path most suited for her. The latest sensation, by the way, in the poetical order comes from America. Mr. Miller's "Songs of the Sierras" has been received with very great applause by those who are now the most recognized authorities on such subjects. The school which looks up to Mr. Morris, Mr. Rossetti, and Mr. Swinburne as the greatest leaders of modern English poetry, is apt to be a little enthusiastic in its judgments; and some of them, for example, have spoken of Mr. Walt Whitman as if he was, on the whole, the first writer of the age —an opinion which, as I believe, has not yet been endorsed by his fellow-countrymen. This amiable tendency to an excessive warmth of approval makes persons of a colder temperament hesitate before falling at the feet of every new idol set up for our adoration; and I therefore wait before stating that Mr. Miller has carried English criticism by storm. I may, however, assert that it is a long time since any new poet has been received with such unanimous approval by the rulers of our Parnassus.

To return for a moment to politics. There is one other fact which I may as well chronicle. Two years ago an act was passed, amidst general applause, giving power to a commission to overhaul the present arrangements of the English endowed schools, and to turn the very large revenues which they at present enjoy to more useful purposes. The commissioners have set to work with commendable zeal, and, if their proposals can be carried out, we should get a long way towards providing the country with that which it most urgently needs—a thoroughly good system of schools between the highest and lowest grades. Unluckily, the commissioners showed more zeal than discretion by first attacking a school the patronage of which belonged to the corporation of the city of London. Now, the British alderman is—like some other people—intensely attached to his patronage, and has no notion of giving it up to please anybody. Moreover, the city of London has enormous influence; and, finally, though the school does very little good at present, there were no abuses in it of the graver kind. Thus Lord Salisbury was enabled to make a very formidable attack on the proposed reform in the House of Lords. By a very unfortunate arrangement, it was provided in the act that a vote of either House of Parliament was to be fatal to the scheme; and the consequence is that the peers, animated by their most determined leader, could upset without appeal the careful plan of the commissioners. The worst of it is that this vote will doubtless serve as a precedent, and that thus the whole system of reform runs very great risk. Lord Salisbury is, beyond all question, the ablest and staunchest of purely Conservative peers, but he is becoming rather too openly obstructive. His success in this instance is a real misfortune to the country; but I notice it now chiefly because Lord Salisbury's action may, perhaps, be of great importance in the remainder of the session. The question has to be solved whether the House of Lords will venture to tamper with either of the two main bills sent up by the Commons. If they do, a very awkward ministerial crisis will ensue; and the chances of such a catastrophe are certainly increased by the way in which their most determined leader seems to be taking the bit between his teeth.

FRANCE.—THE ARMY—THE LOAN—THE ELECTIONS.

PARIS, July 7, 1871.

THERE is a wind of optimism blowing, like a breeze, over France. We have held two reviews, one of our army, the other of our moneys. A hundred thousand men have been reviewed in the Bois de Boulogne, at the same place where not long ago the new Emperor of Germany reviewed his victorious legions. They passed before M. Thiers silently, without one cry, as if they felt that there was nothing to boast of in the mournful triumphs of civil war. In this regard, the soldiers showed a better feeling than the official journal printed at Versailles, under the dictation of M. Thiers, which, for three months, has been talking constantly of the heroism, the intrepidity, the *élan* of the troops. All that need be said of the army which is known under the name of the Army of Paris, is that it accomplished its duty. If the word of Nelson, "England expects every man to do his duty," addressed on the day of a battle with the enemies of England, has been admired, how much more does it find its meaning in the dark days of civil war. But there is in the eloquence of M. Thiers an inexhaustible fund of vanity, which the disasters of France have been unable to cure. The army fully deserves his praise, but his praise is not expressed in a manner worthy of its spirit. This army has crushed the most abominable rebellion with a stern courage and a painful sentiment of duty. You must not believe the stories which have been told of the cruelty of the soldiers; if you only saw them go by in the streets, so young (the army is entirely composed of conscripts of twenty years, with the exception of one corps, made up of the prisoners from Germany), so innocent and rural-looking, as they gaze on the monuments of Paris and on its ruins, you would place little credence in the stories which have filled so many correspondents' letters. A new spirit is pervading the army; there is a feeling growing among officers and men that the army must no longer be an instrument of despotism, the gorgeous and lazy guard of a tyrant; its duties are now performed with the regularity and the discipline of the Prussian guard. The officers are going to school, as it were, learning geography and topography; they spend less time in cafés; they understand that their defects have been in a great part owing to their ignorance and to their negligent habits.

The German Government has not been well pleased with the review of the Bois de Boulogne. There was still a French army, animated with a patriotic spirit; it was enough to bring back Manteuffel's headquarters to Compiègne; but we shall avoid giving any offence to the Germans, who occupy still a large part of our territory, and M. Thiers would not be excusable if he did not do everything in his power to diminish the heavy burden of the occupation in the northern and eastern districts.

The review of our moneys has been even more successful. The Government asked for two milliards of francs at one time; in less than a day, the country offered the double. And the subscriptions have been *bona-fide* subscriptions—the great majority of subscribers offering to make all the payments at once, so as to take advantage of the discount. One hundred and fifty millions in gold have been brought to the Treasury in one day, and deposited by the Government at the Bank. It is really wonderful that, at the end of so lamentable a war, after the extravagant government of Gambetta, and the forced expenses of the second siege of Paris, France should have been still capable of such a gigantic effort. The confidence in the credit of the country is such that there is no premium on gold, and the notes of the Bank of France have not lost a farthing in value. It is probably owing to the fact that in no party, not even among the Red Republicans, has there been a word said in favor of repudiation. I remember that after the Revolution of 1848, M. Fould advised the Government to make a *banqueroute;* this time the word was not even pronounced. With all her errors, France can be said to have preserved her financial honesty. We are consequently able to borrow the large sum of two milliards at six per cent., which is certainly a low rate of interest under the circumstances. There are, however, great embarrassments in store, when the time comes for the final payments of our ransom to be made to Germany. The Bank has been allowed to increase its circulation by nearly two milliards of francs, but Germany will only be paid in gold or in first-class paper, which will also be changed by her into gold. If the large capital of our ransom is kept in Germany to any great extent, the circulating medium will become scarce in France. For the present all seems easy, and M. Thiers's Government is credited with the victory over the Commune and with the success of the loan.

There is nothing definite in France except what is provisional, says a proverb. We live under a mild personal government, but it is a personal government. The country has just been called upon to name 123 new deputies. In Paris, where the passions have run so high for a year, and where the last elections had a decidedly Communist character, they have been this time of a conservative character. In the provinces, which sent a monarchical majority to the Chamber in February last, 80 Republican deputies have been returned; but among these 80 there are only 30 decided republicans; the fifty others might more properly be called *Thiersians*, for they are neither republicans nor monarchists systematically. They don't believe in a principle, they believe in a man, and accept the Republic *de facto*, with Thiers for president. We had already four parties, the Bonapartist—which, by the bye, returns only *two* members in the last elections, the Legitimists, the Orleanists, and the Republicans. M. Thiers has succeeded in creating a fifth party, which is his own, and which will, as long as he is in power, draw many adherents from all sides. The misfortune of France is that she is politically sceptical and timid; she does not believe in principles, she only believes in men. To-day she believes in Thiers. There is a general current setting towards the Orléans, but it will only remain an undercurrent as long as Thiers can inspire the country with confidence and preserve his health. The country is led by instincts, not by reason; and even these instincts are more of a negative than of a positive character.

It sounds rather odd to say that the last elections have been chiefly directed against the Comte de Chambord; but it is the exact truth. The Count had issued a manifesto of a decidedly clerical character; he would

have been forgiven if he only had assumed the tone of a legitimate king; but his allusions to the Pope and to Italy have frightened the country. Even in the old provinces, like Brittany, where the Catholic clergy have still much influence, the peasants will not allow this influence to invade the domain of politics. The impious character of the Commune, the massacre of the archbishop and other distinguished priests, have excited a great horror all through the country; but still the country is not at all prepared to return to a state of things which identified the cause of the monarchy with that of the Catholic priesthood. I believe that the meaning of the elections will be well understood if they are considered as a protestation of the country against clericalism on one side, and Bonapartism on the other. But they are no more republican than monarchical; the constitutional questions are again postponed, and they probably will be for some time. If M. Thiers had consulted the best interests of France, he would, in my opinion, not have invented his theory of "reorganization, not reconstitution"; he would have thrown his influence on the side of constitutional monarchy. He has sacrificed the welfare of France to his own ambition, but, for the present, his faults are not yet perceived by the public. He is really looked upon as a saviour, and he can play at his leisure with all parties, and remain himself in power. It is certainly demoralizing for a country to open two or three ways to every ambition, to every hope, and to accustom itself to live from day to day without any settled principles or desires. But this very uncertainty, so irritating to an honest heart, has some charm for our politicians, who hate simplicity and are fond of intrigue. Our situation is not very different from what it was under the Directory, after the horrors of the Terror; there is a singular fatigue, a certain abhorrence of initiative, in the Chamber and in the country. After so many pains and sufferings, we are contented with breathing. The Prussians are still in France, and the Communists are still in Paris; but we are alive; all our houses are not burnt, all our fields have not been ravaged. What shall we do with France to-morrow? It will be time to-morrow to answer the question. Let us live quietly to-day, *Thiers consule.* A. L.

Correspondence.

THE PROHIBITIONISTS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Dear Sir: Will you please explain through the columns of your valuable paper the meaning of the expression, the "trickery and unreason of prohibition" (see *Nation*, No. 315, page 21, 2d column, 7th line)?

I am a regular and interested reader of the *Nation*, and have taken much interest in prohibition, yet have failed to see in it "trickery and unreason." Respectfully, Geo. H. Vibbert.

East Boston, Mass, July 20, 1871.

[We referred exclusively to the nature of the process by which it has been sought to put the doctrine of prohibition into practice. This has been throughout, in our opinion, marked by "trickery and unreason," and we have so often given our reasons for thinking so that we need not repeat them now. We had no intention of saying, or insinuating, that there was anything tricky or unreasonable in the theory that the sale or drinking of liquor should be prohibited by law.—Ed. Nation.]

CHARLES READE'S LAST PLOT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: We have heard much, at various times, of Charles Reade's plagiarisms. The term is harsh and unfair. It cannot be strictly applied to him any more than to Shakespeare or Byron. At the same time, it must be owned that he understands very cleverly *prendre son bien où il le trouve*, as a French writer said under similar circumstances. The germ of his present serial may be found in a magazine story written about thirty-three years ago. I have been vainly trying to recollect the title of the article and in what magazine it appeared (it was republished in the *Albion*), but of the plot I have a tolerably clear recollection. A lady who is in danger of losing the love of her husband—a country squire or nobleman—on account of her barrenness, passes off another woman's child on him and on the world as her own. Afterwards she bears a son, and is tortured at seeing her own offspring thus supplanted by her own act. She is unable to conceal her dislike of the pseudo-heir; he himself perceives it and expostulates with her about it. Meanwhile, his real father, who is a *mauvais sujet*, becomes connected with poachers, and in an affray between them and the gamekeepers, the son, now grown to a young man, kills the father. The real mother, in her frenzy, discloses the secret, and the supposed father goes mad from the effects of the shock. What becomes of the lady, I forget. In case any of your readers have curiosity and leisure enough to hunt up this old story, I can give them another slight hint and help towards finding it. It appeared about the same time (I should say within six months either way) of Judge Longstreet's "Scenes in Georgia"—a book which had some celebrity in its day as a picture of local manners, and is not altogether without value to the philological student.

Carl Benson.

Lenox, Mass., July 21.

Notes.

The last two sermons preached by President Woolsey before his retirement are in the press of Charles C. Chatfield & Co., New Haven.

—The hearty praise we gave a few months ago (*Nation*, No. 302) to Vol. III. of the United States Geological Exploration of the 40th Parallel, on "Mining Industry," must be repeated for the atlas which accompanies the text, but which was not completed at the time our notice was written. It is now issued from the Engineers' Department in elegant style, the mechanical execution of the plates being highly creditable to the engraver, M. Julius Bien, of this city. There are fourteen plates in all. The first is a comprehensive map of the mining districts, from Colorado to California, and, as it is the latest, we presume it is the most accurate map in all respects of the States and Territories embraced in it. The scale is small, but, with all its minuteness and even fulness, it is beautifully clear. There is a colored geological map (No. 13) of the Toyabe Mountains, in which Austin is situated, and another (No. 14) of the White Pine District. The rest are devoted to the mines of the Washoe District, the site of Virginia City and of the famous Comstock Lode. To the unpractised eye the horizontal plottings have almost a kaleidoscopic appearance, but a little study shows that this network of variously colored arms represents the different levels which in the longitudinal elevations of the same lode become perfectly intelligible. In fact, the ten plates taken together reveal the nature and extent of gold-mining as no number of visits to the mines themselves would do to an inexperienced observer. We believe, too, that no mines of corresponding magnitude in any part of the world have ever been mapped with so much accuracy and thoroughness; and when we say this, we pay a very high, but only merited, compliment to the gentlemen of the expedition, to the Engineers' Department, and to the Government of the United States.

—General Garfield has just published, in a handsome pamphlet, the oration on the life and character of Gen. George H. Thomas which he delivered last fall before the Society of the Army of the Cumberland. He had a great theme. How the next generation will apportion fame to the men who were leaders in our late war, it is probably too soon to say, except in the case of Lincoln, who, unless all signs fail, is for many reasons secure in the first place. Of purely military reputations, some will be likely to shrink and others to grow under the pens of military judges passing sentence in the full light of all the evidence as to this and that plan, and this and that battle; but we are inclined to think that the reputation of General Thomas rests on as durable a foundation of moral nobility and steadfastness, and of solid, though not distinctively brilliant, military achievement as that of any other soldier of the war. His story should be in all the schools, for, perhaps, there never was an American citizen who more signally displayed in his character and all his conduct in the field and elsewhere, firm-nerved, unfaltering, and clear-eyed devotion to high convictions of duty. He practised, as few of our great men have done, the moral righteousness which is so easy to be understood, and so capable of being inculcated upon the young, and which it is so hard to practise; and, therefore, both for the ease of teaching and the profitableness of what is taught, he may better be set before their eyes as an example than men of abilities more commanding than his and of careers more distinguished. General Garfield's work is well done; for, if it is not of the highest class of literary workmanship, it has the merit of entire freedom from the well-known faults of such things, especially when handled by Congressional orators. And it gives judicious praise and generous admiration, and displays a firmness of moral fibre and a kind of manly severity and dignity, joined to heartiness and

unassuming frankness, which is well in keeping with the character of the man whom it celebrates.

—The story that General Garfield had to tell is well known. Thomas's early life; how he met the question with which he found himself confronted in 1860, when the South demanded his services, as she did those of his fellow-officers in the petted 2d Cavalry—Albert Sidney Johnston, R. E. Lee, W. J. Hardee, Earl Van Dorn, E. K. Smith, A. G. Brackett, C. W. Field, W. H. Jenifer, J. B. Hood, Fitz Hugh Lee, G. B. Cosby, J. P. Major—all of whom went over to the enemy and became generals in the Confederate service; how Thomas, Virginian as he was, thought he saw his duty clear, and unhesitatingly did it in circumstances of exceptional difficulty; how he saved the day and the army at Chickamauga; and how, finally, always at work and always in command of the centre regiment, the centre brigade, the centre division, the centre corps, or the centre army, an immovable pivot, he took Hood in hand and destroyed his army at Nashville, the only army in the war destroyed in battle—this is all well recollected, but can hardly be too often recalled. His admirable qualities never showed themselves more plainly than when, just previously to the battle before Nashville, he held out against the heavy pressure of the general-in-chief and the President, and refused to move against Hood till, in his judgment, the time had arrived. On December 9, 1864, he telegraphs to Halleck, who had informed him that he was to be suspended from command for not fighting: "I regret that General Grant should feel dissatisfaction at my delay in not attacking the enemy. I feel conscious that I have done everything in my power to prepare, and that the troops could not have been got ready before this, and if he should order me to be relieved, I will submit without a murmur." Grant's answer to this was that he had telegraphed to have the order relieving him suspended, and he added, man-fashion: "I hope most sincerely that the facts will show you to have been right all the time." A week after, Hood's army was substantially destroyed, and Grant, who had set out from City Point to take the command himself, heard the news at Washington that the facts had shown Thomas to be right all the time, and turned back to his own lines. As often happens in General Sherman's case, of all who speak of Thomas, General Sherman speaks as well as any one. He gives the necessary official orders, and then says: "The General has known General Thomas intimately since they sat as boys on the same bench, and the quality in him which he holds up for the admiration and example of the young is his complete and entire devotion to duty. Though sent to Florida, to Mexico, to Texas, to Arizona, when duty there was absolute banishment, he went cheerfully, and never asked a personal favor, exemption, or leave of absence. In battle he never wavered. Firm, and of full faith in his cause, he knew it would prevail, and he never sought advancement of rank or honor at the expense of any one. Whatever he earned of these was his own, and no one disputes his fame. The very impersonation of honesty, integrity, and honor, he will stand to us as the beau ideal of the soldier and gentleman."

—For some reason or other, the controversy about the use of the Bible in the public schools, which was so hot a year ago, has almost entirely died away, and not even the religious press has said much about the revelation made by one of the secular papers the other day, which showed that the school authorities in Roman Catholic quarters of this city connive at an utter disregard of the regulations ordaining that the Bible shall be read every morning. The last *Baptist Quarterly*, however, has a long article, which looks at the question from a Protestant point of view, and may, perhaps, interest some persons, and prove to be of value to them. The author undertakes to show that society can never be, and has never been, based upon a social compact, and that the state is necessarily a moral and religious entity, having, as state, relations with God. It owes him, then, the duty of homage, and though the writer does not attach a vital importance to any of our forms of governmental homage to God—the prayer in the Senate and House, for instance; the services of chaplains in the army and navy; the proclamations ordering days of thanksgiving and of fasting—still he thinks they have a decided didactic and moral value, and he would not have them given up at the demand of "the enemies of revelation" and of Roman Catholics. Where draw the line, he enquires, if once we give up the use of the Bible? Should we give up the Bible, it would not be long before these same enemies of revelation, joining with the Romanists, would demand the discontinuance of other acts of governmental worship; or if they did not so demand, it would assuredly be at the expense of consistency. Perhaps consistency seems to this writer's eyes a jewel of greater value than it intrinsically possesses. In the world of politics, it may easily be bought too dear, the world of politics being so practical a world as it is; and certainly in a republic, which dies if its citizens are not intelligent, the education of the young is a question closely allied to practical politics. To make education compulsory everywhere, to put the hand of the State, acting in obedience to the law of self-preservation, on the collar of every Jew boy and girl, and Roman Catholic boy and girl, and Protestant boy and girl, and make them all impartially get a certain amount of mental enlightenment, would seem to be the wise course to take. And to get this necessary work done with as little friction as possible, it may well turn out to be worth the State's while to refrain from shocking any one's feelings of religious partisanship by a ceremony usually very perfunctorily performed, and, when done with earnestness, often done with more zeal than knowledge. The Roman Catholic would not be pleased with this arrangement; but he would not, as now he has, have a very plausible grievance to plead every time that he wants public money for his sectarian schools, of which he is now the most active enemy. This same number of the *Baptist Quarterly* contains an article giving what purports to be a new and literal translation of the Chinese "Three Letter Classic," the famous primary school-book, in which millions of small Chinamen are to-day taking, as for centuries millions of others have taken, their first lessons in reading. It will be found not only curious to the casual reader, but of some interest to educators. It will, perhaps, cause some of them to consider for the first time whether it is most expedient to put into the heads of youthful learners only that which they can assimilate, or whether it may not be well to give them some things a little too high for them. It is a bad mixture of metaphors, but may not the germinant power of the corn make it better food than something more immediately digestible?

—With the exception of a new poem by Robert Browning, there is no work among the recent English publications and announcements that is particularly distinguished for its subject or its author, though not a few promise to repay the reader. Mr. Browning's poem will be called "Balaustion's Adventure," and will include a transcription from Euripides. "The History of England, from the year 1830," by William Nassau Molesworth, ought to be a valuable addition to a working library; and so ought "A Manual of Anthropology, based on Modern Research," by Charles Bray. Professor Nathan Sheppard, lately Paris correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* and of the New York *Examiner and Chronicle*, will republish some of his letters, doubtless, in "Shut up in Paris during the Siege," his feelings, as we recollect them, being akin to those of a man caged up in a menagerie with tigers and monkeys. "A Text-Book of Indian History," by Rev. G. N. Pope; and "The Highlands of Central India," by the late Captain Forsyth, will be acceptable to students and tourists of the East. Swiss tourists, on the other hand, may consult "Scrambles among the Alps in the years 1860-69," by Edward Whymper; and "Peaks in Pen and Pencil, for Artistic Students of Alpine Scenery," by Elijah Walton, F.G.S. Another noticeable book of travel or geography is Rear-Admiral Hornby's "Cruise Round the World of the Flying Squadron." A pleasant and learned writer, Rev. Charles Rogers, publishes his fourth work on the manners of Scotland, under the title, "A Century of Scottish Life: Memorials and Recollections of Historical and Remarkable Persons, with illustrations of Caledonian Humor," which may be recommended without reserve for light reading and something more. The theological list embraces: "Our Family Likeness: Illustrations of Our Origin and Descent," by the Dean of Carlisle; and a "Glossary of Ecclesiastical Terms," by various writers, with the Rev. Orby Shipley for editor. In music, we note "A Theory of Harmony, founded on the Tempered Scale," by John Stainer, Mus. Doc.

—The *Gazette des Tribunaux* states that a part of the immense archives of the Paris Prefecture of Police has been saved from the flames. Most of the historical papers relating to the Revolution were preserved, but some have disappeared, and it is asserted that certain persons who were very influential under the Commune appropriated a number with a view of selling them hereafter. If this be the case, the missing documents may in the course of time find their way back to the archives. As for the archives of the Commune itself, Dr. E. Pierotti edits "Décrets et rapports officiels de la Commune de Paris et du gouvernement de Versailles, du 18 Mars au 31 mai 1871," and a plan of Paris showing the fires and the devastation caused by the Commune during the same period.

—The orthography of the Flemish language has lately been somewhat modified by a royal decree, and a printer demands of the King an indemnity of 90,000 francs, on the ground that the decree prevents his selling his stock of dictionaries. "Orthographical liberty or my 90,000 francs," cries M. Greuse. Across the Channel, the great English manu-

facturers of Bibles have, for similar reasons, trembled for their sales in view of the new version of the Scriptures now in progress; while publishers of the Church Service are just now embarrassed by the prospect of a law authorizing the use of a new Table of Lessons, which, however, is not to become compulsory till January, 1879. This interval will probably permit the working off of the old stock. Now, we would suggest, is the time for the Emperor Wilhelm to signalize his accession to the imperial throne, and to secure as his laudators large bands of men of letters—best friends for sovereigns—by ordaining that hereafter all books printed within his realms shall be printed in Roman characters, and that German script shall be utterly abolished.

— The horrid deeds of the Commune, and the undaunted manifestoes of the Internationals, have caused every European nation some anxious reflections; and if among the intelligent classes there is a final assurance that modern society is proof against its avowed enemies, few can bear to contemplate the probability of a struggle and a victory like that from which France has just emerged. Italy, as the next neighbor of France, and sharer for many years of its political movements and ideas, is naturally much disturbed. The social problem has been made the theme of many articles in the newspapers, and of several books addressed to the working-classes. An able writer in the *Gazzetta d'Italia* has set forth fairly the complaints of the Communists and Socialists, in order to expose the fallacy of their doctrines and the dreadful consequences of their success. Professor Sbarbaro, besides publishing a tract, "Della Libertà," designed to build up a new conservative party as a bulwark against the disorganizers, joins his colleagues, Senators Rossi and Alfieri, in using the press for the same object. Such well-known authors as Niccolò Tommaseo and Cesare Cantù appeal by direct exhortation or in the guise of fiction to the understandings of workingmen—the former in "I doveri e i diritti d'ogni buon Italiano—Memorie e speranze per il popolo;" the latter in "Portafoglio d'un operaio," which is dedicated to Rossi. Both these are educational works of a high order, and well calculated to improve, as far as books can, the political, moral, and economical notions of the laboring class.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF BISHOP BERKELEY.*

THE editor of the collected works of Bishop Berkeley has formed a correct and severe idea of his own duty, and has been faithful to it. His prefaces and annotations are brief, and are restrained to such remarks of various kinds as throw light upon the meaning of the text. His remarks are not critical, but exegetical. His criticism is reserved for a special essay in the fourth volume. The diligence and pains with which he has followed up every hint or trace are especially evident in the "Life," which is given in the fourth volume. The materials for this biography were, unfortunately, very meagre. Any one would be glad to know more of this Anglican ecclesiastic of the eighteenth century who was ready to give up a rich Irish deanery and go out to found a college in America. Nothing but genuine devotion to work could have led him to conceive of this enterprise, and endeavor to carry it out at immense sacrifice. Any American would be glad to know more of this man who took such an interest in this country, and who had such broad and enlightened views in regard to it at a time when Walpole was minister, and the policy of England towards the colonies was narrow and bigoted to an astonishing degree. It is satisfactory, however, to feel that, though we should like more, we have all which was to be obtained. The letters which have been preserved are few in number, and of no great interest. They are largely taken up with private affairs, in connection with a legacy which was left to him in a most romantic manner by Swift's "Vanessa." They were mostly written when he was in London preparing to sail for Bermuda, and show by incidental references how much his heart was set on that scheme. A few were written from Newport, R. I.; but we learn more of his life there from "Alciphron," which was written during his residence in this country. With Dr. Samuel Johnson (first President of King's [Columbia] College) he exchanged brief letters from time to time, mostly in relation to Yale College, but all manifesting genuine interest in the cause of education in America, although his own scheme had been utterly shipwrecked by the selfish and suspicious policy of the Government. All manifest a truly catholic and earnest spirit. He believed in truth, and sought it in independent thought, not in tradition. He had no narrow or dogmatic creed, and no ecclesiastical spirit, but sought good and truth everywhere, and recognized them wherever he found them.

The key to his philosophy is to be found in an instinctive revolt against the abstractions of scholastic tradition. The times in which he lived present no edifying spectacle to the reader of history. The most crabbed Toryism, which supports privilege and privileged institutions in the genuine protective spirit, and whose policy is to make fat places and then get into them one's self, was rampant in church and state. If any man had thought or enthusiasm, or believed in anything but "port wine and pluralities," he was regarded as a busybody. There was very little faith either in the church or out of it. Sermons were dry and stupid, and either thrashed over again the straw of scholastic theology, or else ran into disquisitions on Tory political philosophy. It is no mean merit in the young student of Trinity College that he revolted against all this, and set to work to find a fresh and free philosophy on an independent basis. He naturally fell into crude, exaggerated, and one-sided views. One man, or one generation, could not follow out such a theory as he started and criticise it in all its bearings. As for himself, he was enthusiastic, and his notions, when once adopted, became hobbies; but he broke boldly with what he saw was false, and his philosophy, though it has been much misunderstood, has had a wide influence on modern thought—far wider, in fact, than many who use it are accustomed to know or admit.

The notion which was current in philosophy when Berkeley grew up to a knowledge of it, and against which he protested most energetically, was that of an abstract something called "matter." The old mediæval distinction of substance and accidents still lingered in the schools under the form of "matter" and its "qualities," and to the former of these, though it was, concededly, unconceived and inconceivable, undefined and undefinable, was ascribed, in language at least, an efficiency to "cause" certain sensations in the human mind. Thus matter was only half-dethroned from its ascendancy over mind. In fact, this state of things yet exists. The mediæval philosophy of substance and accidents is at the bottom of the sacramental system which has produced a reaction in the Anglican Church. In Hume and Comte, the exclusive interest in physical phenomena, and the indifference to spiritual questions and interests, involve the same preponderating interest in matter as against mind. In materialism (in the modern sense), matter forms half the duality which rules the world. In Sir William Hamilton's philosophy, in the dogmatic scholastic form to which Dean Mansel has reduced it, materialism (in the sense of Berkeley) is once more revived. Certainly, if the republication of Berkeley's works could rekindle the study of this subject, and extricate us from this tangle, it would serve a most useful purpose. We may be permitted, with him, to revolt by instinct against all these apotheoses of matter, whether we are ready with a positive solution or not. In his case, the proposition that mind alone is absolute, and that matter is dependent, was a point of faith, a *dogma*, if we choose to call it so; and the aim of his life was to discover the true philosophy, matter being assumed to have an *absolute* existence. He no doubt made his assertions, in this respect, too absolute, and the dearth of philosophical thought at the time was such that he was not forced to the strict definitions which were necessary. Professor Fraser seems, in his critical essay, out of zeal for the reputation of his author, to change sometimes the contents of Berkeley's expressions. This is not worth while. There is a sense in which the objects of sense have no existence save as a human mind perceives them, and, therefore, have only an intermittent existence. Suppose that an orange lies somewhere unnoticed. It is not merely a visible colored extension, nor an odor, nor a taste, nor an object of touch, having extension in three dimensions, but the word "orange," as used by men, means all these sensations combined. As sensations, they can exist and be combined only in a mind, therefore the "orange" has no existence save as it is perceived in a human mind. But this is not what Berkeley meant. If it were, his speculation would have no practical value, but be a mere barren metaphysical subtlety.

In the philosophy which Berkeley elaborated, his belief in God, and his conception of God, form a religious or dogmatic basis, which is assumed. He finds three factors in human knowledge, the perceiving mind, the sense-perceptions, and the divine will, which exhibits these perceptions to the mind. To the obvious question whether material objects, having only a dependent existence, have an intermittent existence, or are not, when no human mind is perceiving them, he answers that they are perpetually perceived by God, and that their permanent existence is due to the continuance of the divine will in its intention that they shall exist (Providence). This is the doctrine of the dialogues between *Philo-*

* "The Works of George Berkeley, D.D., formerly Bishop of Cloyne; including many of his Writings hitherto unpublished; with Prefaces, Annotations, his Life and Letters, and an Account of his Philosophy. By Alexander Campbell Fraser, M.A., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh." In 4 vols. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1871. New York: Macmillan & Co.

nous and Hylas, in which he first controverts the traditional materialism, and then, having reduced his interlocutor to scepticism, assails him in that position. In his view, the sensations in the human mind are due to phenomena which the supreme mind continually "exhibits" to the human mind, and he does not doubt of their permanency, regularity, and truthfulness, because he cannot doubt of the benevolence and truthfulness of the supreme agent. Here we at once perceive the ground for an apparent connection between his philosophy and more recent scepticism; for, although he set out to combat materialists and sceptics, it is certain that his doctrines have, historically, had more affinity with sceptical than orthodox philosophy. If any one accepted his general view of physical phenomena, yet omitted his assumptions in regard to the Supreme Being, he had only one step to take to apply the same doctrine to mind, and reduce all things to phenomena, and found a sceptical philosophy (Hume, Comte). Modern thinkers, devoting their attention mainly to physics, and seeking a solution even of metaphysical problems through physics, have omitted Berkeley's third factor from the account. They resolutely set aside the First Cause. Inasmuch as his aims, purposes, and motives are inscrutable to man, they have no proper place in human science. Of the correctness of this procedure, on purely scientific grounds, there can be no question: nevertheless, an element of which we make abstraction for a particular purpose, is by no means absolutely denied or put out of existence—an evident proposition which the most ambitious scientists are most likely to forget. Although, as a scientist, I may set aside the First Cause, and restrain my science to the second causes which are its only legitimate object, yet to me, as a man, the First Cause loses none of its importance or interest. The more definitely science removes God from the domain of science, the more definitely it shows that his existence cannot ultimately be ignored, and that it has its proper place in the domain of faith, where, in fact, with Berkeley, it remains. The history of philosophy since his time, and its struggles to rise to the height of its task without the help of this factor, bear witness to this fact, and the latest and best German philosophy has already recognized it. Science, as such, has nothing to do with faith, but philosophy, which aims to embrace the whole man, can never ignore faith and its data and phenomena. We may try to ignore the knotty problem of "causality," and take things simply as they are, without establishing any doctrine of their relations; we may try to ignore metaphysical and spiritual speculations, and confine our attention to sense-perceptions, but the phenomena remain, and the human mind is certain to revert to them and seek their solution. This assumption of Berkeley cannot, therefore, be condemned as unwarrantable and unphilosophical.

Berkeley's speculations commenced during his undergraduate years. He founded a society which met weekly and debated philosophical questions, and whose proceedings were kept secret, probably from prudential motives. His first publication also shows a spirit of accommodation, by which it must have been much weakened in its effect. It is necessary now to bring his philosophy from later works to its elucidation. This first publication was the "New Theory of Vision." According as we view it, it is either an application of his philosophy or one of the observations on which it is founded, and, in one case, the philosophy which is applied, or, in the other, the philosophy which is deduced, remains unmentioned. He denied that distance was visible, or that extension in any one of the three dimensions, or that anything but color, was perceived by sight. With regard to the third dimension of space, he proves this satisfactorily enough, and no one denies it, but he passes lightly over the first two dimensions, and in regard to these it is certain that he was mistaken. He maintained that all our ideas of distance and dimension come from the sense of touch, including in this all locomotion and all movements of the muscles, even of those of the eyes. The sensations by which the eye judges of distance are, according to him, empirically associated with sensations of touch; hence only is this power to judge acquired. He denies the necessary or mathematical character of these judgments, and affirms that they are won by connecting an arbitrary sign with the thing signified. These signs are marks of relations which God has fixed, but not conditions under which God acts.

Of course the question here raised is as old as Aristotle and Plato, and involves the controversy as to the created and acquired powers of man. That controversy still remains unsettled, and Berkeley, in "Siris," the work of his old age, is more timid and cautious in his expressions which touch upon it. It is astonishing to us, who are accustomed to debate these questions only by adducing facts of observation and experience, to miss them in Berkeley's works. Many observations bearing upon this question, whether we start in life with an outfit of faculties, or whether all our faculties are acquired, have been collected, but they are strangely contradictory. It is certain that infants spend the first months of life in acquiring the arts of seeing and feeling, which are quite as difficult as those of talking and walking. Smelling and tasting are developed later. The skill and perfection attained in these arts vary as much as in writing, speaking, and drawing, and there is always the question of natural aptitude. Different talents are developed at different times in life, and different instincts manifest themselves as their appropriate organs are developed. Likes and dislikes are apparently innate, but also subject to education. Accords and discords, on the other hand, seem to be "necessary." Here is a point upon which much interesting investigation has been spent, but as yet without decisive conclusions. To take up still more elementary powers: The infant manifests an instinctive power to perform such action as is necessary for its sustenance, and the young of animals find their way to the teats of the mother. The child begins to exercise its legs in jumping long before it tries to walk. The young bird spreads and flutters its wings. Young ducks seek the water, while nothing can persuade chickens to swim. Thus perplexing are the phenomena. Some of them point to a germinal, innate power; others seem to reduce all to education. The same perplexity meets us in regard to conscience and many moral powers, which are often assumed to be innate, but are certainly liable to great influence from education, and also in regard to the oldest and apparently most universally interesting problems of human life—love between the sexes. These facts have been collected and criticised by Dr. Du Bois-Reymond, of Berlin, in a "Festrede" on the "Leibnitz'che Gedanken in der neuern Natur-Wissenchaft." He brings them into connection with Leibnitz's doctrine of the "Pre-established Harmony" as a general, if not in all respects an exhaustive, explanation of them. This is the present state of the question, and, in spite of the truth of much of Berkeley's argument about acquired skill in the interpretation of arbitrary signs, as an explanation of all sensations of sight, these facts show us that the doctrine has its limitations. One great difficulty is that probably no two of us have exactly the same sensations from the same object of sense. We have no means of comparing the sensations which we experience, save the clumsy one of language, and therefore, when Berkeley appeals to consciousness, he appeals, on his own principles, to skill in interpreting a certain symbolism (which varies in the apprehension of different individuals), in interpreting which their skill will vary as much as in the use of a painter's brush.

The last work of importance which Berkeley published is called "Siris." It is remarkable for its philosophical reflections, which offer his mature thought, but also because it is an elaborate argument for a panacea. Berkeley having noticed the undoubted purifying and healing effects of tar, seized upon it with his wonted enthusiasm, and rode it to death as a hobby. He prescribed tar-water for every ill, and advocated its use with benevolent zeal. It was widely believed in and used in Europe and America about the middle of the last century. The belief in a panacea was one of the most remarkable delusions of the Middle Ages; and it is instructive to see the broad and generous philosopher, the key to whose life was set by an instinctive revolt against the mediæval notion of matter, fall a victim to this faith in its efficacy.

There is always a certain sadness in reading metaphysical works: they impress on us so distinctly the fate of man to clutch always at the truth, yet never to grasp it. The history of these pursuits is that of a Sisyphus labor; and the philosopher in his study is, as is suggested by a quaint vignette copied in one of these volumes, like a child grasping at his own reflection in a mirror. Yet no man is fit for philosophy unless he has the faith and perseverance to go on until he at least finds out why the illusion appears before him.

CANON KINGSLEY IN THE WEST INDIES.*

Mr. Agassiz, when he was in Brazil, being out in the woods one day, got much enjoyment from the natural scenery, he tells us. He saw a forest of dicotyledonous trees with a monocotyledonous undergrowth. There is a good deal of similar scenery-painting in this book of Mr. Kingsley's, and we think it best to warn such of our readers as take our advice and get the new volume, not to be frightened away from it by such passages as the following, for example, which we confess we think an abominable imposition upon the public. Too much for our patience, at any rate, we have found them, and though we have, on the whole, been pleased with the

* "At Last: A Christmas in the West Indies. By Charles Kingsley. With illustrations." New York: Macmillan & Co. 1871.

book, we acknowledge a serious amount of skipping. This is the passage, and it is not an unfair specimen of about a quarter part of the whole:

"It is impossible to describe the feelings of the botanist when arriving at a field like this, so much unlike anything he has seen before. Here are full-blowing large Orchids, with red, white, and yellow flowers; and among the grasses, smaller ones of great variety, and as great scientific interest—Melastomaceous plants of various genera; Utricularias, Droseras, rare and various grasses, and Cyperoids of small sizes and fine kinds, with a species of Cassytha; in the water, Ceratophyllum (the well-known hornwort of the English ponds) and bog-mosses. Such a variety of forms and colors is nowhere else to be met with in the island."

This is quoted by Mr. Kingsley—from a certain "poor Doctor Krueger," who apparently made a bad end—but it is not essentially different from very much of his own writing. If he had collected ferns with half the young ladies of his parish, when he had one, and had taken a pastor's interest in the aquariums of the other half of them, he could not have talked cheap botany and ichthyology, but especially botany, with more wearisome fluency and apparent interest. He will leave anything—obeah women, deadly snakes eight feet long, sharks, coolies' houses, poisonous shrubs, negro longshoremen's songs, lakes of liquid pitch which one may touch without defilement and even wash in, British civilization in the jungle, surf-bathing, wonderful caves, old tales of the buccaneers and pirates who made "the Spanish Main" words of such baleful import and such irresistible fascination to the boys of twenty years ago, stories of the cruelty of Maroons and Spaniards, of the invincible gallantry of English sailors, of the miserable sufferings of the Indians—some one or other of these things our author is constantly forsaking for a "bare tangle of stems and boughs," "a virgin forest," "a panicum divaricatum," "a hundred plants of yellow Allemanda, or purple Dolichos," "a cousin of our periwinkles, and a cousin, too, of the Thevetia," "a scleria latifolia," or some other vegetable growth as to which no person right in his mind should, it seems to us, assume that anybody not in botany as a business can take the least interest. Here is more of it—a favorable specimen:

"That tree with upright branches, and large, dark, glossy leaves tiled upwards along them, is the Mammee Sapota, beautiful likewise. And what is the next, like an evergreen peach, shedding from the underside of every leaf a golden light—call it not shade? A Star-apple; and that young thing which you may often see grown into a great timber-tree, with leaves like a Spanish chestnut, is the Avocado, or, as some call it, alligator, pear. This with the glossy leaves, somewhat like the Mammee Sapota, is a Sapodilla, and that with leaves like a great myrtle, and bright flesh-colored fruit, a Malacca-apple, or perhaps a Rose-apple. Its neighbor, with large leaves, grey and rough underneath, flowers as big as your two hands, with greenish petals and a purple eye, followed by fat scaly yellow apples, is the Sweet-sop; and that privet-like bush with little flowers and green berries a Guava, of which you may eat if you will, as you may of the rest."

While we are speaking "in this connection," as they say in Boston, we may mention two things that Mr. Kingsley says in the course of his interminable talk about what trees and bushes and flowers he has seen. He gives a hint which perhaps it might be worth the while of some of our decorators to take, when he says that many of the plants in the forests of Trinidad and the other islands which he visited are extremely beautiful in leaf and stem, and most of them are novel, and, especially as they grow together, naturally disposed, would be of excellent service in the arts of design. He also makes the remark that of all the vast number of West Indian fruits, none is so good as an English pear, apple, or strawberry. This we take to be true; we have found it verified by our experience, so far as that has gone. But it might have occurred to Mr. Kingsley when he observed, as probably he often did, a panting negro lying in the shade with his face buried in half a cool watermelon, that in all probability the black man preferred, for very good reasons, too, the West Indian fruit to all the apples of Devonshire. Mr. Kingsley's remark is an illustration—harmless enough, and not so British as most remarks made by the tourist in foreign lands—of that readiness of the traveller to apply his own little foot-rule to everything.

Two or three things we all, as citizens of this republic, keep laid up against Mr. Kingsley; and many of us, in other than our civic capacities, have him more or less in derision, so that it is disagreeable to some of us, and grates much upon our feelings, to praise him or hear him getting praise. But it will have to be admitted by the best amongst our patriots that people who want summer reading might do worse than take this book into the country or down by the seaside and read a good half of it at least—or all of it, if they care for the crimson Norantea and the purple dolichos and sapodillas and sapotas and the like. It gives pleasant pictures of the beauties of the islands and their surrounding waters; and though it is not very full nor very interesting on such subjects as the domestic, social, and commercial life of the West Indians; and though, as we have hinted, it might well deal at greater length than it does with some little known matters of past and contemporary West Indian history, it nevertheless is a pleasing book. It makes very little display of Mr. Kingsley's faults. Recollecting his talk about Eyre, the Jamaica Governor, and his prostrate admiration for the young British aristocrat, and the way in which, during the rebellion of the South, he backslid from his former unctuous faith in the negro, we were expecting to find some valuable screeds of political economy from him when he got hold of the sugar culture, and some remarks about Voudooism and laziness that would do the *World's* very heart good. But he is quite mild; and though he speaks far more highly of the coolies and Chinamen than of the blacks, and apparently has no very high hopes for the negro's future, we should say that he is not ill-disposed towards him, and not unjust. As for our young administrator, the Kingsleyan youthful Briton, with the Devonshire blood in him, and the clear blue eye in the head of him, and the whip or the sword equally at home in the hand of him, and the truth always on the tongue of him, and all the rest of it, he hardly puts in an appearance at all, though there is a little of him. It is almost entirely inoffensive, however, and some of it good, especially as there is next to nothing of the peculiar slang which the Kingsleys, attempting to copy Carlyle, first let loose on a suffering public of novel-readers. A touch of it we get now and again, as when the Cubans revolt against the Spaniards, being at last determined to see what they can "make of themselves on this earth"; and as when the government of one of the colonies is said to be "good work" got out of a man. Only a Kingsley, or Mr. George Lawrence, can tell why writers should talk of a revolt as being specifically "on this earth." To almost all other writers, the statement that Cuba was the scene of the insurrection would seem sufficiently specific, without mention of the planet. But, as we say, there is here very little of this sort of talk, though we do not know that we should yet trust Mr. Kingsley when out of the woods, and away from his philodendron lacerum, and tillandsia, and cinchonaceous plants; there is still some of the old gleam in his eye, and it would not be wonderful to find him in his next book writing as of old.

When one has condemned the inordinate and exasperating botany of "At Last," pretty much all the faultiness of the work has, we think, been mentioned. Unless, indeed, one were to grumble at the perfectly unmeaning title, which would be with difficulty excusable in a struggling young novelist, and clearly is improper in a writer of Mr. Kingsley's standing, whose name is enough to sell his books, and who has no need of such devices. Forty years ago, when he was a boy, Mr. Kingsley had the wish to visit the West Indies; from childhood, he says, he had studied their natural history, their charts, their romances and their tragedies, and had longed to see the Spanish Main, and "at last," in December of 1870, as we make out the date, he found himself crossing the Atlantic in fulfilment of his childish desire. He sets out well, with a blast out of the old Kingsleyan trumpet—not such bad music at times—which he blows in honor of a figure that has caused him very much of the joy and rejoicing he has had—a famous English sailor, namely, who is foul of many times his weight in Spaniards:

"And as we looked out into the darkness, we could not but recollect, with a flush of pride, that yonder on the starboard beam lay Flores, and the scene of that great fight off the Azores, on August 30, 1591, made ever memorable by the pen of Walter Raleigh—and of late by Mr. Froude; in which the *Revenge*, with Sir Richard Grenville for her captain, endured for twelve hours, before she struck, the attack of eight great Spanish armadas, of which two (three times her own burden) sank at her side; and after all her masts were gone, and she had been three times boarded without success, defied to the last the whole fleet of fifty-one sail, which lay around her, waiting, 'like dogs around the dying forest-king,' for the Englishman to strike or sink. Yonder away it was that, wounded again and again, and shot through body and through head, Sir Richard Grenville was taken on board the Spanish Admiral's ship to die; and gave up his gallant ghost with those once-famous words: 'Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind; for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought, fighting for his country, queen, religion, and honor; my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in his duty bound to do.'

"Yes; we were on the track of the old sea-heroes; of Drake and Hawkins, Carlile and Cavendish, Cumberland and Raleigh, Preston and Sommers, Frobisher and Duddely, Keymis and Whiddon, which last, in that same Flores fight, stood by Sir Richard Grenville all alone, and, in 'a small ship called the *Pilgrim*, hovered all night to see the successe: but in the morning, bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous houndes, but escaped'—to learn, in after-years, in company with hapless Keymis, only too much about that Trinidad and Gulf of Paria whither we were bound."

Of the coolie system, as he saw it in operation, Mr. Kingsley speaks

highly, and unless there is another side to the story the coolies are well cared for during their voyage out, are mercifully protected by the law, and well treated by their employers, live happy and, on the whole, virtuous lives, and will do the West Indies a vast deal of good. They are, for example, so well pleased with their condition that it is not at all unusual for individuals among them to return from India when, in accordance with the contract, they have been carried home after their stipulated term of service had expired. Indeed, some of them have settled for life on the land which the government stands pledged to give any coolie who foregoes his right to a passage home. In writing about the first coolies whom he saw, Mr. Kingsley answers a question which, perhaps, will recur to some of his readers, and tells us that the coolie may be expected to hold his own against the negro, who, as a rule, does not like him:

"The third thing noteworthy in the crowd which cooked, chatted, lounged, sauntered idly to and fro under the Matapalos—the pillared air roots of which must have put them in mind of their own Banyans at home—was their good manners. One saw in a moment that one was among gentlemen and ladies. The dress of many of the men was nought but a scarf wrapped round the loins; that of most of the women nought but the longer scarf which the Hindoo woman contrives to arrange in a most graceful as well as a perfectly modest covering, even for her feet and head. These garments, and perhaps a brass pot, were probably all the worldly goods of most of them just then. But every attitude, gesture, tone, was full of grace; of ease, courtesy, self-restraint, dignity—of that 'sweetness and light,' at least in externals, which Mr. Matthew Arnold desiderates. I am well aware that these people are not perfect; that, like most heathen folk and some Christian, their morals are by no means spotless, their passions by no means trampled out. But they have acquired—let Hindoo scholars tell how and where—a civilization which shows in them all day long; which draws the European to them and them to the European, whenever the latter is worthy of the name of a civilized man, instinctively, and by the mere interchange of glances; a civilization which must make it easy for the Englishman, if he will but do his duty, not only to make use of these people, but to purify and ennoble them.

"Another thing was noteworthy about the coolies, at the very first glance, and all we saw afterwards proved that that first glance was correct; I mean their fondness for children. If you took notice of a child, not only the mother smiled thanks and delight, but the men around likewise, as if a compliment had been paid to their whole company. We saw afterwards almost daily proofs of the coolie men's fondness for their children; of their fondness also—an excellent sign that the *morale* is not destroyed at the root—for dumb animals. A coolie cow or donkey is petted, led about tenderly, tempted with tit-bits. Pet animals, where they can be got, are the coolie's delight, as they are the delight of the wild Indian. I wish I could say the same of the negro. His treatment of his children and of his beasts of burden is, but too often, as exactly opposed to that of the coolie as are his manners. No wonder that the two races do not, and it is to be feared never will, amalgamate; that the coolie, shocked by the unfortunate awkwardness of gesture and vulgarity of manners of the average negro, and still more of the negress, looks on them as savages; while the negro, in his turn, hates the coolie as a hard-working interloper, and despises him as a heathen; or that heavy fights between the two races arise now and then, in which the coolie, in spite of his slender limbs, has generally the advantage over the burly negro, by dint of his greater courage and the terrible quickness with which he wields his beloved weapon, the long hardwood quarterstaff."

We had intended to make more quotations, there being several things that our readers would like to see, and among others something concerning the hideous *fêr de lance*, a rat-tailed snake, sometimes seven or eight feet long, with a flat, triangular head, a heavy jaw, and an eye and lip expressive of the utmost malevolence and craft, whose bite is deadly to man, but which another snake, the cribo, which is harmless and a household pet, fights with for hours, and swallows when he has killed him. But we have space only for this passage, which suggests something of the charm and repose of life in the tropics, and suggests, too, the question which Mr. Kingsley, also, more than once asks himself at sight of similar scenes:

"The sea gives him fish enough for his family, and for a brawny brown servant. His cocoa-nut palms yield him a little revenue; he has poultry, kids, and goats' milk more than he needs; his patch of provision ground in the place gives him corn and roots, sweet-potatoes, yam, tania, cassava, and fruit too, all the year round. He needs nothing, owes nothing, fears nothing. News and politics are to him like the distant murmur of the surf at the back of the island; a noise which is nought to him. His Bible, his almanac, and three or four old books on a shelf, are his whole library. He has all that man needs, more than man deserves, and is far too wise to wish to better himself.

"I sat down on the beach beneath the amber shade of the palms, and watched my white friends rushing into the clear sea, and disporting themselves there like so many otters, while the policeman's little boy launched a log canoe, not much longer than himself, and paddled out into the midst of them, and then jumped upright in it, a little naked brown Cupidon; whereon he and his canoe were of course upset, and pushed under water, and scrambled over, and the whole cove rang with shouts and splashing, enough to scare away the boldest shark, had one been on watch off the point. I looked at the natural beauty and repose; at the human vigor and happiness: and I said to myself, and said it often afterwards in the West Indies: Why do not other people copy this wise Scot? Why should not many a young couple, who have education, refinement, resources in themselves, but are, happily or unhappily for them, unable to keep a brougham and go to London balls, retreat to some such paradise as this (and there are hundreds like it to be found in the West Indies), leaving behind them false civilization, and vain desires, and useless show; and there live in simplicity and content 'The Gentle Life?' It is not true that the climate is too enervating. It is not true that nature is here too strong for man. I have seen enough in Trinidad, I saw enough even in little Monos, to be able to deny that; and to say that in the West Indies, as elsewhere, a young man can be pure, able, high-minded, industrious, athletic; and I see no reason why a woman should not be likewise all that she need be."

THE MISERY OF LONDON.*

WHOEVER cares to be confronted with the dismal problem, recently discussed in these pages, of London poverty, needs but to read the "Episodes in an Obscure Life." The author of this book is a curate, who has had a lifelong habit of exploring the by-ways of the East End; and who, with alert observation, has held discourse for a lifetime with the strange population of misery that throngs its dark places. In the volume before us, he describes the "mudlarks," the "shore-workers," the "slaveys" of London, and records the bird-catcher's biography, and tells us of the "cadger," the tramp, the flower-seller, the dredger, and the starving girl, who is designated in the relief-registers, with an irony beyond art, as "gay." These, and a score of other characters, grotesque or pathetic, form the cast of the Beggar's Opera which this observant curate has produced. It is the material in which Dickens largely worked; and no such procession of low life has marched through the pages of a well-ordered book since Dickens's pen became silent.

To the gift of vivid description the East End curate adds that of a humor which he does not hesitate to use against himself. He seizes every funny opportunity, even though it make himself ridiculous. He utilizes his own early inexperience, his own tendency to sanctimonious speech-making, his own lack of tact in dealing with the quick-witted scamps whom it was his duty to solicit with religion. By his own showing, he was sadly inept at moralizing. Could anything be more professional than his rejoinder to Perkins, the bookseller, who declares that he hates history, and exclaims, "What do I care about what people did ever so long ago? None of them ever left *me* any money!" The curate picks up a copy of the New Testament, and replies, "You will find that you have had a legacy left you if you will but read His will." The raillery of the irreverent bookseller, in answer, is recorded without extenuation. In fact, our author seems to enjoy recalling the various "set-downs" which he has received at the hands of the reprobate. A Mr. Jones, an ungodly seller of birds, thus waives the discussion of religion with the curate: "We won't get into a argeyment, if you please. . . . I know all you've got to say, and that you must say it because you are a parson, just as you'd have to cry, 'Dust hoy!' if you were a dustman. . . . No, sir, as I said afore, we'll have no argeyment." Were it not for the evident power of the writing in this book, we should almost consider its author as a self-convicted prig—so frequently is he worsted in his "argeyment" with the denizens of his hunger-pinched parish.

The reader who may be unfamiliar with the conditions of the struggle for life among the lower and the lower middle-classes of the London population, can hardly realize the severity of that struggle. In no other city, probably, are those conditions so hard, the competition so merciless, the failures so frequent and fatal. A slackness of trade, a complication in politics, a passing cloud in business prosperity, cuts down human life not less surely, with hardly less speed and ravage, than a sudden frost destroys the insects in a meadow. From the situation of the dock-laborer to that of the salaried clerk in a mercantile house, there is hardly one over which the signal "Danger!" might not be hung out; hardly a dependent who is quite secure, in case of losing his work, of ever finding it again. Life itself is at stake in the case of thousands of struggling denizens of that city. A large population lives as if near the edge of a precipice, toward which a constant force is pushing them; and when from any cause the individual's power of resistance is impaired, he is forced with fatal sureness toward the brink. Sometimes he beats his way backward from the edge; frequently he is forced over it. Industry, sobriety, and capacity do not here form, as they form in less crowded communities, an assurance to the unskilled workman against starvation. There are many pitiable cases in which the

* "Episodes in an Obscure Life." New York: George Routledge & Sons.
"A Hand-book to the Charities of London. Revised to August, 1870. By Sampson Low, Jr." London: Sampson Low, Son & Marston.

starvation of entire families is accomplished by protracted stages, which include many years. At each season of destitution one, two, or three of the children succumb. The intervening periods are times of temporary relief and of fallacious hope on the part of the survivors; but finally the last survivor of the hopeless struggle is crowded into the gulf of starvation.

Similar to this is the case described in the chapter entitled "Crowded Out"—to our thinking, the strongest part of the volume. The pathos and significance of Phillips's case is not diminished by the fact that the last scene in this sturdy, steady young man's struggle for life in London takes place upon the deck of an emigrant steamer, and not upon the straw pallet where his children, one after the other, starved to death. He was "crowded out," alive, to Canada. But thousands are yearly crowded out of life itself by the mere fact of their numbers—the fact that in these great centres life is in excess of the means of living, and the accumulation of life goes on with unchecked rapidity, nay, with a speed of which the rate increases constantly, like the multiplying horrors of a feverish dream—a geometrical progression of distress. The suffering defies all attempts at its alleviation. How extensive these efforts are may be known from the fact that "Low's Handbook to the Charities of London," for the year 1870, gives a description of the objects and character of more than nine hundred charitable institutions and funds. They represent a wide variety of purposes.

Besides a great number of colossal charities, there are not a few with eccentric names and objects. One society is called "London by Moonlight"; another, the "Metropolitan Free Drinking Fountain and Cattle-Trough Association." There is a "Dog's Temporary Home," and a "Guilt Gardens," besides a "Coral Missionary Fund." The very diversity of the philanthropies that are furthered by these nine hundred organizations indicates how large is the self-confessed necessity for amelioration in our modern life. But the necessity meets, as yet, with little satisfaction. The "Handbook" shows us the skeleton of the hunger of London. The "Episodes" clothe it with scanty flesh and tattered garments. No picture at once more interesting and more appalling can be placed before the student of sociology.

Why Did He Not Die? or, The Child from the Ebräergang. From the German of Ad. von Volckhausen. By Mrs. A. L. Wister, Translator of "The Old Mam'selle's Secret," "Only a Girl," etc. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.)—It is almost superfluous to speak at this late day of Mrs. Wister's merits as a translator, or to congratulate her on her uniform success in her selections of readable novels for translation. There is a peculiarity about her selections, however, which seems worth noticing, not so much because it is of any special importance, as because it appears to indicate that in her case translating is not the half-mechanical routine work which it often is, but that she finds in it a tolerably free expression for her own mind. There is as strong a family likeness between the five or six novels which she has put into English from the German of almost as many authors as if they had all been the work of one person. They resemble each other not only in the nature of their plots, and in the general style of their characters, but even more in the way in which their authors look at life, and the special views they hold on religious and social questions. By the time one has followed the four or five little Germans in whom Mrs. Wister has interested herself through their childhood of repression and outrage into their youth of noble aspirations after all sorts of freedom, and their very innocent and pretty love-making, and has seen how uniformly hypocritical and cruel are the religious people with whom they come in contact, and how necessary it seems to the peace of mind of their creators that the disgraceful mysteries which usually hang around their birth should be carefully cleared away, so that notwithstanding all the suspicious eloquence about the natural equality of all men, they should be in reality as well placed in all respects as their neighbors, it is impossible not to feel as if one had got almost as near to the sentiments of Mrs. Wister as to those of Miss Marlitt, or Miss Von Hillern, or Ad. von Volckhausen. She has almost as certainly identified herself with a particular kind of thought and literature as if she had been producing original works. As to the present story, it has the same virtues and the same defects as its predecessors. It is sprightly and entertaining, full of all sorts of generous sentiments, and pervaded as usual by that gentle, half-timid radicalism, which contents itself with aiming innocuous blows at safe objects; at German Protestant orthodoxy; at the hypocrisy of the "rigidly righteous"; at the excesses of the agitators of the Woman Question; and at the arrogance of an aristocracy which yet must not resign too many of its pretensions if it would please its fair opponents. We recommend the book to everybody in search of amusing summer reading.

*** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books on the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Almost Faultless: a Tale, swd.	(D. Appleton & Co.) $0 60
Atlas accompanying Vol. III. on Mining Industry, U. S. Geol. Explor. 40th Par.,	(Washington)
Bastian (A.) and Hartmann (R.), Zeitschrift für Ethnologie, Vol. II., Nos. 4. 5, 6....	(L. W. Schmidt)
Benoni Blake, M.D.: a Tale.	(Geo. Routledge & Sons) 1 75
David Lloyd's Last Will: a Tale, swd.	(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) 75
Dodd & Mead's Sunday-School Annual, for 1871, swd.	(Dodd & Mead)
Dumas (A.), The Iron Mask, swd.	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 00
Egli (J. J.), Nomina Geographica, Part 2, swd.	(B. Westermann & Co.)
Everything Serene: Verses, swd.	(American News Co.) 25
Greeley (H. G.). Letters from Texas, swd.	(New York)
Gillet (R. H.), The Federal Government; its Officers and their Duties.	(Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.)
Huntington (W. S.) Roadmaster's Assistant.	(A. N. Kellogg)
Journal of a Young Lady of Virginia, 1782.	(John Murphy & Co.)
Mansel (Prof. H. L.), Metaphysics.	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Mount Washington in Winter.	(Chick & Andrews) 1 50
Packard (Dr. A. S., jr.), Record of American Entomology, for 1870, swd.	(Salem)
Professors Roscoe, Alcock, Jevons, Morgan, Science Lectures for the people.	(D. Van Nostrand)
Randolph (Sarah N.), The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson.	(Harper & Bros.)
Reade (C.), A Terrible Temptation, Part I., swd.	" " 25
Rogers (W. H.), Cat and Mouse, swd.	(Sampson, Low, Son & Marston)
Sugar Bread	" " " "
The Naughty Boys of Corcutt,	" " " "
Ice Peter.	" " " "
Ruskin (J.), Fors Clavigera	(John Wiley & Son) 1 00
Sand (Mme. G.), The Last Aldini, swd.	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 50
Stiebeling (Dr. G. T.), Naturwissenschaftegegen Philosophie, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)
The Curate and the Rector: a Tale.	(Geo. Routledge & Sons) 1 75
The Island Neighbors: a Novel of American Life, swd.	(Harper & Bros.) 75
Tourist's Guide. Around San Francisco Bay, North.	(A. L. Bancroft & Co.)
Tourist's Guide. Around San Francisco Bay, South	" "
Tyndall (Prof. J.), Hours of Exercise in the Alps.	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Waddell (Prof. W. H.), Latin Grammar for Beginners.	(Harper & Bros.)
Wright (H. B.), A Practical Treatise on Labor.	(G. W. Carleton & Co.)
Zell's Descriptive Hand-Atlas of the World, Parts 1-5, swd.	(T. Ellwood Zell) 50

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL

EVERY HORSE-OWNER'S CYCLOPÆDIA.

This is the most complete work on the Horse ever published. It is by the best English and American authority, and illustrated with nearly 100 fine engravings representing every disease the horse is subject to, and portraits of the most celebrated horses.

Agents are meeting with unprecedented success, selling from five to ten copies a day. We allow Agents liberal discounts. Any good man can make $30 a week without trouble.

SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Send for Circular of Terms, etc., to

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,

PHILADELPHIA.

YALE AND HARVARD USE

WHITNEY'S GERMAN COURSE,

OTTO'S FRENCH COURSE.

HOLT & WILLIAMS,

PUBLISHERS,

No. 25 Bond Street, New York.

The Publishers issue a very large assortment of works in the same department.

☞ A descriptive catalogue will be sent gratis to any one referring to this advertisement.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE PUPIL OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

BY LOUIS ENAULT.

Translated from the French by Mrs. CHAS. P. TUFT.

8vo, paper, $1; cloth, $1 50.

A most delightful story; pure in tone, elevated in sentiment, and of the greatest interest, it will undoubtedly prove one of the literary successes of the season.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

POTT & AMERY'S

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE INCARNATION AND PRINCIPLES of Evidence: A Theological Essay. By Richard Holt Hulton, M.A. With an introduction by

SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D.

18mo, cloth.

FACSIMILE OF THE BLACKLETTER Prayer-Book. Containing Manuscript Alterations and Additions made in the year 1661, "out of which was fairly written" the Book of Common Prayer, subscribed December 20, A.D. 1661. Photozincographed at the Ordnance Survey Office, and published for the Royal Commission on Ritual.

Folio, cloth, price $20.

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTIUM. By Charlotte Mary Yonge. Together with a few Gleanings of Recollections of the Rev. John Keble.

12mo, cloth extra, $2 50.

A CONCORDANCE TO THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. Uniform with the "Musings."

12mo, cloth extra, $2 50.

POTT & AMERY,

COOPER UNION, FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

GAZZAM'S TREATISE ON THE BANKRUPT LAW.

SECOND EDITION JUST OUT.

For sale at all Law-Book Stores.

SLAVE SONGS OF THE UNITED STATES.

A Unique Collection of Original Melodies—words and music—obtained among the negroes of the South; preceded by an account of these Songs, and an Essay on the Negro Dialect, as observed at Port Royal, by Prof. W. F. Allen, of the University of Wisconsin. Cloth, 8vo, price $1 50.

Sent post-paid on receipt of price. Address

Publishers of "THE NATION,"

Box 6732, New York City.

THE NATION PRESS.

The Proprietors of THE NATION PRESS give notice that they have established a Book, Pamphlet, Job, and Newspaper Printing-Office in this City, and are prepared to execute at moderate prices, for cash, the best of work in any and all of these branches.

For BOOKS they will furnish Electrotype or Stereotype Plates, as desired, and will guaranty unusual accuracy in their preparation.

J. ROSS & CO., 27 Rose St., New York.

FINE BOOKS AT LOW PRICES.

SEND TO

J. SABIN & SONS,

BOOKSELLERS AND IMPORTERS,

84 Nassau Street, New York, and 22 Buckingham Street, Strand, London,

FOR CATALOGUES OF BOOKS.

They are in constant receipt of books from London, and, possessing unusual facilities for purchasing books at low prices, are enabled to offer them correspondingly cheap.

Selections from a stock of 40,000 volumes for sale by

J. SABIN & SONS.

Appleton's New American Cyclopædia. 16 vols., and 5 vols. of the Annuals—in all, 21 vols. half-russia. A fine set; good as new. $105.

British Poets. Little & Brown's Edition. 128 vols., half-calf, gilt. Nice set. $175.

Addison. Works. Including the whole contents of Bishop Hurd's edition, etc., and Notes, by G. W. Greene. New York, 1854. 6 vols. 12mo, half-calf, antique, $12.

Boccaccio. The Decameron; or, Ten Days' Entertainment. London, 1845. A nice 8vo edition, large clear type, half-morocco, gilt edges. $5 50.

De Foe. Novels and Miscellaneous Works. London, Bohn. 7 vols. 12mo, half-calf, gilt, $18.

Goldsmith. Miscellaneous Works. Including a variety of Pieces collected by James Prior. New York, 1854. 4 vols. 12mo, half-calf, $8.

Coryat's Crudities. Reprinted from the Edition of 1611; to which are now added his Letters from India, and Extracts relating to him, from various authors. 3 vols. 8vo, morocco extra, gilt edges. London, 1776. A very elegantly bound copy of this scarce book. $40.

Southey's Commonplace Book. Choice Passages, Collections for English Manners and Literature, Special Collections, Analytical Readings, Original Memoranda. Four series. Large 8vo, cloth uncut. London, 1850. $7 50.

The New London Jest Book. Edited by W. Carew Hazlitt. 12mo, cloth. London, 1871. Just published, $1 50.

Strickland, Agnes. Lives of the Seven Bishops of the Tower. 12mo, cloth. London. $1.

Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys and Family, who came up to London to "enjoy themselves" and to see the Great Exhibition. By Henry Mayhew and Geo. Cruikshank. Fine large plates by the inimitable Master. Lond. 8vo, uncut, $3.

The Adventures of a Post-Captain. By a Naval Officer. With Characteristic Engravings (colored) by Mr. Williams. London, N. D. Large 8vo, uncut, fine copy, $6 50.

Ainsworth, W. H. Jack Sheppard: A Romance. Illustrated by G. Cruikshank. Lond., 1854. 8vo, uncut, $3 50.

Caulfield, James. Portraits, Memoirs, and Characters of Remarkable Persons, from the Revolution in 1688 to the end of the Reign of George II. Collected from the most authentic accounts extant. Lond., 1819. 4 vols. large 8vo, uncut. Fine copy. Several of the portraits are by Geo. Cruikshank. $24.

Colloquies of Edward Osborne, Citizen and Clothworker of London. By ye Author of "Mary Powell." Lond. Post 8vo, half-new, morocco extra, marbled, $2.

Dagley, R. Takings; or, The Life of a Collegian. A Poem, illustrated by twenty-six Etchings. Colored plates. Lond., 1821. 8vo, half-red morocco, neat, sprinkled edges, scarce, $3 25.

Falstaff. The Life of Sir John Falstaff. Illustrated by Geo. Cruikshank. With a Biography from authentic sources, by Robt. B. Brough. Lond., 1850. Royal 8vo, uncut, $10.

The illustrations to this book are some of the finest specimens of Cruikshank's masterpieces. Shakespeare's Jack Falstaff is inimitably rendered.

FOR SUMMER READING.

A MEMOIR OF CHARLES MAYNE YOUNG, Tragedian. With Extracts from his Son's Journal. By Julian Charles Young, M.A. With Portraits and Sketches. Crown 8vo, cloth, $2 25.

"Mr. Young is one of those pleasant diarists who, it is to be feared, are rapidly becoming as extinct as the delightful letter-writers of the past age. In this budget of anecdotes, fables, and gossip, old and new, relative to Scott, Moore, Chalmers, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Croker, Mathews, the Third and Fourth Georges, Bowles, Beckford, Lockhart, Wellington, Peel, Louis Napoleon, D'Orsay, Dickens, Thackeray, Louis Blanc, Gibson, Constable, and Stanfield (the list might be much extended), the reader must be hard indeed to please who cannot find entertainment."—Pall Mall Gazette.

"He has contrived to bring out a narrative often as detailed as Pepys, as versatile and lifelike as Boswell, and as full of recent personal interest as Crabb Robinson. It is not a barren record of facts, but a vivid and kindly chronicle of life and manners, and men and minds, running over the last half-century."—Saturday Review.

"There is hardly a page of it which was not worth printing. There is hardly a line which has not some interest attaching to it. When we mention that the extracts from Mr. Young's own journal abound in choice anecdotes of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott, and many other of the great men of the last generation with whom he was brought into personal contact, we have said enough to prove the interest of the work, even if it had less of the grace and vivacity which characterize it from beginning to end. We lay down the volume with regret, and shall return to it in many a leisure hour."—Guardian.

"We have found Mr. Young a very agreeable companion, old-fashioned, with old stories to tell, some of them not very good, with more of the kindness of old age than its severity, with a not portentously wise head, and with a good heart, and we are glad to recommend his journal to our readers."—The Nation.

MACMILLAN & CO.,

38 BLEECKER STREET, NEW YORK.

RIVERVIEW MILITARY ACADEMY,

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Location healthy; Scenery unequalled; Building convenient; Teachers highly educated, earnest, working men; System of Order unsurpassed. A wide-awake, thoroughgoing School for Boys wishing to be trained for Business, for College, or for West Point, or the Naval Academy. Address OTIS BISBEE, A.M., Principal and Proprietor.

FITTED AND FURNISHED mean a great deal, but most travellers in this country are ready to endorse the statement that the AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON, is fitted with all needed conveniences, and furnished in accordance with the demands of the most exacting.

BREAD-LOAF INN,

RIPTON, VERMONT.

A GOOD PLACE TO PASS THE SUMMER AT.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

This favorite summer resort, commanding a view of the valley of the Hudson, unsurpassed by any in the world, and so justly celebrated for its delightful temperature, will be open from June 10th to October 1st.

Stages connect at Catskill with the trains of the H. R Railroad and the day boats from Albany and New York; also, with the steamboats, Thomas Powell and Sunnyside, leaving Pier 43, foot of Canal Street, New York, for Catskill, daily at 5 P.M.; Saturday at 2 P.M. CHAS. L. BEACH, Proprietor.

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL. Those who regard the safety of their families use only Pratt's Astral Oil, the safest and best oil ever made. The daily accidents arising from burning impure oils should warn consumers to use the best only.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1871.

The Week.

MAYOR HALL has made a third defence of himself against the charge of being privy and consenting to the thefts from the City Treasury; but it is like his two previous defences—corroborates the charge and deceives no one. For a sample of it this will serve: He says that the *Times* makes a great parade of disclosing *secret* accounts, whereas in point of fact the very accounts which are now brought forward in that paper were long ago freely and fearlessly printed and published in the Reports of the Board of Supervisors. So they were, after a fashion; but when the taxpayer reads the words, "May 31, 1869, A. J. Garvey, Repairs, etc., $36,762," or, "July 5, 1869, G. S. Miller, $49,763 80," it conveys much less information to him than when he reads in the *Times*—as he would be able to read also in Comptroller Connolly's quarterly exhibits, if that official had not for two years declined to make any—that Mr. Garvey, in 1869 and 1870, for plastering and painting county buildings, got $2,870,464 06 of the public money; that J. H. Ingersoll & Co., during the same time, got for furniture and "repairs," $5,663,646 83; and that, in brief, the repairing, furnishing, plumbing, etc., of the County Court-house—as yet unfinished, and, according to Mr. Nordhoff, shabbily furnished—cost us, for the one building, all but seven millions of dollars—$6,997,893 24. The printed accounts, huddled into thick volumes, of which perhaps half-a-dozen are in existence, and which are in no sense accessible to the public, are not calculated or intended to convey any information whatever to anybody, and do not. It is the intention of the law that the Comptroller's exhibits shall do that; and, naturally enough, it is the intention of the Comptroller—whose books are of course kept with a technical accuracy equalling that of any set of books anywhere—to pursue the tenor of his peculiar way as noiselessly as possible, and not every three months attract attention to himself and his accounts. The Mayor, then, makes no defence at all, but gets into the box as witness against himself. More than that, he is defiant. Being interviewed, he took the line that "even if there was anything in it, it would blow over before the next election." "We have got the State," he says, "and we mean to keep it."

Perhaps he is right, and it may be that out of these disclosures no harm will come to himself, or Connolly, or any other of the set, unless, indeed, the exposure should interfere with the success of the Viaduct Railway. We do not observe that crowds are flocking after the shares of that stock, though, with a moderately honest city government, the books would hardly have stood open three days. Considering the length of our unfinished Court-house, and that the Viaduct road, in its two branches, would include something like fifteen miles of brick and mortar work for Mr. Garvey and the other gentlemen to construct and equip, the proverbially timid capitalist may be held excused, under the circumstances, for hanging back a little at first. A public meeting is to be held, it is said; but there is no saying that anything practical will come of it. It may be doubted if there will be any of the talked-of combinations to resist taxes, or any impeachment of the Mayor, or any criminal prosecution of Tweed. People buy the *Times*, and read the figures, but each passes on to business, and declines to pull down on his head heavier assessments, or lose time and money attacking swindlers in courts which they own. But it is certain that the publication of the accounts, whether or not it shakes the Ring in this city, has made many Democrats angry with it, and it is not unreasonable to expect, Hall's impudence to the contrary notwithstanding, that we may have are forming legislature next year and a new charter; which it is not so certain, we trust, as the *World* thinks, that Governor Hoffman will veto. Yet, when we think of Mr. "Hank" Smith, and of Mr. Charles Spencer, with his large family Bible, and the very wicked but still not unique Mr. Winans, it is but a chastened hope we indulge after all that the legislature can help us. Still, that there are many thieves is small reason for not pushing to the wall when you can all you can catch. We suggest the work as a good one for the Bar Association of this city when it gets Mr. David Dudley Field's case finally disposed of.

Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, a prominent Republican, to whom we referred last week as a gentleman who had vouched for the correctness of Mr. Connolly's accounts, has published a card, in which he begs to call the attention of the public to the fact that he did not examine into the condition of all the departments of Mr. Connolly's office, and that the certificate which he and his committee gave Mr. Connolly "referred only to the securities comprising the Sinking Fund, and the manner in which the accounts relative thereto, and to the debts of the city and county, were kept." The fact is, that in the stress of an election, when the Comptroller was accused of withholding his accounts, and of withholding them because he did not dare to publish them, so full were they of evidences of his own and his friends' dishonesty, he invited Mr. Roberts, Mr. J. J. Astor, and four other gentlemen of weight in the community, large taxpayers, to come in and examine his books. They complied with the invitation, and everybody said that we should now know whether or not Connolly was slandered. "We certify," said this committee, "that we have made an examination of the affairs of the Finance Department and Sinking Fund of said city—"Finance Department of said city," not of "said office"—"that the entire office was thrown open to us"—the "entire office," not "a single department of said office"—and "all the account-books, securities, and records of the said Department and Sinking Fund were submitted to our inspection and examination." . . . . "And we further certify," they say, at the end of the report, "that the account-books of the Department are faithfully kept." This is language which Mr. Roberts and Mr. Astor must have suspected would, by most people, be taken—as, in fact, it was taken—to mean that "Connolly was all right," and that, from partisan feeling, the Republicans had been clamoring false charges against him. But, however that may be, Mr. Roberts could have had no doubt as to what would be the interpretation of the last sentence of his report: "We have come to the conclusion, and certify, that the financial affairs of the city under the charge of the Comptroller are administered in a correct and faithful manner." Now they came to this conclusion either with such an examination as alone could justify their putting their names to such an assertion concerning such a man, or else they came to it without such an examination; and, in either case, the public may rightly be curious as to what could have induced them to sign the report. Tammany does nothing for nothing; why should prominent Republicans have done anything for Tammany? Mr. Roberts's card is not quite an explanation of his course on the occasion in question.

It is understood that the sub-committee appointed by the Congressional committee which was ordered to investigate the affairs of the Ku-klux Klan in the South are going to report, and are going to report that there is such a thing as the Klan in existence; that it does attack people for their politics; is composed of "Conservatives," and contains no Republicans; has committed many most bloody and shameful outrages, and that the Ku-klux law was necessary and is beneficial. We ourselves have no doubt that the passage of the Ku-klux law was inexpedient and wrong; and we shall wait for some time before believing that the law has practically been of any benefit, all the time believing that any benefit it has brought us has been very dearly bought. As for the rest of the report as above summarized, we are ready to accept it as the truth, and nothing but the truth; but it is not at all the whole truth. Here are some figures from Louisiana which we consider strictly germane to the matter which the Committee has in hand, and which will, at any rate, get some of the country's attention: Between 1850 and 1860, the State tax in Louisiana ranged from twenty-

one cents on a hundred dollars to twenty-nine cents. In 1865 and 1866, it was thirty-seven and a-half cents; in 1867 and 1868, it was fifty-two and a-half cents; in 1869, it was seventy-five; in 1870, it was $1 45; and for this year it will be considerably more than $2. Next, it is to be considered that while the taxes have been thus increasing, the State's expenditures have been constantly in excess of the receipts. Mr. James Graham, the State auditor, certifies that the excess in the fiscal year ending in 1871 is $8,778,618 15—making the total debt of the State nearly $49,000,000. At the breaking out of the war, Louisiana had a debt of $10,000,000; in 1868, this was $14,500,000; in 1869, $22,500,000; in 1870, $41,000,000; and, as we have said, in June, 1871, nearly $49,000,000. But formerly, before 1860, a sixty days' session of the legislature cost from $100,000 to $200,000; the regular session and extra session of 1870 cost more than $750,000; and the regular session of 1871 cost more than $9,000,000. The State Treasury supported at a cost, in 1870, of $432,000, and, in 1871, of nearly $400,000, about thirty sheets (newspapers in name), printed in the country districts, and, in great part, conducted by members of the legislature. The State is, in short, as North Carolina has been, as South Carolina also has been, and as nearly every Southern State has been, the prey, since 1865, of grossly and shamelessly corrupt governments, whose officers have made fortunes, and of rings of railroad and other speculators.

Surely it is not wonderful that the respectable portion of Southern society, seeing what rogues and thieves their rulers and lawmakers are, should not be very earnest in putting down the bands of lawless young men who, if they do disgrace themselves, their State, and often humanity itself, do also sometimes whip a greedy tax-collector, shoot a bribed law-maker, and compel a disreputable office-seeker or office-holder to run the country. It was only this last week that the leading Republican paper of Charleston, while supporting no less Radical a candidate than Mr. Gilbert Pillsbury, an old-time Abolitionist, who is now the mayor of the city, and is up for re-election, pronounced a good part of the rest of the ticket an insult to the honesty, intelligence, and decency of the party. It was of necessity that, in a country like the South, violence should be the response to the frauds and rascalities carried on by such peculiarly sneaking and base rogues as were too many of the Southern "carpet-baggers." In view of the cost of reconstruction in money, in the reputation of the North, in the embittering of the South, in the wrenching which such legislation as the Ku-klux law has given our system of government, it is far from clear that it would not have been cheaper if we had abandoned Mr. Lincoln's system of galvanized States, and garrisoned the Southern country for five years, keeping it in order with soldiers till the Southerners themselves were ready to behave sensibly. It would have cost us fully as little in money, Constitution, and credit as we have had to pay out on the other system; and we are not done yet. However that may be, Louisiana's case will bear thinking of when the Ku-klux Committee comes to report. And how anxious as national Republicans we ought to be that the Republican party of Louisiana should get Dunn for manager—or chief warden—instead of Warmouth, or Warmouth instead of Dunn!

The authorities of the American Labor Union have convinced themselves that neither of the two great parties can be depended on, and that there must be a new Workingman's Party, in which persuasion they have called for a political convention, which is to meet at Columbus, Ohio, in October next, and nominate a candidate for President and Vice-President. The more usual and natural way of launching such a party would seem to be to set it on foot in the legislative or, at the most, Congressional, districts first, and not begin in the national field. By so doing, the class of gentlemen who are apt at first to control the political springs of such organizations as Labor parties, Eight Hour parties, Prohibition parties, Woman Suffrage parties, and the like, can get themselves nominated and, for making the run and drawing away votes from the other side, can secure fair wages from one of the two great parties; or may even secure an election, in which case there are various things that may be done. Such bodies are usually too small for the Presidential field. But the Labor Union men have decided otherwise, and have already made a sort of a platform for their candidates to stand upon, and are going to hold a non-political convention at St. Louis and discuss it. Some of their principles, as set forth in a printed "basis," may be thus stated: A man will work and earn money, and then, when a law is made so ordaining, he will lend it to B at a rate of interest that he does not like, although B, rather than not have it, will pay more interest than the law ordains; a man in Massachusetts will employ a million dollars a year in running a seven-hour factory at a loss, and will not transfer his money to ten-hour factories in New Hampshire or Rhode Island; the price of a miner's labor for a day may be fixed by statute at a sum three times as large as at the passage of the statute, and he will thenceforth be able to save much more money than before, because no other prices in the community will advance in the least; an irredeemable paper currency is the best currency for the poor man, and "a gold basis is a fallacy." There is not the least exaggeration in these paraphrases of the statement made by the "basis," as the discussions at St. Louis next week, to which we invite the attention of our readers, will make manifest. They are "advanced" ideas certainly. The leaders use our old method—but timorously. The legal mind infects them. As their platform shows, they recognize the omnipotence of the statute, but our simple, earnest, radical measure of moving the previous question, and their passing a bill ordering the Government presses to print for each citizen such quantity of greenbacks as will make him wealthy, they are not yet "educated up to."

The shocking accident, on Sunday, at the Staten Island Ferry had some peculiarly pathetic features. Many of the killed and wounded were women and children; they were poor hard-working people who were about to make a cheap holiday by taking a twenty-cent sail, away from the stifling air of the city into the coolness of the bay; of those who were not killed instantly by crushing or more slowly by drowning, many were agonizingly scalded. It is a long time since a more miserable accident has occurred. How it happened will only be known after the investigation, and may likely enough never be known, it not having been the way of such investigations to be very strict or very satisfactory. But who was the immediate cause of the accident, and what shall be done with him, are not questions that it is very profitable to consider on such occasions. As to punishment, juries will never do anything in such cases, because the intention to kill and maim is always utterly wanting; and even when there has been an error of judgment, or a neglectfulness, or even a carelessness, that we are almost justified in calling criminal, still the juries are apt to think, or, indeed, to see, that the offender's sense of guilt and remorse, and the usual loss of his place, and injury to his prospects, is punishment sufficient for his offence. The profitable thing to do in presence of such a calamity as this ghastly destroying of more than seventy men, women, and children, and the wounding and disfigurement of some hundred-and-odd more, is to consider whether or not some new safeguard, applicable generally, cannot be thrown round all our steamboat travel. To this end the knowledge and the usual methods of this particular inspector should be most rigidly examined in the light of testimony from experts, and as heavily visited as possible, if he has been inspecting with insufficient knowledge or insufficient care, and taking fees for sending people to their death. And the general subject of the management of our ferries—a very profitable franchise—may properly be examined thoroughly. On one or two of the lines of travel between the city and suburbs, the treatment of passengers—shut into a floating sty with cattle, and abused by ruffianly deck-hands; kept waiting hours in the ice because the employment of ice-boats costs money; made to wait sometimes a whole night away from home because a boat is taken off without warning—has been a disgrace to the city. Of some of the companies no harm is to be spoken; of others, nothing else; and the general reputation of this Staten Island Company is not in all respects enviable.

The great export staples of the country—cotton, breadstuffs, meats, and petroleum—continue to decline slowly and steadily. Neither the ease in money (so-called) nor the general belief in the prosperity of the country can rouse the spirit of speculation; and, in the absence of speculation, large stocks of merchandise are gradually producing the inevitable result—a decline in price. The prospects of the growing cotton crop are improving; and although the unquestionable reduction in the area planted will probably diminish the crop to some extent, even with the most favorable weather, yet the sensational statements of a month or six weeks ago no longer find belief even among the credulous. Breadstuffs have fallen but slightly, owing to continued uncertainty about the condition of the European crops. But in meats and hog products the decline has been sharp, the market for these having been upheld for months past by a bold and tenacious speculative combination which must have resulted, or will yet result, in severe losses. In fact, scarcely any business is at this moment carried on with great profit; and it is no wonder that the hotels at the seaside and watering-places complain of the limited number of their guests, and still more of their limited expenditure. The coal producers continue their insane course, sending to the market at the rate of twenty-six millions of tons per annum, although the largest consumption never yet exceeded seventeen millions. The iron men are faithfully keeping them company. Real estate is dull, as usual at this season, except in the case of "Ring" operations in Westchester County and elsewhere, supposed to be based upon the probable effects of the Viaduct Railway.

Wall Street is sighing for movement of some kind to relieve the dreary dulness. Just as in the merchandise markets, everything is on the decline except Government bonds and the stocks of half-a-dozen great roads, which are forcibly upheld by the great manipulating cliques, aided by some over-confident bank-managers. The latter, misled by the overabundance of money, as it is called in Wall Street (but which in reality is nothing more than an overabundance of bank credit, arising from the simple fact that nobody wants it), are furnishing the means by which these clique combinations are carried on, and are thereby simply still further deferring the day when these gigantic rings will be obliged to follow the example of the pork and grain merchants—and sell. This policy of the banks—an unwise policy, on which we have commented for a year past—is attracting attention in commercial circles, whose interests have during the last few years been systematically subordinated to those of Wall Street cliques, whose operations are invariably injurious to the whole community. Foreign exchange has declined, chiefly in consequence of some of the bank operations just referred to. The export of specie has correspondingly fallen off, and gold is barely steady. While "bank credits" are obtainable at two or three per cent. per annum, "choice" first mortgage railroad bonds are obtainable at prices that net nine and ten per cent. per annum, and nearly the same interest can be obtained on mortgages on city real estate. Yet the talk of the City is the cheapness and abundance of money!

Mr. Gladstone has found in the House of Lords all the support he needs, if not all that he could desire, for his method of checkmating that body in regard to the purchase of commissions. On Monday a vote of censure was moved by the Tory leader, and sustained by the ablest of his party, as well as by Earls Derby and Russell, but was opposed by Lord Penzance, among others, who maintained the constitutionality of the measure resorted to by the Premier. It was defeated by a majority of 80, making Mr. Gladstone's triumph complete. An attempt to couple with this censure a rebuke for the ratification of the Treaty of Washington without consulting Parliament, shared the fate of the motion. The English Commissioner under the Treaty has just been appointed, in the person of the Hon. Russell Gurney, M.P., Recorder of London. He was one of the commissioners sent to Jamaica to take testimony concerning the rule of Governor Eyre.

In the recent news from abroad, nothing is more striking than the reappearance of Gambetta as one of the rulers of France—a virtual member of the Thiers government, a sort of minister without a portfolio. With General Faidherbe he seems to have formed an alliance for political purposes, and a scheme which they have devised for reorganizing the army and the civil service is said to have been approved by Thiers and MacMahon. For the present, undoubtedly, he can better accomplish his ends indirectly than as a Cabinet officer. The elections have shown him to be a favorite with the army, and he has sufficient popularity, both in and out of Paris, to retain his seat in the Assembly. It would be easy to predict for him a steadily broadening and even brilliant career if only his ability were in question; but the lack of honesty and of wisdom which characterized the dictator will, in our opinion, prove fatal to his pretensions to statesmanship. We have the less hesitation in thus prejudging him because he has been revealing his plans to the radical delegates at Bordeaux, and has gone back to '89 for a working model, and has the same extravagant belief in the virtue of the name Republic that he showed during the war—a faith just as respectable as that in the name Commune—and looks to the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine in ten or, at the most, in twenty years. The one thing he seems to have learned is, that the peasants must be educated, and military service made compulsory on every citizen.

It is only fair to set against the picture of Alsace which we drew last week some of the later representations of the German press, which if they do not disprove the general correctness of the statements on which we relied, at least do something to lighten up the prospect. The first explanation of the prevailing discontent is, that everything is in a transition state, that the débris of the war is not yet cleared away, and consequently that material interests absorb for the present the chief attention of the government. The courts not being yet fully organized, it is difficult for creditors to enforce their claims, and business is further deranged by the mixed currency, by the blocking of the railroads (busied in transporting prisoners of war), by the higher fares and charges, by the alterations in the tariff, and by many other attempts at and results of adjustment and reconstruction. The war indemnity has been delayed, as if, apparently, the money must first be drawn from France, and reports of differences between the civil and military authorities add to the general distrust and dissatisfaction. On the other hand, in spite of numerous invitations to emigrate to Algeria and elsewhere, the Alsatians show no disposition to budge, and the number of inhabitants who are wholly German in blood and speech is so great that it seems impossible that they should not eventually be won over. When the war-damages have all been settled, the courts opened, and the schools established (not, doubtless, without considerable opposition), and the normal condition of the territory has been reached, it will be time to take a fresh survey, and then judge if the people are irreconcilable. Of the elections which have just taken place, we have, by Cable, contradictory reports from Paris and Berlin. The war, however, has made us accustomed to these.

The radical reforms in the public instruction of Russia which we lately gave some account of, have received the sanction of the Emperor, and are now being carried into effect by the joint efforts of the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Public Instruction. The Emperor was called upon to decide a difference of opinion in his Council in regard to the admission of scholars from the *Realschulen* to the universities. In these schools Latin and Greek are not taught, but the majority, nevertheless, favored admission, while the minority on this ground opposed it. The Emperor took the side of the classics and refused admission, and, probably, acted wisely. His reign has now witnessed two of the greatest political and social changes which could be effected in the polity of any people, the last being the proper complement of emancipation, and only second to it in importance. The popular reception of the new scheme is very gratifying, and St. Petersburg has led off by devoting an annual sum of $60,000 to establish and maintain twenty primary schools. Nor is the educational movement confined to one sex. Permission has, after some shyness on the part of the Government, been given to found a sort of high-school for women in Moscow, the chief promoter of this enterprise being the rector of the university. It is designed for all women, whether married or single, who choose to attend the lectures, and who have passed the necessary examinations.

IS CIVIL SERVICE REFORM CONSTITUTIONAL?

THE Washington correspondents of the newspapers informed us that the Civil Service Commission had met with a serious difficulty in their consultations, which threatened to defeat the whole project of reform; and, seeming to catch the prevailing official tone, they did not disguise their gratification at this desired result. In a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*, the accomplished chairman of the Commission has published a statement which explains the exact nature and extent of the difficulty. It seems to have been conceded that there could be no reform, at least in respect to the vast mass of administrative offices which may be called inferior, unless admissions to these offices "should be determined by competitive examinations open to all applicants who should have satisfied certain preliminary enquiries in regard to age, health, character, etc., but excluding political or religious opinion." While this matter was under discussion, it was suggested that the proposed plan would be unconstitutional. The question thus raised necessarily separated itself into two branches:

First. If a statute should require that every vacancy, as it occurs, shall be filled by the single person who, from among all the applicants, shall successfully pass the examination, would this statute be valid, or would it not rather have the effect to take away the appointing power entirely from the hands in which the Constitution has deposited it?

Or, second. If a statute should require that a class of persons fit for a given office, or for a given grade of offices, shall be determined by competitive examination, having the President or the heads of departments to fill the vacancies, as they occur, from this class of successful competitors, would this statute be valid? The Commissioners, not wishing to construct and recommend a system which might turn out to be illegal, requested the President to obtain the official opinion of the Attorney-General upon these points, and adjourned until October.

The objection which has occurred to members of the Commission had not been discussed with any fulness in Congress. On one occasion, in answer to a doubt expressed by Mr. Cox, Mr. Jenckes compared his measure with the system which has, for a long time, and without objection, been established in reference to the appointment of officers in the army and navy, declaring that the principle and methods of his bill were identical with those prevailing in the military service, and arguing that if the latter were constitutional, the former also must be. The analogy, however, between the military and the civil services is not complete upon a mere superficial view, because the Constitution, in express terms, empowers Congress "to raise armies," "to provide and maintain a navy," and "to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces." These clauses confer an ample authority upon Congress to provide for the appointment of officers in the army and navy in any manner which it deems best; but, unless it has, from the necessities of the case, the same implied power over the administration of the civil service that is given to it, in express terms, over the military, we cannot argue from the one to the other. If, however, this necessary implied power exists, then the analogy is complete and the argument is perfect, so far as the acts of the legislature can establish a precedent.

The first branch of the question raised by the Commission we shall not discuss, because it has no practical value. A system which should require a separate examination of all the applicants for each particular office, and the appointment to that office of the single successful competitor, would be utterly impracticable; it would break down from its own unwieldy weight. This is not the method which prevails in England, nor has it, so far as we know, been suggested in the United States. We shall assume, then, that all the inferior offices, at least, are to be divided into a number of groups, according to the nature of the official acts and duties, and that these are to be again separated into grades; that a standard of qualification is to be established for admission into each grade of the various groups; that all applicants for a place in any grade are to pass a competitive examination, to the end that their qualifications may be ascertained; that those who are successful will not become *ipso facto* officers, but that they, in the aggregate, will form a class of persons from which the President or head of department must select in filling any vacancy in the particular grade. This, omitting all matters of mere detail, is substantially the system which prevails in Great Britain, and which was proposed by Mr. Jenckes.

> "The President shall nominate and, by and with the advice of the Senate, shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law. But the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments."

Neither the President alone, nor the heads of departments, nor the courts, draw any absolute power of appointment from this provision. Authority issuing from the organic law itself is only given to the President and Senate in conjunction, and if the Congress should fail to pass any statute upon the subject, all offices, with a few designated exceptions, must be filled by their joint action. But the Constitution creates the possibility of another method. It permits the Congress to legislate, and to withdraw a certain class of offices from the President and Senate, and to entrust them to the President alone, or to the heads of departments, or to the courts. Congress is not compelled to adopt this method, nor is it limited to any class or species of offices, provided they are inferior; the whole subject is left to its discretion. When, therefore, the legislature has acted in this manner, and has passed a statute conferring powers of appointment upon the heads of departments, they derive their authority wholly from this law, and not from any affirmative grant of the Constitution. This proposition is fundamental, and governs the whole position. Congress, by virtue of a permissive clause in the organic law, confers authority upon the heads of departments to appoint persons to inferior offices. This is an ordinary act of legislation, and is to be controlled by all the considerations of expediency and propriety which apply to other measures of policy. The power may be granted or withheld, exercised fully or in part, given without limit or placed under restrictions, left entirely free or hampered with any conditions, according to the judgment of the legislators themselves. As the heads of departments draw their authority from a law of Congress alone—which law that body may pass or not, as it pleases—they must be bound by its terms, and cannot complain if the power conferred is a narrow one, and is hedged about with many safeguards, because, without the law itself, they would have had no power at all. This point being established, the conclusion is plain that, in conferring authority to appoint to office upon heads of departments, Congress may adopt any means and measures which its judgment suggests to prevent the authority from being abused, and to secure by its use the efficient and faithful discharge of official duties. The whole subject belongs to the legislature; it may give much or little, and may accompany the gift by conditions which restrain and control its exercise. The plainest, simplest, and most necessary of these conditions are those suggested by the Commission, which would apply directly to the qualifications of office-holders, and would tend to secure an honest and capable service.

The foregoing observations apply with special force to the inferior offices, which may, by the act and procurement of the legislature, be filled by the heads of departments. We now proceed to treat the question in a broader manner, and as involving the power of Congress over offices and officers generally. It should be carefully noticed at the outset that the Constitution itself creates but a very few offices. It declares that there shall be a President, Vice-President, and electors thereof, Senators and Representatives, and determines the manner of their choice. It also provides that each House shall have exclusive power to select its own officers. With these exceptions, the whole system of administration, whether military or civil, is in the hands of Congress. That body alone must create all offices other than the few just mentioned; must determine upon the necessity for their existence or their abolishment, and must fix their number, functions, duties, terms, and emoluments. In short, over the subject of creating and regulating the means of administering the laws, it has as complete control as over the subject of making the laws to be administered. The Constitution must, from the very necessities of the case, be so construed as to include and confer the power by implication. This principle has always been acted upon, and no one has ever doubted the propriety of such action. It can now be seen that the legislature

possesses exactly the same control over the civil service as over the military service. The clause permitting it "to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces" was not essential, because it was implied in the prior clause empowering it "to raise armies," and "to provide and maintain a navy," but was inserted simply out of an excess of caution, to restrain any possible usurpation by the President as Commander-in-Chief.

Holding the authority which we have thus designated in a plenary manner, Congress may determine the conditions under which the duties of a particular office shall be discharged, and may affix them to the office itself, even though these conditions may greatly limit the number of individuals from whom a choice can be made to perform these duties. This is plainly included within the general power to determine the duties themselves which are to be performed, and is, in fact, only another way of stating that power. In other words, Congress may prescribe the qualifications of office-holders, as prerequisites to their being entrusted with the functions of administration, and may thus create a class or classes of persons from which the President or heads of departments must make their selections. To say that Congress may not thus prescribe qualifications of some sort, is to say that the President and heads of departments are absolutely free from control, and cannot be confined even to citizens of the United States in making their appointments; to say that Congress may prescribe any qualification, is to admit that it may impose all which its judgment approves. If we examine the statutes creating offices, we shall find that the legislature has uniformly acted upon the assumption that it was authorized to impose conditions and qualifications. The principle has, therefore, been asserted through the whole course of our political history. Thus, a pecuniary qualification has always been demanded, in the shape of official bonds or securities, for the faithful discharge of public duties. The giving such a security is made a condition precedent of the performance of any functions. This is nothing but the demanding a pecuniary qualification, and it places a limit to the free action of the President, and restricts him to a class of persons from which to choose. Again, the qualification of loyalty has been required and enforced in a very strict manner by means of the test-oath. This also limits the power of the President, and restricts him to a class. It certainly does not lie in the mouth of a Republican administration or Congress to deny the validity of a statute creating this particular qualification and class. Would any one, for a moment, pretend that the legislature cannot in like manner, when creating an office, demand the qualification of citizenship, or of proper age, or of sex? The principle has been established by the unvarying and unquestioned practice of the Government. Civil-service reform only proposes to extend the principle in a different direction, and to apply it in other and equally important instances. If Congress may demand the prerequisites of pecuniary responsibility, loyalty, citizenship, age—or, in other words, may confine the President and heads of departments, in their appointments, to a class of persons possessing these qualifications—it may certainly demand the equally important prerequisites of knowledge, skill, special fitness, integrity, and, if so, may establish the means for ascertaining and certifying the existence of these facts. This is all that the civil-service reform seeks to accomplish, and to deny that it is possible to attain these ends in the manner suggested by the Commission, is to deny that Congress may demand loyalty and adopt suitable measures for ascertaining it, or require pecuniary responsibility and prescribe the official bonds by which it is secured. These conclusions are strengthened by a reference to another clause of the Constitution. Congress may "make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by the Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof." The final object of the appointing power is certainly not the mere placing a person in office. Its proper execution implies that the individual shall be fit and capable, so that the public affairs may be correctly administered. Any laws which tend to accomplish this design are concerned with the carrying into execution of the power of appointment, and are eminently necessary and proper measures therefor.

We have thus demonstrated that there is no constitutional difficulty or obstacle in the way of the suggested reform in the civil service. Congress may certainly demand qualifications, and a competitive examination is the most sure and equitable method of ascertaining whether the applicant for office possesses these qualifications. Those who pass the ordeal are thereby certified as fulfilling the conditions imposed, and they form a class—which may be large or may be small, according to the number, character, and attainments of those who apply—from which the President or heads of departments may be required to make their selections.

MINORITY REPRESENTATION.

Mr. Edward Stanwood, writing in the current number of the *North American Review* on the subject of minority representation, alleges certain facts and arrives at certain conclusions as to which we find ourselves in disagreement with him. Mr. Stanwood admits the correctness of the principle of minority representation, but denies that the theory can be carried out in practice. The principle, indeed, when correctly stated, forces admission. That a representative body should represent all the citizens, and not a part; that the right to representation and the right of government are two distinct and separable things; and that, while representation appertains to each individual, the right to legislate appertains to a majority of the representatives—are truths which recent discussions have placed almost beyond the province of controversy. But, says Mr. Stanwood, the problem to be solved is not an easy one, because the reform to be adopted "should not be much less simple and easy of comprehension than that which it supplants."

> "It must abolish all district lines, or make the districts so large as to give a greatly increased range of selection. It must be flexible enough to adapt itself to large and small districts alike. Political managers must be deprived of power to defeat its purpose, as they have succeeded in doing with the district system. It must not, under the guise of minority representation, introduce minority government."

To all of this we answer that minority representation, to justify its application to practice, must be a reform of some of the existing political evils, and not bring in its train greater, nor as great, evils as it cures. Some critics have imagined that they have found a triumphant argument against the practical introduction of this reform when they have invalidated some one or more of the *couleur-de-rose* ideas of the reformers. But, suppose them to show that there is some little waste of votes even with minority representation, or that something less than a mathematical quota may secure a representative, or that political managers, who now absolutely ride us, may still hang on by the tail, does all this raise a shadow of a valid objection?

A friend of personal representation says: "I object to the present system because it wastes the votes of the community to the amount, in some constituencies, of a fraction within a half of all votes cast; and in others seldom less than one-third of the votes are wasted. I propose a reform which will cure this evil." Is he answered when the critic says that the plan he proposes "will not represent everybody"? It would seem that, to the extent that it will represent more persons than are now represented, it is a manifest good. The friend of personal representation says: "The existing district system places the few intelligent voters entirely at the mercy of the ignorant masses who compose the bulk of the parties, and the reform we contemplate will enable those few to combine with others and secure representation in proportion to their strength." Is he answered by the critic when told that, even if he secures representation, the majority will outvote him when his representative gets into the legislative body? It would seem that some representation is better than no influence, and to the extent that such better class of representatives can mould public opinion and legislation, the people are the gainers. The friend of personal representation says that the present system results in perpetual wire-pulling, cut-and-dried caucuses, and the domination of a very low class of politicians, and that the reform he has in view will emancipate men from the rule of such creatures. Is he answered by the statement that, if we follow his advice, the politician will devise some means of securing some part of his former government? A very great reform is achieved when we shall have put the political trickster to his wit's ends to devise some new machinery which will enable him to scramble on our backs again.

All that we have a right to demand of any reform is, that it shall ameliorate the existing condition of things, and it does not lie in the mouths of conservatives to say that the introduction of the reform has not produced *all* the good that was claimed for it, so long as it has produced enough to show that persistence in the given direction will yield many, perhaps all, the results claimed by the reformers; and we shall show that even in the very elections which form the subject of Mr. Stanwood's criticism, this is true of the principle of minority representation.

It will be remembered that in the English Reform Bill of 1867, a clause was introduced by virtue of which the three-cornered constituencies (*i. e.*, the constituencies electing as a body three members of Parliament) were thereafter to elect three members of Parliament by the limited plan, each voter having but two votes, which he might combine or distribute as he pleased. A minority of one-third could therefore elect a representative where previously they were excluded from any representation. Now, any criticism upon this very crude and partial minority representation is valid coming from one who believes in representing quotas of less than one-third, but invalid as coming from a defender of the present system, as it is better than a system which excludes the one-third from all consideration. That by a skilful manipulation of votes by the minority and utter disorganization of the majority, the minority may actually return two out of the three members; or that by adroit management the majority may exclude the minority from its rightful representation, need give us but little concern, as the adroitness is likely to be evenly balanced. We have heard a great deal about the mischief of this clause in the Reform Bill; but the clamor all arises because the Liberal party lost one or two members by it; yet the same Liberal party refused last year, on motion of Mr. Hardcastle, who had the support of Mr. Gladstone, to abolish this clause.

The next step in England in favor of minority representation was in the organization of the School Boards. Here each voter had as many votes given him as there were members of the school board to be elected in his borough, and these votes he could concentrate on one candidate or distribute as he pleased. These elections were held within the year, and as it was the first application of the cumulative plan of minority representation, it awakened much attention. Mr. Stanwood takes the result in Marylebone, a borough of London, as the subject of his criticism. There were some thirty candidates, and of that number seven were elected; these seven being Miss Garrett, Professor Huxley, Rev. Mr. Thorold, Rev. Dr. Angus, Mr. Hutchins, Mr. Dixon, and Mr. Watson. The number of persons who voted was 23,619, who polled about 160,000 votes. Of that number, about 120,000 were counted for the seven successful candidates and elected them; the 40,000 remaining were lost by being distributed among unsuccessful candidates. These 40,000 votes represent 5,742 voters. This Mr. Stanwood adduces as evidence of the great wastefulness of votes. Now the point of comparison here for criticism should not be the best conceivable plan of personal representation; but what would have been the result in wastefulness of votes had the old majority plan been adhered to. The voters of Marylebone would have divided on their old party lines; the Liberals, having a small majority in the borough, would have elected the whole of the ticket of seven candidates by a majority, say of 1,000; and of the 23,619 voters, 10,809 who voted for unsuccessful candidates would have been unrepresented, as against 5,742 voters who were left out in the cold by the cumulative plan—a gain of at least 5,000 votes to the credit of the cumulative plan as against the majority plan. Then, again, look at the names of the two who head this list of members of the school board, and what chance would either Miss Garrett or Professor Huxley have had for a nomination at the hands of the regular parties? None. These school-board elections have proved beyond cavil that the minority plan brings into political life the very best members of the community, and on this branch of the subject Mr. Stanwood is silent; but with a *naïveté* indicating that he has not fully mastered the arguments in favor of the reforms he attacks, he says: "It is rather interesting than important that there was not in either of the London boroughs a candidate who received the votes of an absolute majority of the electors in the borough for which he stood." This, on the contrary, is not only important, but is conclusive proof how artificial are the majorities made up now by means of the incongruous elements of a powerful party, and how quickly the people avail themselves of independence of action when representation is possible without the aid of a majority.

Mr. Stanwood says that "in the Birmingham school-board election actual mischief was wrought. The Liberals, with about two-thirds of the voters, attempted to carry too many members, and actually came out of the contest with but two-fifths of the members." He does not give us the actual vote of Birmingham, but we can supply it from a very thorough paper on the working of the cumulative vote prepared last May by Mr. Thomas Hare, at the request of the English Foreign Office, in reply to an enquiry by the Belgian Minister at London on the cumulative vote. In Birmingham, the Liberals outnumber the Conservatives almost three to one. This is partly due to the personal popularity of Mr. Bright. Accustomed to rule, the Liberal party refused a compromise offered by the other side before the election, to give to the minority one-third of the fifteen school trustees, but entered the field, determined to carry them all, and had a ticket of fifteen names printed, for all of which their voters should vote. As but 14,000 of the 29,000 who voted polled the party ticket, the Liberals came out of the contest as badly beaten as they deserved to be. They intended, by *management*, to circumvent the plain intent of the law, as they had previously done in the case of the Limited Vote, and lost. Small minorities concentrated their votes and brought in their candidates—Canon O'Sullivan, being supported by 2,143 Catholics in a body, came in at the head of the polling-list. However unpleasant this may be to the Liberals of Birmingham, who, smarting under the lash, have written pamphlets against cumulative voting, we, at all events, fail to see the "actual mischief" this defeat of a political trick has wrought. On the other hand, however, it proves the correctness of the position of those who favor minority representation, that the system, when once fairly inaugurated, will act as a dissolvent of existing political parties, and make the voter independent of nominating conventions.

Mr. Stanwood seems to have a proper appreciation of the value of the Geneva plan of Free-Ticket voting, which answers the requirements of both justice and simplicity; but, says he, to give to each party the right to make a whole ticket, and then to take from each ticket a number of candidates into the representative body in strict proportion to the number of votes polled by each ticket, beginning with the head of the list of each, will fasten parties upon us as legal entities, and increase their power, and the "rings" would have their names at the head of the tickets, so as to be sure of an election—a curious objection to come from one who defends the present system. So long as parties are necessary, they would be the better for being amenable to public law. If there were a legal nomination for office as well as election, men would be protected in their attendance at primaries, and would not be deterred by the fear of having their heads broken by the hired bravoes of the parties. Bad and ignorant men would combine to seize power under any system, but they would not have the monopoly of it; and while no system can or should exclude them, the Geneva plan would prevent their names from appearing at the head of any voting paper except those they prepare.

Curiously enough, Mr. Stanwood misses his own moral completely when he objects to and rejects the Hare system as likely to become, in the hands of managers, only a sort of improved Free Ticket, and then rejects the Free Ticket for just the imperfections that the Hare scheme would supply. The true moral is, that in its practical working the Hare scheme would combine the advantages of both. Mr. Stanwood makes the oft-repeated charge of complexity to the Hare plan, and in illustration says: "One might fancy the blank amazement of a free citizen of New York City, fresh from the naturalization mill, and his perplexity on being told to fill out a ballot in accordance with his preference." Without dwelling upon the fact that our political sufferings at the hands of this newly-made citizen have been in this city, at least, so great that we can look with some philosophic calm upon a little perplexity on his part, we answer that Mr. Hare's voting-paper does not require a filling up with a list of preferences. It does give the voter an opportunity to do so. And just in proportion as men reason on political

questions, they will avail themselves of that opportunity, and thus make themselves somewhat independent of the ticket which the newly-made citizen forces upon him.

Correspondence.

THE NORTH CAROLINA CONVENTION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The first question naturally presenting itself to a reader of your article on "North Carolina and a New Constitution," is, Who are the people, or where does sovereignty reside? I think the answer given by Jameson, in his work, "The Constitutional Convention" (p. 19), is correct: "Sovereignty resides in the *society or body politic;* in the corporate unit resulting from the organization of many into one, and not in the individuals constituting such unit, nor in any number of them as such, nor even in all of them, *except as organized into a body politic and acting as such.*" From this it seems to follow that only in a political society with positive laws, the whole being *rightfully* bound by the action of a number less than the whole, "the number to which shall be accorded the power to act for the whole, *and the conditions under which it may so act,* are matters of positive regulation, in which alone they find their warrant. From this it is apparent that a mere majority in number of all the citizens of a State, or of the electors of a State, have no right whatever to act for the whole State, unless they can point to authority to that effect, express or implied, in the constitution of the State" (l. c., p. 525). This is incontrovertible, if your assertion, that "a constitution, being thus a creation and an instrument, cannot be above and superior to the creators who have given to it all its life and force," be a misconception, as I think it is. Though a constitution undoubtedly is a *creation,* yet the term is evidently liable to lead in this connection to utterly unwarrantable conclusions. A constitution is the fundamental law imposed upon a body politic *by its own free will.* Therefore it is not *above and superior to* its creators, although they are bound by it. It is true that "sovereingty cannot exist under any limitations," but it is only so far true as limitations by any outside power are thought of. If the idea of sovereignty should exclude all self-imposed restraints, a constitution would be nothing but an opinion, an advice, and not a *law.*

It is a curtailment of sovereignty to deny the people the right of binding themselves in this respect. Every constitution is the binding not only of those by whom the people want some of the powers of sovereignty to be exercised, but of the people themselves to certain rules of action. And one of the principal objects of this binding of the people themselves to certain rules of action is to guard the minority against rash and despotic actions of the majority. The logical consequence of your theory seems to be the utter abolishment of this guard, leaving to the minority nothing but the hope that a majority of the legislature will not coalesce with a majority of the people in subverting the law of the land, and in trampling the constitutional safeguards of the rights of the minority under foot. That the majority of the people, especially if they have the support of the majority of the legislature, have the *power* to do it, no one will deny; but they cannot do it *rightfully and legally,* although they have themselves enacted the law which renders their action illegal. They replace the *law* by *arbitrariness,* with nothing to justify them but the naked fact that they are the majority, *i. e.,* they act in a revolutionary way. I am at a loss to understand how the fact that a majority of the legislature sanctions or even inaugurates this replacing of law by arbitrariness, of right by power, can in the least affect the question at issue. The legislature is called into existence by the action of the people, under the provisions of the constitution, and whatever it does in opposition to the provisions of the constitution is, in the eye of the law, *eo ipso* null and void. How, then, can an action of the legislature, which the law pronounces utterly null and void, legalize an action of the people which, according to your own opinion, attempted "outside the existing government, and unsupported by legislative sanction," would be "revolution," "although successful"?

Very respectfully yours, Dr. H. von Holst.

New York, July 22, 1871.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The question discussed in your issue of the 20th, under the heading "North Carolina and a New Constitution," is certainly a very grave one, involving all the difference between what has been called fundamental law and ordinary enactments. The conclusion at which you seem to arrive is, that the people of a State cannot limit themselves by any restrictions as to methods of proceeding in changing or making their constitution, or in assigning the majorities or pluralities required in the legislative body that assumes to originate, or in the people who ratify, such entire or partial change. Your argument seems based wholly on the idea of sovereignty as something inherent, although you distinguish satisfactorily between the modified sovereignty of a State and that of the nation. Now, it is just this thought of the national sovereignty (which you must admit to be at least as absolute and, therefore, as incapable of restriction as that of the State) which creates the difficulty I find in your reasoning. The position seems to be this: A sovereign people cannot restrict themselves as to time, mode, numbers, etc., in the initiation or ratification of any changes in their fundamental law. The makers or ratifiers of one constitution cannot dictate the method in which another shall be made, or even originated; and if they attempt to do so, those into whose hands the administration may have fallen have a right to ignore any such limitation, and proceed *de novo,* as though it never had existed. "Because," as you say, "constitutions are but the expressions of the people's will," and "the people have reserved to themselves the power of creating, by their own immediate act, the organic law of a State;" "a constitution," therefore, "being thus a creation and an instrument, cannot be above and superior to the creators who have given it all its life and force."

The conclusions drawn from this doctrine of immediate popular expression could be refuted, we think, by direct *à priori* reasoning, or by showing that it is at war with the very idea of a political "organic" body, having a real self-binding existence regarded as something distinct from the flowing masses that may at any one time constitute its numerical population. But waiving this, for the present, as involving too much of abstract discussion, the question may be fairly asked—and a very practical one it is—why would not your argument apply equally as well to a change, entire or partial, either by convention or by proposed Congressional amendments, in the national Constitution? The parallel between it and the constitution of North Carolina, in this respect, seems perfect. As in the one case, so in the other, the initial proceeding is to be by a two-thirds vote of the legislative body. After that, the higher and more absolute sovereignty of the greater people, and which would therefore seem, *à fortiori,* less capable of restriction, is blocked up from all change—that is, from "any expression of the popular will"—unless such amendments, so proposed by a *two-thirds* vote in Congress, are ratified by the still greater majority of *three-fourths* of the States. One-third of either House of Congress can prevent any step being taken towards amendment; one-fourth of the States can veto such proceeding after it has been initiated. When we consider that these may be the very smallest States, it could be mathematically shown that less than one-tenth of the population of the United States could prevent any change in our national Constitution, however necessary it might be deemed by the vast majority of the States and people.

The present action of the Democratic legislature of North Carolina you admit to be in defiance of the constitution of that State. But this body is only a "creation" of that constitution. How, then, can it rise above its source? To say nothing of their having sworn to obey it—a thing which seems of little consequence to the Southern mind—their only right to meddle with the constitution at all comes from this clause, and therefore they are bound to proceed according to its directions. Had nothing been said, such initiation would have belonged to the executive or to the judiciary, as much as to the men assembled at Raleigh, and who have no other power than what this constitution gives them, to be exercised as it prescribes. Or it "reverts" back to the people at large, as was claimed in the Rhode Island case, to be exercised in any way that may be thought most clearly to manifest this "immediate popular will." And then again, too, in respect to the right of majorities. We talk as though it were a natural right; but it would be very difficult to prove that by nature three men, on a given space, have a right to rule over two, or seven over five. If we will reason from supposed social compacts, the right of a *majority,* either of the legislature or of the people, can only be grounded on some supposed unanimous assent of the people as a whole, represented as such by a constitution which has become, *de facto* and *de jure,* the supreme law of the land and the fountain of all political rights. This *whole,* to which, from the necessary idea of government, *all* must be supposed to have conditionally assented, may determine whether the majority shall rule absolutely, or whether there shall be restrictions upon them, or what majorities they shall be, and how ascertained, or what rights and vetoes, if any, shall be

given to minorities. The very idea of a constitution implies restriction of some kind upon "the immediate popular will," some direction to its action which is, more or less, a hindrance to its perfect freedom. Unless revolution is resorted to, it must obey these restrictions, or if it wishes to get rid of them, or make change more easy, even in doing this the previous directions must be followed, or all difference between fundamental and other law, between a true republican commonwealth, or *politeia*, and an utterly unrestricted democracy, is swept away.

To return to the plain analogy before presented. The statute passed by a bare *majority* of the North Carolina Legislature, in defiance of the present constitution, is only "tentative," it is said; and the convention which may assemble in consequence of it is only tentative likewise. So also is the constitution it may form. It is simply a *proposal;* and, if the people accept it, "then it becomes *de jure* and *de facto* the constitution of the State." It makes no difference whether the terms of the old constitution were complied with or not; you cannot restrict the people; the people cannot restrict themselves. Now, let us apply this to the nation—to the greater and more absolute people. A party in power, Republican or Democratic, wishes to amend the national Constitution in an easier and a shorter way than the one prescribed in that instrument. To this end, a bill proposing amendments is carried through Congress by a bare majority, the two-thirds vote not being attainable. This may do, seeing it is only tentative, and Congress has a right to try experiments. It may provide methods for taking the public sentiment on any question of importance, political or scientific. But now we come to the second act in the drama. The States proceed to consider the proposition; some, from their political preferences, others, because they fear lest eventually the success of their party views might be damaged by the omission. Thus it is satisfactorily ascertained that the proposed amendment has in its favor a clear majority both of the States and of the people; while it is equally clear that it has not a three-fourths majority of either. But "constitutions are only the expressions of the people's will." Such an expression has here been given. Has it become, therefore, *de jure* as well as *de facto* a part of the fundamental law? The case is a very supposable one. We wish to be enlightened as to the essential, and not merely accidental, differences of the two proceedings.

T. L.

[We have been obliged to abridge these communications, but the writers will, we trust, admit that we have omitted nothing essential to their arguments. The space at our command will only permit us to state the heads of an argument which would, we think, answer all the foregoing objections, and confirm the positions of the former article.

1. The objections made by Dr. von Holst reduce themselves to a single one, viz.: While the sovereign body cannot relinquish its sovereignty absolutely, it may restrict itself to particular modes of exercising this attribute. Every constitution is such a restriction, else it is not a *law*, but only an opinion or an advice. Therefore the restrictive clause of the North Carolina constitution is valid. The same position is maintained by "T. L." There is at the bottom of this a radical misconception of the nature and office of a constitution. We entirely agree with Dr. von Holst that sovereignty resides in the organic body politic, and not in any part nor even in the whole of the separate individuals who compose that body politic. A constitution is the expressed will, the creation of this body politic which possesses sovereignty, and is addressed to, lays its commands upon, and obliges each and all of the individuals who make up the political society. To them it is a law, and they, few or many, must obey; and the setting up of a new government by some or by all of them would be revolutionary. But the constitution is not addressed to, does not lay its commands upon, and cannot oblige the organic political society which created it. This political society, by virtue of its possession of sovereignty, cannot be subject to law, and is to be conceived of as an absolute despot. Whenever, therefore, this organic political society, as contradistinguished from some or all of the individuals which compose it, *can* act organically, it *may* act unrestrainedly and legally. How can it thus act? We answer, by its legislature taking the initiative, by a convention called by that legislature, and by the final votes of the electors to whom the power of voting has been given. Why a State legislature may legally take the initiative we shall show in the next paragraph.

2. The objection principally relied upon by "T. L." is certainly specious, but there is an answer to it which appears to us conclusive. The people of the United States possess absolute sovereignty. Sovereignty includes the power of legislating upon all subjects which can possibly fall within the domain of legislation. In our complicated scheme of government, certain important heads of legislative power are entrusted to Congress. The Constitution of the United States is a grant, and the only grant, of these powers. Whatever Congress can find authority for in this instrument, it may do; whatever it finds no authority for, it cannot do. All the residuum of legislative power is entrusted to the people of each State, to be ultimately exercised by its legislature. Whatever the State constitution does *not* forbid, the legislature may do; and, in general, whatever the State constitution *does* forbid, the legislature cannot do. In short, a State constitution is not a grant, but is rather a restriction. If a State constitution should simply create a legislature, and be silent in respect to its powers, such legislature could freely exercise all power not withheld by the national Constitution.

These principles are fundamental, and are admitted to be correct by all schools of constitutional construction. Their application is obvious. The national proceedings described by "T. L." would be revolutionary, because the initial step would have no element of legality. Congress cannot call a convention in the manner suggested by him, nor pass amendments by a bare majority, because the Constitution of the United States contains no grant of power, express or implied, authorizing such a proceeding. A State legislature, unless expressly restrained by the State constitution, certainly may call a convention for its own commonwealth, because it may confessedly legislate upon all subjects not directly withdrawn from it. Here we must remark that "T. L.'s" argument drives him to maintain the position that, unless expressly authorized, a State legislature cannot legally summon a convention—a position which is opposed to the theory of our government and to our political history. It must be conceded, then, that a State legislature, if not expressly forbidden, may take the initiative in the work of revision. We are now brought to the very case in hand. Although, in general, all restrictions upon legislative action contained in a State constitution must bind the legislature, yet, if any particular restriction is, from any reason, null and void, it cannot be operative, and the legislature is free. We maintain that the restriction contained in the North Carolina constitution is, from the very nature of sovereignty, null and void. This narrows the issue down to a single point—whether sovereignty can be self-limited, and in respect to this we cannot at present further pursue the discussion. We think it is plain, however, that the same principles do not apply to the national and to the State constitutions.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

Dr. S. W. Butler, Philadelphia, announces two medical works of general and permanent interest: "Cancer: Its Classification and Treatment," by J. W. Bright, M.D.; and "Consumption: Its Pathology and Treatment," by W. Minor Logan, M.D. Also, "The Physician's Annual for 1872."——"The Speeches of Hon. Geo. W. Julian," in one volume 8vo; and "A Tale of the Yo-Semite," by Mrs. Yelverton (from the author's manuscript), are among the announcements of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. Col. J. F. Meline is to publish through this house his criticisms on Mr. Froude under the title, "Mary, Queen of Scots, and her latest English Historian."

—The meeting of the American Philological Association at New Haven last week was hardly to be called brilliant. About eighty-five members were present, some from remote parts of the country, but comparatively few good papers were read, and the discourses were rambling and not worthy of the pretensions of the Association. In all deliberative bodies, the men with the emptiest heads and the longest tongues are apt to take the most of the time; and in a convention on philology, a science in which smatterers are plentiful and good scholars rare, there could of course be no exception. After reading the interchange of views on the origin of language or the proper pronunciation of Latin, one felt like a French Communist, and wished that discussion could be put down at all

hazards. It would seem that some method or other must be adopted in future, either by a division into sections or by a restriction of time, to limit discussion, so as to exclude those who can add nothing to the elucidation of the points in debate. Professors Whitney, Hadley, Van Name, Child, Gurney, Goodwin, Evans, and Kendrick, Chancellor Crosby, Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull, and Mr. C. A. Bristed, seemed to be the leaders of the Association, and their opinions were always needed to correct and sift the crude lucubrations of the half-learned. Perhaps the most spicy part of the whole proceedings was the way in which Professor Hadley refuted in a dozen sentences a long paper on the "Celtic Elements in French," in which it had been attempted to show that the French language was rather of Celtic than of Latin origin. Yet some very good papers were read, and the "Transactions" of the year, which print only what is valuable, will make a fair show. Among these was a useful article by Mr. Fitz-Edward Hall of London, read by Prof. Whitney, on certain points in English Grammar, which expostulated with Mr. Grant White and his friends on the matter which has caused them such uneasiness of mind—the propriety of using phrases like *is being built*. Mr. Hall found no difficulty in showing, by plenty of examples from classical authors, that this locution has all necessary authority, nor in proving it less absurd in analogy than the phrase *is building*, which Mr. White would have us substitute. Other good papers were that by Professor Evans of Cornell, probably the best Celtic scholar in the country, on various inaccuracies in the "Grammatica Celtica" of Zeuss; that by Prof. Whitney on Schleicher's theory of the origin of language; and several by Mr. Trumbull on points connected with the Algonkin languages, especially the one on the Algonkin names for man, in which he explained the name *Lenni lenape*, by which the Delaware tribe was known. Probably the most useful function of the Philological Association is the bringing together once a year of scholars from all parts of the country, and enabling them to get acquainted with each other, and thus to return home refreshed and inspired for their work. It certainly is not yet in a condition to act on the counsel of some of its members, and annually tell those of us who write for the papers what mistakes we make in English, and it may well spend some time longer in getting fairly on its feet, and devising how it may work profitably.

—We counsel Mr. Michael Doolady, the publisher, to look after his "eminent hands" far more sharply than he has been doing. One of them in particular, "Joseph Hertford," will bear a deal of watching, especially as regards the views of "national character" which he promulgates under Mr. Doolady's authority. Here is his account of the Frenchman: "In Paris, society has been for centuries rotten to the core. The people live out-of-doors. There is no domestic sentiment; and the Frenchman is in his glory when he is gaming, drinking, and carousing." We suggest as a fit domestic animal for this demon the new marsupial, known as the Tasmanian devil, which they have discovered in Van Diemen's Land, and which nature seems to have provided expressly for the Parisian as a humble dumb companion corresponding to the boule dogue and the *coq de combat* of the English nobility and gentry. Here is his portrait:

"His natural propensities are those of the gluttonous or sluggish kind, and he will be quiet enough when gorged with flesh and left to undisturbed repose, but the slightest provocation, the merest and most unintentional observation, will turn him at once into a veritable fiend. He then becomes instantly the very type of senseless fury, attacking all before him, dead or living. Nor is there, whilst life is left to him, either truce or quarter; as long as a shred of flesh remains to tear, or a last bone to shatter, he fights on regardless of the numbers that surround him, or of his own subsiding strength, until at length his jaws snap faintly, and his life goes gradually out with an infernal snarl. After years of experience, he repeats the same acts of profitless and exhausting frenzy. Without apparent motive he rushes at the wall, beating the air like a rabid lunatic, uttering long growls that seem to choke him, till they break out suddenly into a piercing bark. He shows not the smallest attachment to his guardians or keepers, whom he menaces from the moment they approach him till they pass completely out of sight."

—But according to the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, of this city, the modern Frenchman, fiend though he be with his gaming and his life exclusively in the open air, is at all events a distinct improvement on his feudal ancestor, on whom open-air life would seem to have had the most malign influence. The correspondent remarks that when the Republican politicians, just previously to the recent elections, set before the peasantry a long list of oppressive rights formerly exercised by the seigneurs, and which would all come in again with the Comte de Chambord, they omitted to mention one which he knows to have existed in feudal times, though he does not happen to know of instances in which it was exercised. This was the right of the lord on returning from the chase to cut open one serf for the purpose of warming his feet in the entrails. Not more than one might he disembowel—the ameliorating influence of the church probably having been here operative—but to disembowel one his legal right was admitted. We believe, but we partly forget, that it is Mr. Carlyle who is originally responsible for this amazing assertion, which manifestly appears to be based on the substitution of an *s* for a *c* in somebody's confused account of some such seignorial right as the right under certain stated circumstances to kill one stag (*cerf*), and only one, in the royal preserve in which the lord might happen to find himself. However, the Republicans may not unlikely take care to repair their omission on another occasion.

—We have received from Mr. John Camden Hotten, the well-known London publisher, advance sheets of his "Original Lists of Persons of Quality, Emigrants, ... and others who went from Great Britain to the American Plantations, 1600–1700," etc. The table of contents satisfies us that antiquaries need not thrill with the hope that new sources of information have been discovered. In fact, the most interesting part of this volume has been already printed in the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Vol. VIII. of third series, and again by Mr. S. G. Drake, in 1860, in a volume entitled "Result of Researches among the British Archives," etc., reprinted from the *N. E. Historical and Genealogical Register*. Comparing Mr. Hotten's pages with Mr. Drake's, we fear that Mr. Hotten cannot be absolutely trusted as a copyist, as, indeed, one might be permitted to infer from the statement in the title that these lists have been *deciphered* from MSS. in the State Paper Office, London—*i. e.*, MSS. of the year 1635, or thereabouts. Still, Mr. Hotten's book will be of interest as a third transcription of the original documents, and such portions as relate to the West Indian colonists will probably be new. It would be a more important work should Mr. Hotten obtain access to the records of the convicts sent to the Plantations, and give us the data as to the numbers sent if not the names.

—Since we discuss this week the question of minority representation, it may be well to mention two of the latest publications which serve to illustrate it. One is the second edition, about double the size of the first, of M. Ernest Naville's "Question Électorale en Europe et en Amérique" (Geneva: H. Georg)—a work defective in arrangement, but comprehensive in its survey of the field. It is chiefly valuable for its exposition of the *Liste libre*, or Free Ticket, and M. Naville, in the present edition, suggests some valuable modifications of this system so favorable to party action, but hitherto not giving play enough to individual preferences in the choice of candidates. They amount, in short, to the application of the principle of the Limited Vote within party lines. The second work to which we have alluded is the little pamphlet by Mr. H. R. Droop, entitled "Proportional Representation as applied to the Election of Local Governing Bodies" (London: Wildy & Sons). It consists of a paper read in April before the Juridical Society, in which the writer analyzes the results of the recent election of the London School Board, and shows how well they agree with the *à priori* speculations of the friends of proportional representation, and what a manifest gain there is for political purity and for the popular interest in politics from any the simplest departure from the majority rule. Mr. Droop is himself an advocate of the Hare system, but his review is perfectly candid, and as lucid as Mr. Hare's writing is unfortunately apt not to be. An appendix sets forth the progress of the proportional representation movement in foreign countries, including a translation of the first part of M. Naville's report to the Geneva "Association Réformiste," of which he is President (pp. 159–166 of the "Question Électorale").

—Miss Esther Greatbatch, whose name we hope she may some day change, though it certainly is now not without its significance, has shown a remarkable versatility of talent as a pupil of the North London Collegiate School of Girls, where she has received the whole of her education. She lately passed the second (special) examination for women at the University of London in French and in Harmony and Counterpoint, and these were some of her previous exploits, as we find them enumerated in *Nature*: she took the second prize at the examination which followed Prof. Guthrie's lectures on Physics at the London Institute, in February, 1870, and out of seventy-four candidates the first prize for the examination in Physical Geography following Prof. Huxley's lectures on that subject in 1869. In 1868, Miss Greatbatch passed as a Junior with first-class honors, and gained a prize for Mathematics at the Cambridge Local Examination. In December, 1870, she passed as a Senior, with first-class honors, gaining the Mill-Taylor scholarship (which she did not take up, as it can only be held in Cambridge) and a prize for Political Economy.

These laudable evidences of woman's capacity ought to stimulate the students in our female colleges to show that Miss Greatbatch is no exception among her sex, and encourage those colleges which (like Michigan) have either admitted women to the regular studies, or (like Williams) are considering the propriety of doing so.

—The governing bodies of the Inns of Court have hitherto had a monopoly of the business of making attorneys and barristers in England, and their way of educating a student may be described as putting him into the chambers of a practitioner whom he selects, where he reads what he likes. In "moot courts," as we call them, and exercises they have no faith, and their examinations for admission to the bar are the merest shams. The system may be said to have worked well, after the curious fashion of English systems, which seem to turn out, in spite of themselves, as it were, the products desired. "The result," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "has been not very unlike the Darwinian system of natural selection modified by sexual selection. The best men, or the strongest men, or the men least easily discouraged, have come to the front, but so also have the relatives of attorneys and the men who have married solicitors' daughters." Great lawyers and great judges living to great ages in the use and enjoyment of all their faculties have, under this system, made the British bench and bar illustrious, and given the world the spectacle of an array of intellectual power as imposing in its long succession and its collective mass as the history of the human mind has to show. But it is a system under which the weaker go cruelly to the wall—which is perhaps their business rather than anybody's else. Other results of it, however, are distinctly matter of public concern. Just now a change is loudly demanded, the spokesman of the malcontents being no less a person than Sir Roundell Palmer. At present the English law is an enormous and growing mass of the most minutely precise rules, almost all of which, to be sure, are so reasonable that the common law may perhaps be fairly allowed its compliment of being the perfection of common sense, but which are so vast in number that not only, for instance, would no layman dare to buy a piece of land and himself search the title, but, says the *Gazette*, the Solicitor-General himself—and he is one of the ablest men in England—would no more undertake to satisfy himself of the sufficiency of his title to a field that he had bought than the greatest real-estate lawyer in the country would undertake the cross-examination of the claimant in the Tichborne case. In other words, the English law is not only given over to experts, the laymen confessing themselves wholly unequal to the pretence of knowing positively anything about the law they live under, but among those experts the ablest profess themselves experts only in some small portion of the whole immense *corpus juris*. There never was a plainer evidence and monument of the peculiar habit of a national mind than the English law with its hatred of abstract and general propositions, or, as they are called outside of the three kingdoms, "principles." That this habit of the national mind—at all events, in the intensified form in which the legal mind exhibits it—is partly removable, Sir Roundell Palmer and his friends would seem to assert, and they propose the establishment of a new General School of Law, which, it appears, is to supersede the Inns of Court, or at any rate to substitute for their method of instruction another. The question is to be fully debated, and just what is proposed is not now clear; but, in brief, the ultimate object would seem to be summed up in the assertion that "the mode of arranging the law in their own minds" used, as they approach the end of their career, by such lawyers as Sir Roundell Palmer, Lord Westbury, and Lord Cairns—who "constantly argue a legal question for hours upon principle and without citing a decision"—"can assuredly be more or less communicated to young English lawyers by education."

—The lengthening list of Englishmen, great in science and in letters, who have passed away during the present year, ends for the present with the name of Alexander Keith Johnston, LL.D., who died at Ben Rhydding, in Yorkshire, on the 7th of July. He was a native of Scotland, born in December, 1804, and, having exchanged the study of medicine for engraving, he soon discovered his true vocation. A pedestrian tour in the north of Scotland, says the *Athenæum*, by showing him the defects of existing maps, led him to undertake better ones for a guide-book in 1830. In 1843, he produced his "National Atlas," in folio, the labor of five years, almost wholly with his own hand. Extensive travels through Europe and in Egypt and Palestine followed his appointment as Geographer-Royal for Scotland, and enabled him to become a very accomplished linguist. In 1848, he published his "Physical Atlas," for which he had received the encouragement as he reaped the praise of authorities like Humboldt and Ritter, and had bestowed on him the honorary diploma of the Geographical Society of Berlin. A second edition, much improved, appeared in 1856. Meantime, in 1850, Mr. Johnston published his "Dictionary of Geography," of which ten thousand copies have been sold, received the Exhibition medal of 1851 for the first physical globe of the earth ever drawn, in 1852 completed his chart of the geographical distribution of health and disease, and in 1855 commenced his "Royal Atlas of Modern Geography"—a work of unsurpassed beauty of execution. Besides these important enterprises, which gave a powerful impulse to geographical pursuits, he produced four atlases of general, classical, physical, and astronomical geography, and otherwise sought to popularize his previous works. His place among British savans will be filled with difficulty.

—Father Secchi, the well-known and clever Roman astronomer, in his recent work, "Le Soleil," dipped his imaginary thermometer inside the solar envelope in contact with the photosphere, and read off the dog-day marking of 10,000,000° Centigrade. Heat of this degree, Prof. Newcomb has replied, would speedily reduce our earth to vapor, and Mr. Ericsson says (in *Nature*, July 13) that his own experiments have convinced him that Father Secchi's thermometer would not rise much above 4,000,000° Fahrenheit. That is hot enough, in all conscience, but Father Secchi has put his foot in a hotter place—say, 6,000,000° Fahrenheit. On the twelfth of June, he sent a letter to the Abbé Moigno, editor of the scientific journal, *Les Mondes*, in which, alluding to the horrors through which Paris had just passed, he said:

"What will be our lot here, I do not know; but if to restore the order of humanity which has been so profoundly disturbed, Rome must needs undergo the fate of Paris, God's will be done. In any case, a life like that we lead here now is much harder than death; and it must end one way or the other. . . . I find consolation only in work and in the prosecution of my researches on the physical constitution of the sun, which occupy all my time, and so far prevent me from feeling the cruel sufferings of the present moment. Unfortunately, the resources of our Observatory are so diminished nowadays as to be far from sufficient to accomplish what I could desire."

He went on to tell how the Italian Government had *begged* him to accept a chair in the University of Rome; and he gave a very garbled account of some communications he had had with Prof. Francesco Brioschi, who was made the medium of the solicitation referred to. Prof. Brioschi has felt moved, by the unwarranted insinuations of the passage quoted above, as well as by the subsequent misrepresentation, to write an indignant letter exposing the astronomer. He attributes Father Secchi's letter to *Les Mondes* to that "puerile vanity of his which has become proverbial among scientific men"; denounces him for the atrocious suggestion that the occupation of Rome would lead to a second Darboy massacre; and prints a letter of Father Secchi's, written last November, accepting with gratitude the *invitation* to teach in the University, and proposing a title for the chair to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of the Professor of Astronomy already connected with the institution, and finally thanking him for the good wishes which, on the eve of Secchi's starting on the eclipse expedition, Brioschi had conveyed to him, in a letter informing him what material aid the Italian Government had placed at his disposal for the purposes of that expedition. A slight comparison of this document, says Brioschi, with the letter to the Abbé Moigno, is enough to show the character of the man who wrote it; "let us hope, for his sake, that at least his fame as a savant may ever remain unimpaired." Father Secchi says in extenuation, that his letter was not meant for publication; that it was the Jesuits for whose safety he feared; that some things are difficult to be understood by those who have not received the Christian education in regard to God's educing good from evil; and that his acceptance of the Government chair was given in the hope of saving the Collegio Romano from being converted into a national school, which it has since become.

—Some sensation has been caused by the discovery of a fraudulent commerce in saints' relics carried on by certain of the clergy in Rome. The details which have come to light remind one strongly of the thriving business done in the same articles by the Roman clergy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In those days they could confidently sell to the churches such remains as "the breath of Joseph of Arimathæa, preserved in a glove," and these modern transactions, if not carried quite so far, are in the same direction. Owing to recent seizures by the Italian Government, the papers of an interesting criminal suit have fallen under profane eyes. Giuseppe Colangeli, late door-keeper of the Roman Repository of Relics, had been indicted for affixing the official seals to documents guaranteeing the authenticity of relics which he knew to be spurious; for having lent the official seals to one of his associates, Vincenzo Campodonico, for the same fraudulent purpose; for using some of the aforesaid

documents, designed to prove the genuineness of the relics of one saint, to sell those of another; and, finally, for having sold spurious relics on his own account. Campodonico, his accomplice, had been almost a wholesale dealer in this line. He had a method peculiar to himself of putting up saints' bodies so that they seemed entire, but crumbled to dust at the slightest touch of the hand. He was careful to exhibit these relics in quaint old worm-eaten cases or coffins, and to have them duly authenticated. Some of them even reached this country, being sold at 140 scudi a piece for account of the faithful in Canada. Colangeli was sentenced to one year's imprisonment, but his counsel demurred to this on the ground that the reasons for the penalty had not been stated in the verdict. Thereupon the Pope dismissed the whole suit, thus also preventing the prosecution of Campodonico and the other accomplices. All the papers relating to these proceedings were sealed and deposited in the secret archives of the Papal Government.

TWO BOOKS ON RUSSIA.*

The name of Mrs. H. C. Romanoff, an English wife of a Russian gentleman living up in the Ural Mountains, is very favorably known by her "Sketches of the Rites and Customs of the Greco-Russian Church," a book of rare interest and value. It is a pity, therefore, that she has not selected a better subject in her second attempt to illustrate her adopted country. The present book is a translation of three essays by Mr. S. N. Shubinsky, and a *rifacimento* of some chapters in the "Leaders of Russia since Peter the Great" of Mr. Basil Andréef, both published in a third-rate Russian magazine. Neither of these authors is noted for profound or accurate historical knowledge, and, in fact, they are much laughed at in Russia for their pretensions, though Mr. Andréef has written one good book on Russian sectaries, and, in the work laid under contribution by Mrs. Romanoff, he writes intelligently and in an interesting way. By her attempts at condensation, the editor has succeeded in destroying most of the interest of the original. The chapter on Catherine the Great, for example, as written by Mr. Andréef, presented a vivid portraiture; the summary of it given by Mrs. Romanoff is a mere collection of anecdotes, in which all the character of this great Empress is lost. In these narratives, the English reader will find little that is new to him, because there is little that is drawn from purely Russian sources, one object of the authors, as Mr. Andréef states in his preface, being to acquaint their countrymen with various foreign memoirs and documents, the circulation of which in Russia the severity of the censorship had previously prevented. There are, however, certain things about which the Russian authorities do not like to have much said, such as the murders of Peter III. and of Paul, and a certain reticence is, therefore, kept up which is very amusing. There is no reason for euphemism in an English narrative, and it seems absurd to find a chapter terminating with the simple phrase: "The Emperor Paul departed this life on the evening of the 11th of March, 1801."

In spite of these drawbacks, the reader will find "Historical Narratives" an entertaining and instructive book, and will not regret the few hours spent in its perusal. We trust, though, that Mrs. Romanoff will next time give us another of her own studies of peasant and country life, describing merely what she sees and hears. For such work she is well qualified, and she can hardly fail to write something of great interest and value.

The book of Mr. Barry is chiefly a book of such sort, a record of what he saw and of the conclusions he came to during some four years that he was director of the large Shipiloff iron-works, situated not far from Nizhni-Novgorod. Mr. Barry speaks Russian, and was for the greater part of the time deep in the country, away from foreigners, and in close intercourse with natives, large numbers of whom he had under his immediate supervision. In addition, he resided some time in Moscow, and travelled very extensively in Russia and Siberia. The author seems to have been moved to write by a very just indignation at the errors and misstatements in Mr. Dixon's "Free Russia," and, after relieving his mind on this subject, he proceeds with a fair account of what is now going on in Russia, and of the characteristics of the people, so far as they came under his notice, and he had many opportunities of judging. Mr. Barry lacks the graces of style, but he plainly has something to say, and says it in a way to be understood. So long as he confines himself to his actual observations he is excellent, and his conclusions are, in the main, correct and just. The weak parts of the book are the political chapters, and, perhaps, there are too many of the old stock stories and anecdotes current at Moscow, new though they be to foreign readers. The spelling of Russian words is seldom exactly what it should be; but it shows only that Mr. Barry's knowledge of the language was colloquial rather than literary.

Mr. Barry likes the Russian peasants, and is not ashamed to say so. He knows as well as any one their lack of truthfulness, their blunted moral perceptions, their disposition to shirk, and the other faults and vices they have inherited from a state of serfdom; but he bears strong testimony to their general industry, their faithfulness, their capacity, their docility and good disposition, and to the general amelioration of their condition. It has been stated by some that one proof of the failure of emancipation is the scarcity of labor. Mr. Barry considers that this scarcity, if it exists—which he is unwilling to admit—only proves that the peasant finds enough to do in working for himself. Some would say that it only proves his laziness; but there is ocular evidence that the land belonging to the peasant community is always cultivated. And then, besides, the peasant in the country neither begs nor starves, mendicancy being confined to the cities; and he must do one or the other if he did not work. Mr. Barry is inclined to think—which is indeed true—that the apparent scarcity of labor arises from the fact that more land is brought under cultivation than formerly. Proprietors who formerly let their lands lie unworked, and had let out their serfs on *obrok*, or rent, now wish to cultivate their estates, and naturally find fewer hands than before; because these serfs on *obrok* who had gone to the towns were freed unconditionally, and have preferred to remain there. There is also a general rise in the value of land. With reference to the present condition of the peasantry, Mr. Barry says:

"In all I see there, I see signs of improvement. I notice new houses in the villages, much repairing of the old ones; the fields better fenced; the yards enlarged; the iron tickets of the fire insurance companies fixed up on many of the houses of the more prosperous *ci-devant* serfs; the horses more generally shod; the more general use of iron tires on the cartwheels; the use of candles in the dwellings, in place of pieces of pine-wood; the men and women both dressing better; a demand for the means of education; a knowledge that they are protected by the law; a better idea of what is going on in the neighboring town; the entering into small businesses, such as millers, tanners, barge-owners, steamboat proprietors, cattle-dealers, iron-masters, etc.; using rough machinery to prepare their flax and winnow their corn; treating their women-folk with more consideration; less living in a state of concubinage among the people."

In another place, the author says: "The people would be better off if their habits were less frugal. Often a few days' work will suffice to keep them in laziness for the rest of a week." This is very true, and is an argument that might be used in favor of the Russian protective tariff. Anything like manufactures, which will instil new ideas into the people, and give them additional and even artificial wants, will do much to civilize them and should be encouraged for that reason. The readiness of the Russian peasant for manufacturing industry, and the ease and quickness with which he becomes a good workman, are pointed out and illustrated by Mr. Barry, who has something good to tell us about the quality of native manufactures. If he had got up his statistics better, and had told us the quantity of goods now made in Russia, he would have done great service. The chapters on Siberia, and Sport and Pastimes, are full of new and entertaining matter. Though the book by no means gives a complete picture of all Russia, yet it contains enough to justify its title; and we can cordially recommend it as the best book on that country that has been published within the last ten years, and hope that it will find many readers.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JULY.

The July *North American* has for its most interesting article a paper entitled "The Meaning of Revenue Reform," which is the work of Mr. Wells, and will be found exceedingly useful to those who wish to come to an understanding of this question, important now, and of rapidly growing importance. We, for our part, have little or no regret to express because of Mr. Wells's importing into his discussion of the unwisdom of our present financial system something of what has seemed to some people the sharpness of personal feeling. But this it, doubtless, really is not. There is, to be sure, not the least doubt that Mr. Wells is an ill-used person. But there is as little doubt that, in the ill-usage of him, the country at large has received injury at the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury. And it is travelling out of the record for his critics to say that it is Mr. Wells as a man, and not Mr. Wells as a political economist, who relates of the Secretary of the Treasury such a story as this that follows:

"In 1869, when it was proposed, in anticipation of the discussion of the

* "Historical Narratives. From the Russian. By H. C. Romanoff." Rivingtons, London. 1871.
"Russia in 1870. By Herbert Barry, late Director of the Shipiloff Iron-works in the Government of Vladimir, etc., etc." Wyman & Sons, London. 1871.

income tax by Congress, at its approaching session, to prepare for public information a full statement of the working and distribution of this tax, the amount paid respectively by the recipients of large, moderate, and small incomes, and the amount and number of individuals exempted under the law as then existing, the Secretary of the Treasury refused to allow the investigation to be undertaken, alleging substantially that it was not in accordance with the policy of the Treasury to permit such facts to be made public."

This anecdote is contained in a marginal note, and is told to justify an assertion made in the text, to the effect that at the present time, as all friends of revenue reform maintain, neither good sense nor sound knowledge is displayed by us in the management of our fiscal affairs; and, further, that, under the present administration of the Treasury Department, the investigation by which we alone can ensure safe progress is studiously repressed. To another anecdote of Mr. Boutwell, Mr. Wells only makes incidental reference, for he has told it before, we believe; we have, at all events; but we recur to it again, for the reason that it is useful as affording a measure of the financial ability of a man whose financial course costs the country many millions annually. It is an anecdote which relates that our Minister of Finance, on being told that the condition of labor throughout the country is not as prosperous as it should be; that, notwithstanding our very great resources, there are practically only three out of all our manifold products—namely, gold, cotton, and petroleum—which cannot be produced more cheaply elsewhere than American labor can produce them; that our advantage in respect of these three extends no further than to the material in its most unwrought and crude condition—on being told, in short, that trade was dull and labor suffering, and that things might easily be made very much easier, both for the laborer and the capitalist, our financial minister coolly replied, in effect, that he knew better, because he had just ridden through from Groton to Washington by rail, and had observed, as he looked out of the car windows, that everybody appeared to be busy; and because, when he got back to his office in Washington, he found the revenues from taxation coming in without interruption. As if there was not such a thing as a science of statistics; as if, there being one, it could be studied with a night-glass through a car-window; and as if there had never been seen a people having burdensome, foolishly-imposed taxes to pay, and yet contriving, somehow or other, to pay them. We submit that when a gentleman of this order of mind goes on for some years crippling industry by his want of knowledge, any writer on finance may find sufficient justification for attacking him in the fact that he is a fellow-countryman, whether or not he has been driven by him out of a place of great usefulness. It is the more necessary when, as here among us, a popular understanding of an unpopular question is among the prerequisites of a reform. It need hardly shock any one, we should say, that Mr. Wells indulges in the "personality" of saying, "It is probable that there *may* have been finance ministers less competent than the present Secretary of the Treasury; and undoubtedly there have been Presidents as little inclined to reform as President Grant." It is hazarding little to say that it is less the President's want of inclination to reform, in the abstract or even the concrete, than his entire unfamiliarity with all such questions as this of taxation and currency, which makes him believe his Secretary of the Treasury to be a fit enough person for the place. That Grant cares much, if at all, for "Boutwell's political influence," it is not necessary to believe. The President gave Mr. Boutwell by far the largest part of the political influence he now has when he put him where he now is, and gave him more than he will ever have after he is done "wielding the patronage," and has to fall back on his native resources. Six months of a sound successor in his office would make the funding schemes and taxing policy of its present incumbent a very heavy weight about Mr. Boutwell's neck. There is not much in Mr. Wells's article that he has not said before; but he is dealing with facts and theories as to which Congressmen and editors need information, and which will have to be insisted on, line upon line and precept upon precept, and made plain for him who runs to read. The following extract may give such of our readers as have paid too little attention to this subject a specimen of what they are to expect in the essay itself, which we hope they will read with attention:

"It would seem, therefore, that the questions involved in the defects of our financial policy and methods of taxation, as above indicated, are not questions which require that the advocates of reform should necessarily commit themselves either to the principles of free-trade on the one hand, or of protection on the other, inasmuch as they concern simply the reform of abuses. And it is, moreover, the maintenance of these abuses which gives to very many industries a claim for protection which otherwise would not be demanded. Governor Thomas of Maryland, in a speech before the Committee of Ways and Means a year ago, which was never published, set this matter in its true light. He is reported to have said: 'I live in Alleghany County, Maryland, where our staple product is coal, and we have found by calculation that we are taxed every year to the extent of nearly two millions of dollars through the increased price which we are obliged to pay for all that we consume in working this coal and transporting it to market—for our iron, our lumber, our woollens, our oil, and our machinery; and we only ask, as a matter of justice, that a sufficient duty be imposed upon coal to compensate us for our taxes.' All of which, rendered into simple English, amounts to this: You have allowed A, B, and C to plunder us annually to the extent of two millions; now allow us in return to plunder somebody else in the way of compensation."

The most important of the contents of the *Review* is a paper by Mr. Chauncey Wright on "The Genesis of Species." Mr. Wright begins by stating briefly and generally, but very lucidly, the changed condition of opinion in the thinking world concerning the question of the origin of species. "Orthodoxy has been won over to the doctrine of evolution." Not that leaders in the religious world are now willing to abandon the dogma that the origin of species is a special religious mystery; but many men of science, who are also religious men, and who are at the least quite as religiously reverent as scientifically inquisitive, have within the past twelve years found that the *general* theory, designated by the terms "evolution," "transmutation," "development," "derivation," "descent with modification," they could reconcile with the dogmas which they regard as essential to religion. It is this general theory that is no longer regarded with suspicion by many thinkers as being hostile to religion; the subordinate hypothesis of natural selection, the explanation of evolution, is still rejected by the religious critics, one of whom, Mr. St. George Mivart, has recently brought forward a critique of "Darwinism" or "Natural Selection," as held by Darwin and the Darwinians, and with his criticisms a counter-theory of his own. This critique by Mr. Mivart furnishes Mr. Wright with the main subject of his essay, which any reader, of any training at all in controversy, no matter how slight his knowledge of Darwinism, will see to be extraordinarily acute and able, and which, so far as we can judge, leaves not much of Mr. Mivart. The tone of Mr. Wright's paper is such as to make it in that respect a model of controversy. It is nearly as judicially impersonal and easy as a steam hammer. These papers by Mr. Wright and Mr. Wells, together with a short and comparatively slight article by Doctor J. P. Thompson, on the subterranean explorations recently made in Jerusalem; the article on "Minority Representation," which we notice elsewhere; and a good résumé of the best opinions concerning the religion of the ancient Romans, written by Professor W. F. Allen, make up the body of this number of the *Review*, which is valuable reading, though we should say that it is to be called neither light nor quite near enough to lightness.

The literary reviews begin with a long and interesting notice of the first volume of Professor Max Müller's translation of the "Rig-veda-sanhita." The reviewer finds it necessary to make some complaint against Müller on several grounds, and though "in so doing he uses him as though he loved him," he nevertheless presents a clear case against him, and shows him to be not innocent of putting into his book some vexatious padding, pure and simple, and very much matter which must be pronounced valueless, or of value insufficient to justify its appearance in a volume—one of eight—which gives the reader no more than twelve hymns, or about one seventy-fifth of the whole text to be given. Clearly, this is not using the subscribers well. As for the translation, Müller's work is pronounced far inferior to that of Roth, and certainly, as Roth appears in the reviewer's translation of him into English, there will be no question in the mind of the reader ignorant of Sanskrit and acquainted with poetry, that the difference between Müller's verses and Roth's is the difference between good work and bad. After this review—a specimen of strict reviewing at its very best—come notices of Yeaman's "Science of Government," done by some gentleman who appears to be in deplorably low spirits; and of some half-dozen other books, notably of Mr. C. W. Baird's history of the town of Rye in Connecticut. The notice of Heard's "Curiosities of the Law Reports" is good as adding one or two curiosities to those which Mr. Heard has gathered together. This is how Mr. Justice Lumpkin, of Georgia, expresses (in 13 Ga. 14) his opinion of the effete dogma that a writ of error needs a seal:

"I can scarcely suppress a smile, I will not say grimace irresistible, when I see so much importance attached to trifles. I scorn to be a 'cerf adscript' (*sic*) to things obsolete or thoroughly deserving to be so. . . . President Pendleton states that there was a period when the impression [on a seal] was made with the eye-tooth, and thinks that there was some utility in the custom, since the tooth's impression was the man's own, and presented a test in case of forgery. But this reason does not hold true in this epoch of dentistry, when no man's tooth is his own. . . . I admit

that old things may be good things, as old wine, old wives, ay, and an old world. But the world is older and consequently wiser than it ever was before. . . . Let the legislative and judicial axe be laid to the root of the tree: cut it down, why cumbereth it any longer courts and contracts?"

And this remark on the case of a Mr. Reed, who was accidentally killed, is enlivening, when met with in a report:

"Reed and MacGuire were both victims of the same accident, which, though melancholy, has settled the law."

THE MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

THE characters of Ernest Picard, Jules Ferry, Trochu, Gambetta, Jules Favre, Garnier-Pagès, Rochefort, and Jules Simon are sketched with minuteness and, as we think, with a great deal of shrewdness and precision, in an article which appears in this month's *Scribner's*, and which seems to give itself out as the work of Miss Mary C. Putnam, M.D., but which surely must be only translated by that lady, and not written by her. It is not well translated either; on the contrary, mistakes occur which a more illiterate proof-reader than any of our magazine publishers ought to employ should be above the danger of allowing to get into print. For example, we read of the "destitution" (*déchéance*) of the Napoleonic empire. But, whoever wrote it or translated it, the article is clever and worth reading, as this extract may show:

"This, then, was the radical vice in M. Jules Simon's philosophy—that he did not believe in it. This homœopathic dilution of Cousin, Jouffroy, and Roger Collard; this vaporous eclecticism that reposes on the cardinal principle of not having any vital principle whatever; this immense Missouri Compromise between everything that anybody had ever believed and its diametrical opposite; this modern bulwark of failing faith—soft, tender, and trembling as might be a bulwark of jelly; this conciliation effected between Catholicism, Spiritualism, Materialism, Positivism, Atheism, and Pantheism; this admission of everything except the necessity of a foundation for belief, that should be not only unshaken, but unshakable; this preservation of doctrine under a glass case, ticketed with the warning to keep hands off the fragile fossil; this reduction of faith to a social convention; this hatred of living ideas because of their life, and this sickly tenderness for the shadows of the dead—it is evident that in all this was to be found small material to meet the rude necessities of a crisis boiling over with passion. As well hope to arrest or direct a torrent of lava, that bursts from the crater of Vesuvius, by the chill embrace of a mountain-mist floated down from the Highlands of Scotland."

This, too, seems to us commendable as striking pretty nearly the just mean between respect for Rochefort as a man and utter contempt for Rochefort as an indicator of popular rights:

"Sauciness constituted all Rochefort's prestige—now the sauciness of his constituents, now his own. This mocking disdain, that seemed more superficial, in reality sprang from a deeper root than the serious criticism of other members of the opposition. It was rooted in the self-consciousness of a rival power, bent on overturning, not a functionary, or a ministry, or a constitution, but systems, and thrones, and hierarchies. This power alone could afford to gibe and frolic with its adversary, whom it considered already as torn in pieces. Not the depth of his principles, but the coincidence between the scoff that scintillated from his easy wit, and the disdain that glowed from their laboring passion, united Rochefort and the people. But in a quarrel of dignities, what so close a bond of union as a common contempt? What could unite the people to Picard, anxious to preserve a 'liberal' Empire; to Garnier-Pagès, stupefied before the august tears of Louis Philippe; to Jules Favre, with his adroit reverences and supple genuflexions? Rochefort made fun of solemnities empty as a nightmare, and as overwhelming. Hence, the people adored him. He represented for them 'the ideal of liberty and justice,' which poor Delescluze would pathetically lament to *not* find realized in the Republic of the Provisional Government."

Another article in *Scribner's* is interesting for its account of the parentage of the weeping willows of this country and England. It will be new to most of our readers. Shortly after the bursting of the South Sea Bubble, in 1720, a friend of Pope's, who had gone to the East to recruit his fortunes, sent home to the poet a present of figs, and, as it happened, there was in one of the boxes a twig of a plant new to Pope, who, being then busy with his Twickenham gardening, stuck it into the ground. In time it became a large and admired tree—the parent of all the English weeping willows. A slip from this Twickenham willow was cut off, in 1775, by a young English officer, who was coming out with Sir Henry Clinton to put down the rebellion at Boston, and after it was put down to shoot buffalo on Copp's Hill, and practise at alligators in Spy Pond, and, better yet, confiscate land, and plant, and build, in which case the weeping willow would be desirable. But, in the course of events, planting among the Americans began to look far off; the young Englishman gave his willow-twig, carefully wrapped in oiled silk, to John Parke Custis, Washington's step-son, who, shortly afterwards, planted it near his house at Abingdon, in Virginia. There it flourished, and the son of Pope's tree became the parent of our American weeping willows. To some of our readers it may be new to hear that the tree gets its name from a Talmudic legend which avers that the Babylonian willows beneath which the Hebrews sat down and wept in their captivity drooped their branches in accordant sadness.

Mr. D. O'C. Townley writes a very good sketch, accompanied by an excellent portrait, of the man who probably may be considered the most truly successful artist that this country has to show—Mr. J. Q. A. Ward; Miss C. F. Bates a pretty poem; Rev. H. H. Macfarland, a glowing, but not too glowing, description of Vassar College; and J. R. G. Hassard, an encouraging report of the progress made toward our Metropolitan Museum of Art. This latter is accompanied by wood-cuts of the designs submitted by Mr. W. H. Beard, which are certainly extraordinary. Mr. Beard proposes that the outer approaches to the entrance of the museum should be subterranean. The visitor entering the museum from the Park—it is to be up in Eighth Avenue, opposite Central Park—finds himself in a large tunnel, wide and well ventilated but tortuous, over the arched mouth of which hang vines and shrubbery. On either side stands a colossal stone figure—"Ignorance with threatening aspect, and Superstition with repulsive mien;" Ignorance with a cleaver in his hand, Superstition bearing a thigh-bone; Ignorance with a plain cloth about his waist, Superstition with a knotted cloth about his, the pair of them scowling dismally, and not pleasing in the shape of their limbs and trunks. These affright the beholder, especially the women and children, if we may judge from these designs. As the spectator passes on he sees in the obscurity the creeping forms of tigers, lions, and Mr. Beard's well-known bears, which ramp and threaten. Passing these we come to the portal of Art, where Time, another colossal figure, lies sleeping, and over his head is a tablet which is to bear the names of donors—"a delicate intimation of the immortality of fame which will reward the gift of a thousand dollars or so to the Museum." Branching out of this room are various passageways—"one guarded by antediluvian animals of vast size"—which lead through galleries to the museum proper. Yet it is not so improbable that this vulgar and every way preposterous conception of what is appropriate for an institution designed to educate and elevate the public taste may be executed; the writer in the magazine remarks that "the gentlemen upon whose good judgment the choice of an architect and the character of the building chiefly depend, are P. B. Sweeny, the President, and Judge Hilton, the Secretary of the Department of Public Parks." How fit they are for the work an hour or two spent in the Central Park by any person who knew it four years ago will be sufficient to show. We have not given it detailed examination, but we would venture to say that no person of fair intelligence in such matters could see the management of the flowers, for example, by the gardeners of this year without perceiving that the Park is in tasteless hands. The great beauties of the place they can hardly spoil, but every now and then one comes upon some flower-bed with an elegant raised scolloped pattern, patted up with a hoe along the edge of it, or a shabby, little forlorn row, one by one, of the not very costly portulacca; or a wood hillside carefully raked. There is not a general effect, but there is every now and then too strong a suggestion—even in the more beautiful upper part of the Park—of scraping and washing and overdressing which is of very unpleasant omen.

In the "Topics of the Time" the editor has something to say about the "Pike" in literature, the "Pike" being the personage who figures in the poems of Mr. John Hay, and some other writers of verses in dialect, who blaspheme, gamble, kill, and display at the same time the tenderest emotions, and also a spiritual soundness and healthiness which could not have been expected from their doctrinal laxity and their general laxity of practice. "Undoubtedly," says the editor, "the Pike is a fact. Tilmon Joy and Jim Bludso are men that Mr. Hay has seen with his own eyes," and so forth. But we suppose the Pike, as he exists in Mr. Hay's poems, to be not at all a fact, and that if there is one thing in "Jim Bludso," for example, which to the intelligent reader of good poetry is more striking than another, it is the perfect falseness of the note struck. The Pike of Mr. Hay's pieces is a creature made up of the simulacrum of a genuine Pike, into which is breathed for a soul some breath from Mr. Hay's nostrils, and the creature produced is as much like any living creature who ever walked the earth as the absurd stage Laertes is usually like a hot young Danish nobleman. It is not the Pike, half-horse and half-alligator, but Mr. Hay, who says:

"Through the hot black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard—"

or, a great deal worse than such surface failure, this:

"But he never flunked and he never lied."

Or this, which is not the Pike at all, but in which we have Mr. Hay "enthused":

"He seen his duty, a dead sure thing,
And went for it there and then,
And Christ a'n't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men."

Or this:

"And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the throne."

Now, if this were the Pike in his integrity, he would simply be a disgustingly foul-mouthed creature, who had better be left unselected as a subject by any and all writers. But to our mind there is just as much good portraiture in it as there is of good poetry, or of that decent respect for religious beliefs and venerated names which is demanded by good taste, at least, were there no other authority to exact it.

The July *Atlantic* is a good number, and may be recommended. Mr. James's "Watch and Ward" is interesting—the word, perhaps, most often to be applied to his work, though some of it merits words of praise more valuable to a story-writer. The second part of Mr. Howells's "Wedding Journey" is like the first part—delightful, and perhaps is as good as anything he has ever done. "The Whispering Gallery" still talks of Dickens, and will surprise many of that author's readers, who remember how he stuffs his characters, by this remark:

"And here let me say, that although he was accustomed to talk and write a great deal about eating and drinking, I have rarely seen a man eat and drink less. He liked to dilate in imagination over the brewing of a bowl of punch, but I always noticed that when the punch was ready, he drank less of it than any one who might be present. It was the sentiment of the thing and not the thing itself that engaged his attention. He liked to have a little supper every night after a reading, and have three or four friends round the table with him, but he only picked at the viands as a bird might do, and I scarcely saw him eat a hearty meal during his whole stay in the country."

We presume Mr. Fields intends to speak of Dickens's general habit, and not merely of his habits while in this country on his last visit. Mr. John Fiske's "Werewolves and Swan-maidens" is entertaining, and so, without being at the same time extravagantly instructive, are the "Book-notices." Mr. Whittier has some kind and pleasing lines about the late Miss Cary, but the other poetry it is not necessary to dwell upon. Mr. Clarence King's "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" is an admirable description of mountain work, told with a very taking modesty and manliness. We make this extract, which, though of course the interest here rises very high, is in other respects no inferior sample of this fine paper:

"As we tied ourselves together, I told Cotter to hold himself in readiness to jump down into one of these in case I fell, and started to climb up the wall, succeeding quite well for about twenty feet. About two feet above my hands was a crack, which, if my arms had been long enough to reach, would probably have led me to the very top; but I judged it beyond my powers, and, with great care, descended to the side of Cotter, who believed that his superior length of arm would enable him to make the reach.

"I planted myself against the rock, and he started cautiously up the wall. Looking down the glare front of ice, it was not pleasant to consider at what velocity a slip would send me to the bottom, or at what angle, and to what probable depth, I should be projected into the ice-water. Indeed, the idea of such a sudden bath was so annoying that I lifted my eyes toward my companion. He reached my farthest point without great difficulty, and made a bold spring for the crack, reaching it without an inch to spare, and holding on wholly by his fingers. He thus worked himself slowly along the crack toward the top, at last getting his arms over the brink, and gradually drawing his body up and out of sight. It was the most splendid piece of slow gymnastics I ever witnessed. For a moment he said nothing; but when I asked if he was all right, he cheerfully repeated, 'All right.' It was only a moment's work to send up the two knapsacks and barometer, and receive again my end of the lasso. As I tied it round my breast, Cotter said to me, in an easy, confident tone, 'Don't be afraid to bear your weight.' I made up my mind, however, to make that climb without his aid, and husbanded my strength as I climbed from crack to crack. I got up without difficulty to my former point, rested there a moment, hanging solely by my hands, gathered every pound of strength and atom of will for the reach, then jerked myself upward with a swing, just getting the tips of my fingers into the crack. In an instant I had grasped it with my right hand also. I felt the sinews of my fingers relax a little, but the picture of the slope of ice and the blue lake affected me so strongly that I redoubled my grip, and climbed slowly along the crack, until I reached the angle, and got one arm over the edge as Cotter had done. As I rested my body upon the edge and looked up at Cotter, I saw that, instead of a level top, he was sitting upon a smooth roof-like slope, where the least pull would have dragged him over the brink. He had no brace for his feet, nor hold for his hands, but had seated himself calmly, with the rope tied round his breast, knowing that my only safety lay in being able to make the climb entirely unaided; certain that the least waver in his tone would have disheartened me, and perhaps made it impossible. The shock I received on seeing this affected me for a moment, but not enough to throw me off my guard, and I climbed quickly over the edge. When we had walked back out of danger we sat down upon the granite for a rest. In all my experience of mountaineering I have never known an act of such real, profound courage as this of Cotter's."

The July *Harper's*, too, offers a good number to the summer reader, who will be particularly pleased with the first article, called "Children of the Summer," which can be no one's but Mr. Howells's, though apparently written some years since, and before he quite trusted the hand which has since so plainly shown its cunning, and is now so sure. Of the accompanying illustrations we wish him joy. They are actionably bad, we should say, if there is any justice at all in the land. "Cavour" is the subject of another illustrated article, "Life in Cuba" of another, the new book about "Jefferson's Domestic Life" of another, and there are besides an instalment of "The American Baron," that absurd but readable and funny exaggeration; and, among other things, "A Letter of Coleridge's," formerly unpublished, in which he incidentally remarks that he never allows himself to put forth anything that he is not sure is his own and entirely underived from books, and unsuggested by other writers—a statement in which the simple of the earth may, if they like, put confidence.

Truly good ghost stories are very rare things, though they are so universally popular that one would suppose there would be much more done in this walk, to call it so, than there is. The demand is infinitely in excess of the supply. Miss Rose Terry has three in the July *Galaxy*, all interesting, and we do not know why not all true, in a way; still they do not properly congeal the blood. "An Evening with Swinburne" is a brief and rather dry account of an evening at a party, when Swinburne did some of the talking, saying some not very wise things—as that Walt Whitman was probably the second-best poet in the world, Victor Hugo being first, in Mr. Swinburne's opinion—and read, or intoned, some of his own poetry, a thing which he is fond of doing, they say, and which it is a curious and not unadulterate joy to hear him do. Z. F. P. gives an account, really readable and intelligible, even lively and attractive, of the observation of the solar eclipse last year by the American party that went out to Sicily with Professor Pierce of Harvard, and by the English party, headed by Mr. Lockyer. By an unfortunate mistake of the *Galaxy's* printer or proof-reader, Z. F. P. is made to do injustice to the English expedition: in the illustrations on page 192 there is a reversal of the two lower figures by which credit is given to Professor Watson, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, for the photograph of the corona which Mr. Brother succeeded in taking, and which was the great feat of the English expedition. "Signature Hunting" is a good specimen of a low form of padding.

In *Lippincott's*, "The Great War of 1870," by Edmond Scherer, is, perhaps, best, and "Our Monthly Gossip" of most interest. The former asserts, what few will be inclined to think precisely true, namely, that Bismarck is very thin-skinned and dreads newspaper criticism; and, furthermore—what may be true—that at Versailles he was very apprehensive of secret designs on his life, and kept himself closely guarded.

In the *Overland* there is a good story of the Vigilance Committee days of California, entitled "Robert Fairway's Disappearance," and a semi-poetic ghost story, which may be read, entitled "How I got the Pirate's Treasure." Rather funny is the article called "The Darwinian Eden," but, perhaps the writer hardly gets all the amusement out of it that he might.

The *Catholic World* laments the decay of mentality in Protestant England, finding the cause of its unhappiness in the fact that the British magazine is so poor an affair as it is. So much worse than *Blackwood's*, for example, in the days when Catholic Emancipation was under discussion? This is but a dangerous criterion of mentality to be set up by any of our American magazines, we fear, Catholic or Protestant. The fact of the matter would seem to be, that in poetry, history, and fiction, England is, just now, rather above her usual average since she has had any literary annals at all, and that in science also, as well as in poetry and fiction, she need not fear to enter the lists against any other country in the world.

Furthermore, the *Catholic World* says and maintains that the Hon. E. P. Hurlbut, of Boston, Mass., and the Rev. Dr. Bellows, of this city, are "from instinct and education, hearty haters of the Catholic Church," and that Mr. Hurlbut's "thought is the thought of a secularist," and that for this country "there is no hope under Protestantism." "There has been a sad falling off," it goes on to say, "in the virtue, the honesty, the integrity, the chastity, and the public spirit of our people in the last fifty years." Now why? Why, because "the old habits formed under Catholic dis-

MALDEN PUBLIC LIBRARY

cipline and influences are wearing out, if not worn out." This we confess seems to us childishness, and utterly unworthy of a magazine which is, indeed, from the nature of much of its subject-matter, compelled to teach much that we, of course, think unreason, but which has shown that it need not be gratuitously feeble.

Wake Robin. By John Burroughs. (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.)—Mr. Burroughs's "Wake Robin"—a graceful and appropriate title—belongs to the class of writings of which Mr. Thoreau and Col. Higginson have given us the best-known examples. The several papers of which it is composed were, many of them at least, first published in magazines for popular reading, and they are marked by the same combination of literary excellence and careful scientific observation which distinguishes the writings above-mentioned. Mr. Burroughs is not as practised a writer as Col. Higginson, nor has he his poetical imagination and wide range of illustration. He lacks, too, the originality and dry humor of Thoreau; on the other hand, he is more of a specialist than either of these, and possesses great quickness and accuracy of observation, and excellent powers of description. And he is truly fond of the woods, and goes into them to see them and not himself. The book will furnish entertaining reading for any intelligent lover of nature; and, more than this, it will be found perhaps the very best help for the beginner in the study of birds. It gives just the information which the beginner needs, and teaches him how to observe, as well by precept as by example. For the rambles and observations here described are next to an actual excursion with a trained ornithologist as a practical lesson in ornithology.

The first and last papers—"The Return of the Birds" and "The Invitation"—are those which will best serve as an introduction to the study of birds. "In the Hemlocks" is from first to last an admirable practical lesson in observation; "Bird's Nests" and "Spring at the Capital" are of the same general character, although the latter is of a rather rambling and, one is tempted to say, perfunctory character, containing, however, some excellent descriptions. The two other papers, "Adirondacs" and "Birch Browsings," are chiefly descriptive of life and adventure in the woods; both of them, the last especially, are capital reading.

Two or three extracts will illustrate our writer's style and methods of observation: "It seems to me that I do not know a bird till I have heard its voice; then I come nearer it at once, and it possesses a human interest to me. I have met the grey-cheeked thrush in the woods, and held him in my hand; still I do not know him. The silence of the cedar-bird throws a mystery about him, which neither his good looks nor his petty larcenies in cherry-time can dispel. A bird's song contains a clue to its life, and establishes a sympathy, an understanding, between itself and the listener" (p. 44).

"It is not in the woods alone to give one this impression of utter loneliness. In the woods are sounds and voices, and a dumb kind of companionship; one is little more than a walking tree himself; but come upon one of these mountain-lakes, and the wilderness stands relieved, and meets you face to face. Water is thus facile and adaptive, that it makes the wild more wild, while it enhances culture and art" (p. 82.)

"They [the larks] are *walkers*. This is a characteristic of but few of our land-birds. By far the greater number are *hoppers*. Note the track of the common snow-bird; the feet are not placed one in front of the other, as in the track of the crow or partridge, but side and side. The sparrows, thrushes, warblers, woodpeckers, buntings, etc., are all hoppers. On the other hand, all aquatic or semi-aquatic birds are walkers. The plovers and sandpipers and snipes run rapidly. Among the land-birds, the grouse, pigeons, quails, larks, and various blackbirds walk. The swallows walk, also, whenever they use their feet at all, but very awkwardly. The larks walk with ease and grace. Note the meadow-lark strutting about all day in the meadows" (p. 222).

It may be remarked that Mr. Burroughs speaks rather contemptuously of what Col. Higginson calls "that best of fowling-pieces, a small spy-glass." His rule is: "First, find your bird; observe its ways, its song, its calls, its flight, its haunts; then shoot it (not ogle it with a glass), and compare with Audubon. In this way the feathered kingdom may soon be conquered" (p. 209). Probably in this we find the difference between the professional ornithologist and the amateur.

The Rhododendron and American Plants. By C. S. Rand, Jr. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1871.)—We have got into the habit of expecting a new book on some horticultural subject from Mr. Rand every year; and as we are fond of all kinds of horticulture, in theory at least, we enjoy every new book as much as a novel, if it is well written, and shows that the author is really familiar with his subject.

No class of plants deserves a biographer more than the rhododendron, and other evergreens which are equally beautiful in leaf and flower. Most of us know the rhododendron and the kalmia by name as well as by sight; and many to whom the name suggests nothing will remember the shrubs with bright evergreen leaves which they have admired as they have crossed the Alleghany Mountains, or which they have seen from the car windows on the Pennsylvania or Reading Railroads, or by the side of some mountain lake in Vermont, or whose masses of pink blossoms invite old and young to festival and picnic in June amongst the hills of Worcester County, or by Salisbury Beach and the banks of the Merrimac, in Massachusetts. Whoever has seen and known them, and has even a small piece of land in the country, would like to have some to decorate his land. But it has been generally believed that they are very shy, and difficult to transplant and make grow, and with reason; for if carelessly handled, all the evergreen plants are very troublesome to manage. But, as Mr. Rand has shown in his treatise, they can be grown abundantly if their habits are studied, and the soil and circumstances made agreeable to their roots.

The bulk of this book is devoted to the rhododendrons, which, being the largest in size of plant and blossom, attract the most attention, and they have been so long cultivated and improved that the original varieties and species have been greatly increased. We learn that the few kinds commonly known—such as Rhododendron Ponticum, Maximum, and Catawbiense—are only samples of a family which has members in every climate and which grow in every soil, and under all circumstances; one, R. Dalhousie, being a parasite, almost an air-plant, growing on the branches of oak-trees, and expanding blossoms four inches in diameter. Another, R. Lapponicum, is a mere dwarf, being most suitable for an edging to flower-beds. R. Maximum sometimes grows to be a tree. Some are hardy in Alpine snows, others can only grow in the tropics or a hothouse.

Thus we see that no plant offers the amateur a wider or better field for the indulgence of his fancy. But whilst we, with Mr. Rand, give most of our notice to the chief of the class, we should not forget the laurel, kalmia latifolia, the favorite flower of June, whose wonderful profusion of bloom makes hill and mountain sides and wide plains brilliant with the most delicate and varied shades of rose and pink. As he enumerates the different plants of the same family, he mentions too slightly, we think, the Sedum latifolium or Labrador tea—a stout, hardy shrub with evergreen leaves, olive brown on top, with recurved edges, and covered with a kind of rusty wool or down underneath. This shrub covers the heaths of Maine and Canada, and grows equally well in swamp and on hillsides, and in June blooms very fully. Its tufts of white flowers and fragrant brown-green leaves make a beautiful combination with the rhodora and cotton grass, which at the same time cover wide areas with the most lovely carpet of purple and white.

Mr. Rand enumerates every plant evergreen, shrubby and herbaceous, which he thinks belongs or groups with the rhododendron and kalmia, and tells us where to get them and how they are best cultivated; and one sees, as he reads, that most of his statements and directions are the result of actual experience. Mr. Rand's collection of these plants is unsurpassed in this country, and every one who can should visit it, as he will there see how well the author has practised the lessons he teaches. We wish all the families of beautiful plants could find so earnest and faithful a biographer; for every one who reads such a book, if he never lives out of a city, becomes imbued with horticultural enthusiasm, and pledges his earliest earnings to the purchase and adornment of a country place.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Abbott (J. S. C.), History of Frederic the Great	(Harper & Bros.)
Carlyle (T.), French Revolution, Vols. 2 and 3	(Chas. Scribner & Co.) $0 90
Constable (H.), Duration and Nature of Future Punishment, swd.	(C. C. Chatfield & Co.)
Énault (L.), The Pupil of the Legion of Honor	(Porter & Coates)
Gibbon (C.), For Lack of Gold: a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.) 50
Hawthorne (N.), Scarlet Letter, and Blithedale Romance, 1 vol	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 2 00
Illustrirte Kriegs-Chronik, Part 19, swd	(B. Westermann & Co.)
Lyell (Sir C.), The Student's Elements of Geology	(Harper & Bros.)
Mac-Henry (G.), Time and Eternity: a Poem	(A. L. Bancroft & Co.)
Müller (O.), Charlotte Ackerman: a Tale	(Porter & Coates)
Norton (C. L.), American Sea-Side Resorts	(Taintor Bros. & Co.)
Rockwell (Rev. C.), Catskill Mountains and Vicinity	" "
Reade (C.), A Terrible Temptation, swd	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 50
The Second Armada, swd	(Porter & Coates)
The Workshop, No. 7, swd	(E. Steiger) 40
Valedictory Poem and Oration, Yale College, 1871, swd	(C. C. Chatfield & Co.)
Wallace (A. R.), Action of Natural Selection on Man, swd	" " "
What Happened after the Battle of Dorking, swd	(Geo. Routledge & Sons) 25
Walker (W. B.), Cyclical Deluges	(D. Appleton & Co.)

BOOKS FROM LONDON.

SEND TO

J. SABIN & SONS

For the last number of the

AMERICAN BIBLIOPOLIST.

It contains, besides Miscellaneous Literary Matter, the continuation of the "History of Fort George," a List of New English Publications, and a Catalogue of new and second-hand Books offered at low prices.

WRITE US FOR A COPY.

A few of the Books for Sale.

BULWER'S NOVELS. 20 vols. 8vo, half-calf (published at $60), $27.

TAYLOR, B. Miscellaneous Works. 12 vols. 8vo, half-calf, gilt. N. Y., Putnam. $30.

MACAULAY, T. B. The History of England. 4 vols., bound in two in half-calf. Boston, 1853, $4.

THACKERAY'S WORKS. Complete. Tauchnitz edition. Nicely bound in half-morocco. 34 vols. $34.

DEANE. The Worship of the Serpent traced throughout the World. 8vo, half-calf, very scarce. London, 1833. $10.

Every designer or decorator should have a copy of our New Monogram and Alphabet Album. It contains over 1,000 examples of beautiful Monograms. Every Bookseller should send for one. Send for sample page. Prices, $6 50, $7 50, $8.

J. SABIN & SONS,

BOOKSELLERS AND IMPORTERS,

84 Nassau Street, New York, and 22 Buckingham Street, Strand, London.

NEW CLASSICAL COURSE.

GOODWIN'S GREEK GRAMMAR. $1 56.
" " READER. $2.
LEIGHTON'S " LESSONS. $1 25.
LIDDELL & SCOTT'S GREEK LEXICON ABRIDGED. $3.
LIDDELL & SCOTT'S GREEK LEXICON UNABRIDGED. $12.
ALLEN'S LATIN GRAMMAR, LESSONS, LEXICON PRIMER AND COMPOSITION, each $1 25.
ALLEN'S LATIN READER. $2 50. Consisting of selections from Phædrus, Cæsar, Curtius, Nepos, Sallust, Ovid, Virgil, Plautus, Terence, Cicero, Pliny, and Tacitus, with Notes and a General Vocabulary of Latin of more than 16,000 words. With references to Allen's, Harkness's, Madvig's, Bullions's, and Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammars.
MADVIG'S LATIN GRAMMAR. By Thomas A. Thacher, Yale College. $3.
OUR WORLD; or, First Lessons in Geography. 94 cts.
THE ATLANTIC PRIMARY ARITHMETIC. 50 cents.
THE LATIN VERB. 50 cents.
CRAIK'S ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE. $1 75.
HUDSON'S SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE. The first series includes "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," the two parts of "Henry IV.," "Julius Cæsar," and "Hamlet." The second series includes "The Tempest," "The Winter's Tale," "King Henry the Fifth," "King Richard the Third," "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Antony and Cleopatra."
SHAKESPEARE (in press): his Life, Art, and Characters, with a Historical Sketch of the Origin and Growth of the Drama in England. 2 vols.
OUR WORLD, No. II.; or, Grammar School Geography. (In press.)

GINN BROS., Boston, Mass.

HENRY K. VAN SICLEN,

BIBLIOPOLE,

133 NASSAU STREET

Catalogues sent on application.

Special attention given to orders by letter.

TOURISTS ON PLEASURE BOUND.

You want some entertaining book to help wile away a weary hour. Buy one of these:

HAMERTON'S THOUGHTS ABOUT ART, $2.

HAMERTON'S A PAINTER'S CAMP, $1 50.

GEORGE SAND'S MAUPRAT; ANTONIA; Monsieur Sylvestre; Miller of Angibault; Snow Man. Price of each, $1 50.

MRS. STOWE'S PINK AND WHITE TYRANNY, $1 50.

MISS ALCOTT'S LITTLE MEN; LITTLE WOMEN. 2 vols. An Old-Fashioned Girl; Hospital Sketches. Price per vol., $1 50.

BURNAND'S MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS; Happy Thoughts. Each $1.

A VISIT TO MY DISCONTENTED COUSIN, $1.

Sold everywhere. Mailed post-paid by the Publishers,

ROBERTS BROTHERS,

BOSTON.

PUBLISHED THIS DAY:

CHARLES READE'S LAST GREAT NOVEL.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

Complete in one volume. Fully Illustrated.

Paper, 50 cents.

By special arrangement with the author of this story, which has excited a profound sensation in all portions of the world where the English language is read, the publishers are enabled to give the work complete in book-form simultaneously with its appearance in England, and in advance of its issue by any other publishers in this country.

"We all remember the commotion excited by 'Griffith Gaunt,' and 'A Terrible Temptation' presages a similar excitement in its behalf. It certainly exhibits some of the most brilliant qualities of Mr. Reade's genius. The author receives a handsome remuneration for his work, while at the same time the reading public in America enjoy the opportunity of reading the book at the same time as our cousins in England."—Boston Courier.

"The new story from the pen of Mr. Reade challenges the attention of novel-readers. The style is light and easy, progressing from point to point without a perceptible jar, and it will give many an hour of pleasant employment to the idlers of the coming summer."—Phila. Age.

"It opens in all the freshness and abounding sparkle of his style and the daring freedom and originality in which this author is conspicuous. All who enjoy a good, healthy, and delightful story of modern times should not fail to secure 'A Terrible Temptation.'"—New York Globe.

For sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers,

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.,

BOSTON.

E. P. Dutton & Co., 713 Broadway, New York, Special Agents for J. R. O. & Co.'s Publications.

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL. The best evidence of the perfect safety of Pratt's Astral Oil is that from nearly a million gallons sold, no accident has occurred from its use, in any way, directly or indirectly. It is free from any explosive material, and perfectly reliable in every respect.

JUST PUBLISHED:

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THE BATTLE OF DORKING.

Being an Account of the

VICTORY AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

BY A VOLUNTEER OFFICER.

12mo, paper covers, price.....25 cents.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,

PUBLISHERS,

416 Broome Street, New York.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE.

The attention of gentlemen, in town or country, designing to form Libraries or enrich their Literary Collections, is respectfully invited to Harper's Catalogue, which will be found to comprise a large proportion of the standard and most esteemed works in English Literature—COMPREHENDING OVER THREE THOUSAND VOLUMES—which are offered, in most instances, at less than one-half the cost of similar productions in England.

To Librarians and others connected with Colleges, Schools, etc., who may not have access to a trustworthy guide in forming the true estimate of literary productions, it is believed this Catalogue will prove especially valuable for reference.

The Catalogue is arranged alphabetically by the authors' names, anonymous works by the titles. The index is arranged by the titles of the books, besides having numerous appropriate heads, each general head being followed by the title of every work on the subject. Persons desirous of obtaining information regarding any foreign land, will find under the name of the country the title of all books of travel, history, or biography relating thereto.

The Publishers believe this will meet a long-felt want.

To prevent disappointment, it is suggested that, whenever books cannot be obtained through any bookseller or local agent, applications with remittance should be addressed direct to the Publishers, which will receive prompt attention.

Sent by mail on receipt of Six Cents.

Address

HARPER & BROTHERS,

Franklin Square, New York.

GAZZAM'S TREATISE

ON THE

BANKRUPT LAW.

SECOND EDITION JUST OUT.

For sale at all Law-Book Stores.

CASSELL'S POPULAR EDUCATOR.

COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES.

PRICE, $15.

"We have gone over its pages with sentiments of real wonder. We know no work like it. It has occupied and filled up a field of education vast and most important to the community."—Dublin University Magazine.

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN,

596 Broadway, New York.

SLAVE SONGS OF THE UNITED STATES.

A Unique Collection of Original Melodies—words and music—obtained among the negroes of the South; preceded by an account of these Songs, and an Essay on the Negro Dialect, as observed at Port Royal, by Prof. W. F. Allen, of the University of Wisconsin. Cloth, 8vo, price $1 50.

Sent post-paid on receipt of price. Address

Publishers of "THE NATION,"

Box 6732, New York City.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1871.

The Week.

Not much that is new and at the same time important in relation to the Tammany frauds has come to light during the week. The Mayor's conduct still offers the same extraordinary spectacle. Apparently, he has not quite sufficient impudence to defy his accusers in silence; and not even in New York could even he dare to put in plain print full, true, and particular statements of what men of straw got how much money for such and such labor and such and such goods, the greater part of both goods and labor being imaginary, so he adopts the only other course left open to him, and now in this way, now in that, a new way with every morning, almost, he tries to fling dust in the eyes of the public, and after each failure tries once more. His last device is to cause the Comptroller to print a "public debt statement," the like of which he promises to publish every month hereafter, and most of which will have little or no value, it being so purposely confused and so destitute of particulars as to be baffling. Moreover, it differs from the Comptroller's other recent statements; and it and they, again, are different from the statements made in the Roberts-Taylor-Astor exhibit. In what it says of the total debt of the city and county it is tolerably intelligible, and it is anything but reassuring. This is the road we travel under the guidance of Mr. Tweed: In January, 1869, two years and a half ago, the total city and county debt was in round numbers $29,000,000. In October, 1870, less than a year ago, it was $55,000,000. In May of this year, three months ago, it was $82,000,000; and last week it had increased to $101,000,000.

Most, if not all, of this last increase of indebtedness, $19,000,000 in thirteen weeks, is due, of course, to the issuing of bonds anticipatory of the year's taxes. But for years now, a great portion of the tax money when it came in has been diverted from the payment of the city expenses to the building of stables, club-houses, country seats, sets of silver—one with the Marquis of Tweeddale's arms engraved on it—yachts, horses, velvets for summer wear, and large diamonds for the wives and daughters of our gang of refined and literate rulers; and the deficiency thus created has been filled up by the issue of bonds payable in the next year. They have not been so paid; on the contrary, more has been added. But bills get pressing, and at this point the Legislature steps in with a law of the Ring's devising fixing the amount of tax for a two-years' term; and when it is too difficult to negotiate revenue bonds based on the two-year tax, more legislation makes the "consolidated stock of 1901," into which can be dumped all outstanding revenue bonds, and the Ring, taking its breath easily again, may proceed at leisure to build some more club-houses and yachts. It is not such a wonder, when one is brought face to face with facts like these, that some people hastily regret the Know-nothing days, and call for political leagues between the American and German elements of our municipal population. After all is said about the corruption of the Republicans of this city—and some of them could beat Tweed if hypocrisy adds anything to the sinfulness of sin—it is nevertheless true that, were it not for the solid wall of Irish votes, genuine and other, which are cast by the order of Tammany; were it not for that main body of the enemy, the party of decency would be strong enough to circumvent at least the wings and detached columns of the hostile forces. Still, there the solid wall is, an essential element of the problem.

The tension which has for so long been manifested in the relations between Secretary Boutwell and the Commissioner of Internal Revenue has at last culminated in the suspension of General Pleasonton, after he had declined to resign at the request of the President. His successor is Mr. J. W. Douglass, the late First Assistant-Commissioner. The public will be glad of this event for two reasons: first, because a very wearisome topic has thus been removed from the daily correspondence from Washington; and, next, because it was an anomaly and a scandal that such an antagonism could exist twenty-four hours in the most important department of the Government. This view must be held even by those who take sides in the controversy, since no such harm can come from General Pleasonton's displacement as from the uncertainty to which the business community was subjected by an open conflict of opinion touching the law and official authority, and the continued exposure of the weakness and inconsistency of our financial system. The last straw, apparently, which broke Mr. Boutwell's patience, was General Pleasonton's efforts to give a wide circulation to his late decision revoking the tax on the borrowed capital of bankers—a decision not at all to the Secretary's mind, though, if we were to judge the quarrel by this particular incident of it, we should unhesitatingly pronounce in favor of the retiring commissioner. General Pleasonton's course in declining to allow his disagreement with Mr. Boutwell to be treated as a personal matter, and his determination to stand by the law, seem to us very much to his credit. The President has yielded law and right to make things comfortable; while the Secretary's narrow obstinacy in considering but one thing—"Will this course get us more money?" and not, "Is this the law?" or, "Is this equitable?"—has been disagreeably conspicuous.

The Massachusetts Republicans are in a dignified position. They think they may be obliged to take Butler for their next governor; but they are not quite sure that it may not be necessary now, as things have gone, to give the nomination to Dr. Loring; or perhaps, if they could induce Governor Claflin to stand again, they might save themselves from the other two; or in case Mr. Washburne, of the western part of the State, could be brought forward in good strength in the convention, why, then Governor Claflin might be allowed to retire as he wishes, and Loring and Butler could still be got rid of. As for Mr. Harvey Jewell, he will nohow do, because "he said at Worcester that the intelligent women of Massachusetts do not wish for the suffrage," which saying is regarded by the other women as "an insult to the noble women engaged in this movement," and furthermore "to every man in Massachusetts who has a mother, wife, or daughter." As for the Prohibitionists, they are divided. The Rev. Dr. Marvin thinks "it will not do any longer to trust Christian men in politics," and wishes the brethren to go with one mind for Mr. Butler, who will "make it hot for the rumseller," as formerly, in New Orleans, for the rebel he made it hot; but others of the brethren do not see their way clear to endorsing the General, and prefer Christians. The Labor Reformers, for their part, are rather reticent, and are said to be of the mind to give their votes to Butler, and that gentleman's friends are hinting that if he does not get the regular nomination he may decide to lump together the Labor Reformers' vote, the Woman-men's votes—a host which no man has yet numbered—the votes of some Democrats—non-existent, we take it—and of a good share of the Prohibitionists, as well as some Republicans, whom he would draw away from Dr. Loring, or anybody else, in Essex County. Loring, meantime, has his friends, and has apparently succeeded in getting on his side the New York *Tribune*, which publishes a letter detailing the Doctor's claims. The tenth claim is that "every little farmers' club, post of the Grand Army of the Republic, and almost every organization in the State having for its object the welfare of man, has seen his face and heard his voice, and the whole people know him, and he knows them, and can call them by name." The eleventh claim is "that he combines a strong faith in the platform on which Grant was elected with an ardent desire for the welfare of labor, temperance, and woman suffrage." In other words, say his enemies, the Doctor is a small and timid demagogue, who for some years now has sedulously carried himself about the country, making ornate agricultural speeches whenever he could catch ten farmers together, and who has no convictions, or any, as may be required.

He has done so much and so piteous begging for the nomination that it would be a shame for the State should he get it.

But good observers appear to think it is to a gentleman answering to his creditable description that the party may feel compelled to give the nomination if they would escape Mr. Butler. This is the same Mr. Butler, by the way—the same high-toned Butler that our Massachusetts friends were so proud of a year or two ago. He is not in the least changed from what he was when our friend "Warrington," who now says he shall not be governor—which dictum, also from such a source, ought to cause a flush of pride and pleasure to the party—was so pleased with him. He is the same modest, honest, statesmanlike legislator as he was then; can be trusted just as far without guaranties; is as brave, and as truthful, and as much a credit to his friends, as useful to his country, and as uncostly as he was then. He is still the identical Butler who invented the one system of finance costlier to a country than repudiation—the system which regularly threatens it and never does it, and reaps all the disadvantages and none of the advantages of robbing the public creditor, and of which "Warrington" was rather warm in approval, if we recollect rightly. It is this in the present contest in Massachusetts that helps to give it a national interest. As for the theory which some of Butler's friends have started, that the result in Massachusetts will affect the national prospects of the party, that it will not do to imperil Grant's chances, and that therefore Butler must not be alienated—it is a theory which may undoubtedly be left with its originators and need not be adopted. Butler's success would be a bad thing, as it always has been before; Adams's success would be a blessing in comparison, and in more ways than one. But, doubtless, there will be no need of going outside of the Republican ranks for the next Governor of Massachusetts, even though we count back into the Democratic ranks, where they were no very long time since, both the blustering, cunning, rascally candidate from Essex, and the soft-spoken one who wants the nomination so much.

There have been three Southern elections of interest and significance during the week—in Kentucky, North Carolina, and South Carolina. The first was for Governor and State officers; and, though the Democratic ticket was entirely successful, the party majority was reduced to something like 20,000, and, it is asserted, would have been even less had the new colored voters not been hindered from the full exercise of their right of suffrage. The Democrats not only had nominated inferior candidates, but were, to some extent, divided among themselves over the "new departure," which was, however, repudiated by most of them. The Republicans feel that they have won a substantial victory, and that the present odds can be overcome with time and patience. In North Carolina the issue was, as our readers are aware, the ordering of a convention to revise the constitution. It was calculated to bring out the strongest vote of the Republicans, who saw in the success of their opponents the undoing of the work of reconstruction, and such a redistricting of the State as would effectually prevent it from giving its vote to a Republican President. The result appears to have been adverse to the convention, though the majority cannot yet be accurately stated, nor can it, we imagine, be inferred that those were necessarily Radicals who voted against a fresh disturbance of the legal foundations of the State. The Republicans, nevertheless, will reap all the moral advantages of the victory. The municipal election in Charleston ended in the complete triumph of the citizens' Conservative ticket, by a majority of nearly 800. The present not unpopular Mayor, Mr. Pillsbury, who would probably have been retained if the proportional-representation ticket, once talked of, could have been agreed on by the two parties, is succeeded by General John A. Wagner, a prominent German. The election and the counting of votes, which took place on separate days, were attended with a good deal of violence, in which, of course, the blacks had a large share. They had previously shocked the decent men of both parties by a disorderly torchlight procession, which the Charleston *Republican* estimates to have cost their ticket five hundred votes. The *Republican*, by the way, has conducted itself before and since the election in a very honorable and outspoken manner, the editor advising the scratching of certain disreputable names from the Radical ticket, and setting an example himself at the polls.

We had an impression, which we cannot now justify by reference to the proper sources, that one effect of the Taxpayers' Convention in South Carolina was to extort from the State Treasurer, Mr. Niles G. Parker, a promise of hearty co-operation with a committee which the Convention proposed to set to work at his books, in order to discover the truth or falsehood of the irregularities charged against him and the Legislature conjointly. We did not, for our part, believe that Parker would do anything of the kind, any more than we expect Hall and Connolly to make a clean breast of it when they offer to do so. In fact, there appears in the Charleston papers a letter from him to Mr. E. J. Scott, chairman of the Convention's committee, who, it seems, had applied to a legislative committee, regularly employed in examining the treasury accounts, for permission to join them, and had got the cold shoulder. Not taught by this rebuff, he had then sought Mr. Parker's approval of an independent examination, assisted by competent business men of Columbia, to be selected by the President of the late convention. Mr. Parker considers this "unparalleled presumption"; says if the legislative committee had consented to Mr. Scott's application, he, Parker, would have offered no obstacle; moreover, two previous committees of the Legislature, acting according to statute, had examined the Treasurer's accounts for 1868–70, and found everything straight, and he leaves, it to be inferred, the present committee may be trusted to whitewash as well as its predecessors. Finally, to grant Mr. Scott's request would be to open the door to all sorts of investigators, and thus "the office would be subjected to a great annoyance, and its business seriously retarded." Mr. Parker's faith in the ability and strict integrity of members of the Legislature is so great that Mr. Scott need hardly trouble himself to point out their utter disqualification for the task of overhauling accounts, and the worthlessness of any conclusion at which they may pretend to have arrived.

The principal item of news from the West—apart from Senator Morton's long speech, which was to the effect that the Democrats do not "depart," though they say they do, and that the country is satisfied with Grant—is concerning the squabble in Cincinnati about the observance of the Sabbath. Certain Germans wish the laws of the State to be so amended that they may be able to make of the day their Sunday, and sink all its Sabbatarian features. They present the usual arguments, as that no matter what the churches profess about the sinfulness of Sabbath work and Sabbath play, their only ground of calling work and play sinful on that day, which is not sinful on any other, is to be found in the Jewish Old Testament law, and that, tried by that law, the Sunday behavior of the church people themselves is frightfully wicked. To this the religious people reply by citing the statutes, and declining to go back of them, thus refusing to meet the Biblical issue. Furthermore, one of their organs, deprecating the wish expressed by some German to "Germanize and unpuritanize" this country, says that since the discussion began it has endeavored to conjure up a picture of what would have been the present condition of this country if, in place of the Pilgrim band that came over in the *Mayflower*, that vessel had been freighted with a crew of "Hassaurek's beer-jerkers"—waiters who carry beer to the customer—and gives us to understand that the picture of what would have been our condition in that case is depressing enough. Such discussions, no doubt, stir up some ill feeling; but doubtless are on the whole profitable. And meantime, as the people usually display the practical sense of making the law such as to satisfy the religious world, and of interpreting it, or neglecting to enforce it, in such a way as to satisfy the vast majority of the less religious part of the community, everybody may well be reasonably content, and not stand out for the formal logical correctness of the thing. Practically, Sabbatarianism is less rigid than it was twenty, or fifteen, or ten years ago, but it may well be doubted if the Sunday, the day of rest and of spiritual and other re-

freshment, has lost none of its hold on the minds or hearts of the race, or that it will lose any, though further modifications it is assuredly to undergo.

In the money market the only ripple of excitement has been caused by a spasmodic advance in some few of the leading speculative stocks, not unreasonably attributed to clique movements, since there is absolutely no other business doing in securities. Gold has advanced a trifle upon an unexpectedly large decrease in the supply in bank, but, as foreign exchange continues weak, the export of specie is quite limited. The movement of gold from England to France is now beginning to be apparent, the English bank losing five millions in a week, and the French bank gaining as much; but the extraordinary accumulation in the Bank of England, far exceeding anything known in its previous history, is too great to be affected by a change so slight. Nor has the change produced any effect upon the finances of this country, where the money of commerce continues abundant and cheap, at two to three per cent. per annum. Government bonds remain strong, aided by the very favorable exhibit of the national debt, which shows a reduction of nearly nine millions of dollars, on a very steady and regular movement which calls for no remark. Some discussion is still going on among mercantile men concerning the apparent buoyancy of the French, and the very evident depression of German, industry since the conclusion of peace; and the latent anxiety with which the English money market was at first regarded is now, to some extent, transferred to Germany. But the results of this last war set all calculations at defiance, and it may be that the French activity will prove as deceptive as many other French qualities and actions. The later correspondence, indeed, entirely destroys much of M. Thiers's rose-colored visions of finance, and the declining price of rentes confirms its truth.

Trade has continued dull, prices everywhere declining. Breadstuffs are now as low as in the period of greatest depression last spring; and meats and provisions are lower than they have been since the commencement of the war; and although, after such a steady decline, a reaction would seem natural, there are as yet no signs of it. Crop accounts are somewhat varying, but in the main favorable. For the smaller grains harvest weather has been excellent, and the promise for corn appears to be now very good. Cotton is likewise materially improved, and with favorable weather and continued liberal receipts from the old crop, the price has somewhat declined. Trade everywhere is quiet. From the coal regions complaint is universal. The Southern Atlantic States and the Far West are alike despondent. Many accounts concur in speaking of an *eastward* emigration, and it is evident that railroads are not spreading unmixed abundance over the great West. Real estate is dull and declining; the daily papers report thirty-one sales at the Exchange during the week, of which thirty were made by order of "the court," chiefly foreclosures. Yet very high rates of interest are said to have been recently again paid for mortgage loans.

There are some cheering signs of improvement visible in French affairs; but, on the whole, the situation is still far from being settled; and, at the best, France might be said to be in a state of transition not decidedly discouraging. The second half-milliard of the war indemnity has been paid off by M. Pouyer-Quertier, and the third is expected to be paid within a month or two, whereupon the German army of occupation will have to evacuate the Paris forts, and be confined, at its minimum rate of strength, to the provinces of Champagne and Lorraine. Its diminution is even now rapidly progressing, in spite of not unfrequent, and occasionally not unbloody, conflicts with French anticipators of the national *revanche;* while the captive French are reported to have all been sent home from Germany, with the exception only of some hundreds of sick, or persons imprisoned for offences. The national army of France is in every respect in a fair way of reorganization, and it must be acknowledged that, notwithstanding its manifold political proclivities, it has, as yet, betrayed no sign of an inclination to overstep its legitimate sphere, and lend itself as a tool to the machinations of either popular demagogues or princely pretenders. The formerly Imperial generals — MacMahon, Cissey, Ladmirault, Douay, and others—are evidently giving their earnest support to M. Thiers's trial of establishing the Republic through monarchists; and the old statesman is supple enough to accept, at the same time, with good grace, the co-operation proffered him by such Republicans *par excellence* as Gambetta and his admirer, General Faidherbe.

But while M. Thiers has no reason to complain of the army and its officers, he is still in a mood to quarrel with the majority of the Assembly; or rather, that majority, greatly reduced and still more demoralized by the elections of July 2, is very much inclined to quarrel with him, though circumstances do not allow it to do so in an open, defiant, and manly way. It has compelled him to give up Jules Favre, but the substitution for the latter, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, of Charles de Rémusat—an old political associate of the Chief of the Executive, and an esteemed philosophical writer—is no concession to the reactionary spirit which sent the unfortunate diplomatist back to his bar. The Right in the Assembly may check or frustrate the movement for a definite prolongation of M. Thiers's term of office which is going on among various fractions of the Left and Centre, but its power is too much on the wane, and the popularity of the future "Washington of France" too much in the ascendant, to admit of his overthrow by an opposition which, on account of its irreconcilable dissensions, is incapable of presenting a programme to the nation. That he dares to expose his popularity to violent shocks by opposing, from reasons of economy, such measures as the indemnification of the provinces by the state for losses sustained during the invasion, is decidedly creditable to the firmness with which he follows his own convictions in the trying position in which he is placed. It need hardly be said that the greatest difficulties he has to contend with are created by the financial questions, including the attempted, but very slowly progressing, remodelling of the tax and duty systems. What to do with the thirty thousand Communist prisoners, whose trial by courts-martial has finally been begun, is probably a question of little less magnitude and gravity. Nor is the state of Algeria reassuring.

Outside of France, there is a lull in the affairs of Continental Europe, though the political undulations caused by the late great movements have not entirely subsided. Austria—that is to say, its Cisleithan or western division—is perhaps the most deeply agitated. Hohenwart, the President of the Cisleithan Cabinet, is pushing his attempt at gently transforming the dualistic empire into a federal one with energy and rather surprising ability, and, a few weeks ago, won an eminent triumph in the Upper House of the Reichsrath, over a powerful array of talent mustered against him by the German party, among whose orators figured Count Anton Auersperg, Austria's greatest literary genius. The Hohenwart Ministry is strongly backed by the court, at least unopposed by Count Beust, and now unreservedly supported by the Poles, who expect to be the greatest gainers by the transaction. The ministerial negotiations with the Czechs—whose favor the court has exerted itself to win by sending the young Imperial Crown Prince on a tour through Bohemia—are still going on; and all eyes in the empire are at this moment turned in that direction. The principal leader of the Czechs, however—Dr. Rieger—is too reticent for public curiosity, and blamed for not imitating the frankness and outspokenness of Deák on the occasion of similar transactions in Hungary, some years ago. But the greater evil is that the political wisdom of the Czechs in general is as much inferior to that of the Hungarians as the statesmanship of their Rieger or Palacky has shown itself to that of Deák or of the lamented Eötvös; and it is apprehended that the "Young Czechs" will spurn the liberal offers now made them, in the vague and probably delusive hope of obtaining more through a threatening attitude and disloyal coquetting with Russia.

THE PROSPECT OF MUNICIPAL REFORM.

That the rich taxpayer shall keep a close watch on the public revenue is one of the clearest and most undeniable duties that he owes not only to himself, but, even in a higher degree, to his poorer fellow-citizen—to the man who pays his tax, not out of superabundance, but out of earnings for every dollar of which he has two uses, whose well-being is the well-being of the whole city, but who, almost invariably, is unpractised in the management of large and complicated business; whom, therefore, it is easy to cheat; who, even when he knows he is being robbed, has seldom the skill to perceive just where the fraud lies; and who is without the weight and influence to make himself feared and his wishes regarded. Every man of small earnings, every woman of scanty means who pays a tax, has a right to the vigilant protection of the bank president, the shipowner, the great trader and manufacturer; and these are in fact but little less than oppressors of the poor if they look on and allow criminal maladministration of the revenue. How they discharge their duty to their poorer fellow-citizens in this city, they have recently shown us; and we fear they have indicated to us how good hope there is of the much-talked-of reform in our financial affairs. For two years they have stood by and let the city revenues be managed by men who, to speak entirely within bounds, would, whether honest or not, render no account of their receipts and expenditures, although the law requires regular accounts, and although the custom of trade, the immemorial usage of civilized society, and one of the foremost of moral canons requires, even in the absence of statutory enactment, that every person handling other people's money shall frequently, or when called upon, render full, true, and just accounts of it, neglect or refusal to do so at once and fairly raising strong presumption of fraud. Yet over this shameful violation of the poor taxpayer's rights no rich man raised his voice, and of all the press of the city there was only one newspaper which made much disturbance about it.

And this is not all; nor the half. By-and-by the presumptive defaulter, on finding that his failure to account is bringing his party into discredit, comes to half-a-dozen leading citizens with the request that they shall call in at his office, look at his books, and certify that they are all right. The leading citizens did not say to him that by his own act he had brought himself under vehement suspicion of embezzling the public money; they did not show him the door, and inform him that the way, and the only way, for him to purge himself was to do his plain duty as enjoined on him, and file his accounts; but they accepted his invitation, went down and made a slight examination of one department of his office; looked in the safe at some bonds which not a man of them could swear were not borrowed for an hour from a neighboring bank, and then they signed a certificate saying that the Comptroller's accounts were correct, and he a good and faithful public servant. These gentlemen, of whom one was a bank-president, were all men of immense wealth, were all accustomed to business, and they one and all must have known perfectly well that their examination was farcical, and that their act was false to the duty they owed their fellow-citizens. At all events, they were all men of mature age, and they must have recollected perfectly well the examination that was made some twelve years ago, when, at the accession of Mayor Tiemann, there being cause to suspect defalcation in the Comptroller's office, the Mayor ordered an investigation. On that occasion, the examination—undertaken by Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, with other gentlemen—lasted, not a few minutes, but six laborious months; and the result of it was the detection of malfeasance, not the whitewashing of an official who a few months afterwards stands silently confessing his complicity in enormous thefts.

Great outcry is now made in view of recent disclosures, and weighty signatures are appended to calls for public meetings, and there is talk of more committees, but we confess we, for our part, can see only too little reason why the poor citizen should put much of his trust and confidence in his rich neighbor, or look forward with much hope to the result of the agitation that is going on. Reform is needed, heaven knows; but that we have got much to reform with is anything but clear. There was a plain enough case before. Not everybody admitted, indeed, but we may safely say that everybody knew, with moral certainty, that the city treasury had long been, and was then, regularly robbed, to put it simply, by a certain half-dozen men, of whom the suspected official was one. And the committee was composed of eminently respectable men. It did not lack business ability, nor good standing, nor piety even. It was not all Democratic. In fact, one of its members is a very prominent Republican, who, at only the last election, was warmly supported as a candidate for a Republican nomination for the governorship, and who, undoubtedly, still has "claims on the party," which we shall yet see pushed—in which case we are free to say that it will become the duty of his opponents to remind themselves of the particular claim on the party constituted by the action on which we have been commenting. Not, for that matter, that he is alone among Republicans, or that his action, on that occasion, is by any means the worst that is to be alleged against members of his party in this city and State. Regularly each year, at Albany, a sufficient number of Republicans are bought to carry through the required Tammany measures, and in this city we have in perpetual activity the Tammany Republican gang, with its General Committee, which no convulsion of the party seems able to dispose of finally, which is in full communion with Tweed, and which makes and unmakes United States Senators and Representatives. Pretty nearly the one sign anywhere visible, giving any hope that there may be deliverance for the city at the hands of the Republican party itself, is that, while the whole Democratic press of the State, with hardly an honorable exception, is devoting itself to the business of showing that there have been no frauds in Comptroller Connolly's office, or that, if there have been, they were Radical frauds, the Republican press is firm in exposure and denunciation of them. Of course, there is in this denunciation plenty of rather hollow indignation, which, were the Comptroller a Republican defaulter instead of a Democratic, would not make the writers' breasts very uncomfortably hot. But leaving aside all assertions as to the relative morality of the two parties, this, at least, has been effected, that throughout the State, among Democrats and Republicans in the rural districts, the facts of the immense defalcations are made known, and there is, in consequence, a better prospect than there has been for years that a majority of the Legislature will be composed not only of honest men, but of men determined to take away from the City Government some of its power to plunder. The prospect is not a very cheering one, to be sure; the fact still remains that in this city the intelligent men are so engrossed in business, and successful business, that a moral interest in politics they will not take; and the other fact, that behind Connolly and Sweeny there is an immense constituency of their degraded and ignorant countrymen, and an unequalled machinery of fraud. Still, there is some considerable disgust with Tammany among the kind of Democrats who are Democrats from intellectual conviction, and not, as many of our Republican editors, even clever ones, conceive all Democrats to be—namely, from a moral nature in decay and an intellect in total darkness. Among the German Democrats in particular there is a disgust and indignation which will, we have no doubt, be really appreciable at election time. And among the Republicans in general, just at the present moment, the repute of the Tammany variety of Republicans is very low.

We may, then, get a sound legislature, and, having got it, there may be a possibility of devising new restrictions that may somehow help us somewhat. To this end—whether or not Connolly be ever punished, and whether or not Hall be still elected over us, and Tweed still appointed over us—it is well, doubtless, that agitation should go on, public meetings be held, committees appointed, investigations made. How much may come of the investigations it will be time enough to say when they are made—and, we may add, made not at Mayor Hall's invitation. This at least should be decided upon by whatever honest and honorable men—if any such will have anything to do with the matter—undertake to examine the accounts: that as they are not, if they can help it, going to make any whitewashing report, so, too, it must be expressly understood from the beginning that, in consenting to serve as a committee to get out of Hall and Connolly what information those persons may vouchsafe, they do not for a moment say that the game of now and again calling in a committee from the outside is not in itself a whitewashing operation; and that their action must be

taken as supplementary to the regular publication of full, true, and frequent accounts, and is in no respect to be held as a substitute for such publication, nor as dispensing Connolly for another couple of years. Whatever the examination may bring forth, it will be as well to guard the honor of the committee.

THE LATEST DECISION IN ERIE.

THE courts of the United States have a twofold jurisdiction. The first class embraces controversies in which the jurisdictional fact is the nature of the subject-matter itself. Among these are cases arising under the Constitution, under laws of Congress, or under treaties. The second class embraces controversies in which the jurisdictional fact is simply the residence of the parties litigant, and it extends to all kinds of subject-matter, national and local. Among these are suits between citizens of different States, and between citizens of a State and foreigners. It is sometimes supposed that a suitor, afraid to venture into the State courts, if he can obtain a hearing in the United States tribunals, is sure to find therein the correct application of sound law, the justice and equity which may be denied him elsewhere. He will certainly, in the great majority of instances, find judges able, independent, fearless, controlled by no powerful combinations or gigantic corporations, uncorrupted and incorruptible by money bribes or by political influence. He will not, in general, however, find any different exposition or application of the law. In all cases where jurisdiction depends solely upon the residence of the parties, the subject-matter must, of necessity, grow out of, and depend upon, the local State law, either statute or judicial. The court in rendering judgment is simply expounding and applying this State system, and by the general theory of its powers must be controlled by the precedents which the State tribunals have established. This rule of practice, which is always acted upon, even by the Supreme Court of the United States, must apply with a special emphasis to the construction of State statutes. When the State judges have given an authoritative and solemn interpretation to any such statute, they have furnished a guide to the national judiciary which the latter are bound to follow in all cases depending upon the same provision. The English stockholders in the Erie Railway Company have just been made victims to this principle—much, we presume, to their own surprise and disgust. As their case has an importance far beyond the mere private rights involved, as it affects the financial operations of the country, we purpose to enquire whether the rule was properly applied to them, and whether the decision of Judge Blatchford was correct.

It will be necessary to recapitulate a few facts, which are, doubtless, well known to our readers. Certificates representing a little over 60,000 shares of stock in the Erie Railway were, for purposes of convenience, transferred to Messrs. Heath and Raphael, of London, and sent to this country in the care of an agent. The officers of the company, however, refused to transfer the shares upon the books, so that they could be made available. An action was also commenced by the company, in the Supreme Court of the State, against Messrs. Heath and Raphael, and their agent, involving the use of these shares. Upon an *ex-parte* application in this suit, Mr. Justice Barnard appointed one Coleman a receiver of the shares, and delivered the certificates into his custody. We described the remarkable performances of this gentleman in a recent article, illustrating the new profession of receiver. It appears that after having voted upon the stock at an election of directors, he surrendered about 30,000 shares, and took back a certificate to himself, which he has carefully preserved, as though it had any commercial value. The officers of the company, however, issuing duplicate certificates purporting to represent the same shares, procured them to be registered with the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company—which alone gives them a negotiable character upon the Street—and threw them upon the market. The corresponding amount of stock in the hands of Coleman, but, in reality, belonging to English owners, was thus rendered valueless. The suit was subsequently transferred to the United States Circuit Court. The foregoing facts having been developed in a proceeding set on foot by Heath and Raphael, Judge Blatchford has very properly ordered the company and its officers to procure the stock in the hands of Coleman to be registered. This simply means that the company shall make good to the English owners the property which had been abstracted, and shall replace the shares which had been made valueless—the mere *simulacra* of shares—by other and genuine certificates, possessing a transferable and commercial character. The directors of the company proposed to do this by creating 30,000 shares of new stock, issuing certificates therefor regular on the face, and delivering them to the receiver. The Englishmen naturally objected to this convenient plan. Disliking a complete destruction of their property by the process of confiscation, they equally disliked a partial destruction by the process of watering. They, therefore, commenced a suit in the United States Circuit Court against the company and its directors to restrain the proposed creation of new stock. Judge Blatchford has now denied the plaintiffs' motion for an injunction, holding that the power of the directors depends upon the interpretation to be given to a statute of New York, and that the decisions of the State Court in Belmont against the Erie Railway (52 Barbour 637), and in Jenks against the Central Railroad, unreported, furnish him with controlling precedents.

What is the statute which thus permits the directors of a railroad corporation to create new stock at pleasure, even to replace that belonging to stockholders which they had confiscated and converted to their own use without a shadow of legal or moral right, and by a most gross act of fraud, which they did not even attempt to justify when called to an account, except by pleading their great and pressing needs for money? The General Railroad Act of 1850 is made applicable to the Erie Company. Section 9 permits the capital stock of a corporation to be increased by the concurrent act of two-thirds of the stockholders, and carefully prescribes the methods by which a meeting shall be called and held for this purpose, and a vote taken. Section 28 enumerates the powers of railroad corporations. By subdivision two, they are empowered "from time to time to borrow such sums of money as may be necessary for completing and finishing or operating their railroad, and to issue and dispose of their bonds for any amount so borrowed, to secure the payment of any debt contracted by the company for the purposes aforesaid; and the directors may confer on any holder of any bond issued for money borrowed as aforesaid the right to convert the principal due or owing thereon into stock of said company, under such regulations as the directors may see fit to adopt." Unless this clause confers authority upon the Erie directors to create the 30,000 shares of new stock, through the means of convertible bonds, such authority confessedly does not exist at all. A judicial or rather semi-judicial construction has twice been given to this language. The first instance was in the notorious case of Belmont *v.* the Erie Railway. In that suit, brought by a stockholder, an injunction had been granted restraining the company from issuing new stock, and a receiver had been appointed. A motion was subsequently made by the company, before Judge Cardozo, holding a Special Term, for a rehearing of the original application. He reheard it, reversed the former action of another judge, dissolved the injunction, and revoked the receiver's appointment. The matter was completely disposed of, and the motion was avowedly decided by him, upon considerations and grounds having no connection whatever with the statute, or with the powers of directors to create new stock. After having thus determined the case, and directed the order to be made, he proceeded to give, what he declared in express terms to be unnecessary, his opinion upon the statute. He found in it an authority for the directors "in a proper case" to give bonds for money borrowed for purposes mentioned in the statute, and to permit those bonds to be converted into stock, even though the amount of capital authorized by the charter was full. He added, however, "I do not doubt if the court were satisfied that bonds were about to be issued by the directors of the corporation, not for the payment of moneys actually borrowed for the purposes authorized by the statute, but as a part of a fraudulent device to increase the stock, the issuing of them might be restrained by injunction."

But the very admissions made by Judge Cardozo show that his opinion, broad as it is, does not cover the case of the English stockholders. The directors of a railroad may "borrow such sums of money as may be necessary for completing and finishing or operating

their railroad," and may issue bonds "to secure the payment of any debt contracted by the corporation for the purposes aforesaid." These bonds may be converted into stock. Judge Cardozo expressly concedes that all these conditions must be fulfilled, or else the creation of new stock would be illegal, and would be enjoined. It is enough to say that, in the case before Judge Blatchford, the directors have borrowed no money at all which is to be secured or repaid by the 30,000 shares of new stock which they are about to issue. But even if they had borrowed the actual cash, and had given their bonds therefor, such money was not obtained nor used "for completing and finishing or operating their railroad." The meaning of "completing and finishing" is plain. "Operating" can only signify the carrying on the road as a means of transit. The clause says "operating the railroad" in connection with "completing and finishing" it. The directors are not authorized to borrow money and give convertible bonds for the purpose of *operating the company*. If, therefore, any cash was actually borrowed, it was not obtained for the purposes contemplated by the statute, the conditions upon which convertible bonds may be issued were not fulfilled, and the case falls precisely within the terms of Judge Cardozo's exception.

Judge Blatchford says that he is bound by this decision. We answer, in the first place, that if it was a decision he would not be bound by it. The opinion of a single judge, sitting at Special Term, not given upon the trial and as the basis of a final judgment, but upon a motion for a preliminary injunction, does not establish the law. It is not conclusive even upon the same judge himself nor upon his fellows, when the facts are afterwards presented in a more formal manner for their examination. Much less does it establish and fix the law of a State so as to be imperative upon the national judiciary. We must remember that, if Judge Cardozo has, in his offhand manner, given the rule to the United States Circuit Court, he has also given it to the Supreme Court at Washington. But, in the second place, Judge Cardozo made no decision upon the statute. It is well known that there had been a bitter personal contest among the Supreme Court judges over the Erie Railway, into which Judge Cardozo entered with all the vehemence of his nature. What he said in reference to the statute, after he had heard and decided the motion before him, was not addressed to the parties, nor to their counsel, nor to the merits of the controversy; it was a blow aimed at some of his brethren upon the bench, similar in spirit and design to that recently given by him to his colleague, Mr. Justice Brady. It was no judgment, no judicial decision; it was the opinion of Albert Cardozo, and is no more binding upon Judge Blatchford than would be the opinion of any other member of the New York bar, expressed under similar circumstances.

If Judge Blatchford's position is correct, we reach this most astounding result: The officers of a railroad corporation, having through fraudulent means obtained the physical possession of stock certificates belonging to private shareholders, and so endorsed as to be transferred by delivery, may surrender the same, and procure others to be issued to themselves or to their agents, to be thrown upon the market, and to be sold to bona-fide purchasers. The directors of the company ratifying this act of gross fraud and spoliation, may, under pretence of borrowing money "necessary for completing and finishing or operating their railroad," issue bonds to themselves as individuals, convert them into stock, and offer the new shares, depreciated by this process, to their defrauded constituents, and these latter will have obtained all the redress which the law affords. If this be the law of New York, foreign capitalists may well be shy of New York investments.

CHAMBORD'S SUICIDAL MANIFESTO—THE DUC DE CHARTRES.

PARIS, July 21, 1871.

TOLD you in my last letter that the elections held in many parts of France had been in reality a verdict against the Count de Chambord. Since they took place, the last Bourbon has left Bruges, where he has been living lately, and made a short appearance at the old castle of Chambord. He found it deserted and dilapidated; only a few foresters and servants were advised of his presence. When it was known, many of the old nobility of Touraine came to pay their respects to the man whom they always have considered their king. As the Legitimists had shown a great readiness to abrogate the laws of banishment passed against the Orléans family, and forced this act of justice on M. Thiers, who was very reluctant to open the doors of France to the sons of King Louis Philippe, the Count de Paris, inspired by a feeling of gratitude, offered to pay a visit to the Count de Chambord, to thank him, in the name of all his family, for the support the Legitimist party had given to the Orléans. A message to that effect was brought to M. de la Ferté, an old and confidential adviser of the Count de Chambord, by Count Jarnac, who is well-known in England, where he was a long time at the French Embassy, under Louis Philippe, and married a sister of Lord Foley. M. de la Ferté was quite moved by the proposition of the Count de Paris, but a few days afterwards he returned this singular answer in the name of the Count de Chambord: "The Count could not see his cousin immediately; he must first go to France, where he was about to issue a manifesto on very important political questions. If his cousin wished to see him afterwards, he would be happy to meet him at Bruges, in Belgium."

The Legitimists of the Chamber were much distressed by this answer and by the announcement of a manifesto, as the first manifesto issued by the Count de Chambord contained very imprudent declarations about Italy and the Papacy. When the Count arrived at Chambord, they sent to their chief their most important men, Bishop Dupanloup, M. de la Rochefoucauld, M. de Falloux, M. de Maille, M. de Cumont, and M. de Meaux, the son-in-law of Montalembert. Every effort was made to hinder the Count de Chambord from issuing his new manifesto; but these efforts were vain. The manifesto appeared, and a more imprudent challenge of all the rights of France could not have been made. The Count de Chambord has wounded the feelings of France, and chosen, as it were, the tenderest place where he could thrust his sword. It was not enough for him that the two monarchical parties should be ready to unite and choose him as a sovereign, he was not contented with his historical right, he claimed a divine right; he did not remember the words of Bellegarde to Henri IV., "Out of France there is no king of France." He called himself Henri V. before the Assembly offered him the crown. In the late war, all the Legitimist gentry fought under the tricolor; he throws it aside, and says that he will return with only the white flag. This was not only a mistake in politics, as the flag is always the symbol of the national life—it was a historical mistake. The old French flag was, till the time of the subjugation of France by England, a red flag with a cross, something like the present English flag. It was abandoned because it so much resembled the English flag; but Jeanne d'Arc's oriflamme was not white; the white flag was that of the Protestants during the wars of religion. Henri IV., when he became king of France, preserved it; but down to the French Revolution, there were in reality two flags in every regiment, one white with the lilies, the other red with the cross of Burgundy.

But it is useless to discuss such a question from a historical point of view; politically, the white flag represents the principle of absolute monarchy; the tricolor represents the great principles of '89, which are not incompatible with the existence of a constitutional monarchy. By his defence of the white flag, it looks almost as if the last French Bourbon means to make himself impossible. He cannot have much love for a country in which Louis XVI. was beheaded and his own father stabbed; but he might have had some pity for that respectable party which has remained faithful to him for forty years, and which discovers now that it was tied to something which has no life, and which does not wish to live. If the Count de Chambord did not desire the crown, he ought to have invited his followers to transfer their allegiance to the Count de Paris. But he quitted his country in two days, leaving behind him only a document which does not absolve his followers from their loyalty, and which at the same time is quite unacceptable by the country at large. When the manifesto appeared, the Count de Falloux said: "The Count de Chambord has killed the king, we must not allow him to kill royalty." An embassy of the most important Legitimists of the Chamber was therefore sent to the Count de Paris; they thanked him for his abnegation and for the readiness he had always shown to subordinate his own claims to those of his cousin, if the majority of the country thought it best to unite all the Conservative forces on the name of the last Bourbon, but begged him not to call on the Count de Chambord, at least for the present, as his visit might imply an adherence to principles and ideas which they could not share themselves.

A handful of Legitimists will remain in France, like the old Jacobites of England, but you may consider the great majority of the party as now gained over by the Orleanists. Of course they cannot be very loud nor very ardent supporters of the younger dynasty; but they will probably

some day be counted among the best, as the ranks of the Legitimist party are filled with many country gentlemen of good fortune who are not vulgar politicians, and have more independence of character than the generality of our parliamentary veterans.

Meanwhile, we remain in this extraordinary state: we are a republic without republicans, and a monarchy without a monarch. The Count de Paris is living in Paris as he would in New York or in Boston. His younger brother, the Duc de Chartres, is no longer Captain Chartres, as he was in the days of your war—he is Major Chartres. He entered the army, as you probably know, during our war with Germany, under the name of Robert Lefort. He gave himself out as born in America of French parents. His great knowledge of military matters, his proficiency in the English language, everything was explained by his comrades with one word, "He is the Yankee captain." He was promoted to the rank of major by Gambetta, who did not know who he was, and made at the end of the war a Knight of the Legion of Honor. He took part in defining the lines of the armistice, and astonished the German officers by his knowledge of German. His wife was then in England, but, in order to keep his secret, he spent many weeks without writing to her or receiving letters from her. He had more money and better horses than his friends; but was not his father in New York rich enough to send him good hunters and good cigars? But his position in the army is still irregular; and, in order to have a regular commission, he has been obliged to offer to go to Algiers. His children have not yet crossed the Channel; his young and charming wife has only enjoyed for a few days the just popularity of her husband; and, next week, Major Chartres will go to Constantine, to join a regiment of cavalry. Surely everybody must admire so much energy and good-will, nor shall feelings of personal friendship hinder me from praising it, especially as these lines will probably never make their way to Constantine. But I have thought that it would be interesting for all Americans to know what has become of Captain Chartres, who was one of the first volunteers, with his brother, in the great war against secession, and who has always preserved the greatest interest in the welfare of the United States.

GERMAN AUSTRIA—ALSACE—PEACE CELEBRATIONS.

BERLIN, July 22.

HAVING been out of town for the last eight weeks, I did not witness the triumphal entry of our troops into the capital, or participate in any of the festivals which took place on the days preceding and following their reception. I spent my time in German Austria and Saxony, and on the Rhine, between Cologne and Strassburg. In my letter to-day, I propose to lay before your readers those impressions and observations which seem to me of more general interest.

I had to travel much in German Austria, and to deal with all classes of the people. The fertility of the land, the mildness of the climate, and the easy way of living, remind one more of a southern country. As Berlin, in comparison with Vienna, is only a poor upstart, so the German provinces of Austria are Gardens of Eden compared with the sterile and sandy plains of Northern Germany. But this natural disadvantage turns out a moral and economical advantage to our people. While the Austrians are indolent, lazy, and given to all kinds of amusement, the North-Germans are industrious, sober, and thrifty. Far from being stupid or even slow, the Germans of Austria are intelligent, quick, and witty, but undisciplined and irreverent in the highest degree. There is very little intellectual life in them. Since Emperor Ferdinand II. (1619–1637), with his Jesuits and cuirassiers, eradicated Protestantism in these his hereditary provinces—nine-tenths of them were Lutherans 250 years ago—the intellectual progress of German Austria has ceased; she is a priest-ridden country, and her development is much behind that of the Protestant German provinces. Whatever may be said to the contrary, for the Teutonic nations Protestantism is the *conditio sine qua non* of all intellectual and physical progress.

The stupid policy of the present Government, which tries to reconcile and win over a small numerical majority at the expense of a large minority of intellectual and financial strength, which patronizes the Czechs, Slaves, and Hungarians, and on every occasion wounds the feelings of the Germans, drives the latter into the arms of the new Empire. The coquetry of the Hohenwart ministry with Poles and Czechs will not hold the monarchy together, but tends to hasten its dissolution. A free Galicia must excite the distrust and jealousy of Russia, and a free Czechia, which, even before having been called into existence, threatens to annex the few Slavish countries of Prussia, as for instance Lusatia (Lausitz), cannot and will not be tolerated by Prussia. I had ample occasion to witness the prevailing spirit in the large cities, in Vienna, Prague, and Brünn, where pre-eminently the educated and wealthy classes are deadly opposed to the present Austrian rule. The rise of the new German Empire is greeted by our Austrian countrymen with the same enthusiasm as by all other Germans living abroad. Being in a minority at home, they hailed the German victories over the French as harbingers of their own better future, and of a prouder position among the semi-civilized tribes which together constitute the majority of the Austrian population. The Vienna press, on the occasion of the Berlin festivals, had as warm, if not warmer, articles congratulatory of the great results of the war, than the Berlin papers, which, by the way, in every respect are far inferior to their Viennese contemporaries.

"Why did not Bismarck take us in 1866? We were all ready to join you," was a most common remark made to me by leading political men. When I told them that, as far as I knew, not one intelligent German, and Bismarck last of all, had such an idea; that it would be a great misfortune for both parties if the natural development of things were unduly accelerated; that the new German Empire was not yet strong enough to swallow and digest eight millions of Catholics and three millions of Bohemians, they admitted the correctness of my reasoning, but complained of the hopelessness of their own case. I trust that Austria will hold together for at least a generation or two, but I cannot help saying that, in my opinion, she has already entered upon her liquidating process. The winding-up of a large house takes, of course, more time than that of a small one, but dissolution is sure to come; it has been decreed by the Government itself. If, according to Alexander Hamilton, a nation without a national government is an awful spectacle, a nation inspired with distrust and contempt towards its own government offers a still sadder spectacle. This is the case in Austria. I was struck with hearing financiers, lawyers, noblemen, officers of the army, in short, all sorts of conservatives, speak in the same derogatory tone of their government. They do not desire a revolution, but they are all eager for the breakdown of the empire. "The present dynasty," remarked a witty gentleman, "is a necessity for Austria, but with it Austria is an impossibility." I saw the Emperor and the court at the solemn procession on the "Corpus Domini" celebration. Francis Joseph looks rather dull and worn-out, but there is more good-nature in his features than wickedness. The long line of princes, magnates, and priests, in their official mediæval costumes, and the profusion of dress and diamonds, gave the impression of a masquerade or fancy-dress ball. Geographical conditions, political tradition, and the *vis inertiæ* hold this empire together; it does not know yet upon which side to fall.

At Strassburg I spent only two days, too short a stay to give you an impartial statement of the condition of affairs in the newly conquered provinces. From what fell under my personal observation, I judge the people are very far from being reconciled with the new German rule. This is quite natural in itself. It took more than fifty years for the Rhenish province of Prussia to become practically German, and it had not been separated from us more than twenty years. Just because the Alsatians are so pre eminently German in their character, it will take a generation or two before they will have overcome their prejudices against the mother-country. The statements of the official papers are to be received with great caution; they are all instructed to paint the Alsatian feeling in rose-color. Prussian officers with whom I dined told me that at night they are not safe in going alone through the streets, as they are stabbed from behind. They are even ordered to pocket the insults offered them at almost every step, as the Government does not want to increase the bad feeling. This is a very bad policy, fraught with the worst consequences. Prompt and stern justice, and punishment of every crime, are the only means of making the new Government respected and strictly obeyed, while untimely leniency is interpreted as weakness by the mass of the conquered people. Under the present regulations, the Prussian soldiers are laughed at, for the populace know that they are forbidden to revenge themselves, but they stand in awe of the Bavarians, whom the Strassburgers call the "blue devils" (on account of their light-blue uniform). These men are allowed to give vent to their feelings when they are attacked, and their officers, instead of being ordered to punish them, turn aside or pay no attention when their soldiers kick and cuff. The consequence is that the Bavarians are much more respected in Strassburg, and that they seldom have any quarrel or fight. The German governor, Count Bismarck-Bohlen, a very humane man, will soon find out that lenity will not do, and will be compelled, by the attitude of the Strassburgers, to resort to stronger and harsher measures. At some of the hotels the

Germans meet with all sorts of petty annoyances. At mine, the landlord did not want to change a Prussian double Frederic d'or (about $7 90 gold) except at a discount of two francs; the German gold, he said, was not half as good as the French, and he only came to terms when I told him that I would drive to police headquarters and submit the case to the chief.

In all other parts of Germany there is not a town which, within the last four weeks, has not celebrated the triumphal entry of its troops, which had not its white-clad maiden of honor, who presented addresses, poems, and laurel or oak wreaths to officers and men, its banquets with corresponding patriotic toasts and good wishes for the stability of the peace bought at so dear a price. I have not heard of any discord on these occasions; everything went on smoothly and enthusiastically. I happened to witness the festivals of Frankfort and Mentz. Imagine Frankfort four years ago, dissatisfied, grumbling, cursing, submitting with the worst possible grace to a hard but well-deserved fate, and turning the cold shoulder to everything that was North-German and Prussian, and mark the contrast now: a bust of Emperor William or Bismarck—"*our* Bismarck," said an old Frankfort financier to me—or Moltke in almost every window; the new black, white, and red flag of the Empire floating much oftener in the air than Frankfort's favorite black, red, and gold; the Goddess of Victory surrounded by the statues of Prussian uhlans and hussars; every house and door decorated with patriotic German mottoes; even the Exchange closed, to give the bulls and bears an opportunity of mingling with the joyous crowd; music in the streets, hurrahing and cheering for United Germany; the princes of the Exchange talking, laughing, and drinking with the private soldiers; in short, the new Empire everywhere and the old Republic of Frankfort nowhere—it was a strange and gratifying spectacle! On the Rossmarkt, under the statues of Gutenberg, Faust, and Schoeffer, I noticed a Prussian, a Bavarian, and a Saxon soldier sitting with locked arms, complimenting each other, as hearty and friendly as if they had known each other from their boyhood. All the old differences and animosities had been effaced by a short year of common hardship, heroism, and success. In going home to my hotel, I passed the Goetheplatz, and looking up and bowing reverentially to the statue of the great poet and thinker, I could not help repeating Mephistopheles' words:

"Blut ist ein ganz besondrer Saft."

At Mentz, I observed the same hearty enthusiasm. What I witnessed this time formed a strange and noble contrast to what I had seen there in 1848, when citizens and soldiers were opposed to each other, when the overbearing conduct of the latter led to bloody conflicts, which were fought out in the streets with sabres, firearms, and clubs. This time, the daughters of these same old democrats presented flowers and bouquets to the officers and men of the triumphant army, who were their friends, kinsmen, brothers, and cousins; and the old democrats themselves opened their hospitable houses to the rank and file. One of them, Mr. Ad. Kuppzberg, the great manufacturer of sparkling hock, invited the whole regiment of the Fifth Dragoons, and treated them with his best hocks on the terrace of his house. No speeches were inflicted on the thirsty and hungry guests. The 6,500 men who entered Mentz were each provided at the city's expense with a bottle of good wine; but after their disbandment there was an unlimited amount of drinking in the various wine and beer gardens. I went through dozens of them, saw the men sitting with their aged parents, or brothers and sisters, wives and children, who had come to bid them a hearty welcome and bring them their plain clothes. There was a general frolicking and carousing from two in the afternoon till midnight; but I only discovered five drunken men—one of them dead drunk, *i.e.*, unable to walk, and leaning against the wall; another one simply drunk, *i.e.*, with zigzag gait, and balancing himself with his arms; and three fellows tipsy, *i.e.*, merrily shouting and trying to embrace all bystanders. At headquarters, however, eleven were reported drunk.

On the entry of one of the Mentz regiments (the 87th, which is recruited in Nassau), I witnessed a little incident which is worth being narrated here. The regiment was on its way to the Schlossplatz when a stout, resolute peasant woman broke through the ranks, put away the officer at the head of his squad, and embraced her husband, loudly crying, "He has belonged to you long enough, now he is mine once more, and you will never get hold of him again!" When the other women standing along the street, and eagerly watching for their turn, noticed this unceremonious procedure, there was no longer any restraint, they all broke into the lines, and each of them seized her son, husband, or sweetheart. The captain could not defend himself against this invasion, good-naturedly suffered to pass what he could not stop, and led his men and women to the Schlossplatz, where, amid the cheering of the people, the women assisted the soldiers in unstrapping their knapsacks, or held their needle-guns, while in the other hand each carried a bundle of modest citizen's clothes, and afterwards all ate and drank merrily together.

The Munich celebration of July 16, in which the Prussian Crown-Prince participated, closed this species of festivals. It took place just a year after the order of mobilization of the German armies had been issued. The era of wars is closed now, let us hope, for generations at least. The work of peace now doubly claims its right. We have to lay the solid foundations of the new Empire. With a firm determination we are about to engage in this task. May its results come up to the glorious successes of the war!

Correspondence.

THE COAL PRODUCTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You publish, under date of August 3, 1871, as follows: "The coal producers continue their insane course, sending to the market at the rate of twenty-six millions of tons per annum, although the largest consumption never yet exceeded seventeen millions." Have the goodness to inform a subscriber what becomes of the excess if it is not consumed or wanted by consumers, as there seem to be no stocks of any account accumulating anywhere, and a steady demand continues.

A SUBSCRIBER.

PHILADELPHIA, August 4, 1871.

[Even if we were to plead that the details of the coal trade lie somewhat out of our sphere, that would not alter the fact stated by us, that the weekly production is largely in excess of the largest known average of weekly consumption. One of the reasons why, in spite of the enormous production, there might not as yet be any very visible accumulation of great stocks, is that, with the experience of last year before their eyes, the wealthier portion of the public is readily induced to buy by the rumors industriously circulated by coal dealers that another strike is imminent. But is it true that there is no accumulation of stocks anywhere? We are assured by persons familiar with the trade that great depots are now being formed at various points along the coal-roads, to store these very stocks that "A Subscriber" asserts "seem not to be accumulating anywhere." Is it true that there is a steady demand? Is it not, on the contrary, true that the Reading Company, unable to maintain the price in the Philadelphia market, owing to the excess of production, has given notice of an early advance in freight rates, in order to stimulate the demand? That the same company, unable to find that steady demand, is selling its own coal at a pretended loss, and lower than other operators can afford it? That, owing to the absence of steady demand, prices have been lower than last month, and that, at the usual monthly convention on the 15th inst., a further reduction of wages is considered inevitable? And, finally, that throughout Huntingdon County a reduction of 10 per cent. in wages took place on the 29th ultimo, and that all the Broad Top miners are on a strike in consequence? Our correspondent may not have heard of these things, which surely do not look like a steady demand; but, even if they had not occurred, would that have altered the simple fact of our original statement?

The fact is that the four great railroad and canal companies are carrying on a competitive struggle with the mine-owners, and with one another, which results in an inevitable periodical overstocking of the market. When this overstocking results in a decline in price, they seek to make up the difference by a reduction in wages. Heretofore, the season has generally opened with wages at a comparatively high figure, so that the working miners could afford to submit to some reduction, and yet live. This season, wages have commenced at the lowest figures known for years, figures at which, according to the unanimous testimony of the merchants and dealers of the neighborhood, the men are scarcely able to sustain themselves in decent comfort, and yet, before the first sixty days of the season are over, a reduction has already taken place in some districts, and is hourly ex-

pected in others, while the railroad companies are, at the same time, advancing the freight, and thus preventing the consumer from benefiting by the decline in the wages. Yet, in spite of these ominous facts, the railroad companies are forcing the trade to the extreme of their ability, and, in at least one instance, have actually taken new men into a district to increase their production—a course which our epithet of "insane" scarcely adequately characterizes.—Ed. Nation.]

"RAILROAD AXIOMS."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In confirmation of the truth of the positions taken by you in an article under the above caption, permit me to offer in evidence the railroad experience of a fertile interior county of Kansas. The county in question is about twenty miles in breadth from north to south, and was traversed from east to west, through its centre, by the overland road from Atchison to Fort Kearney.

The travel over this road created a demand for *corn*, to supply which many farms were opened and profitably cultivated, until the building of a railroad across the southern portion of the county caused the abandonment of the overland traffic, when the raising of corn in the entire northern half of the county became unprofitable, and *was abandoned*. *Two* railroads are now in operation across the county, and divide it into three nearly equal parts, and the cultivation of corn has in consequence been resumed, and is fairly profitable.

Real estate is *held* at an advance upon pre-railroad prices of about one-third; but there are few purchasers, for the reason that emigrants prefer to go one hundred miles further west, and settle upon Government land at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre.

It would be idle to deny that railroads have conferred benefits upon the farming regions of Kansas; but I could easily fill pages with facts and figures proving that your estimate of those benefits approximates the truth more nearly than that of Mr. Poor. These extravagant generalizations are working a harm the extent of which cannot be calculated, for they are received by the people as sober estimates, and induce the granting of city, township, and county bonds to aid the construction of the railroads from which such impossible benefits are expected to be derived. The country is in this way rapidly *duplicating* the national debt, which *alone* is a grave draft upon the pockets of taxpayers.

C. I. S.

Atchison, Kan., August 1, 1871.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Allow me to call your attention to what appears to be a very unnecessary piece of hypercriticism in the characteristic notice, in the *Nation*, of Miss Putnam's article in *Scribner's Monthly*. Your literary editor sees fit to assume that Miss Putnam has signed her name as the author of an article of which she was only the translator. I write to say that the article was entirely original with her, and that its having been so published should have been sufficient evidence of the fact, notwithstanding the philological discoveries of the careful reviewer, and the errors of the compositor. In justice to Miss Putnam, I trust you will print this statement.

Respectfully, G. H. Putnam.

New York, August 4, 1871.

[The assumption mentioned was based on the fact that the whole tone of the article in question, and, in many instances, its phraseology, was so un-English as to make it seem precisely like a not perfectly English translation of a French original. This assumption was made more easily, as a little foot-note to the title of the article had a sort of impersonality in speaking of its authorship, which made it unnecessary to take the fact of Miss Putnam's name being in the general table of contents as a proof, or an assertion, of her authorship. Had it been so taken, the assumption would not have been made. Of course, it does not stand at all before Mr. Putnam's statement.—Ed. Nation.]

COL. A. G. BRACKETT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: You will please correct the statement made in your journal of the 27th ult., in the review of Gen. Garfield's oration on the life and character of the late Gen. Thomas, in which you mention the name of A. G. Brackett among the officers of the old 2d Cavalry who "*all* went over to the enemy and became generals in the Confederate service."

If you will take the trouble to look into Col. Brackett's military record (see Henry's "Military Record, U. S. Army," vol. i., p. 39) you will find that he, then a captain, escaped from Texas when General Twiggs surrendered to the rebels, *and took with him to the North* the loyal remnant of the 2d Cavalry, which he commanded at the first battle of Bull Run, being Gen. McDowell's escort, and most ably covering the retreat of a portion of our army at the close of that disastrous day.

During the course of the war, Col. Brackett was severely wounded in an engagement with the rebels in Arkansas, and was afterwards Inspector and Chief of Cavalry in Gen. Thomas's army in Tennessee. As he is now on the Western frontier in command of his regiment, the 2d U. S. Cavalry, and of course unable to correct this blunder, it is due no less to the *Nation's* own reputation as a generally well-informed journal, than to that of a gallant officer, whose loyalty, like that of Gen. Thomas, was sternly tried in those dark days in Texas, and since then on many a hard-fought field in battling for the Union, to make the *amende honorable* in your columns.

No such error as this could have crept into a journal published in the West, where Col. Brackett is so well kown, and its correction will be especially gratifying here to his old comrades of the Army of the Cumberland.

Respectfully yours,

Western.

Chicago, August 3, 1871.

[Before receiving our correspondent's letter, our only knowledge of Colonel Brackett was derived from an appendix to the above-mentioned oration by General Garfield—a Western man, by the way, and a Western soldier. In that appendix the official roster of the 2d Cavalry is quoted, and of Captain A. G. Brackett it is stated that he "became a general in the rebel army." This statement caused our error, which we correct with pleasure.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

Messrs. Francis B. Felt & Co., of this city, will republish that rather unintelligible production called "The Coming Race; or, The New Utopia."——By an error in copying, Mr. Burroughs's "Wake-Robin" was, in our review of it last week, assigned to the wrong publishing-house. Messrs. Hurd & Houghton are the publishers. On the same page (79) was a misprint of the name of the author of "Rhododendrons," who is Mr. Edward S. Rand, jr.——Mr. W. J. Stillman's work on Crete is announced for the 15th of September by Messrs. John Ross & Co. It will be entitled "The Cretan Insurrection of 1866," and will attract general attention, not least in diplomatic circles.——Messrs. Roberts Brothers have in preparation "English Lessons for English People," by Mr. E. A. Abbott, author of the excellent Shakespearian Grammar, and Professor J. R. Seeley; also, a reprint, with a prefatory note by Miss Louisa M. Alcott, of the "Record of a School, Exemplifying the Principles and Methods of Moral Culture," of which Mr. Bronson Alcott was the teacher. That there never was anything like this school before or since may safely be affirmed by those who read this "Record" many years ago.——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.'s announcements include Whymper's "Scrambles among the Alps;" Captain Palmer's "Kidnapping in the South Seas;" Fritz Reuter's "Seed-time and Harvest;" "American Encyclopædia of Printing," by J. Luther Ringwalt; and "Beautiful Butterflies Described and Illustrated," by H. G. Adams.——Messrs. Porter & Coates will issue a new "centennial" edition of the Waverley novels; and the same anniversary will be celebrated by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. with a "Life of Scott," their "Lands of Scott" being already in the hands of admirers of the great novelist. ——Dr. A. S. Packard, jr.'s "Record of American Entomology for the Year 1870" is now for sale at the Naturalists' Agency, Salem, Mass. It is a small pamphlet of 27 pages, but is indispensable to scientific entomologists, for whom chiefly it has been prepared.

—The *New York Medical Journal* for August opens with an article by Dr. John C. Peters, based upon and giving copious extracts from McNamara's "Treatise on Asiatic Cholera." The position maintained is, that "every outbreak of the disease beyond the confines of British India may be traced back to Hindostan, through a continuous chain of human beings affected with the disease, or through water contaminated, or articles

stained, with their dejecta." This is fully illustrated by an account of the great festivals and pilgrimages which inevitably develop and disperse to all parts of India, and ultimately of the world, the dreadful contagion; and two maps show to the eye the regular routes of the cholera from its nest on the Ganges through all the territory of Islam to Eastern Europe. In reading this itinerary, and especially the pages describing the normal condition of the native villages in India, where the cholera is endemic, one gets a lively idea of what may be called the hygienic solidarity of mankind. The moral and political solidarity is already acknowledged, as for instance that all the world is concerned in the form of government that prevails in France and in the "peculiar institution" of the Southern United States. But how many Americans who contribute scrupulously to foreign missions, feel it any of their business that the following description is true of millions of human beings in another hemisphere?

"The entrances to the villages are many, but not easily discoverable; while the paths through them are so narrow and tortuous that it is difficult for a stranger to find his way through them. The huts are huddled together in masses, and pushed up to the very edge of the ponds or tanks; their projecting eaves often meet together; while the intervening spaces, impervious to the rays of the sun, are converted into privies and necessaries, which are used by both sexes in common. Pools of liquid filth, often covering 150,000 square feet, by actual measurement, are found in some of these villages. . . . There is no such thing as a pump in all India, and all their drinking-water is drawn from the large ponds, or pools, or tanks, or from open wells, and is always carried about in leather bags, made of sheepskin, which can never be properly cleansed, and are often in constant use for years. . . . This filthy pool or tank water is also used by the natives to dilute the milk which is sold for public consumption."

—The Nineteenth Annual Report of the Boston Public Library agrees with those which have preceded it in testifying to the prosperity of that institution, and in furnishing many useful hints and statistics for librarians everywhere. Thus, the new expedients for close stowage of books here described will doubtless be gladly imitated; and so might the Superintendent's catalogue of works of fiction, designed to help the young in their choice of this kind of reading, and cultivate a better taste than their inexperience permits. Last year, while the Public Library was gaining 18,000 volumes, the Astor Library added but 1,500 to its jealously secluded stock—not so many as the number ordered by the Boston Library at the request alone of its frequenters. Out of 1,665 titles thus recommended, "979 were in the spheres of theology and ecclesiastical history." The Superintendent says:

"I find in the report of Mr. Furnivall to the Chaucer Society a rather significant statement regarding the widespread interest felt in this country in the higher departments of pure literature, as shown by the number of subscribers which that society has in this country, compared with the patronage it gets in Great Britain. While there are twenty libraries in the United States receiving their publications, there are but eight in England, one in Ireland, and none in Scotland."

—Some of the figures in this report may be curiously compared with those lately furnished, for the year 1870, by the Minister of Public Instruction in Italy, in regard to the 28 Government libraries (not including the Roman). The Boston Library has 32,000 registered patrons, "though probably about a third of that number would represent the borrowers using it at any one time." In Naples, five libraries had 192,972 readers, or an average of 38,594; three in Florence had 92,095, or an average of 30,698; the National Library of Milan had 39,207; that of Parma 35,127; and there were three others whose readers were over 30,000, while the University Library of Turin had the enormous number of 115,489. But the exact meaning of these figures is questionable. The total number of works lent in or from the Boston Library was 322,445; in the Italian libraries collectively only 1,057,230, with periodicals included, it would appear. The gain of the Boston Library we have already stated at 18,000 volumes (besides 15,000 pamphlets). The total gain of the Italian libraries was but 11,706 volumes—the largest being that of the University Library at Naples, 2,473.

—Henry Longueville Mansel, Dean of St. Paul's, and Waynflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy in the University of Oxford, died July 31, aged fifty-one years. He was one of the most eminent of that half-German, half-Scotch school of philosophers founded by Hamilton, but was much more Kantian than Hamilton, and the main burden of his celebrated work on the limits of religious thought lies in tracing out at great length the antinomies into which the intellect falls in attempting to reason about the infinite, and in deducing a method of avoiding these difficulties. He seldom appeals to that intuitive cognition of abstract truths to which Reid or rather Hamilton had given the very inappropriate title of "Common Sense." As to the character of his mind, Mansel was a sharply consecutive logician within a narrow sphere. It is not unusual for such acute scholastic thinkers to be so deficient in the power of using other methods of reasoning more difficult to analyze, but far more valuable than the syllogistic procedure of which they are masters, that the deficiency is universally recognized under the name of a lack of common sense. Some traces of this defect may be seen in Mansel. Though his premises are bound to his conclusions by an iron bond of demonstration, his books generally fail to produce conviction and rather seem to serve as a *reductio ad absurdum* of his principles. A philosopher of this sort is not often met with; and though he is the worst enemy of the system he undertakes to defend, he does really advance our knowledge of philosophy more than ten broader-minded but less thoroughgoing and consistent writers. Mansel's "Limits of Religious Thought" and "Prolegomena Logica" were published at a time when the Hamiltonian metaphysic and logic were greatly in vogue. They are far more radical than Hamilton in the same direction; and their perfect clearness and consecution, combined with the obvious repugnance of their conclusions to considerations of another kind that could not be set aside, have probably contributed not a little to the downfall of the influence of that philosophy. However that may be, the pre-eminence of Hamilton's system has now so entirely passed that the early death of Mr. Mansel is less to be regretted in the interest of philosophy than it otherwise would be. His last book, "The Philosophy of the Conditioned," showed considerable critical power, but the arrogance of a high metaphysical position would always have prevented him from correctly estimating the strength of an empirical philosophy.

—A monograph on the "Origin of the Seven Years' War" (Der Ursprung des Siebenjährigen Kriegs), by Leopold von Ranke, is a fresh reminder of the remarkable vigor of this venerable historian. The remote occasion of this work was the opening of the Austrian archives to historical enquiry, a liberty of which Ranke availed himself in order to perfect his knowledge of Austria's relations with France, and particularly with Russia. He had, indeed, been preceded by others in researches in this quarter, and one must not look for novelty in the present narrative so much as for vivid and dramatic handling of the author's theme. His proximate motive in returning to a field which he had already thoroughly worked, was the distraction from other studies caused by the late war, which engrossed all his sympathies and required an occupation which had some not fanciful relation to it. This, he says in his preface, he found in tracing the connection between the Seven Years' War and the war of 1870 with France, and in so doing was less conscious of the difference of time of the two epochs. The likeness, in fact, between Prussia at the close of the Silesian wars and after 1866 is one that suggests itself, and there lacked little (perhaps only another chancellor than Von Beust) to complete the parallel in a Franco-Austrian alliance against the North-German Confederation, furthered, *inter alia*, by that common religion which the Abbé Bernis had pointed out to Count Stahremberg as the natural bond between the enemies of Prussia. Frederic, too, in his policy of keeping the French out of Hanover, was really maintaining the Germanic idea which has now fruited—the grand idea of non-interference with the internal development of other nations, and non-submission to foreign intermeddling. Like Bismarck and Moltke, Frederic did not wait to be attacked when he saw the necessity of fighting; and, though in his case the end of the war found the Prussian territory unenlarged, it was the preserving intact his possessions against a most formidable triple alliance that constituted a real success, and saved his fatherland.

—Ranke's work thus truly forms a part of the literature of the late war, and is, it need not be said, of a high order. Publications which relate to actual military operations have only begun to come in, though the prospect is that we shall have enough of them by-and-by. The Prussian staff is at work gathering its materials, and each German state will probably give us its "Bavaria during the War of 1870," or the like. Commanders of the several campaigns in France will also have their special story to tell, and regimental histories will, doubtless, not be wanting. Then, too, we shall hear from the Quartermaster's Department, and from its right arm, the Field Telegraphic Corps—the right arm, in fact, of the whole service, whose members rode always bravely at the front, and whose knowledge of French was as general and thorough as the knowledge of German was wanting among the French telegraphers; who even employed their leisure in making scientific experiments, working on wide circuits from St. Germain round by Vienna, Constantinople, and London, and testing new instruments. Already we have from General Von der Tann a vindication of the Bavarian troops in the battle around

Bazeilles, where, as was charged by an English nobleman in the *Times*, in revenge for the part the inhabitants took in the defence of the town, it was wantonly fired, and women and children perished in the cellars where they had taken refuge, or were thrust back into the flames, leaving only 300 survivors out of a population of 2,000. The General quotes from a report of the Mayor of Bazeilles the following figures: Of the inhabitants, killed, wounded, and missing, 39, including among the stabbed and burnt 2 bedridden women, 3 men, and 3 children. One other woman was killed on the second day of the fight, which was desperately contested on the part of the French, and cost Von der Tann's corps a loss of 2,000 men. The village unavoidably suffered destruction from the shells. From 140 to 150 inhabitants have died since the war, from sickness resulting from destitution. We may notice here that the well-known work, "Der Krieg um Metz," by a Prussian general, said to hold a high rank in the general staff, has been translated into French by a competent officer of the general staff of the French Rhine army, and published in Brussels. The translator has added notes of value and interest. His account of the French losses before Metz is as follows: On the 14th of August, Bazaine's army numbered 168,000 men, with 540 guns, including 84 mitrailleuses; on the 16th, it was reduced to 157,000; and on the morning of the 18th, to 140,000 men. On the last day, the total loss was raised to 32,817, of whom 1,642 were officers.

—Among the other "barbarians" of the German army of invasion, our readers will recall the significant number of Sanskrit scholars, one of whom sent home the famous Sanskrit despatch concerning the battle of Sedan. A curious comment on the French vanity which was satisfied with nothing else than the French leadership of mankind has been furnished by Dr. Albert Weber, Sanskrit professor at Berlin. He communicates to a German paper the substance of an article in the November number of the *Friend of India*, contributed by a Hindu, who passes judgment on the two powers at war, and concludes in favor of the Germans. They are, he says, more Hindu in their philosophic tendencies and feelings than any European people, "but their great merit is the honor they have brought upon India by honoring the Sanskrit literature, and taking the lead in reviving the study of the language." Their defeat would therefore be disastrous to Sanskrit erudition and enquiry, and indirectly to the general welfare of India. The language, too, has not been without its humanizing effect on those who have made themselves acquainted with it, as witness the Germans, who have shown European energy combined with Indian gentleness. "Thank God that France, noble France! has fallen into yet nobler hands." The Rajah of Besma wrote in February to a German Sanskrit philologist, that the great victory must surely rest with "our Prussia"; and still another Hindu, of Christian descent, says, in the Bengal *Christian Herald*, "Germany Gallicized would be a misfortune to the whole world; France Germanized might possibly be a gain."

MASSON'S LIFE OF JOHN MILTON.*

So long a time has passed since the publication of the first volume of Masson's "Life of Milton" that the public had well-nigh forgotten it, or dismissed it to the limbo of things begun and never finished. The author, however, has not been idle all these years, and comes forward at last with another volume, and the promise of a third to follow speedily. And this volume shows on every page the marks of such minute labor as to explain sufficiently the delay in its appearance. One is tempted to say that it is the work of more than one lifetime to write a life of Milton after this model, and it is evident that the work has grown upon the author's hands; for in his original preface he proposes to complete the book in three volumes, the second to reach to the year 1660. But the present volume covers less than a fourth of the time here proposed! Probably the movement in the succeeding volumes will be more rapid, for this has to do especially with intellectual controversy and political history; and the military events of the following years will be passed over cursorily. Even at this, however, the work is on a vast scale, and threatens to require years and years for its completion.

The plan of the work is perhaps to be commended, though certainly people who write biographies after Mr. Masson's method should keep constantly before their minds the brevity of human life—their own and other people's—and the number of lives that are to be written. To be sure, no life can be properly understood without a good knowledge of the influences that surrounded it, and Milton's life was connected closely with the temper of the time in which he lived. Still, the best justification for Mr. Masson's course is one that belongs to him in quite another character than that of a good biographer, and is to the effect that through biography is the best way to learn history, and the biography of Milton will serve perhaps better than that of any other man as the groundwork for the history of England in the middle of the seventeenth century. But, clearly, there must be bounds to the general history to be treated in connection with a man's life, and beyond a doubt Mr. Masson errs in the amount of details into which he enters. There is a great deal of very valuable material, the result of laborious investigation, which is, after all, mere material, and might much better be published in a separate treatise, and given here only in a compendious summary. It is, however, only a question of degree, and we confess ourselves glad, even at the expense of Mr. Masson's reputation as a skilful literary workman, to have just these things in our possession in this convenient and accessible form. And there is no question of the exceeding value of this method of illustrating history; and though we may disagree with our author as to whether it is his proper business, we agree fully with him when he says, in reference to his portraitures of the members of the Long Parliament, "that such a counting of the eminent heads of any time or moment . . . is worth, for genuine historical purposes, hundreds of pages of mere narrative or disquisition."

One is more forcibly impressed with the degree in which Milton's life was the outgrowth of the times when one considers how impossible it would be to write in this style, and on this scale, a life of almost any other great English poet. It would, for example, be hard to find two men of so great celebrity, and so nearly contemporary with one another, who formed so great a contrast in this respect, as Shakespeare and Milton. Biographers of Shakespeare have enough to do to find materials for one moderate volume; but here is a life of Milton which is likely to fill as many volumes as his works. The reason is obvious.

Milton, on the other hand, is in almost every line the poet of his age, and, more than that, of his own nation, and his own party and sect. It matters very little, in reading Shakespeare, that the man himself is an almost shadowy personality, so that many intelligent people have actually reasoned themselves into a belief that he did not exist at all—did not exist, that is, in the sense in which his existence is of any moment to us, as writer of these plays. But Milton cannot be comprehended at all unless we understand the England of that day, and particularly the Puritan movement, in which he was so distinguished a leader.

From this it follows further that, while Shakespeare is every year read and studied with fresh and increasing enthusiasm, Milton's greatest work is read less and less, and is rapidly becoming, with the mass of readers, merely a name—a kind of impersonation of sublimity in poetry. His party did its work and passed away; its doctrines are rapidly losing their hold on mankind; the great issues, the tremendous conflicts, of the seventeenth century are now only a matter of history. And Milton, being essentially a writer of those times and those issues, has become, in a very great degree, a writer of the past, most valuable for him who would understand the thoughts and feelings of that age, but of little direct and immediate interest to us now. Portions of his writings—passages from his great epics, some of his sonnets, the Samson, the Lycidas, the Comus L'Allegro, Il Penseroso—these will endure till our language dies; and the Satan is one of the great conceptions of the human intellect. For Milton was not merely an Englishman and a Puritan—he was a very great poet; and he could not fail to produce much that should be free from the accidents of his time and country, and should be a portion of the universal heritage.

After all, Milton was not so much a Puritan as a poet and a lover of freedom; and it was more as a lover of freedom than as a Calvinist that he threw himself into the great struggle of his day. There was nothing in the essential nature of Puritanism that tended to liberty, and it never claimed for itself that praise. It was dogmatic, despotic, terribly in earnest. Its aim was to conquer the world from the powers of darkness, and to hold humanity in a new subjection—a subjection to the truth, to be sure, but one as rigid and complete as that of Catholicism itself. Thus, two systems of religion, both of them dead in earnest and bitterly exclusive, came into conflict; and because one of these was already in possession of power, and was determined to keep possession of it, the other became the champion of free thought and free institutions. In this way it came about that, in the great religious conflict of the sixteenth century, Calvinism became identified with progress and freedom. The seventeenth century presented new issues. The religious question was no longer the

* "The Life of John Milton: narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his time. By David Masson, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh." Vol. II. 1638–1643. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1871. 8vo, pp. 608.

chief one; here latitudinarianism and compromise prevailed, and excited the apprehensions of earnest Calvinists. But secular questions and political controversies had taken the place of the theological battles of the preceding century, and Puritanism—the English phase of Calvinism—found that its chief task was to do battle against absolutism and prelacy in the church. Thus, circumstances now, as well as in the earlier generation, forced Calvinism to take the lead in the contest for liberty; and here was Milton's quickest sympathy and most active co-operation. He was not indifferent to the theological aspect of the struggle; he was, as Mr. Masson shows, not merely an anti-prelatist, he was a pronounced Presbyterian. But, still more, he was a republican and a lover of good government.

The years treated of in this volume are those which followed directly after Milton's return from abroad, when the civil war was brewing, including a year or so of the war. The important events in Scotland which led to the war, or, at least, immediately preceded it, are narrated with considerable minuteness. "I do not consider," Mr. Masson says, "that this portion of Scottish history has been adequately represented in its English connection." The transactions of the Long Parliament are told in a very clear and interesting manner, and the state of parties, as well at the outset as in those changes which led Colepepper, Falkland, Hyde, Deering, and others over to the King's side, is made very intelligible. The meeting of the Westminster Assembly is briefly described, and there is a rapid sketch of the military operations of the first year, chiefly noticeable for the distinctness with which the geographical relations are pointed out. It is shown, from an analysis of the House of Commons, that the Parliament was strongest in the centre, east, and southeast of England; the King in the west and north. The military operations themselves are narrated in relation to five geographical districts, and thus the confused movements of these months of the war are made clear.

Analogies, in such a war as this, with our own civil war are of course easy enough to find, from the necessity of the case. For instance, Mr. Masson shows how the war had to develop its own soldiers; not, however, it appears, from trained but unknown men as ours, but from the ranks of civilians. Here was a strong contrast. On the other hand, what is said of Essex is unquestionably true of the spirit of some of our generals. "The state of Essex's mind with regard to the war was such as to disable him, even had he had the necessary strategic talent, from being an *aggressive* commander-in-chief. Faithfully and honorably to act on the defensive for London and the Parliament against any move of his Majesty, but not, if it could be avoided, to drive his Majesty to extremities—such was Essex's plan" (p. 464).

During this period Milton's life did not abound in incident. He resided in Aldersgate Street, teaching his nephews, and at the end was married, going for his wife, it seems—he a well-known Parliamentarian pamphleteer—into a district held by the King, and a family of royalist sympathies. His writings during these months, with the exception of the "Epitaphium Damonis," in commemoration of his friend Charles Diodati, were five anti-episcopal pamphlets. All these writings are analyzed, with copious extracts. We have also an account and an analysis of his studies and jottings in search of a subject upon which to write; and the interesting fact is brought out that already his mind was powerfully attracted to the theme which he took up many years after for his great poem. "As early as 1640, Milton's thoughts were full of the subject of 'Paradise Lost.' It was with a view to a drama, indeed, that he then entertained the subject; but the pre-eminence it takes in the list, on this understanding, over all the other subjects (ninety-nine in all) is very remarkable. It stands first of all; there are three drafts of it at once, and a fourth draft some time afterwards, set down with a direction to compare it with the last of the former three; and, altogether, this single subject occupies nearly a page and a half of the entire seven pages of jottings. There are few facts in literary history more striking than this predetermination of Milton in his early manhood to the subject of the greatest work of his later life" (p. 116).

Another interesting point—quite in the style of Shakespeare's commentators—is the discussion as to Milton's military knowledge. Mr. Masson is obliged reluctantly to admit that Milton did not serve in the army of Parliament, where he was bound to be, "if any man in England was bound." His marriage, in June, 1643, he thinks may have had something to do with it. However that may be, he undertakes to show, from the exhibition of military knowledge in his poems, that he did in all probability get a practical acquaintance with military drill at this time. One point here seems to be of value as a piece of commentary. The "ported spears" (Paradise Lost, iv. 981) have puzzled commentators, who have generally explained the term as meaning *advanced*. But we are told that, on the contrary, the *port* "is the movement or position *preparatory* to the 'charge.' It is the grasping of the pike diagonally across the body, butt down towards the right, and point upwards in the air over the left shoulder, so as to be ready to bring it down strongly and suddenly, by a half-wheel of the body, to the push for receiving an enemy." A body of men with spears held thus may very well, he says, be compared to a field of grain which "bends her bearded grove of ears which way the wind sways them."

It is curious to meet with such a passage as the following, quoted from the famous "Smectymnuus" pamphlet, by Calamy, Young, and others: "We shall show anon that there is no more truth in this assertion than if he had said, with Anaxagoras, 'Snow is black'; or, with Copernicus, 'The earth moves and the heavens stand still.'" "Strange," adds Mr. Masson, "to find that in 1641 the Copernican theory could still be cited as a universally admitted example of delusion!"

As we have said, although he is by no means without other faults, Mr. Masson's principal fault as a biographer is the plan which he adopts. The landscape which serves as a background to his portrait of Milton is painted with pains, and with much of a certain sort of picturesqueness—which the reader will do well to distrust and disregard—in a manner in which Mr. Masson is an old offender. In the performance of the work his style is not good, but it may be commended as a fairly good variety of the graphic, often running deliberately into slovenly colloquialisms, and sometimes rather feebly inflated.

LAVELEYE'S "PRUSSIA AND AUSTRIA."*

THIS work of the eminent Belgian publicist consists of ten elaborate and comprehensive essays contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in the years 1866–69. Their titles sufficiently explain the contents of the collection: "The Aggrandizements and the Army of Prussia;" "The Soil and the Constitution of Landed Property in Prussia;" "The Recent Progress of Prussian Agriculture;" "The Unitary Movement and the North-German Confederation;" "Austria and her New Constitution;" "Hungary: her Institutions and her Future;" "The Nationalities in Hungary and the Southern Slavi;" "Deák Ferencz [Francis Deák];" "Poles, Ruthenians, and Czechs;" "The Concordat and the Religious Struggle in Austria." And rich and varied as is his field, we have no hesitation in saying that the author has treated all its divisions with the zeal of a curious observer and the discernment of an expert critic. For he is not satisfied with lucidly presenting the various aspects of the political and national institutions, developments, tendencies, and problems before him, and with explaining historically their origins, but he judges, approves, and condemns, and offers his own solutions. This refers chiefly to things and doings in Austria, which, less fortunate than Prussia, presents not a picture of strength in peace and war, which cannot but be admired, but a strangely checkered tableau of political and national incongruities, which bespeak a past full of discord and blunders, and a future full of uncertainty. Yet, however plausible M. de Laveleye's appreciations and solutions may be, the principal merit of his book consists in its correct statements of facts and circumstances, and its analytical and retrospective elucidations.

His main subject is the Austro-Hungarian Empire; and the following abridged review of the situation at the close of the war of 1866 may show how complex and interesting a subject it is:

"Everywhere, conflicts of nationalities; the clashing of irreconcilable pretensions, and inveterate jealousies of race. In the Italian portion of the Tyrol, a lively desire for union with Italy; in the German, a fanatical population, overexcited by Ultramontane preachings; in Vienna, the defenders of church-rule and the partisans of modern ideas wrangling over the Concordat; in Trieste, a group of *Italianissimi* eagerly grasping every opportunity for anti-Austrian manifestations; in Fiume, a civil feud between the Croat nationals and the friends of Hungary; in Agram, the Slavi, exasperated at the reunion with Hungary, and cursing Austria for abandoning them to their old-time enemies; in the Banat, the Serbs turning their eyes towards Belgrade, and dreaming of the restoration of Dushan's empire, under the protection of Russia; in Transylvania, the humbled Roumans talking of Bucharest, and silently counting their superior numbers, and the Saxons mistrusting the Maygars, and but unwillingly accepting the new organization; in Hungary, the people ruminating their old grudges against the Germans, and aspiring after absolute independence; in Galicia, the Poles working for the resurrection of their country, and the Ruthenians invoking against them the aid of the Muscovites; in Bohemia, Czechs and Germans at strife about everything, and the national

*"La Prusse et l'Autriche depuis Sadowa. Par Émile de Laveleye." Two vols. Paris: Hachette & Co. (New York: F. W. Christern). 1870.

party threatening a war of races under the banner of Panslavism; at the centre, an emperor animated with the best of intentions, but trained in the ideas of a by-gone age, and utterly disconcerted by blows suffered at the hands of former allies; around him an ultra-Catholic court, a Protestant and foreign Prime Minister, and an army smarting under the humiliation of unmerited defeats, and before him the bottomless abyss of deficits and imminent bankruptcy."

That this chaotic situation was not followed by the dissolution of the empire, but by a reconstruction on a liberal basis—which promises a much brighter future—is, as everybody admits, chiefly the merit of the Hungarians and of their leader, Deák; and our author dwells with enthusiasm on the rare political qualities of the former and the wisdom and spotless career of the latter. His biographico-historical sketch of the statesman is indeed a panegyric, but a panegyric without flattery. Of the history of the nation which a hundred years ago Gibbon declared endowed by nature with "a strong constitution both of body and mind," cherishing "love of liberty and love of arms" as ruling passions, he says: "It deserves to be taught everywhere, in order that the rising generation may learn by what persevering efforts, by what bloody sacrifices, freedom must be conquered, and what great things may be achieved by a nation fitted to enjoy it." The people that, among its representative men in our times, "has produced a type of a patrician like Széchenyi, a type of a parliamentary liberal like Deák, and a type of a revolutionary tribune like Kossuth," he unreservedly asserts to be inferior to no other.

We are sorry that this excellent publication is marred by a considerable number of errors in its historical portions—such as false dates and names—mostly, we presume, but not all, owing to the carelessness of the compositor and proof-reader, and in any case inexcusable. Thus we find "Jan. 18, 1706," for Jan. 18, 1701, as the date of the coronation of King Frederic I. of Prussia (Vol. I., p. 27); the Regency and Louis XV. brought into connection with the reign of Frederick I. who died before Louis XIV. (I., 28); "Charles II." for Charles XII. (*ib.*); "Frederic William IV." for Frederic William III. (I., 31); "1849" as the date of movements in Hesse which took place the following year (I., 48); "1815" for 1813, as the year of Bismarck's birth (I., 220); "1303," for 1308, as the date of the assassination of the Emperor Albert I. (I., 296); "1412," for 1438, as that of the accession of Albert II. (I., 298); "Margaret," twice, for Mary [of Burgundy] (I., 299, 300); the Emperor Ferdinand II. designated as the "father" of Leopold I., whose grandfather he was (I., 303); "1735," for 1740, as marking the end of the reign of Charles VI. (I., 306); "Bela IV.," for Bela III. (II., 19); "1380," for 1382, as the last year of Louis the Great of Hungary (II., 21); "1457," for 1458, as the first year of Mathias Corvinus (II., 24); "1525," for 1529, as the date of the first siege of Vienna by the Turks (II., 26); "1620," for 1622, as the date of the peace concluded by Ferdinand II. with Bethlen (II., 28); "1701," for 1703, as the first year of the Hungarian insurrection under Rákóczy (II., 32); "1575" in connection with Ferdinand I., who died in 1564 (II., 62); and "1846," for 1844, as the last year of the Diet opened in 1843 (II., 180)—opened not as stated (II., 103) by "the Emperor Francis," but by his successor, Ferdinand. We point out these mistakes not without the hope of seeing them corrected in an English translation, which the work amply merits.

MINNESOTA AND CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS.*

Few medical enquiries, unfortunately, have a wider interest in the Eastern and Middle States than the question where the best climate for consumptive patients can be found. The works which we have mentioned recommend that of Minnesota as preferable to any other.

The argument of these volumes may be summed up as follows: 1. The winters of Minnesota are freer from sudden changes than those of other States. 2. Its atmosphere and soil are remarkably dry. 3. The effect of cold upon the invalid is tonic, and tends to the cure of pulmonary disease; while warm climates, though they often palliate the cough and other symptoms, lower the physical tone of the patient, and comparatively seldom yield him permanent benefit. The winters of Minnesota are, indeed, exceptional in their length and in their severity. Dr. Mattocks, quoting from Blodgett's "Climatology," admits a period of 148 days—a period extending from the 24th of October until the 20th of March—during which vegetation is dormant, and the temperature, even in the city of St. Paul, reaches the surprisingly low average of 16·1° Fahrenheit, or sixteen degrees below the freezing point of water. An intelligent correspondent, in a letter recently addressed to a journal of this city, maintains that during the past few years the severity of the Minnesota winters has been much relaxed. But the Smithsonian Institute records show for St. Paul a winter temperature more than eight degrees lower than that of Utica, in Central New York, while its summer temperature is six degrees higher. The climate of Minnesota is thus one of extremes that are even more severe than those of the East.

It is to be admitted, however, that at least during the winter the changes of temperature take place under a condition which makes them considerably less trying to the invalid than variations of equal amplitude in warmer climates would prove to be. In Minnesota, the mercury during the night seldom rises from below the freezing point to above it, or passes the same point in falling. This is necessary, according to Dr. Mattocks's definition, "to constitute a change of weather in the winter." Thermometrical oscillations of large extent do, indeed, frequently take place during the night; but their highest limits are generally below the freezing-point. They involve no thaw, no liberation of vapor; and they may, consequently, be regarded as less injurious to the lungs than the variations which are called "a change of weather."

This advantage, however, is partially offset by the admission that in Minnesota "there are but few days in winter when the mercury does not rise at midday above 32°." Whatever benefit may result from an atmosphere too cold for the solution of aqueous vapor—and to the invalid who must remain for the greater part of the time in warm rooms, this benefit is not so great as is commonly supposed—must be lessened by the occurrence of this daily thaw. If the invalid is housed during the hours of "uniform" cold, it may well be doubted whether he can gain much advantage from its tonic influence.

But the main offset to the Minnesotan claim of an equable climate remains to be stated. Upon enquiring into the thermal record of the entire year we find that, if its winters are colder, its summers are not less warm than those of the seaboard States. The climate of Minnesota has not the equable temperatures that are noted upon the central portion of the continent. It is essentially an Eastern climate, and its thermometers are liable to the same imaginative exaltations and depressions that Mr. Lowell has noticed in the East. During the year 1870, the residents of St. Paul, according to the official reports of the Smithsonian Institution, were hurried from the temperature of twenty-three degrees below zero, on the 20th of February, to that of ninety-nine degrees above zero on the 29th of June—a leap of one hundred and twenty-two degrees in a hardly greater number of days. These figures give little support to Dr. Mattocks's invitation to "come and stay through the year." The extreme temperatures of last year were touched at dates but four months distant from each other. Except in the limited sense that we have already indicated, the climate of Minnesota cannot be considered equable.

The second point claimed for that climate is, however, at least in its statement, less open to criticism. In the greater dryness of the atmosphere of Minnesota we find a marked difference between it and the climate of the seaboard States. Its distance from the coast gives it a comparatively dry winter: it has a winter rain-fall of but two inches, including melted snow, while "the Northern coast States have a winter fall of ten inches of moisture." On comparing entire years, we find that the whole rain-fall of Minnesota is not more than half of that recorded in the coast States, the major part of the rain-fall being in the summer.

This much is incontestable; but the controlling question is, How far is the rain-fall of a given climate prejudicial to health? Moist climates are not, in general, those in which consumption is the most prevalent. Most parts of Europe have a moister atmosphere than Massachusetts, and yet nowhere in Europe is pulmonary consumption so prevalent as in the Bay State. In a climate far more moist than we have anywhere found in Europe—that of Hilo, in the Hawaiian Islands—consumption is almost unknown. Dr. Bowditch has shown the powerful influence of damp soil and of excessive shade in fostering this disease; but that it is induced by the amount of the annual rain-fall, or the amount of vapor held in solution by the free current of the atmosphere, is a point which we have never seen proved, and which our own observation of facts leads us to question, if not to deny. The second claim under consideration, in short, must be held to be of little more value than the first, except as to the dryness of the soil, a point which seems to be well established.

The third argument remains to be considered—the tonic effect of cold upon the consumptive patient. This we shall find to be a more valid claim than either of those that we have noticed, though it requires certain restrictions of statement which neither of the authors in hand has made. A

* "Minnesota as a Home for Invalids. By Brewer Mattocks, M.D." 16mo, pp. 200. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
"Minnesota: Its Character and Climate. By Ledyard Bill." 16mo, pp. 205. New York: Wood & Holbrook.

cold climate is, doubtless, an excellent stimulant to those who have strength to avail themselves of it; and it is not unlikely that there are subtle tonic influences in such a climate which are not perfectly understood, yet which confer benefit upon the invalid. Yet the feeble consumptive who cannot bear the exposure of a carriage-ride will be unlikely to find benefit in the winters of Minnesota, admitting that they are still colder winters than those of the East. Upon those originally weak consitutions which form so large a portion of the supply of phthisis, the effect of cold is seldom good. It diminishes instead of stimulating the activity of the circulation; it numbs the extremities, and chills the whole body, while no reaction or glow follows exposure. For such, the warmer airs of the South afford the only hope. But when the constitution of the invalid has power to react against the stimulus of cold, when he feels a glow after his ride or walk in the wintry air, an increased activity of the circulation and of appetite—when, in a word, fuel thrown upon the weak flame of life does not quench it by its mass, but rather catches alight, and helps it to burn afresh, then the invalid will do well to resort, at least for a winter, to Minnesota. This is not the place in which to draw more sharply the lines of distinction between these two classes of invalids; but the pathologic classification is not difficult to the intelligent physician; and we believe that, by sending at least his stronger patients to Minnesota, he is likely to procure them a permanent benefit.

Pink and White Tyranny. A Society Novel. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. (Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.)—This is emphatically a novel with a purpose. "Beauty is but skin-deep;" "marry in haste and repent at leisure," are but a small portion of its moral teaching. The thoughtful reader is taught to despise New York and to worship Boston and the smaller New England towns; society, in its various forms, with the exception of lawn-teas, is shown to be not only hollow but also vicious; to prefer French novels to Froude's "History of England" is shown to be not far from the crowning crime in a life of vice; it is but a short step for a woman from smoking cigarettes to becoming unfaithful to her husband. This is the result of a careful observation of American society at the present day. At least, such is the picture of it that Mrs. Stowe presents to us in this book. Now, society is often frivolous; fashionable mothers often neglect their children; many trashy novels are read by the young; but a novel that makes these faults so prominent as this work of Mrs. Stowe's fails in two respects—first, as a novel, as a record of observation; and, secondly, as a moral weapon. In regard to the heroine, for instance, all the good that Mrs. Stowe can say of her is, that she is pink and white, and even this is grudged her. Her good looks are always spoken of as we may imagine Queen Elizabeth to have remarked upon the ephemeral charms of Mary Stuart. Nor has Lillie Ellis any moral beauty either. She flirts; she fibs about her age; she likes to go to parties, and not to Sunday-school; she reads George Sand's "Indiana"; and so far may be taken as representing a bitter view of a fashionable young woman, with her frivolities and pettinesses. But, besides this, she is charged with talking about her engagement as not even the most flippant and jaded belle would talk of such a matter, and with being unutterably selfish—in fact, without a single redeeming trait. Mrs. Stowe has no words too harsh for her. Of course there may be such women, and of course the novelist has a perfect right to choose them as the subjects of novels; but of course, too, it is unfair to take them as specimens of the average woman of fashion, who is no such person, except in certain homekeeping imaginations in the quieter portions of New England. Those fashionable women whose principal fault is frivolity will not profit much, we fear, by this instruction. They will only smile, knowing that it never entered their heads to be as bad as this heroine. It is to be apprehended that they will imagine themselves to have detected the animus of so severe an attack upon them, as when, for instance, their stupid little harmless parties are compared with the naughty glories of Mabille or of the Black Crook, and will, very properly, consider themselves pictures of innocence in comparison with such women as this Lillie.

Nor are the virtues of New England put in an attractive light, though, to be sure, the contrast between them and the corrupt pleasures of New York is sharply drawn. Instead of "mansions occupying a whole square of the city, with enchanted bowers, created by temporary enlargement of the conservatory covering the ground of the garden," where "light-footed waiters circulate with noiseless obsequiousness through all the rooms, proffering dainties on silver trays," we have readings of Lecky and Froude, and "social gatherings" for pasting paper-covers on Sunday-school books. Not that we have the slightest wish to sneer at such amusements; we are only objecting to the spirit that gives a ball too hard names; and also to the literary method. If a man is a pickpocket, we are authorized neither by the moral law nor by any approved literary canons to call him also a murderer, incendiary, and mutineer. In short, we object to Mrs. Stowe's representation not only on account of its uselessness as an agent of moral reform, but its falsity as a delineation of American society. Whatever absurdities that society may have, it wants a very great deal of being so bad as Mrs. Stowe paints it.

As for the good characters in "Pink and White Tyranny," we do not mind saying that the good husband of the bad Lillie is a sad specimen of a prig; and it is our clear conviction that he was as well off matrimonially as he deserved to be. His sister, also, the capable young lady, who knows clear-starching, and likes to teach Sunday-school, and does not like to read French novels, and sighs over the mis-match of her noble brother, is also an offensive person, and merits calamity and grief.

Treatise on the Bankrupt Law. By Audley W. Gazzam. 8vo. Second edition. (New York: George T. Deller. 1871.)—Instead of the reproach sometimes cast upon it of being too merciful, the recent legislation of the United States on the subject of bankruptcy deserves the praise of justice and consideration towards all classes that it affects. Foreign systems, founded on the theory that fraud is always the cause of commercial failure, copy the stern lender rather than the forgiving lord of the Christian parable, and spare the misfortunes of debtors very little in their harsh enforcement of the strict rights of creditors. The new bankrupt law of England of 1869, it is true, shows a closer conformity to the enlightened spirit of the age. How much of this lenity is due to the relaxed tone of commercial morality which Europeans impute to the English race in both hemispheres, and how much is the fruit of wise and liberal thought, presents a question too large for discussion here.

Probably, very few are now living who recollect, either as its subjects or its interpreters, anything of the first Bankruptcy Act passed by Congress in 1800, which remained in force less than four years. Framed on English precedents, it followed the English severity of the time in treating a failure in trade as a criminal offence. The next law upon the subject, which was even more short-lived, operating only for two years from 1841, perhaps erred in the other direction. At any rate, it was generally regarded as a "whitewashing act," and passed out of existence as soon as it had performed its function of setting the victims of the crash of 1837 on their legs again. The present Bankrupt Act was more imperiously demanded for the relief of the widespread ruin dealt by the civil war. Carefully matured by comparison with foreign legislation, and adapted to the energy, risks, and elasticity of American mercantile life, it embodies principles of justice and beneficence which ensure its permanence as a part of the law of the land. Already passed into the region of refining discussion, it will become a nucleus for diffuse commentaries. It opens another specialization of study and practice for the members of the legal profession, who will find in the volume prepared by Mr. Gazzam an instructive and indispensable guide.

Any bankrupt act seems simple in theory and limited in range. It seeks to administer a trust promptly, with equal and exact justice, among a few parties, placed in special and temporary relations to each other. But questions as to their intention, and conflicts among their interests, produce elaborate discussions and call for nice judicial discrimination. This volume professes to be nothing more than a résumé of decisions pronounced on the great number of points raised and debated in the practical working of the law. Perhaps it is yet too early to suggest any amendment of its provisions. Still, a careful comparison of many of its features with those of the English statute is not neglected, particularly those on the topic of absconding bankrupts, which is likely to grow in importance under our Federal system. And the author's experience gives weight to his recommendation of the substitution of salaries to registers instead of the fees they now receive. The propositions of the text are for the most part terse statements of the settled law, gleaned from nearly a thousand reported cases, and supported by citations in more than double that number of notes. This part of the work is carried out thoroughly, with faithful research; but the author is less successful whenever he departs from the plan of close comment to indulge in reflection or illustration. His style, in these few instances, wants the clearness and method indispensable to good legal writing, and the author would lose nothing by dispensing with original remark in the future editions which his book deserves to reach.

A few years more of administration will complete the uniformity of decisions under the Bankrupt Act, and confirm their authority, and thus the system will be guaranteed in permanence by its convenience as strongly as by its beneficence. The early doubts as to the constitutional sphere of the National Government in regard to the relation of debtor and creditor have long since been dispelled. If the foreign merchant had to thank our domestic troubles for the tardy establishment of a law which relieves him from the pursuit of claims under the statutes of more than thirty different States, the increasing needs of our own commerce no less will insist on upholding it. In the dry dust of the discussions embalmed in these pages may be clearly discerned the outlines of two forms under which the Federal Government will hereafter rightfully and legally assert its power. One is, the control in all cases of bankruptcy and insolvency alike over the legislation of the several States. Not only do the Federal courts inhibit the prosecution of suits in such cases before the State tribunals, but it is also the settled doctrine that the jurisdiction and legislation of a State as to the settlement of insolvent estates are wholly suspended so long as the national Bankrupt Act remains in force. And one reason for this is well stated by our author, that under State laws "the appointment of an assignee rests with the debtor, which the Bankrupt Law clearly defines as the prerogative of the creditors." Another dormant power of the National Government which will spring into salutary action under the Bankrupt Law is the control over insolvent corporations, irrespective of any State laws regulating their dissolution. No one can doubt the necessity of such control who remembers the ownership of property in more than one State by some of the great railroad corporations, and their corrupt practices with some legislatures for its protection. Upon this point our author justly remarks: "There is no other proceeding provided by law whereby railroad and insurance companies and banks whose affairs have been mismanaged can be so promptly and efficiently compelled to go into liquidation as by the wise provisions of the United States Bankrupt Act."

Of course, the development of these features of the Bankrupt Law will be as warmly combated as its enactment was, by arguments addressed to the dread of centralization—and as irrelevantly. There are fields of State legislation which the National Government has no right to invade, but this is not one of them. Uniformity among the several States in the laws regulating the descent of property and the collection of debts is desirable, but it cannot be imposed by Federal authority. The diversities between East and West in the law of divorce shock the moralist. The laxity of Illinois attracts temporary settlers from her sister States, as the historian Strada relates that the privileges of Brabant drew mothers expectant from the neighboring provinces, eager to graft their coming offspring on that happier tree. But much as we may desire it, Congress cannot be called on to teach her virtue. It is not so with the jurisdiction of the several States over a subject of such general concern in our commercial country as the management of a bankrupt's property. In the very early years of the Federal Government it was settled, upon stronger grounds than those which afterwards seemed to justify the creation of a national bank, that this interest was within its constitutional sphere of exclusive legislation, and if as an indirect result those corporate monsters which are the danger and offence of this day are to be brought under Federal oversight and chastisement, that will be a sort of centralization there is reason to pray for heartily.

L'Education Sentimentale. Par Gustave Flaubert. (2 vols. Paris: 1870.)—This novel, which appeared shortly before the beginning of last year's war, so that it was one of the last novels of the Empire, we should be glad to see placed upon a high shelf; and we would have the shelf high in order that the book might not be thoughtlessly taken up by any one who only sought an evening's entertainment. He will not find it here, but rather two or three days of deep despondency. Indeed, it seems to us to be the most horrible novel we have ever read. It is simply a black picture of corruption. The author's most celebrated work, "Madame Bovary," prepares one for a grim, serious treatment of his subject. That novel, by its faithfulness of execution, its pitiless analysis of character, and, above all, by its moral dignity, stands eminent and almost alone among French novels. The author is a moralist who does not disdain to use in defence of virtue those very weapons that have so long been attacking it. His unflinching severity would be almost terrifying did we not remember how widespread is the plague he was attacking. "Salambo" has shown us what a rare power of description is his. In the present story we see much of the same quality, although at times the descriptions are labored and somewhat tiresome, and the story itself is so painful that admiration is hardly possible. It is the account of the demoralization of a man, a Frenchman, who leads what it would be too severe to call the ordinary life of the time and country, although there is nothing in the book for which numberless examples cannot be found in many an experience. Frederic Moreau, the hero, if we may be allowed to misuse the word, comes to Paris from the provinces, a lad of eighteen or nineteen, with the firm intention of falling in love with some other man's wife. This youth is not, however, especially corrupt, that is to say, he does not sink to this state gradually, but finds this purpose of his set before him ready-made to his hands, as a creditable and ordinary way of making a successful start in life. Such conduct seems to him dangerous enough to be tempting, but not wrong enough to need discussion. He regards it as a matter of course. With a career of corruption, in comparison with which this is purity, we may be sure Flaubert makes no savory tale, nor is it one that will be attractive to any one by its impropriety. That certainly is the last thing one would say about the book. From this beginning the book rolls sternly on to its cynical ending. We watch Moreau exchanging this artificially formed attachment for a real one for the same woman, throwing away all opportunities for working, or for leading a decent life, but we watch without giving our sympathy, for his vice is never gilded, yet with an interest that Flaubert's pitiless power irresistibly demands of the reader. The poor fellow disappoints his doting mother, breaks with his friends, squanders his money, and in return gets nothing but dust and ashes. This is the sum of the book: it is the moralist's view of what is called a life of pleasure. Yet this is in no degree what we might call the grown-up Sunday-school story, where naughty Jack stays away from church, goes sailing, is upset by the squall, and drowns miserably, while Charles listens to the sermon, repeats the text at home, and gets two slices of cake at tea. Such easy solutions of a question always overshoot the mark; there are no more sensitive critics than sinners who may read such books; they well know how to avoid the solemn warnings and to distinguish themselves from the guilty; but in this tale there is no loop-hole, there is no call for fire from heaven to punish the sinner—he perishes by his own devices; he is no unnatural monster of crime, he is only weak, and his gradual fall is as probable and natural as it is sad. The termination of the book, the very last chapter, is the only one which we should find fault with in the matter of workmanship. It has touches of cynicism which are only wilful additions to the bitterness of the whole, as where Deslaurier's wife is said to have run away from him after living with him only a year. The account of the conversations of the Socialists and Republicans, and of the conduct of the mob in the Revolution of 1848, are interesting, as throwing a light on the events in Paris of the last few months.

First Lessons in Greek. By Prof. J. R. Boise. (Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.)—*Greek Lessons.* By R. F. Leighton. (Boston: Ginn Bros.)—There has been hitherto no thoroughly satisfactory text-book for beginners in Greek; but this want has at last been supplied by two excellent works, both presenting the same general features, but sufficiently unlike to have each a distinctive character of its own. Both combine—as every book for beginners must do at the present day—grammatical instruction with constant practical exercises, both in translating from Greek into Latin and in forming sentences in Greek. Both are, moreover, merely "methods," omitting all matter that may be found in the grammars, and giving constant references to the grammars, so that the pupil requires both Grammar and Lessons from the first. Prof. Boise's "First Lessons" refers to Hadley's Grammar, and is intended as an introduction to the author's edition of Xenophon's "Anabasis." The lessons consist of very easy sentences, mostly constructed for this purpose, and arranged to illustrate the portions of the grammar successively taken up. When the regular forms of etymology have been gone over in this way, thirteen lessons of "Short Sentences" give practice upon rarer and more irregular forms, and, being taken, with more or less changes, from Xenophon's "Anabasis," serve as a special introduction to that work. These are prepared with a good deal of skill, and altogether the book possesses those qualities of skilful arrangement and expression, accuracy and simplicity, which have given Mr. Boise so distinguished a reputation as an instructor.

Mr. Leighton's "Greek Lessons" is adapted to Goodwin's Grammar, and is preparatory to his Reader, now in press. It is a book of much wider scope than the other, as it contains, besides the "lessons" proper, themselves much more extensive than Boise's, four chapters from the first book of the "Anabasis," and eighteen pages of advanced exercises to be translated into Greek. It is, therefore, no less a special introduction to the "Anabasis"

than Prof. Boise's, but it aims further to lead the pupil to a practical command of the language, both in reading and writing. so as to enable him to take hold of any Greek of moderate difficulty. This end is further attained by the method of selecting all or nearly all the sentences for practice from the chapters of the "Anabasis" which follow, by which means a considerably greater range of expression and sentences of greater difficulty can be introduced, than is practicable on the other method. It will be seen that both books possess valuable features, and different teachers may with good reason prefer the one or the other.

Gold and Name, Birth and Education, The Wife of a Vain Man. By Madame Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish by Miss Selma Borg and Miss Marie E. Brown. (Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1871.)—We cannot give praise to these works of Madame Schwartz, nor yet do they deserve too harsh treatment, for they carry their principal condemnation with them on every page, every page being dull. If novels were not primarily intended to be amusing, these works would be excellent. Their morality is unimpeachable. There are villains, of course, but they are villanously unattractive; so far from being fascinating in their rascality, they rather are such sad specimens of wickedness, that every time they open their mouths their prominent faults are exposed in a way that would well serve as a solemn warning to the youngest and most depraved reader, were it not that his elastic conscience would of a surety tell him that at all events he is nothing near so bad as these people. For instance, there is "The Vain Man," whose wife is the heroine of one of the novels—there never was just such vanity in any being of mortal mould. He is the stupidest kind of caricature of the foible. He has as much vanity as Pecksniff has hypocrisy, while, instead of being amusing, he is an ineffably tiresome bore. Here he is being vain; he is talking to his wife, p. 71:

"'I wish people to see us together, so that every one can say of us that we still live happily after a five years' marriage.' Evart (the vain husband), nodded to Ellen [his doting wife], and left the room. When he had made his toilet, which was no slight affair for him, he returned to his wife, perfumed and dressed with a care which showed how anxious he was to preserve his reputation of a 'handsome man.'

"'I forgot to tell you, Ellen, that I desire you to work more zealously on the second volume of your poems. I think, besides, that you ought never to receive morning calls anywhere but in your study; a literary woman ought to spend her forenoons there, else any one would think you were not such a person. One thing more: the subject of woman's education is now the fashion, and it seems to me you ought to write something about it. Adieu! Do not forget to think of your toilet for the first of May."'

With this the monster leaves. One sees how very vain he is; fastidious about his dress, shutting his wife in her study, lest people should not think her literary, making her choose the fashionable subject to write about, and, finally, encouraging her in thinking of perishable ornaments of dress. Alas! And so he is always. Now, this appears to be as morally useless as it is undeniably feeble. Yet one must read page after page of this delicate delineation of character, while the story languishes, and it is no wonder if the mind by-and-by revolts at such perpetual preaching. Passion and sentiment are all tamed or caricatured to serve the interest of morality and smug sentimentality.

It is, perhaps, better that these novels should be translated than, for instance, those of Miss Mühlbach, with their fatal silliness and often great offensiveness. At any rate, they give us some slight information about Sweden. But nevertheless it is a thing to be regretted, when one remembers how many really excellent novels there are which remain sealed books to those who only read English. A great deal has already been done, but there is still room for more, and it would be a pity if all foreign novels were considered by the average American reader to be divided into only two great classes—one composed of novels unreadable, on account of their impropriety; the other, on account of their feebleness and dulness. There are many which fall into neither class, such as those of Turgeneff, and although these and similarily good works might never become universally popular, there are certainly many who must regret the hour spent over Madame Schwartz who would be only too glad to be able to read the works of some of the ablest novelists now living, and whose enthusiasm for the study of other literatures will only be dampened by such very mediocre tales as those of this lady.

The Institutes of Medicine. By Martyn Paine, A.M., M.D., LL.D. Ninth edition. (New York: Harper & Bros.)—This is a volume which represents the researches and the speculations of its author, upon the themes of physiology, pathology, and therapeutics, for a period of twenty-three years—the period intervening between the appearance of the first and the present or ninth edition. It is addressed to the medical profession; and it presents the substance of what is known of the three subjects we have mentioned. Not being written in ignorance of the latest researches of medical science, its discussions are generally brought well up to date. Its faults are occasional diffuseness and a tendency to theorizing which impair the value of the work as a manual. We note a single sentence in paragraph 638, which covers seven closely printed pages—a quite uncalled-for eccentricity. But the general conscientiousness of the writing and research in this volume merits praise—the more so as a special effort would seem to be making at present to overthrow public faith in the value of medicine as a science. But a few days ago a newspaper as intelligent as the *Tribune* could puff a new "remedy" for cancer in an editorial article, and say, "We incline generally....to the quacks." Now, as is well known, we have our own opinion as to some of the gentlemen in politics who receive the support of the *Tribune*, but so distinct an avowal of enmity to honesty in science, and of cordiality towards a class of impostors whose ignorance is not their most dangerous endowment, is in every way indefensible. Dr. Paine's work ranks distinctly upon the side of disinterested science; we wish that its spirit might be transfused into some of our newspapers.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Cornell (J. H.), The Introit—Psalms for Sundays and Holy-Days	(Pott & Amery)	$1 50
Egli (J. J.), Nomina Geographica, Part 3, swd	(B. Westermann & Co)	
Hunter (Dr. J. B.), Review of Darwin's Theory, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Hutton (R. H.), The Incarnation and Principles of Evidence	(Pott & Amery)	60
Inside Paris during the Siege	(Macmillan & Co.	2 00
MacDonald (G.), The Portent: a Tale	(A. K. Loring)	
Palgrave (F. T.), Lyrical Poems	(Macmillan & Co.)	1 75
Proceedings of the Free Religious Association, swd	(Boston)	35
Roby (H. J.), Grammar of the Latin Language	(Macmillan & Co.)	2 50
The Sower's Reward, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	25
Transactions of the American Philological Association, swd	(Hartford)	
Whitney (Mrs. A. D. T.), Zerub Throop's Experiment: a Tale	(A. K. Loring)	

YALE AND HARVARD USE

WHITNEY'S GERMAN COURSE,

OTTO'S FRENCH COURSE.

HOLT & WILLIAMS,

PUBLISHERS,

No. 25 Bond Street, New York.

The Publishers issue a very large assortment of works in the same department.

☞ A descriptive catalogue will be sent gratis to any one referring to this advertisement.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL

EVERY HORSE-OWNER'S CYCLOPÆDIA.

This is the most complete work on the Horse ever published. It is by the best English and American authority, and illustrated with nearly 100 fine engravings representing every disease the horse is subject to, and portraits of the most celebrated horses.

Agents are meeting with unprecedented success, selling from five to ten copies a day. We allow Agents liberal discounts. Any good man can make $30 a week without trouble.

SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Send for Circular of Terms, etc., to

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,

PHILADELPHIA.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE PUPIL OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

BY LOUIS ENAULT.

Translated from the French by Mrs. CHAS. P. TUFT.

8vo, paper, $1; cloth, $1 50.

A most delightful story; pure in tone, elevated in sentiment, and of the greatest interest, it will undoubtedly prove one of the literary successes of the season.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1871.

The Week.

"THERE be land rats and water rats, land thieves and water thieves," about New York City, and if half that is told about the Health Officer of the port is true, we have in him a very fit companion for the men who have been plastering and repairing the new Court-house. The Health Officer is despotic at the quarantine grounds especially for those months of the year, and over those vessels, in which is done the bulk of our trade with West Indian and other ports, called quarantine ports. The legitimate income of the place is large, having been in 1869 something like $37,000 in fees for mere inspection of vessels; while the gains (net) from vaccination of passengers and fumigating vessels are set at an annual average of more than $20,000. But our present Health Officer, looking about last year for an additional source of income, discovered it in selling to certain persons the sole privilege of towing, lightering, and stevedoring at quarantine—a business which had previously been, as it should be, open to free competition. These persons he permitted to charge about four prices for their work, and with him they divided the spoil, he getting for his services in compelling captains to employ his partners $20,000 down, and $1,250 a week in advance. They broke down under the Health Officer's weight, and this year the same system of pillaging is in force, about three prices being charged instead of four, and Dr. Carnochan manages matters himself without an intermediary. By the bye, the compulsory vaccination of some hundreds of people—it often happens—by a physician of this kind, who is probably very cautious and scrupulous about the lymph he uses, is an agreeable thing to think of. The piratical character of the quarantine arrangements—which, of course, work gross injury to the commerce of the port—may be seen in the comparative cost of getting a three-hundred-ton Cuban brig, with a clean bill of health, into Boston, and of getting her through Dr. Carnochan's hands. At Boston it would probably be $15, more or less, as the vessel would not be fumigated, and the time of delay would be less than half-an-hour. In our harbor she would be fumigated whether or no—or charged for fumigation—and the charge would be $15; she would be charged $55 for towage, which in Boston would cost her $10, and there would be $5 more to "Mr. O'Rourke" for examining hatches. These charges were actually made, and are constantly; and the difference in favor of the port of Boston in the case of the three-hundred-ton brig is $60. Our Health Officer, however, is probably a wealthier man than the Boston one; and has a good deal more political influence. Ours was appointed by Governor Hoffman, who is understood to have made the appointment with a reluctance which, no doubt, is now generally intelligible.

But after the ship-owner has escaped the doctor and his coopers and stevedores, he has the harbor-masters to meet, and, according to the printed charges—which they seem no readier to meet than the Mayor to meet those made against him—they in their turn levy on the commerce of New York an annual tax in the shape of tribute to their private treasuries of not less than a round million of dollars. There are ten of them, all appointed, and all appointed on our rigid American system of securing fitness in office and getting the public economically served—that is to say, they have all rendered services to the party; they all sought the office, and the office did not seek them; some of them know the bow of a canal-boat from the stern; others of them had seen full-rigged ships before their induction to office; and out of the whole ten, it is not estimated that there are many of them who are not thoroughly acquainted with the hereinafter-described system of transacting their business. A clause in the law defining the powers and duties of harbor-masters says that no master of a vessel shall move her from one part of the harbor to another without having obtained permission from the harbor-master in whose district he may happen to be. A shipmaster wishing to get this permission—and from twenty-five to thirty daily may be taken as the number wanting it in each district—he looks about for a harbor-master, whom usually, it is said, the shipmaster cannot find. A certain captain of a tug-boat, however, can always be seen, and the shipmaster finds that in case he can come to an agreement with that person as to the berth at the dock or the position in the stream which he wishes to take, the harbor-master, for his part, never makes any difficulty. Only the shipmaster finds that he must pay to his friend, the tug-boat captain, about four times as much money for towage as he would have to pay in any other waters; and he finds that as long as he remains at the berth a certain sum weekly in advance must be paid to the harbor-master, and that he must stipulate that all his towing shall be done by this particular tug-boat. If he curses and declines to do these things, he is permitted to stay where he is till the use of his reason returns to him, which is in no very long time, as he cannot move his ship without the harbor-master's leave, and, soon or late, moving his ship is a necessity to him—a fact of which our harbor-master was aware before he came down from the interior of the State, even when he first began rendering services to the party. We trust thoughtful and sincere people, without "constitutional objections" to civil service reform, will keep their eyes on the various illustrations that New York is just now furnishing of the condition to which the appointment system has brought a city in which one might have thought business interests and competition would compel something a little more like honesty.

We have had recent proof that the New York community is capable of being aroused; on the 11th and 12th of last month it was certainly in a very vicious temper, and would have turned out a hundred thousand men if necessary to guard the Orangemen walking in procession; but it is beyond a doubt that, despite the noise made in the papers, the city seems to be quite apathetic over the discoveries made in the Comptroller's office. It knew of them before, to be sure, in a general way at least, but one would have supposed that in no city in Christendom could the specified items of account which appeared in the *Times* have been published without arousing an indignation that would have demanded some definite satisfaction. Here, however, is the way in which Hall talks—and why he shouldn't if he likes it is not easy to see, except that he might in decency be content with the money and be a trifle less impudent. "Threatened men, the old proverb tells us, have long lives. Our friends in the country districts must not be surprised if the City Government of New York apply the principle of this proverb to their own case, and find good reason therein for treating with amiable contempt the furious diatribes now daily launched against them." He adds that "while the *Times* frets and rages, Comptroller Connolly admirably keeps his temper," which certainly is vastly to his credit, under the circumstances. The Mayor tells us, too, what the expectation of the Tammany leaders is, and there is precious little doubt that, despite the reputability of Mr. Seymour and Mr. Tilden, and other leaders, Hall and his friends are not relying on a reed that will fail them when they expect the party in general to sustain them for the sake of the Tammany voting power. Says the Mayor: "New York City is the great Democratic stronghold of the country. Shake the Democratic hold upon this mighty metropolis, and you shake the Democratic hold upon the Empire State"; shake its hold on the State, and the Republicans must continue in power at the Federal capital, etc. But the country districts will be apt to give the Mayor another response than he is bargaining for.

We suggest to such of our daily contemporaries as may be in search of news in this dull season that they endeavor to get replies in the proper quarters to these two questions: Has the Tweed Arms Company been for some time in the habit of purchasing of the Allen Arms Company such parts of the arms made by the latter as were, by reason

of some flaw or imperfection, deemed by the Allen Company unfit for use? And is there any truth in the rumor, which we believe we saw in print in the *World*, that it is the intention of Mr. Tweed and the other fathers of our city to re-equip, so far as rifles go, the city regiments of the National Guard? Because, in case both these questions can be answered in the affirmative, there will be much solicitude on the part of many young men to retire speedily from military service, especially on days in which ball-cartridge is to be used, and the efficiency of our volunteer force will be much impaired.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, "H. V. B.," begins one of his late letters with the assertion that "the Conservative Republican theory of Ku-klux outrages must be abandoned," and that the facts brought out by the Congressional Committee to investigate outrages done in the South show that "the loyal people of the North must once more make reconstruction *the* issue of a political campaign." These last are words of an ominous sound; but we venture to say that the man in the United States to-day in whose ear they would sound most ominous is the professional politician in whose mouth they have been oftenest during the last five years, and within the last ten months; and that not Mr. James M. Ashley himself would care to go on the platform, and undertake to carry the next Presidential election on *the* issue that reconstruction is not done yet, and, indeed, is to be done all over again. Why? people will ask. And what is the answer that "H. V. B." would give them? He certainly has an impressive one.

He is a good observer, a faithful reporter, a highly intelligent man, by no means immoderate in his opinions and sentiments; and he makes report which, briefly, is to this effect, concerning two prominent witnesses before the committee above-mentioned. One was a general, one a colonel, in the Confederate army; both are to some extent in politics; both are men of consideration in the part of the country where they live as neighbors. One had just been before the committee, had testified in the stereotyped manner—namely, that there was little or no disturbance in his neighborhood; that there was no Ku-klux; that there were no outrages for political reasons—and he called upon his friend, the colonel, to tell him what he had said to the examiners, and to secure perfect agreement between his story and the colonel's. To this the colonel replied that he should tell the exact truth; reminded the general that the "Klan" was in active existence at their home; that it had murdered a certain acquaintance of theirs; that it had met on the general's plantation on the night it rode to kill the murdered man; that he himself had a list of sixty of the gang, some of whom he intended to denounce and punish. All this we are inclined to believe. We are aware of "H. V. B.'s" claims to respect, and are aware, too, that in such matters it is very hard for a Southern gentleman, on his oath before Yankees, to satisfy his mind that he *knows* with sufficient certainty to swear to things which it is excessively odious to him to concede as true, though he does know perfectly well that they are true, and that he has gone dangerously near to perjury in denying them. Others do perjure themselves out-and-out, and deny; and the perjury and the outrages and the blind folly are all bad enough. But nevertheless, there is not a politician in the country who would have the face to go frankly before the people, and say to them: Six years ago, we began reconstructing the South; you gave us unlimited power, all of which we used and not sparingly; the States are at last in the Union—are there just as New York is; but we find, as we look over them, that we have not changed the nature of the Southern man; we wish, therefore, to take another six years at him. Every act of the Ku-klux, till its final act of disbandment, makes stronger the hold of the Republican party on the country; but though the story of their outrages must of course be heard of from the Republican platform, the platform itself must not be made out of it, or success is hopeless.

Mr. Carl Schurz, who makes about the ablest speech that is now made by any of the leaders of the Republican party, has just been addressing a large meeting of Germans in Chicago. The main difficulties of the South, the Senator said, are two; the one was the banding together of men whose object was to keep down by violence the colored men and the white Unionists, and the other is the administration of the State governments by rapacious and unscrupulous men called carpet-baggers. The remedy for the evils arising from both these causes must, the speaker pointed out, come from the people themselves, and not from penal legislation by Congress; and, in his opinion, relief could come neither from the Republican party nor the Democratic, but must be sought in the union of the good men of both parties. This a general amnesty, which had worked wonders in Missouri in allaying hatred and strife, would greatly promote, and it had been, he thought, far too long delayed, and could not come too soon. As for such penal legislation as the Ku-klux law, Mr. Schurz asserted that it was not in the least true that the Republican party in Congress had passed it out of a desire to strengthen their hold in the Southern States; the party was, as a whole, honest, and intended only to put an end, if it could, to the disorders in that region. Nevertheless, the law was of very evil tendency, because investing the Government with powers more dangerous in effect than the abuse it was sought to correct; the lion would probably keep the wolf away from the sheep, but the wisdom of calling him in for that purpose became apparent when one asks who is to keep the sheep from the lion. There is no safety, he said, for free institutions but in this: that Government shall reign supreme, and that no man, except in periods of extreme peril, shall be entrusted with dictatorial powers—as the fathers used to say in Massachusetts, "to the end that this be a government of laws and not of men"—a saying not well remembered by General Sherman, and the editors who applauded him, when he made his remark the other day about the "nonsense" of Mr. Adams's assertion that the law in question was in theory subversive of our Government, and might yet become so in fact. But it is, indeed, true that we have been so accustomed to extreme measures of late years as to forget some of the simplest and most necessary of our political maxims. We are doing better, however; and this speech of Mr. Schurz is good as calling us back to the ancient landmarks. For the rest, the Senator spoke in condemnation of the San Domingo scheme, and said that his personal relations with the President had never been anything but friendly, a personal statement which might as well have been omitted, but was coupled with a deserved rebuke to a certain Republican journal, which, in the height of the San Domingo discussion, adjured Mr. Schurz and Mr. Sumner to lay aside "their personal differences" with the President.

Cotton is lower, but with some tendency to an upward reaction. The crop at the far South is fully a week earlier than last year, while in the Northern tier of cotton States it is at least as early, a circumstance which materially improves the prospective yield. At almost all the Southern ports, the first bales of the new crop are now arriving. Breadstuffs have further declined, but are now firmer, under a decline in ocean freights and a prospective export demand. Meats are lower than ever. The great centres of the cattle trade, St. Louis and Chicago, are overrun with the Texas cattle, which were to bring untold wealth to the new railroads through Kansas, Arkansas, and the Indian Territory north of the Texas frontier, but which are now scarcely salable at any price. Cut meats and other provisions are likewise lower, the decline having resulted in ruinous losses, though there is now an appearance of greater steadiness in the markets. General trade is dull, although the great decline in the prices of all leading staples necessarily leads to some business movement. The imports from abroad are extraordinarily large, and very sanguine anticipations are indulged in concerning the fall trade. The decline in wages in some industries, and the very great fall in the principal building materials, has induced some activity in the house-building trade, although many houses erected last year remain unsold, and although the number of mechanics' liens and foreclosures of mortgages continues to increase steadily. There is no change of note in coal. In addition to the advantages of the decline in bread and meat, the people are blessed with an abundance of choice

fruit at low figures, the only drawback to which is the wastage of this priceless boon in consequence of our worse-than-barbarous system of gathering, packing, and marketing.

Money continues cheap and abundant, with here and there a faint indication of an increasing demand. Stocks have been somewhat more active at rather higher prices, but without visible cause. Gold is firmer, chiefly owing to a speculative movement to intensify the effect of the diminishing stock at the disposal of the community. Foreign exchange, from the same cause, is lower, since the scarcity of gold prevents or retards the purchase of bills. In the dearth of employment for money in Europe, American mining companies are again becoming conspicuous in London. Several large mineral properties have recently been disposed of for fabulous sums *by Cable*, showing the great advantage of the telegraph to the seller of such properties. The buyers will have time to discover these advantages more at their leisure. But there is no doubt that the recent discoveries in Utah and on the northern shore of Lake Superior are of great magnitude and importance.

The long-talked-of proposition for the prolongation of M. Thiers's term of office has finally been made in the National Assembly. The mover was M. Rivet, of the Left Centre, and the most important points were these: that the title of President of the Republic be conferred upon M. Thiers; that his powers be prolonged for a period of three years; that he be entrusted with the promulgation and execution of the laws, and with the right to appoint Cabinet ministers and diplomatic, military, and naval functionaries; and that the members of his Cabinet be responsible for their acts to the Assembly. This proposition was met by a counter-motion from the Extreme Right, expressing confidence in the Chief of the Executive, and continuing his present powers. M. Thiers himself is reported to have demanded a vote on the urgency of the motions, which was declared amid great excitement, and to the discomfiture, as it seems, of the Right, which was inclined to stave off action in the matter. No further decision, however, has as yet taken place. On the other hand, the Right has carried the Indemnification Bill, which provides compensation for losses and damages sustained in the provinces during the war, against the strenuous opposition of M. Thiers, who favored only relief for needy sufferers; and the Decentralization Bill, which bestows considerable power on the departmental Councils-General, against the remonstrances of the Left, whose orators, and among them Louis Blanc, exerted themselves to show that decentralization, beginning with the departments instead of with the communes, was an aristocratic measure, calculated to throw the power into the hands of the wealthy. To such arguments the majority was the less inclined to listen as the result of the elections of July 30 in Paris, supplementary to the municipal election of the 23d of that month, has shown a decided reawakening of Commune proclivities in the masses of the capital, disagreeably contrasting with the shocking apathy of the friends of order. The defiant tone of some of the Commune prisoners before the courts-martial must be equally provoking to the majority of the Assembly.

One of the first actions of the new Municipal Council of Paris, to which not only such Radicals as Clémenceau and Lockroy, but also members of the late Commune like Ranc and the notorious Mottu, have been elected among many others not particularly friendly to the *victrix causa*, was the sending of a deputation to Versailles to ask from M. Thiers the removal of the seat of Government to the metropolis. The answer of the Chief of the Executive was evasive, and by no means satisfactory. Nor is he likely to return to Paris as long as the German guns frown down upon it from the forts on the north and east. Their evacuation, however, will not be delayed much longer, though the report of an agreement concerning a speedy retirement of the army of occupation to near, or even beyond, the new frontier of France turns out to have been premature. M. Thiers is said to be in favor of large armaments, which, if true, may have some reference to contingencies which might possibly arise from the success or failure of the more than simply amicable arrangements which not only the Emperors of Germany and Austro-Hungary, but also their advisers, are meeting at Gastein to establish. This meeting, the closely preceding one of the Emperor William with the Czar, and the intentions of Russia concerning affairs both in the East and West, are the themes of much speculation in the press, but speculation mostly of a very vague and idle character. Whether the dissolution, reported without comment, of the Vienna Reichsrath and the provincial diets of Cisleithan Austria, is the result of some final action decided upon by the Hohenwart Ministry, in matters and on grounds of internal policy, or whether it is to be brought into connection with the aims of the Imperial conference at Gastein, may also be considered a puzzling matter of conjecture.

As interesting as any of the European news is that which speaks of the difficulties of the Ultramontanes in Germany, and of the difficulties also which those gentlemen occasion the secular authorities by their violence of conduct and language. Their newspapers rail at a great rate, and should they do all they are promising, the prospect of troublous times for several European monarchies is extremely good. One of these papers, addressing "ye powerful of the earth"—Gladstone, Bismarck, Beust, Andrássy—tells them that "either they will restore to the church all its rights, or not one of the present governments will remain in existence." Another of them threatens kings with destruction, and tells them that though they may hold the thrones the Holy Father has the people, and that he will use them for the uprooting of his enemies. The patience of Catholics is exhausted, it says. The infallibilist bishops rain excommunications on the recalcitrant professors, and the infallibilist missionary priests, going into the parishes of their opponents, invite the parishioners to assault their pastors. Meantime comes from the letter-writers the curious story, which avers that the Pope is out of all conceit of his Jesuit advisers, and has it for one of his principal pleasures nowadays to remind them that he always told them how it would be; that they have brought him to a nice pass; that they would not let him be a Liberal, as he wished to be, and that the result is what they see—all which, says the letter-writer, dejects the Jesuit advisers very much, and correspondingly elates and rejoices the other advisers. But both sections are said to be equally and excessively disgusted by an alleged intention of the Holy Father to appoint his own successor by bull.

As for the Ultramontanes in Prussia, where they are, if anything, rather more violent than anywhere else, it almost appears as if Bismarck was preparing for an "inner Sadowa," or as we ought, perhaps, now to say, for an inner Sedan. He has, from his place of retirement, Varzin, thrown down the gauntlet to the extreme churchmen, who have assumed an almost disloyal attitude towards the Empire, and seems to be in no mood to withdraw his challenge. Not only has the Prussian Minister of Worship and Instruction, Dr. Von Mühler—formerly a most zealous protector of the Catholic interests—energetically baffled the assumptions of the Bishop of Ermeland, in East Prussia, who excommunicated and removed an anti-infallibilist teacher in his diocese, and of the Archbishop of Breslau, who suspended an anti infallibilist priest in Upper Silesia—and everybody admits that Von Mühler has acted thus at the dictation of the rusticating Chancellor—but the Prussian Government has gone a step further, and abolished the separate ecclesiastical departments, Catholic and Evangelical, introduced thirty years ago in the Ministry of Worship and Instruction, and united them into one common department for "spiritual affairs.' The liberal construction given to this change by the organs of the Chancellor, and the undivided approval with which it was received by the public at large, add to the bitterness which the measure in itself was so apt to engender in the irritated minds of the German Ultramontanes, and the tone of the religious and political controversies between them and their opponents—whether Protestants or Döllingerites—grows from day to day more excited.

THE RECENT CHANGE IN THE INDIAN BUREAU.

A FEW days ago, Mr. Ely S. Parker, late Commissioner of Indian Affairs, retired from office. The letter announcing his resignation stated, in a tone of irritation and complaint, that the office had been reduced to a mere clerkship, and gave this fact as the reason for his throwing up the position. The President has appointed Mr. Felix R. Brunot, of Pittsburg, to fill the vacancy. The newspapers have scarcely noticed this occurrence, and yet in it we have the issue of a contest which has been waged at Washington since the inauguration of President Grant; in it we have a revolution in a most important branch of public affairs; in it we have, for the time at least, the complete overthrow of a most gigantic system of wrong, robbery, hypocrisy, greed, and cruelty, and the triumph of right, of official integrity, of administrative economy, and of the principles of a Christian civilization. That our readers may fully understand what has been accomplished by the persistent efforts of a few good men, impelled solely by considerations of public duty and welfare, and how they have at last put down an evil which was entrenched in all the high places at Washington, and which had its connections and supporters in all parts of the country, we propose to describe the operations of the Indian Bureau, and the changes made in it which led to the retirement of Mr. Commissioner Parker.

The Government might adopt one or the other of two alternatives in its treatment of the Indians. It might exterminate them rapidly and relentlessly; or it might seek to protect, to civilize, and to Christianize them. In theory, it has chosen the latter alternative. The practical administration of its Indian affairs, however, has rather been based upon the former, and has even been made the worse by the element of hypocrisy which the civilizing and Christianizing theory has necessarily introduced. The business of the Government growing out of its relations with the Indians is transacted through the Indian Office, a bureau of the Interior Department. Over this bureau is placed the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who is practically responsible for the management of the office, although under the general supervision of the Secretary of the Interior. Amid the very numerous and very different duties of his department, the Secretary has of course neither the time nor the opportunity to interfere with the details of the Indian Office, and he is probably not informed as to what takes place therein, unless some important question is directly brought to his personal attention by appeal. Until the last year, the Territorial governors were superintendents of Indian affairs within their respective jurisdictions. Agents are also distributed among the various tribes, who come into personal contact with the Indians, and are the means of all ordinary communication between them and the Government. In accordance with the provisions of various treaties, and with a policy which has long prevailed, immense sums of money are appropriated each year by Congress for the support of the Indians. A portion of this money is to be paid directly to the tribes or to their chiefs, but the larger part is to be expended in the purchase, transportation, and distribution of supplies.

Here lies both the source of the corruption which has made the Indian Bureau a disgrace to the Government, and the opportunity for the "Indian Ring" which has long intercepted so large a part of the public bounty destined for the savages, and which has grown so strong by its powerful connections, both political and commercial, at the East and at the West, that its overthrow has seemed impossible. This Ring was politically strong, for it rendered important partisan services, and its members were to be found in both Houses of Congress. Much of the Indian appropriations was actually expended for purposes purely political. The Territorial governors, as Indian superintendents, were expected to use all their patronage, and all the appliances so well known to "men inside politics," to secure the control of each new-formed State as it emerged from a Territorial condition. These expenditures, however, were merely for the sake of preserving power; the greater part of the Indian appropriations kept up its steady flow, undisturbed by any obstacle or opposition, into the pockets of the fortunate members of the Ring. The methods by which the money was intercepted on its way to the Indians were as numerous as the ingenuity of greed and dishonesty could invent. An army of contractors preyed upon the Bureau, and amassed vast fortunes by furnishing and transporting the most worthless supplies at the most exorbitant prices; others presented themselves beyond the confines of civilization and the reach of the law, at the time of annual payments to the tribes, and boldly demanded, and, by the connivance of agents, received, under the pretence of services rendered, a large percentage of the moneys as due to themselves; agencies were frequently sold to the highest bidder, who of course reimbursed himself with unlimited interest from the appropriations which passed through his hands. It is well known that most of the Indian wars have been caused by the violations of treaty obligations, these frauds for which the nation itself was held responsible; and the wars in turn reacted upon the "Ring," making it bolder and stronger; for war required more supplies, more transportation, more contracts, and more plunder. This is the system which a tempest of righteous popular indignation ought to have swept away, but which has required years of earnest labor from some of the best and ablest citizens of the country even to check.

President Grant seems to have been convinced that a reform in the administration of Indian affairs was necessary. Military man as he was, he favored a kindly and Christianlike treatment, rather than measures of repression and reprisal. Soon after his inauguration, he called upon the two Societies of Friends to nominate the superintendents for two of the many superintendencies, and to appoint and supervise the agents which were to be stationed in these districts. It is not probable that he was then familiar with the frauds and iniquities which had long been practised through the Indian Office, but his eyes were soon opened. A delegation of influential gentlemen from Philadelphia, including Mr. Eli K. Price, Mr. William Strong, now Justice of the Supreme Court, Mr. William Welsh, and others, waited upon the President and the Secretary of the Interior, and revealed the whole truth. This committee was acting primarily in behalf of schemes for civilizing and Christianizing the Indians, but incidentally in the interests of an economical and honest administration. It succeeded in convincing the President and Secretary that Indian civilization was impossible without a reformation in the department through which the Government holds intercourse with the tribes. At the suggestion of these gentlemen, the President and Secretary promised to recommend the creation of a board of unpaid commissioners, who should have joint control with the Secretary of the Interior over appropriations for the benefit of the Indians. The recommendation was speedily and earnestly made. Congress responded to the suggestion, and passed the required statute; and the President appointed as such commissioners some of the ablest, purest, and best citizens of the country. This was the first blow which the Ring received, but though a staggering one, it was not fatal, and the monster soon recovered all its original vitality and vigor.

In the meantime, the President had appointed as Commissioner of Indian Affairs and head of the Bureau General Ely S. Parker, who had been one of his military family, to whom he was warmly attached, and in whom he had the highest personal confidence. Mr. Parker is himself an Indian, hereditary chief of one of the Western New York tribes, and it was supposed that his sympathies would secure protection and justice for the whole race. He did not, however, co-operate with the advisory board. He thought, as he states in a published letter, that the power of supervision and joint control given to the board would produce confusion in his office. Through his influence with the President the law was virtually nullified, and, although it was soon apparent that the Ring was managing Mr. Parker as it had managed his predecessors, the advisory commissioners were unable to effect any important reforms in the management of the Bureau under the statute as it originally stood. Congress, therefore, at its next session, passed another statute so stringent in its terms that evasion seemed impossible. It directed and required the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to call upon the board of unpaid commissioners to aid in the purchase and inspection of goods, and to supervise all expenditures of money appropriated to the Indians. But even this peremptory command of the legislature was not enough. Mr. Parker nullified the statute by calling upon the board to aid in the purchase and inspection

of dry goods only, which form a very small part of the supplies procured by the Bureau. From the evidence afterwards laid before a committee of Congress, it appears that, in the face of the law, he made private contracts at exorbitant prices for stores, provisions, transportation, and the like, without conferring with the board. The system of evasion was carried to such an extent that one of the commissioners determined to test the efficiency of the law in the most formal manner. In December last, he presented a communication to the Secretary of the Interior, setting forth all the foregoing facts in detail. This letter and the charges therein were referred to a committee of Congress. After a long and careful investigation, the committee made a report during the past winter, fully sustaining all the facts alleged; they pronounced the commissioner incompetent and neglectful; they found that affairs in his Bureau were conducted in direct violation of express provisions of the law; they simply absolved him from any personal complicity with the fraudulent practices. On the footing of their report, the committee recommended a further measure as a thorough and complete remedy, which Congress at once enacted into a law. It provides that the signature of the executive committee of the board of commissioners shall be a prerequisite for the full payment of every draft upon the Treasury for money appropriated to the Indians. Mr. Parker placed a construction upon this statute which greatly limited its efficacy, and decided that its restrictions applied only to contracts which might be entered into by the Bureau, and that he was left free to disburse moneys through the agents and superintendents without the supervision of the board. A number of vouchers, similar in their character to those of the prior year, were actually paid by the Treasury under this ruling. An appeal was taken to the Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Delano overruled the Commissioner, and decided that all drafts upon the Treasury for moneys appropriated to the Indians must first pass under the supervision of the executive committee of the board. The resignation of Mr. Commissioner Parker followed immediately upon this decision of the Secretary; it was this act which had, as he complained, reduced his office to a mere clerkship.

What the board of unpaid commissioners have already accomplished in the way of economy may be learned from one or two examples which we take from numerous similar instances. During the past year, over $179,000 were paid to one company under a private contract made by General Parker for the transportation of Indian goods up the Missouri River. This year, the contracts being let under the supervision of the board, the same transportation company has agreed to carry an equal weight of goods, over the same route and for the same distance, for a little more than $20,000. A contractor who furnished cattle the past year at exorbitant rates, has made bids for the like supplies during the present year. The prices paid him last year were 133 per cent. greater than his bids for the present year, although cattle are higher in Texas now than then.

It is plain, from the foregoing facts, that a reform has been commenced and carried on in the face of a determined opposition, unprecedented in the history of the Government. The snake has been scotched, but we are afraid not yet killed. Already the Ring is moving. On Friday, August 11, the following item appeared in the Washington correspondence of most or all of the New York daily newspapers: "It is believed here, by persons who profess to know, that the new Indian Commissioner is so strongly in sympathy with the Indians that he will be very much embarrassed in dealing with them and, at the same time, complying with the provisions of the law, *which are not in accord with his broad views on the Indian question.*" This is mendacious to the last degree; it is a feeler sent out by the Ring. The laws, as we have seen, are favorable to the interests of the Indian; Mr. Brunot's influence was strongly exerted in favor of their enactment; they are in exact "accord" with his "broad views." It is not the laws, but the violation of the laws, to which he is opposed. The violators fear him, and will seek every means for his overthrow. But we have confidence in the result. Congress has done well; the President has done well; and it is cheering to the friends of Indian civilization, and of an honest and capable civil service, to learn that the Secretary of the Interior is anxious and urgent that Mr. Brunot should accept the most responsible position which the President has offered him. All that is now needed is the support of an enlightened and determined public opinion. Let this be aroused, and the Ring is crushed.

OUR DUTY AS REGARDS CHINA.

The doctrines of international law took their rise among the communities of Europe, and their application has, with a few exceptions, been confined to the Christian states of the European and the American continents. For a long time the Mohammedan countries of Southeastern Europe and of Northern Africa, although powerful in arms and possessing a considerable degree of civilization, were treated as not having the rights, and as not subjected to the duties, which the international code upholds and imposes. The change from this condition was gradual; and it was at a comparatively recent period that the great Ottoman empire was admitted to the freedom of the European powers. What has been true of the Mohammedan peoples has been true in a more marked manner still of the great heathen peoples of Asia. From their ignorance of the geography and of the politics of the world, and especially from the absence among them of those great principles of moral right and duty which underlie the whole system of modern international jurisprudence, it has been impossible to act towards them as equals, as independent, and as sovereign. In respect to them, the very postulate upon which the code of nations is built up, that all states are sovereign, independent, and equal, has failed. As they have admitted no equality, but have treated all other communities as outside barbarians; as they ignore, and perhaps cannot understand, the notion of an interstate faith, and of the obligations of solemn compacts; as they have endeavored to draw about themselves an impassable barrier, and thus to keep a large part of the earth closed to the needs and activities of civilization, it has been necessary to make approaches to them by force; to repress and punish at once, without any preliminary negotiation and with great severity, all breaches of good faith and all injuries to foreign private citizens; to demand and exact concessions of commercial freedom and of official intercourse with the bayonet and artillery, rather than by peaceful embassies. We do not now discuss the morality of this procedure, but only state the historical fact.

These means and measures have been used towards the two great empires of Eastern Asia, China and Japan. Two years ago, it was supposed by many in America, and perhaps by some in Europe, that China was entering upon a new course of international action. The embassy sent out under Mr. Burlingame was taken to be an announcement by the highest authority that this empire, beside which the states of Europe are the creatures of a day, possessing a civilization wonderful in its character, but hoary and decrepit with age, which had for centuries been taken as the type of formation and fixedness, was about to commence a new development of energy and greatness under the guidance of the principles and practices which the modern international code inculcates and enforces. These expectations have failed. The hopes of Christendom—religious, political, and mercantile—have been disappointed; and the problem of the relations between the civilized world and China stands yet unsolved. Can it be that the rifle and the shell are the only solvents? In order to understand the exact conditions of this problem, and the nature of our relations with China, we must refer to the important provisions of existing treaties.

Prior to the year 1858, foreigners were rigorously confined to a few points upon the coast; intercourse with the natives, except in these small districts, was forbidden; official communications and negotiations were carried on through inferior officials, approach to the Emperor, and even to his higher ministers, being refused. There were a few occasions when these strict rules were waived or suspended, but they were temporary and exceptional, and did not change the general conduct and disposition of the Chinese Government. The great nations of Europe had long demanded that their representatives should reside at Peking, near the court of the Emperor, and be admitted to his presence, and that they should transact their affairs with his privy council or immediate ministers. This demand had been steadily rejected. In 1857, upon the occurrence of some local

outrage, Great Britain and France united their forces with an avowed and common design to bring the Chinese Government to terms. Their combined armies, after overcoming all opposition at the coast, penetrated the country until they reached Tien-tsin, ninety miles from Peking. The Russian minister and the American minister, Mr. Reed, accompanied this expedition, ready to obtain for their respective countries any advantage which might result from it, but taking no part as actors in the invasion. At Tien-tsin, the army was met by commissioners from the Emperor, who negotiated a treaty with each of the powers represented—Great Britain, France, Russia, and the United States. That concluded with the United States is known as the Treaty of Tien-tsin, and was signed June 18, 1858. Article I. pledges the good offices and help of the United States in bringing about the amicable settlement of disputes between China and other nations. Articles IV.–X. relate to the official intercourse and communication between the representatives of the United States and the Chinese Government. This intercourse is ordinarily to be carried on with the local governors, but the American minister, upon matters of business, and not oftener than once in each year, may visit the capital, and there confer with members of the privy council. It is added, however, that if the representatives of other powers shall be permitted to reside at Peking, the American minister shall be entitled to the same privilege. United States consuls may be appointed for the ports which shall be opened to commerce. Articles XI.–XIII. promise protection to the persons and property of American citizens residing within the districts open to them. Article XIV. makes seven ports free to foreign commerce and residents. Their number was increased to eleven by subsequent treaties with other powers. Articles XV.–XXIII. prescribe minute regulations of commerce at these ports. Article XXIX. is so important in its spirit that we quote it in full: "The principles of the Christian religion, as professed by the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches, are recognized as teaching men to do good, and to do to others as they would have men do to them. Hereafter, those who quietly profess and teach these doctrines shall not be harassed or persecuted on account of their faith. Any persons, whether citizens of the United States or Chinese converts, who, according to their tenets, shall peaceably teach and practise the principles of Christianity, shall in no case be interfered with or molested." Finally: "If any other right, privilege, or favor, connected with either navigation, or commerce, or political or other intercourse, which is not given by this treaty, shall be given to any other nation, or to the citizens of any other nation, it shall immediately enure to the benefit of the United States and of American citizens." The treaties concluded at the same time, or soon thereafter, with Great Britain, France, and Russia opened four more ports to foreign trade and residence, declared the navigation of the Yang-tse-kiang free to all nations, permitted foreigners to travel through the country, and conceded the most important point, that representatives of the treaty powers might reside near the court at Peking. The United States, of course, took the benefit of all these additional stipulations. It should be remembered that these concessions—and we shall see that China has granted no others—were made in the face of a victorious army of invasion, after all resistance had been overcome, and when the capital of the Emperor lay at the mercy and within the grasp of the British and French forces. Not one of them was due to a desire for more intimate and friendly relations, nor to any feeling or movement in harmony with the civilization of Christendom.

In 1868, the embassy headed by Mr. Burlingame arrived in the United States. We need not recall to our readers the enthusiasm with which it was received, nor the glowing professions and predictions which were made in its behalf. The American people and the chief of the embassy seemed to have been carried away by a common excitement, at least in all of their public displays towards each other. Old China was now, under the auspices and guidance of the young Republic, about to renew its youth, to cast away the habits of thought and customs of centuries, and to us and to our peaceful policy was due the credit of this greatest political revolution of modern times. Such was the bright anticipation; but how meagre and empty the result! The convention of July 4, 1868, which was entitled "Additional articles to the treaty of 1858," did not grant a single new concession, or privilege, or favor to the United States or to its citizens. Stripped of their unmeaning professions of good feeling, every clause recognized and protected and perpetuated the traditional policy of the Chinese Government. These eight additional articles affirm the Emperor's dominion over the districts opened to foreign residence, and his jurisdiction over persons and things therein; declare that all internal commerce, except as may have been expressly regulated by prior treaties, shall be subject to the discretion of the Imperial Government; permit Chinese consuls in American ports; provide that citizens of the United States in China, and Chinese subjects in America, shall have liberty of conscience, and shall not be persecuted; and place American citizens in respect to trade or residence upon the same footing as those of the most favored nation. Article V., in set terms, recognizes the right of man to change his home and allegiance, and acknowledges the advantages of free migration from one country to another for curiosity, trade, or permanent residence. After this appropriate preamble, we might have anticipated that additional and greater privileges of commercial or other intercourse were to have been conferred. But no such thing was contemplated. This is only the preface to a clause prohibiting compulsory emigration. Chinese subjects are to enjoy the same privileges in the public educational institutions under the control of the United States as are granted to the subjects of the most favored nation. The same favor is given to American citizens in China. There is something exquisitely ludicrous about this stipulation. We suppose it must refer to our West Point and Annapolis military and naval schools, but to what Chinese seminaries it can refer we are ignorant. Finally, the United States disclaims all right and intention of interfering with the domestic affairs of China; but should the Emperor determine to establish a system of railways and other internal improvements, and apply for engineers to aid in their construction, the United States promises to furnish them. Mr. Burlingame and his fellow-commissioners were received very quietly, and perhaps coldly, in England. Our newspapers, oddly enough, said it was because the people and government were deeply chagrined at the triumph of American diplomacy. In due time, similar treaties were concluded with Great Britain and some others of the European powers. If these conventions have any meaning at all, and are not mere idle words, their implied effect is to bind the great contracting powers to treat with China diplomatically in the same manner in which all other states acknowledging the international law are treated—in other words, that there shall be no show of force, and *à fortiori* no resort to force, for the punishment of local outrages until negotiations with the central government have been tried and exhausted, and then force must mean and be open, acknowledged war. We say this result is implied from the fact of the treaties themselves; it is nowhere expressly set forth, nor is there a positive stipulation creating any additional right or privilege.

In the meantime, during the years 1867, 1868, and 1869, local outrages upon foreigners were becoming more frequent and serious. They soon took the shape of a combined and widely-extended assault upon Christianity, upon native converts, and especially upon the missionaries. Charges of the most terrible character against the religious teachers were put forth in an official form, and widely circulated. A book, purporting to be an exposure of Christianity, and filled with the most revolting falsehoods, was issued, evidently under the sanction of high authority, and sent out by thousands to inflame the ignorant zeal of the common people. We may remark, in passing, that the Chinese seem to be familiar with the trick, not unknown in some Western countries, of manufacturing a desired public opinion by the free use of governmental appliances, and then of appearing to be driven into a certain line of policy by the overwhelming force of this same public opinion. The movement which we have thus briefly described at length culminated in the massacre of Tien-tsin, which was openly abetted and promoted by the local officials, and at which all Christendom stood aghast. The immediate sufferers were principally under French protection, but all the resident foreign ministers at Peking supported the demands of the French representative for redress. The Chinese Government prevaricated and delayed, but at last sentenced a few of the subordinate local officers to death, leaving those of high and

responsible rank unpunished, and promised to pay a sum of money as indemnity. Recent intelligence shows that affairs are fast approaching a crisis. The Imperial Government not only refuses to pay the promised indemnity, but has made a formal demand upon the foreign ambassadors "that schools for the education of females be abolished; that the teaching to male subjects of the empire of all doctrines opposed to those of Confucius be forbidden; *that missionaries shall be considered Chinese subjects;* and that women shall not be permitted access to the empire in that capacity."

The action is a carefully planned violation of a most important article of the Treaty of 1858, an article expressly reaffirmed in 1868. Coming as a sequel of the Tien-tsin massacre, it is a studied insult not only to France, but to all the great treaty powers. What is the duty of our own Government under these circumstances? The United States cannot in general be engaged in religious propagandism; but as we have twice stipulated for the toleration of Christianity and the protection of Christian teachers and converts, we are estopped from denying the propriety of a further protection. There are, however, reasons of state policy why the Government should act in a quick, decided, and peremptory manner. The repudiated stipulation is the key of the whole position. Its rejection is a return to the old system of absolute exclusion in all things; this is the first step, an experiment, perhaps, and, if successful, the others will surely and speedily follow. If we yield upon this point, the whole fabric of treaties, raised with so much labor, and at the cost of not a little blood, will fall like a house of cards. We do not urge action simply in the interests of religious missions; we urge it in the interests of commerce and of civilization. There should be no weak hesitation in the use of force. The events of the past twelve years prove beyond a doubt that diplomatic negotiation will accomplish nothing. Neither America nor Europe can again be amused or deceived by another Burlingame embassy. The United States and the other great powers should unite in a demand, accompanied by a sufficient display of force, that the Chinese Government shall recede from its present position, shall reaffirm the violated treaties, and shall give ample reparation for past and security against future outrages. Unless this demand is complied with at once, China must be taught, in such a manner that the lesson cannot be forgotten, the advantages of preserving international faith.

SCOTT'S BIRTHDAY.

SCOTT is now somewhat faded, it is common to say; and undeniably it is true to say so. We may even concede that, had he been an Englishman or an American, had he been the glory of any people less fervid in patriotism than the people whose country was his and which he loved so well, we should not now be celebrating his anniversary. It was, of course, inevitable that such fame as his should fade. But it is as inevitable that no fading will ever deprive it wholly of its brightness, and that there will always be honor for this new creator of the art of story-telling, and affectionate esteem for this most manly of men. Unless we feel too much of it, we of to-day can hardly feel at all our fathers' delighted and wondering admiration for this extraordinary genius. They had been reading dull romances, and he gave them, month after month, from his inexhaustible brain, stories which still, after we have listened to the countless multitude of the story-tellers whom he called into being, are a delight to old and young. They were absorbed in fierce discussions of fundamental problems of politics and of society itself, and he called them away and showed them, truly or falsely—truly and falsely, we may say—the beauty there was in the past which he so sincerely reverenced. And besides peopling the past for them with that wonderful throng of men and women—queens, kings, captains, knights, churls and barons, priests, outlaws and statesmen, wizards, ghosts, lovers—besides vivifying history for them, he educated their tastes also, and gave them higher views and a keener enjoyment both of nature and of art. It was of him they learned not only how to "view fair Melrose aright," that mediæval art was not a thing of horror, but the loveliness and the sublimity of mountain, lake, forest, river, and sky. He himself had sat at the feet of others perhaps greater than he, and had learned of them; possibly, his Highland nurses and their old-world songs and tales might not have awaked and fed to full strength the Gothic genius within him, had not Goethe already told the story of "Goetz of the Iron Hand," and the youthful Schiller embodied in Charles Moor some of the storm and stress of the time; but wherever he learned it, it was he who brought to our fathers the message, and it is little wonder that they accorded him a reverence which to us already seems, if right for them to give, yet more than we ourselves can yield.

But it may be doubted if our children will not be paying him as much homage as we, and if nearly all of him that was perishable has not already fallen away, leaving him to stand as now for generations yet to come. The first poet of his time he will never be again. There may be, as there have been, disputes as to whether the divine gift was really his at all, and if his "thumping metrical romances" merit the title of poems; but the boys, and the men, too, of 1971 will have better fortune than can well be hoped for them if, when next the great Scotchman's birthday is commemorated, they have found poetry more spirited, gallant, inspiriting, pictorial, honest, and human than they may read where Lord Marmion beards the Douglas, and rides across the quivering drawbridge; or King James joins battle with Surrey; or Roderic's men start from the heather, and vanish again at the black chieftain's signal; or day sets "on Norham's castled steep and Tweed's fair river"; or the stag makes his midnight lair in lone Benvoirlich; or the luckless page sings the boding song to her betrayer as they ride towards Flodden Field. We may venture to predict that to love this poetry will still, a hundred years from now, be an education in manliness as surely and truly as to love the Lady Elizabeth Howards of that day will be a liberal education.

And so, also, of the novels. There will, doubtless, be many a story-teller to help the many there have already been to draw away a portion of the public over which Scott once reigned sole sovereign. The Thackerays, Dickenses, Eliots, Hawthornes, and Reades of the future, each magician in turn as he exercises his spell and moves forward to his appointed and permanent place in literature, must of necessity draw away to himself some portion of the crowd which belongs to the moment, and belongs to him, as to Scott in his day and to every other, only as he himself belongs to the moment. Of more consequence than this, the critic and student will come, as they have come, and show how shallow was the philosophy of history and how insufficient was the historical knowledge, and how strong the prejudice, behind that wonderful painted stream of mediæval life; what gloom where the dazzled eye of the poet saw fictitious brightness; what necessary and beneficent forces where the poet could perceive only a headlong and devastating stream of disorderly movement miscalled progress; what selfishness and cruelty where the lover of aristocracy would discover chivalry and gallantry alone; what sublimity of devotion and firmness and enlightenment of conviction where fierce and blinded fanaticism was all that Scott could find. Further, they will show us the Romanist and the reactionist expressing their gratitude, and the Protestant and republican their grief, that the greatest literary influence of the time was cast on the side of the Roman Church and was adverse to the Reformation; John Henry Newman and George Borrow alike counting him as an effective preacher of Romish doctrine, and Charles, Saint and Martyr, getting profusely the veneration denied or but scantily accorded to Cromwell and Knox.

All this is doubtless true, and perhaps to be regretted; though if there is one thing in the world that we may probably be safe in remitting to the exclusive charge of Providence, it is past history. The doctrine that whatever was is right, may no doubt be affirmed without dread, and with no limitations. But be that as it may, after they have made the necessary deductions from Scott's claim, where will it be that our posterity, in the last quarter of the coming century, will have found their better story-teller? Will it be some one whom we have with us now, or have had with us, who will be thought to have beaten the "Antiquary"? Will "Vanity Fair," or "Pickwick," or "Adam Bede" be more read than "Ivanhoe" and "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," and the "Bride of Lammermoor" and "Waverley" and "Old Mortality"? Will our grandchildren know Clive Newcome, and Becky Sharp, and Henry Esmond, and Mr. Pickwick, and Mr. Squeers better, and be the better for knowing them better, than they will know Dugald Dalgetty and Dirck Hatterick and Dominie Sampson and Jeanie Deans and Meg Merrilies and Edie Ochiltree and Monkbarns and Rob Roy? Or will it be some novelist of their own? So far as we of to-day can judge, whatever they find in Scott's successors, as known to us, great as several of them have been, they will not find a work or a set of works which can ever balance that wonderful series of volumes which have held the last three generations captive; they will not find what will supersede that wonderful series of "Scotch novels." That is their appropriate name, no doubt; for though Rebecca and Rowena and Count Robert and King Louis and Charles and Richard and Saladin and Leicester and poor Amy Robsart and Elizabeth

are immortal in his pages, and though we watch with him the combat beside the Syrian fountain, or thread the streets of Paris, or climb mountain-passes of Switzerland, or wander with Wayland Smith through English lanes, or take water with Raleigh on the Thames; nevertheless, of all the wide lands which we visit with him, and of all the men and women that people them, it is in Scotland and among his own countrymen and countrywomen that he is immeasurably best. Not only physically, but in all ways, he was strongest when on the heather; and it can hardly be but that the distinctively Scotch novels, from the deep tragedy of the "Bride of Lammermoor" and "St. Ronan's Well" to the racy comedy of "The Antiquary," will suffice to give him permanence so long as the main thing in a novel is truthful delineation of widely interesting characters and captivating story. The humor, the strong sense, wide observation, the perfect sincerity and kindness of heart, the almost universal tolerance and justice, the comprehensive sympathy, the hearty relish of the wholesome good of life—these qualities as shown in these books make it as certain as it is fortunate that they have in store for them a long immortality.

It is, indeed, upon Scott's goodness as a man that a great part of the esteem in which he will be held as a poet and as a novelist will be based. Few men placed in a position of pre-eminence like his have ever escaped with less of blame; and of such blame as he has had to bear with, the world is now disposed to withdraw much. We smile a little at the exaggerated loyalty which bent him to his knees before the Prince Regent; we are sorry to smile when we hear of his reluctance that a baronet should be known to have written "Waverley"; and we are sad when we think of Abbotsford, with its Gothic mansion, its piper and the pibroch, the baronial state and the lavish hospitality which brought the great genius in his age to a poverty not too honorable, and brought him, too, the fatal opportunity for that splendid exercise of courage and determination which broke his mind and body and ended his life. But we are all now beginning to remember the merciful saying, or rather the just saying, that every man has the faults of his virtues, and that the Scott who built Abbotsford for himself and others is the Scott who built for us the fabric of mediæval society. He had his piper to play before him at dinner; but what should we know of the wild Highlands had not the poet loved them and their ways, not only wisely and well, but too well also, and not with perfect wisdom?

Correspondence.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Although I was much gratified with the conclusive article in last week's *Nation* on the Constitutionality of Civil Service Reform, I wish another phase of it might be presented.

When I first noticed that the Commission had adjourned because of the suggested difficulty in the Constitution, I couldn't help wishing we knew who were those sincere friends of the reform in Congress who found the obstacle really serious. It really looked as if the Commission had been imposed upon. It is not only true, as the *Nation* has so well shown, that Congress has both had and exercised control over the question of tests of qualification for public service, and might repeal all laws giving to heads of departments the appointing power, and leave all appointments for the President, subject to the confirmation of the Senate; but it seems to me singular that any one could overlook the fact that under an administrative system the President has, by his absolute power of removal of his cabinet officers, the most complete control of the system on which they shall make their appointments.

Take Gen. Pleasonton's case. It does not matter whether we agree with him or not in his views of the internal revenue law he was administering; we must still admit that the Administration has a right to have *its* policy carried out, and ought to bear the responsibility for it, and to be free from any liability to be thwarted and have all its calculations on the budget marred by the action of a subordinate. It is not at all to the purpose to say that the law authorizes the Commissioner to decide certain things, or the Secretary to decide certain things: both, as Executive officers, represent and speak for the President, and, when they cease to carry out his views, they should resign. I know of no other way to have proper Executive responsibility, and even the exigencies of a revolutionary era cannot remove the blame from Mr. Stanton for "sticking" contrary to the wish of the President, nor from Congress for having tried to make Mr. Rollins independent of Mr. McCulloch.

It follows that the President is and must be to the fullest extent responsible for the civil service reform in all the departments. He has it in his power to carry out the reform by a simple Executive order, and, if he fails to do so, he, personally and officially, must bear the whole and sole responsibility for the failure to do so. It is nonsense to look for examples. The bound volumes of opinions of the Attorney-Generals are full of the recognition of the fact that the heads of departments are each an *alter ego* for the President in all official acts, and whilst they may not violate their own sense of right and duty in obedience to his wishes, their remedy is not by opposition to him, but by resignation, upon a public avowal of the cause of resigning, leaving him to settle accounts with the people who elected him, and with Congress and the courts, his co-ordinates in the constitutional system.

Everything claimed by the civil service reformers is clearly within the Executive power, for the period of the Executive term of office. Legislation is only needed to prevent what one Executive may do from being undone by the next, and not at all to give authority to the President to determine the mode in which all the employees of the departments shall be selected or removed. It is a real misfortune if the Commissioners have been befooled by the pretence of unconstitutionality, for it would show how easy is the process the *Nation* has so often exposed of finding objections to "this particular method" of reform. L. S.

August 11, 1871.

Notes.

Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co.'s list of fall publications is long and varied, but consists in great part of new editions of works already before the public, and of books made up from articles that have appeared in the *Atlantic*. The two set down for this month are Miss Harriet Prescott Spofford's "New England Legends," comprising popular accounts of Captain Kidd, the Salem witchcraft, etc., and Mr. R. Shelton Mackenzie's "Life of Scott," referred to last week. The most noticeable among the works that are to follow are: a new edition of the late George Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature," in three volumes, from a revised copy left by the author at his death; "The Wood Scenery of New England;" Clarence King's "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada;" "Bits of Travel," by Mrs. Helen Hunt ("H. H."); a "Dictionary of American Biography," by F. S. Drake; "Parnassus," and a new volume of Essays, by R. W. Emerson. The first work in preparation by the subscription department of this house is "Home Worship," by the Rev. Dr. Thompson, of this city.——Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Sons will publish immediately Mrs. Ames's long-deferred story of "Eirene; or, A Woman's Right;" "A History of England," by B. J. Lossing; "Stimulants and Narcotics," and "Eating and Drinking," two volumes of their handy volume series, prepared by Dr. G. M. Beard; "The Crayon Reader," being selections from the writings of Irving, arranged for schools and classes; and the first two volumes of the new Knickerbocker edition of standard poets, comprising the poems of Campbell, Collins, Gray, and Goldsmith.——Messrs. F. B. Felt & Co. will republish Robert Buchanan's "Land of Lorne."——Mr. E. A. Pollard, the biographer of the "Lost Cause," has in the press a new work entitled the "Lost Curse," in which he includes (and few will gainsay him) Mr. Jefferson Davis and the institution of slavery. He is convinced that "loss is the *necessary* occasion of compensation, thus, in fact, a form of gain," in the light of which philosophy, he says, "a candid man could not remain long disconsolate in his estimate of the late war."——Messrs. Appleton's announcements for August include new editions of their well-known "Hand-Book of American Travel," Northern and Eastern, and Western Tour; "Light Science for Leisure Hours," by R. A. Proctor; "Recent Discussions in Science, Philosophy, and Morals," by Herbert Spencer; and the following novels: Disraeli's "Tancred;" G. J. Whyte-Melville's "Sarchedon;" and "My Heroine."

—Of all the good people who take it to heart that Americans cannot sustain a comic paper, the Americans themselves are, we suspect, the least troubled. After all, the illustrations are the accident of such a paper, not the substance; and the humor we know we have, and can get, in plenty—small matter if it blossoms in papers not professedly humorous, and is diffused among a thousand, more or less, instead of concentrated in one. There is, too—if we may venture to add something to the already trite discussion—the same repugnance among us to the anony-

mous in comic as in serious journalism; and the highest success, therefore, awaits the acknowledged humorist, whose *nom de plume* is not long allowed to stand between him and the public. The individual exploits of sharpshooters have more interest for us than the operations of a corps of regulars delivering their weekly volleys from behind breastworks. Among our francs-tireurs, two only exhibit, in any high degree, the pictorial humor, and these are Mr. Bellew and Mr. Nast; and, so long as the latter appears regularly in *Harper's Weekly*, the American public has, we believe, all the comic paper that it wants. There is, to be sure, in this artist an earnestness of purpose and depth of feeling which often prove incompatible with comic effects, as those will agree who recall his caricatures of President Johnson. He is too much bent on painting things as they really are to be always mindful that his function as a humorist is to point out differences in things like. In his dealings with the Ring, however, we remember few instances in which this criticism is applicable to Mr. Nast, and certainly his two cartoons in the last *Harper's* (Aug. 19) are humorous beyond cavil. Mr. Greeley, in one of them, is represented as having asked Mr. Ingersoll (of Ingersoll & Co., of Court-house disbursements notoriety) who his "Co." is, and Mr. Ingersoll thereupon introduces him to a host of persons, led off by Mr. Tweed, behind whose capacious and elephantine body the other members of the Ring and their dependents make shift to hide themselves. In the second cartoon we have the Tammany Ring facing outwards, and answering the question of the *Times*, "Who stole the people's money?" with "'Twas him!"—each one with thumb or forefinger designating his neighbor; Mayor Hall pointing to the Comptroller, and Mr. Connolly to Mr. Sweeny, and Mr. Sweeny to his friend with the Kohinoor, Mr. Tweed, who, with a vigorous thrust of his fat index-finger, betrays the innocent chair-maker for the armories, and he, in turn, the underpaid plasterer of the new Court-house, and so round till the Old Board denounces the New Board, and the New Board points straight, with a smirk, at Mayor Hall. It is a deep-rooted villany that cannot be shaken by this sort of laughter.

—New editions rather than new works fill the English publishers' lists at this season. The place of the "Dame Europa" literature has been supplied by the "Battle of Dorking" (now attributed to Sir Francis Head) and its tribe, which hardly promises, however, to be as numerous as the first. Since our last summary, the following appear to be the principal publications worth examining: Austen Leigh's "Life of Jane Austen," enlarged edition, with fragments of unfinished tales; W. Skeen's "Adam's Peak," and "Mountain Life and Coffee Cultivation in Ceylon"; "Eastern Sketches, Notes of Scenery, Schools, and Tent Life in Syria and Palestine," by Ellen Clare Miller; "Scenes in the Sunny South, including the Atlas Mountains and the Oases of the Sahara in Algeria," 2 vols., by Lieut.-Col. C. S. Vereker; "Canoe Travelling: Log of a Cruise on the Baltic, and Practical Hints on Building and Fitting Canoes," by Warington Baden Powell, who might easily be a more attractive writer than his predecessor in the same waters, Mr. Macgregor—hitherto the monopolist in this branch of literature; and W. S. Banks's "Walks in Yorkshire; Wakefield and its Neighborhood." Relating to the Franco-Prussian war, we have: a reprint from the *Contemporary Review* of Mazzini's weighty and sensible words on "The War and the Commune," and "Our Adventures during the war of 1870," by Emma Maria Pearson and Louisa Elizabeth Maclaughlin. The Rev. Malcolm MacColl's "Ober-Ammergau Passion-Play" has reached a fourth edition, the appendix containing a continuous description of the scenes and tableaux of the play in the order in which they take place; and those who desire an exact libretto may find it in "The English Words of the Passion-Play," by Mrs. Edward Childe. Dr. Ginsburg's "Moabite Stone" has reached a second edition, and "The Rosetta Stone in Hieroglyphics and Greek," with a translation, by S. Sharpe, is now accessible to Oriental students. Dr. Solomon Deutsch's scholarly "Key to the Pentateuch, Explanatory of the Text and Grammatical Forms," is offset by H. Shepheard's fantastical "Traditions of Eden; or, Proofs of the Historical Truth of the Pentateuch, from Existing Facts and from the Customs and Monuments of all Nations." We notice one technical work on a subject that concerns good architecture: "Open Timber Roofs of the Middle Ages," by R. & J. Brandon. Three announcements are of interest: "Modern Belgian Art," by W. B. Scott, fully illustrated with photographs, which may go on the shelf beside Hamerton's essays on modern French art; Christina Rossetti's "Sing-Song: A Nursery-Rhyme Book," with numerous illustrations from the apt pencil of Arthur Hughes; and "Human Longevity, its Facts and its Fictions," by W. J. Thoms, editor of *Notes and Queries*, who has doubts whether anybody ever lived to be a hundred.

—The present would seem to be a good time for taking up and settling, or putting in the way to be settled, by an international congress, the whole question of the metric system—for coins, weights, and measures. In point of urgency, the monetary unification stands first; and what makes agitation for it now opportune is the fact that within a few weeks the German Reichsrath must undertake such a unification for the new empire, obliterating the seven existing systems. It is not too much to ask that the leadership which Germany has now won among civilized nations should be used to adjust the standard of coinage once for all. That it will be decimal, no one doubts; that it will be the present French system, of which, with some modifications as to fineness, Dr. Wiebezahn, of Cologne, is the principal advocate, is far from certain. Most in favor is the "Teutonic" system, supported among others by the *Deutsche Handelszeitung*, which makes a gramme of gold the unit of coinage, and assigns to all gold coins an integral number of grammes. On this plan, 3 thalers would equal 2 dollars gold; 6 thalers, 1 Russian half-imperial; 7.3 thalers, 1 pound sterling; 29 thalers, 100 francs. Little can be accomplished for international agreement until England is willing to surrender its complex currency. The adhesion of the United States to any rational and universal scheme may surely be counted on. There are, we know, objections to be raised on the score of expense in recoining, of debasement, of future decline in the value of the precious metals, etc., etc. None of them seem to us so serious as those which confront the adoption of the metric system for weights and measures, which has, nevertheless, been made compulsory in most European countries, and is tolerated by law in Great Britain and the United States. In a thin House, the other day, it was debated whether to make the system compulsory in England, and, though the Government opposed the reform, the majority against it was but five. It appeared in the discussion that there were ten systems of weights and measures in use in the kingdom, and the need of unity was not disputed. The old philological arguments against the metric, or any totally new, system were rehearsed, but we doubt if they are going to be effective much longer. The time-honored familiar names will linger long after the thing indicated has been superseded, just as the nomenclature in vogue before them survived *their* adoption. The change will be gradual, not sudden and shocking. Our decimal coinage has been contesting the memory of the shilling for nigh a quarter of a century, and has not driven the use of it yet out of our daily reckoning—neither the New England shilling nor the York shilling. It would be interesting to learn how completely the metric system prevails in France, and how long it was in driving out the old names as well as the old measures. The word "lieue" seems to be as tenacious of life as our "league."

—Between a mob which holds a city for three days and one that holds it for seventy, there is only a difference of degree; but in the latter case, the sober and law-abiding citizens are liable to much severer censure than in the former. The Commune was a mob of this kind; and the good people of Paris who endured it from the 18th of March to the 27th of May have been set down without distinction as imbeciles and madmen, as if accomplices of the organized anarchy. Their apology has just been written by Emile Beaussire in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of July 1, of which he is one of the editors, and in this capacity was actually imprisoned by the Commune. He begins with remarking that the unjust stigma which rests upon his clients—"la majorité saine de la population de Paris"—partly proceeds from the French, and even from the Parisians themselves. "In France we are unmeasured in the evil as well as in the good that we speak of ourselves. We dislike any but general propositions and simple explanations. Our logic demands them; and whether they call us to partake of a universal glory, or involve us in universal infamy, our vanity is equally satisfied." For the full and succinct story of the firmness, loyalty, and civic courage of the friends of order, when abandoned by the government and the military authorities, we must refer our readers to the *Revue*. Among the classes whose devotion is signalized were the students, who for once resisted their revolutionary traditions; the concierges and domestic servants left in charge of deserted houses, who guarded them from pillage and incendiarism, and withstood all the temptation to join the movement of the class to which their station most nearly allied them; and, finally and especially, the under-officials in the public service. These last had the most delicate of positions, since they had to satisfy their new without betraying their trust to their lawful chiefs, who, indeed, held a secret and perilous communication with them from Versailles. "I yield," says M. Beaussire, "to a feeling of personal gratitude in making special mention, among these modest and courageous employees, of those of the pris

ons. They were full of consideration for the respectable inmates (and there were few others). With a delicate attention, they selected those to walk together whom they guessed by education and tastes to have a certain affinity for each other. 'We were here before the Commune,' they used to say in an undertone, not without a certain pride."

—The attitude of the press throughout all this nightmare of government is praised, as it well merits, by M. Beaussire; and there is perhaps no higher example of moral courage than the journal that speaks its mind under mob rule, without fear of the mob. On this point, the record of the Paris press is honorable in the extreme, particularly as "almost all the journalists who were imprisoned or threatened with imprisonment, and the only one put to death, belonged to the Republican party." The Commune was very capricious in its suppression of newspapers, though the fact just stated "shows from what quarter criticism was most distasteful to it." The *Journal des Débats* was one of the first to be suppressed, and the *Revue*, which had fully recovered its poise after the Germans were out of sight, would quickly have shared the same fate, but that the Commune feared its effect upon public opinion abroad. One of its editors was arrested, his papers seized, the keys of his desk carried off, and he himself kept in durance, "in view of the next number." The next number, however, did not seem to the Commune to have profited from the "warning"—"la *Revue* ne changea rien au ton à la fois mesuré et ferme de ses appréciations." Then, on the 19th of May, the decree suppressing it was issued; but, in order to mask the incident as much as possible, nine other journals were made the companions of the *Revue* in punishment. In the fortnight that was necessary to give effect to this decree in the case of the *Revue*, the Commune was overpowered. The journals allowed to live took pains to show by their frankness that they accepted no favors of the Commune; and often, when suppressed, they reappeared the next day with merely a change of title. One newspaper had the distinguished honor of four successive suppressions under as many separate titles, and would have defied extinction if this expedient had not finally been threatened with a court-martial.

—Before leaving the subject of the *Revue*, we may express the hope that all who read the number from which we have been quoting will not omit the notice to subscribers printed under the table of contents. It is a modest appeal for support in an undertaking always difficult, and which has the distinction of being unique in journalism, and, apparently, inimitable by the literary genius of any other country than France. It serves for that country—not perfectly, we are well aware—the purposes of the English weeklies, the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*, while its range is more extended, and its political reviews more able and impartial, fitting it in all respects to be what it is—the favorite reading of cultivated men in all quarters of the globe. To increase its circulation is to aid the cause of sound scholarship, pure literature, and healthy politics; and its claims at this time on all who have these objects at heart are greater than ever before. Not only in gratitude for its independence under the Commune, but that it may succeed in its endeavor to regenerate its country—"by attacking the moral evil at its source, by recalling the public to its senses, by exposing every species of folly"—every well-educated American should feel it incumbent on him to sustain the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Its agent in this city is Mr. F. W. Christern.

KAPP'S FREDERIC THE GREAT.*

THE main part of Mr. Kapp's last work, with which he purposes to conclude his career as a writer on American history, is strictly historical, and in no respect inferior to his former writings, while the appendix has a strong political coloring which is not likely to win the good graces of many American critics. Although the works which have been written on Frederic the Great constitute quite a respectable library, yet his relations to the United States had hitherto failed to enlist the attention of the historians, some superficial and erroneous ideas being transmitted from one generation of writers to another, until they had come to be received on both sides of the Atlantic as historical facts, whereas they were but a collection of worthless anecdotes. Mr. Kapp has filled this void in our knowledge of Prussia's greatest monarch, and he has performed his work with his wonted thoroughness and the unbiased mind of the true historian, whose duty it is not "to fix up" heroes, but to tell facts.

Frederic and a tincture, however slight, of the strong but vague enthusiasm of a Lafayette for liberty, and especially for liberty with a flavor of the spirit of the *contrat social*, is one of the oddest combinations imaginable. Mr. Kapp will be called to account by the sentimentalists among the historians for having proved beyond contradiction that this combination existed only in the imagination of Frederic's contemporaries. The Americans attributed to him the feelings which were burning in their own bosoms simply because he happened to be of some service to them, and accidentally at the very moment when success in their struggle for independence seemed all but impossible. Liberty never was a factor in his calculations, although he was too much of a really great man to play the policeman and detective on the throne, and the first and principal article in his catechism of "the rights of man" was the duty of the people obediently and diligently to pursue the way to happiness which it was the function of princes to mark out and prepare for them. What he wanted was purely and simply to vent his anger against England, and, when policy did not allow him to do that, he immediately turned his back upon the United States. His anger that the greediness of the petty princes had turned Germany into a market where England could buy as much human stock as she liked was by no means affectation; but it did not arise from his regard for the *natural and inalienable* rights of those who were sold, or from the fact that they were destined to fight against the *natural and inalienable* rights of the Americans. He was not more scrupulous than England in filling the ranks of his army, and he made it fight for whatever was to the advantage of Prussia, troubling his mind very little about the delicate question whether he thereby violated the rights of other people or not. But he regarded Germany as his domain, which he was anxious not to have drained of her supply of able-bodied men by England, partly because thereby was revealed the contemptible position which the German empire at that time occupied, and partly because he had himself to draw upon the rest of Germany to keep up the large army upon which the maintenance of his newly-acquired position depended.

While Washington was passing that terrible winter at Valley Forge, Howe was, in a certain degree, paralyzed by the unexpected news that Frederic had forbidden the transportation of the hapless "Hessians" through his dominions, thus rendering the future supply of troops from Germany wholly precarious. "This it is which makes Frederic's policy of importance for the American war. In its consequences it was as much to Washington as a new ally; it gave him time, and helped to turn the fortune of the war" (p. 71). Frederic, however, was not induced to assume this policy because it helped the United States, but exclusively because it served his own purposes. When, therefore, the Bavarian question rendered it desirable for him to be on good terms with England, he not only unhesitatingly pulled down the barriers which he had erected in her way, but at once dropped all negotiations with the Americans. In a word, there is not a moment during the whole war when Frederic ceased to be the shrewd, cool, calculating statesman, with a decidedly despotic turn of mind, bent with the whole force of his iron will upon absolutely nothing but what he considered the welfare of his own country, anxious to secure commercial advantages for it, but unwilling to risk anything. The idea that the Americans should think of his risking anything for the sake of their cause never entered his mind, for he could not but regard that as utterly absurd. The negotiations were, therefore, of necessity, completely fruitless, all the more because the position of the Americans was precisely that of the king, in that they also wanted to get everything and give nothing but all kinds of promises for the future. These are the conclusions to which Mr. Kapp comes, and they are so well supported by ample quotations, from mostly heretofore unknown historical documents, that the question may be considered as settled for ever. It may be mentioned here that Mr. Kapp goes so far in his disregard of the feelings of the sentimentalists—a disregard which, by the way, has received a well-deserved and severe rebuke from several of the German newspapers in the United States—that he bluntly states that the sword which Frederic is said to have sent to Washington was probably presented to Washington by a Mr. Theophilus Alte, in Solingen, but, at all events, not by Frederic.

The second part of the book, in which both parties—Frederic as well as the United States—appear on the whole to great advantage, is devoted to the treaty of amity and commerce of September 10, 1785. This treaty will always be considered as a prominent milestone in the progress of humanity from a state of barbarism to a state of true civilization, for the reason that in it are realized the best part of the instructions of Congress of May 7, 1784, to Franklin, Adams, and Jefferson—ideas of which Mr. Kapp justly says: "They stand like beacons of a better future, and assign to the United States, in the very beginning of their history, a proud position

* "Friedrich der Grosse und die Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika. Mit einem Anhang: Die Vereinigten Staaten und das Seekriegsrecht. Von Friedrich Kapp." Leipzig. 1871.

among the maritime powers. They are the great principles which proclaim *the freedom of the sea;* and up to the present day they have fought for them vigorously and with energy. It is the doctrine—which since the peace of Paris, in 1856, has become the common good of all nations—of the rights of neutrals, of the freedom of property on neutral ships, of the nature of contraband, and of the requirements of a valid blockade." The history of this treaty, therefore, well deserves to be written with great fulness; and the student who is willing to follow Mr. Kapp through all the changes which it had to undergo before it reached its final shape, and all the difficulties which had to be overcome, will not regret the time spent on it. It is the principal merit of the United States to have urged and initiated the great reforms, and the merit of Frederic to have become convinced that they were reforms, and to have adopted them in consequence. In some respects, however, Frederic was desirous of going even further than the United States. Thus, for instance, he wished to see it stipulated "that the effects and goods of either of the contracting parties which might be found on board a hostile ship, should be subject to confiscation only in case they were contraband or destined for the war, but should be returned to the proprietor, or taken at a reasonable fixed price, if they were the property of the subject of a neutral power." Congress, however, declined to accept this. Neither of the contracting parties had a navy, and their commercial relations were very insignificant. The treaty, therefore, proved to be of almost no immediate practical value. Its importance was wholly confined to the principles which were embodied in it.

The rest of the book is less satisfactory, not so much because it contains many unpalatable truths, as because these truths are put in too strong a light, and partly because they are presented in a form which renders them liable to be misunderstood by those who are not well acquainted with the United States, either by personal observation or by study. After noticing the Treaty of Berlin of 1799 and the Treaty of 1828—in which the United States were far from being eager to develop further the principles laid down in the Treaty of 1785, and even weakened and crippled them, in some respects—Mr. Kapp, in the appendix, very highly commends the exertions of John Quincy Adams in the right direction, and then goes on to criticise the position assumed by the United States in 1856. He contends that the well-known propositions of Marcy, in his despatch of July 28, 1856, were only put forth because he did not want to accede to the stipulations which had been agreed upon in Paris. He hoisted the flag of an extreme liberalism because under its protection he could stick to the old practice not only unblamed, but hailed by the civilized world as the true champion of progress and liberty. It cannot be denied that there is great weight in what Mr. Kapp says in support of this opinion on pp. 163-167; and he adduces very good reasons for his further assertion that here we have another baleful effect of the curse of slavery, which has weighed so heavily upon the United States. But although we are strongly inclined to consider Mr. Kapp's opinion correct, yet we cannot say that he has established its correctness beyond all doubt. It is, however, true that in questions of such a character it is hardly ever possible to press the argument home with such irresistible force as to convince those minds that do not wish to be convinced. At all events, he has proved enough to give no one the right, without ample counterproofs, to throw stones at him because he contends that the United States have sadly wavered in their struggle for the reform of maritime law, more than once sacrificing their principles for the sake of momentary expediency. But he has not proved enough to warrant his conclusions concerning the future. It is absurd to assert, as it has been asserted, that Mr. Kapp is striving to sow enmity between the United States and Germany. He simply admonishes the Germans to get rid of the sentimentalism which has hitherto very strongly tinctured their judgment of the United States in its purely political capacity; and he deserves well of both countries for forcibly insisting on the truth that the best policy is always a strictly honest and reciprocal one—neither side trying to overreach the other. But it was at least unnecessary and impolitic to conclude the argument with an *oderint dum metuant*, which in fact, is not at all a correct summing up of what Mr. Kapp has himself been contending for, and which can in no way be applied from Germany towards the United States, or *vice versa*. But, even leaving that aside, Mr. Kapp's reasoning is too passionate not to offer several vulnerable points. He asserts that neither the wished-for reform in the maritime law, nor a just reciprocity in other respects, is to be expected from the good-will of the United States, and his argument in support of this assertion is based upon the general political status of the United States. What he says by way of characterizing this political status is undeniably true, but he does not say enough to render the picture correct. It would hardly be possible to do so in such a limited number of pages as he could devote to this question, which is only remotely connected with the principal object of the book; and, besides, it may have been necessary to make the medicine rather strong to cure the Germans of their sentimental view of looking at the United States. But this will not be deemed sufficient to justify the historian, even though he has overstepped the line which separates the domain of history from that of politics. He draws his illustrations too largely from New York City, and the rest have so deep a coloring that he offers his adversaries too good opportunities to accuse him, with seeming justness, of having exaggerated. He says on page 181 that what there is "great and noble" in the United States keeps proudly aloof from political life. This sentence refutes the charge, which else could have been made with apparent justice, that he knows nothing great and noble in this country, and that he pretends to have pointed out *all* the main features of our life. But, on the other hand, the assertion is so sweeping that an unjustifiable inference with respect to the status of our political life must needs be drawn from it. The whole context, in the main part of the work, however, furnishes sufficient proof that Mr. Kapp does not consider our political condition quite so hopeless as the terms of this sentence, as well as of the second half of the appendix, would seem to indicate.

With regard to what the rest of the world may expect from us towards the reform of maritime law, Mr. Kapp does not sufficiently take into account the enormous changes which have been wrought in the condition of the country by the utter defeat of the secessionists and by the emancipation of the slaves. He will not deny that the latter has a strong bearing on the question at issue, as he has himself so forcibly urged the influence slavery exerted on the position assumed by Marcy. It is apparent how much the danger of war has been diminished for this country by the crushing of the extreme State-rights school and by the abolition of slavery; and it is evident that the less we have to fear war, the more we shall be inclined honestly to work for the abolition of privateering, which, in our peculiar situation, as Mr. Kapp himself concedes, is a good deal to demand from us. If the treaty of Washington had been concluded at the time when Mr. Kapp was finishing his book, he would have had a strong proof of the correctness of the assertion that we are in future comparatively secure against being involved in war, and one which would have made it appear more likely to him that—however it be with our willingness or ability to sacrifice expediency and occasional advantages to sound and humane principles—we should earnestly resume the policy of Franklin and John Quincy Adams, and not cease contending for it until the last consequences of it have been incorporated into the law of nations.

In conclusion, we may mention that Mr. Kapp administers a severe rebuke to the *Nation* for the position it assumed in No. 269 with regard to the "Freedom of Belligerent Commerce."

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.*

We do not know if we are prurient and prudish, which is what Mr Reade has called some of his critics; it shall be as he likes about that; but we feel it laid upon us, as they say, to give it as our judgment that in this last book of Mr. Reade's there is an amount of gestation and parturition, and wet-nursing, not to mention life with the *demi-monde*, that makes "A Terrible Temptation" rather disagreeable to us, and, we fear, a book of dubious tendency. Sir Charles Bassett, who is first shown to us in the parlor of a woman whom he has had in keeping, is almost insanely desirous of a son; in fact, he is pretty safe to become insane unless Lady Bassett bears children. Lady Bassett, for her part, is a weak sort of person, who is almost ready to go insane unless her husband is pleased with her in all respects; and when she discovers him to be so strongly bent, heart and mind, on her presenting him with an heir, she feels "a terrible temptation." To do what? Mr. Reade endeavors strenuously to throw us into doubt as to what it is to which Lady Bassett is tempted; and it is in his particularly clumsy attempt to mislead us on this point, and prevent our seeing through his plot from the beginning that he lays himself most open to the charge of immorality and indecency. Really her ladyship, in her affectionate desire to please Sir Charles, whom she loves very fondly, is tempted to pass off on him as her own the child of her maid, who has been seduced. What Mr. Reade tries to make us believe to be the temptation is that Lady Bassett should be unfaithful to her husband, and bear a son to a Mr. Angelo, a young clergyman. There is something needlessly offensive, too, in the way in which this supposed

* "A Terrible Temptation. By Charles Reade." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. New York: Harper & Bros. 1871.

affair is treated. Unfaithfulness in wives is not unknown, especially in our novels; and we have all had to make up our minds to listen year by year to a certain amount of talk on that subject, and, indeed, have all agreed, reluctantly or otherwise, that it is a legitimate subject for the novelist, or even that it may legitimately be made his principal subject. But why need the moralist take pains to insist upon it that the virile sinner is big-boned, very athletic, and very dark-complexioned, while the female whom he moves to admiration of him is small, slight, fair-complexioned, and light-haired, and that it is on these physical grounds that they are attracted toward each other. This, however, is what Mr. Reade has done, and, in our judgment, he ought to be somewhat ashamed of himself for doing it. His management of the Angelo business is much in the tone of those highly anthropomorphic letters which some of the female correspondents write from Washington concerning this or that senator with whose views the correspondent happens to be in accord, and who, as the California satirist remarked, must "almost have dewlaps," if the admiring writers are to be believed.

Usually Mr. Reade is—we had almost said, a pure writer. We should hesitate, however, to apply to him just that word, for while he certainly is not an impure writer, yet purity is a word not very precisely descriptive of him. The passion of love is what he has always dealt with; and with him love is always the flesh-and-blood love of entirely human lovers. It is clearly the love of the sexes. As we say, however, Mr. Reade usually treats of it without coarseness, although rarely without a warmth which, to speak within bounds, is not always marked by delicacy. And in the case of Lady Bassett and Mr. Angelo he passes over the boundary, and becomes coarse to the point of indecency. After the tortures and contortions of heroes and heroines of some of the modern schools, people with nothing but nerves and fine sentiments, with no blood in their veins nor flesh on their bones, it is not disagreeable to come upon men who are sound animals, who wish to be lovers, and healthy women who recognize the fact that all affection is not of the platonic kind, and that it is good to be loving and beloved wives; and we are among those who think that some of our women whom Mr. Reade has most displeased by his way of handling the female heart, and by his representations concerning men, do, in criticising him harshly, really make harsh criticism of themselves. But there is a very definite limit to the freedom which an author may allow himself in this regard, and Mr. Reade's taste and sense of delicacy have not always proved an unerring guide. It is proper, moreover, to be the more displeased with him in this particular case because his introduction of the clergyman at all is worse than unnecessary. Except novel-readers of a kind so unsophisticated that Mr. Reade should be above deceiving them, no one is deceived into forming any other opinion as to Lady Bassett's fault than that she passed off Mary Wells's child for her own, and our author's attempt to force the other opinion is at once resented, and he condemned for making it.

Sir Charles's natural desire for a child to perpetuate his name and succeed to his great estates is further increased by the hatred he bears his cousin Richard, who will inherit all in case Sir Charles dies childless, and who is an ill-conditioned person, with a native power of venomous hating, developed by long nursing. He conceives himself injured because Sir Charles's father, though a younger son, secured the estates which, but for misconduct, his own father would have had. All his hope is that Sir Charles, who has led a sufficiently careless life, may die without issue; and his endeavors to bring about that event form the staple of the novel. He begins—pretty near the beginning—by himself falling in love with the lady who, as Lady Bassett, is in the sequel to disappoint his hopes and plans; but his evil genius, Sir Charles, a very gentlemanly, good fellow—whose gentlemanliness, by the bye, as is apt to be the case in Mr. Reade's books, is a little too much insisted upon—finds no great difficulty in carrying off the young lady's affections. He is not to get her so easily, however. Richard writes an anonymous letter to Miss Bella, telling her that Sir Charles, who has just left her rapturously happy in the thought of speedy marriage, is, at that present writing, in the house of a woman of the town named Somerset. Bella shrieks, and her father, at once proceeding to the house of Miss Somerset, of course finds that Sir Charles has indeed been there; he and his lawyer were making a final call on the lady of the house, putting the necessary signatures to certain legal papers, providing for a complete severance of the connection between her and the baronet. Miss Bella's father forbids her lover the house, and the two are separated for a long time, in the course of which we have Miss Somerset figuring in the foreground, first as Sir Charles's nurse, in the dress of a sister of charity, and afterwards as Bella's adviser and helper in her troubles, she being a young woman of resource and great audacity. Moreover, she has a talent for morality and piety unusual in any rank of life whatever. She is an amazonian sort of a creature—tall, strong, handsome, and healthy, imperious, untutored, but of much natural ability; very good-hearted, though hot-tempered—a woman of the kind that Mr. Reade is as fond of taking for his secondary heroine as he is of taking, for his first heroine, the graceful, tender-hearted, affectionate, clinging creature who tells white and black lies when she is in difficulties, sheds tears, idolizes her husband divinely, and is, on the whole, Mr. Reade's ideal woman.

In his treatment of this secondary heroine and her surroundings, Mr. Reade avoids very thoroughly most of the impropriety inherent in the subject; but we do not know that in so doing his cleanliness is not almost as blameworthy—that is, supposing that the thing had to be brought in at all—as his coarseness in the passage of which we have been speaking. Hardly at all, and, indeed, we might say not at all, do Miss Somerset's steps take hold on hell, as in Scripture and in fact such steps are so apt to do. "Her house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead, and she hath cast down many wounded," beyond a doubt, but she appears here as a highly admirable young lady, does good to everybody, is generous, brave, and unselfish, and, in the end, makes an excellent wife and a field-preacher who, by her eloquence, turns many from their sins. There are such women as La Belle Somerset, doubtless; and probably some few such may be found among the rapacious, cruel, and stupid harlots of the *demi-monde;* but we suppose it was straining a point both in morals and in art to offer Miss Somerset as at all a fair specimen of her class. Still, to have done so is to keep the book cleaner than it would otherwise have been. Though, for the matter of that, we see little reason or none why she should have been brought in at all, and should imagine that Mr. Reade's passion for, being venturous and audacious he might gratify after some fashion less likely to be dangerous to his readers, than making them acquainted with a beautiful and virtuous demirep.

As the story goes on, it soon becomes plain that it is in the worse of Mr. Reade's two manners. He was always fond of exciting incidents and of situations dramatically telling, and he early showed a disposition to bring in extraneous matter, and make his story depend on two or three distinct and mutually independent sources of interest. He must have his Australian mining and his English prison discipline to add to the love of George and Susan; or, while we are following the thread of Alfred Hardie's fortune, he calls us aside to teach us the mysteries of speculation and of lunatic asylums. Such perfect gems of art as "Peg Woffington," and some of the other stories in which everything is beautifully evolved from a central motive which governs all the parts, he no longer cares to produce, and in their place we are yearly more likely to get from him some astonishing farrago of improbabilities, in which there is little of his characteristic excellences except his wit, which is brilliant, and occasional flashes of light on human nature. Unity and natural coherence of plot, as in the early stories, which are of poetic and beautiful simplicity, we no longer expect; nor well-drawn characters, nor a probable story; and in this "Terrible Temptation" we get none of them any more than in its immediate predecessors, as "Put Yourself in his Place" and "Griffith Gaunt."

It is, however, as we have said, very interesting and very clever, and although Mr. Reade appears to have only too little respect for himself, and not enough for his readers either, it is certain that in losing the power or the will to delight he has not diminished in the least his power to amuse; and, moreover, might, if he would, keep us all pleased and excited, without hovering on the perilous verge of forbidden regions, or going over the border. It would be curious, by the way, to trace the connection between the improprieties of which we have spoken and that want of, we do not say delicate, but even decent reserve which has made it possible for Mr. Reade to introduce himself as a character in "A Terrible Temptation," and tell us his own opinion of himself, his method of working, his personal appearance, and the like. In itself this is perhaps all laughable rather than anything else.

MR. GREELEY AS A FARMER.*

Of all the books that have served as a foot-ball of fun for men who were utterly ignorant of its subject, none has been more bandied back and forth than Mr. Greeley's bucolic effusions. "What I Know of Farming" has pointed the funny moral of all manner of political screeds, and adorn-

* "What I Know of Farming. By Horace Greeley." New York: Carleton.

ed many an editor's tale of his neighbors' follies. As an illustration of political economy, of social manners and customs, of the woman's-rights movement, of the wickedness of the *Tribune*, of the folly of Mr. Greeley himself, it has been (or has been made) of almost universal application. All the newspaper world has had a fling at it, and those who themselves have known the least about its subject have hit the hardest. By an odd fatality, it has awakened the merriment of the whole editorial fraternity, and the result is that only those who have read the book have any just conception of its character. The agricultural press has had singularly little to say about it.

We have, ourselves, taken it up without a clue to its quality, and with no preconceptions to affect our judgment of it. We have found it to be a perfectly honest exposition of its author. Every page is redolent of Horace Greeley; *his* knowledge, *his* want of knowledge, *his* prejudices, *his* aspirations, *his* arbitrary judgment, *his* enthusiasm. All these—and all else that is in him—is as plain as sunshine through the whole text. Mr. Greeley's faults and Mr. Greeley's virtues are fully apparent. It is emphatically what "*I*" (H. G.) know (and think, and hope, and fear, and wish, and guess, and trust) about farming, and there is much room for fault-finding—perhaps some, too, for ridicule. At the same time, there is a vast deal that can only command respect and inspire confidence—confidence, at least, in the author's enthusiasm in favor of good farming (which to him is the best of all good things), as the channel through which down-trodden humanity is to sail out into the placid waters of the millennium.

As an instance of slapdash extravagance, Mr. Greeley "admiringly" dedicates his book "To the man of our age who shall make the first plough propelled by steam, or other mechanical power, whereby not less than ten acres per day shall be thoroughly pulverized to a depth of two feet, *at a cost of not more than two dollars per acre.*" An acre of soil two feet deep weighs about five million pounds, which, by its own weight and from the action of rains sinking through it, is tolerably well bound in place. It is not likely that this mass will ever be handled for two dollars while coal and labor command their present prices. Taken literally, this dedication is nonsense. As an illustration of the vehemence with which Mr. Greeley believes in deep and thorough cultivation, it is very effective. There are, in the book, very many instances of similar extravagance; but these will mislead no one, and at most they only detract from the effect of very much which is shrewd and sensible, which comes of an original way of looking at the faults and the possibilities of practical farming. It is to be remembered that our author was born in cold New Hampshire, where less than almost anywhere else does nature smile on her children; where (at least in his time) very hard and very patient toil brought little else than a bare subsistence. His early knowledge of agriculture was gained in a rough childhood, passed in poverty on a hired farm in this thankless land. He says that at this time he had not really learned much more of farming than a good plough-horse ought to understand. At the age of twelve he left farming and turned printer, and during the last half-century agriculture has been a beloved art with him, but never an occupation. It has had much of his thought, much of his money, not much of his time, and but a meagre share of his talent for success. Judging it by its treatment of himself, he would be justified in decrying Improved Agriculture as a deceitful jade whose smile lures to destruction. Yet his faith is as strong, and as cheerful, and as rosy as when he first began to dream of a higher farming than even Mechi has forecast; and no one has ever better explained his motive in writing on an unfamiliar subject:

"I only lay claim to an invincible willingness to be made wiser to-day than I was yesterday, and a lively faith in the possibility—nay, the feasibility, the urgent necessity, the imminence—of very great improvements in our ordinary dealings with the soil. I know that a majority of those who would live by its tillage feed it too sparingly, and stir it too slightly and grudgingly. I know that we do too little for it, and expect it thereupon to do too much for us. I know that, in other pursuits, it is only work thoroughly well done that is liberally compensated; and I see no reason why farming should prove an exception to this stern but salutary law. I may, indeed, be deficient in knowledge of what constitutes good farming, but not in faith that the very best farming is that which is sure of the largest and most certain reward."

How strong this faith has been those know who have watched Mr Greeley's own conduct. He bought a farm where nature had not only done nothing, but had made it impossible for art to do much, and he showered down his money like the rain upon its impossible acres. He applied to it "the very best farming," as he understood it, and if it had been possible to make a good farm of the rocks and morass o Chappaqua, he would have done it. That it is not possible in nowise deters him from trying, even; nor does it one whit discourage him in the wide dissemination of a knowledge whose vital importance he still believes in, in spite of its uselessness when applied to the surroundings of his own spring—for he bought the spring as a source of the purest water, and took the land incidentally; he has the sense to know that his failure, with such land, is a matter of course, and to argue from it the most complete success wherever farming is really practicable. Not only does his faith in the soil keep strong—he believes in every enthusiastic worker of it. The book under consideration has been written, we doubt not (indeed, he tells us so), that those young farmers whose steps incline upward may have the benefit of his encouragement, and we can well conceive that the greatest reward that could come of it was the glow with which he murmured, as he wrote this or that rhapsody: "That will help such a man," or "So-and-so will poke his plough-nose an inch deeper when he reads that!" As our readers may suspect, Mr. Greeley has not our fullest confidence either in party politics, political economy, social philosophy, science, religion, literature, or art—or even in agriculture; but no one who knows him can doubt his tenderness to all who love good farming, nor fail to admire the enthusiasm and benevolence with which he gives them both moral and material aid. Those young men may be counted by dozens who are indebted to him for their success in farming, and whose halting steps have often been supported by his ever-ready generosity. There was never a surer way to his affection than a fellow-feeling on farm topics, and any man of tolerable ability might have earned his support for the mission to France if he ploughed with a double team, and turned up a soil that had never seen the light before.

Let it not be thought that we are reviewing the author too much, and the book too little, for the book is not one to bear accurate criticism. What there is of science in it is not much, and not of much value—nor does it pretend to be. As a guide to practical farming, other works we could name are fully its equal. Its title is unfortunate, as it leads the reader to expect instruction that he does not get. Whatever Mr. Greeley may be in his secular vocations, in agriculture he is a poet—a man of the warmest enthusiasm and the gentlest feeling. He is a poet who has written himself down in his book, and, criticise him as sharply as we may, we shall be moved by his vigorous song of honest labor, intelligent ambition, and bursting barns, whether we will or not. It is rather sad to think that an unlucky title should have drawn only the light gabble of ridicule where so much praise and appreciation are due, and that so many wild statements and crude fancies in the book itself should have half-justified the misfortune.

To give a more precise idea of the character of the book than we have done would not be easy, for it contains so many inexact statements, and so much ill-considered advice, that we might easily discourage its perusal Our desire is exactly the opposite of this, for, in spite of its faults, it will do vastly more good than harm, and, while few will be misled by its errors, many will be benefited by its influence. It contains the unrestrained expressions of a man of much ability, on a subject of which he really knows a great deal, and to which he has always given his best attention.

Ten Great Religions: An Essay in Comparative Theology. By James Freeman Clarke. (Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871. 8vo, pp. x.-528.)—The religions of which Mr. Clarke treats in this volume are Confucianism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, the religions of ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome, that of the Germanic race (especially the Scandinavians), the Jewish system, and Mohammedanism. His design is, by comparing them with one another and with Christianity, to bring clearly to view both their distinctive traits and their characteristic weaknesses; to show that each is at least defective in some important feature which is found only in the Christian religion, the latter being the "*pleroma*," or fulness of life, the one perfect and infinitely perfectible faith, the true universal religion. It is, however, in no narrow spirit, nor by the often exhibited methods of the special Christian theologian, that he reaches this result. He treats the ten condemned faiths in a spirit of the fullest reverence, anxious to bring to light whatever of good is contained in them, regarding each as in reality a religion, an essay toward the truth, even if only a partially successful one. This is the point of view to which the sincere enquirer is necessarily summoned by the deeper knowledge and wider charity of the present epoch of enquiry; and Mr. Clarke occupies it, so far as we can see, heartily and sincerely; in all his volume we have not noted a particle of unfairness, of bigotry, of boastful

superiority, of offensive unction. In this highly important requisite, his work is completely successful. In it, moreover, is brought together a great body of valuable and not generally or easily accessible information upon a difficult class of subjects. The author's researches have been wide-reaching and diligent; and their results, as set forth by him, are as generally reliable as those of a single student, and of one who takes up the subject by the way, in the character rather of a dilettante than of one devoted to such studies, could be expected to be. Of course, there are in every chapter statements to which well-grounded exception may be taken; of course, too, there is not a little of that mixing of bad authorities with good to which any but the profoundly versed scholar—and even he, in his own manner and degree—is liable. But, in the present stage of the study of religions, such faults are inevitable and excusable: so many points, even of prime consequence, are still in dispute, that he who would altogether avoid erroneous statement must be more than moderate and wary—he must practise absolute abstinence. To go through the volume and point out and refute what we cannot accept would require a protracted essay, and we have no idea of attempting the tedious and ungrateful task. It is but seldom that the author gets so far astray as in his suggestion (p. 230) that, Egyptian civilization being of Asiatic or Indian origin (a thoroughly exploded dogma), Egyptian religion was probably "a natural reaction from the extreme spiritualism of the Hindoos"—any excess of spiritualism in the Hindoos being demonstrably later by some thousands of years than the development of Egyptian culture; or as in his assumption (p. 184) of a grand geological convulsion and change of climate as the prelude to Zoroastrianism, and recorded in the first chapter of the Vendidad; or as in his absurdly fanciful recognition (p. 124, note) of a characteristic Hindoo tendency to Unitarianism in the three voices—active, passive, and middle—of the Sanskrit; or as in his overcredulous acceptance, from a notoriously unsound authority like Pictet, of the common Indo-European home as being "on the great plains east of the Caspian Sea" (p. 87), and "some 3,000 years B.C."

But if Mr. Clarke has thus approved himself an industrious collector and an impartial reporter, we cannot conscientiously award him praise of a higher order. Of penetrating perception, of acuteness of divination, of power to combine, and organize, and present in new and faithful aspects, we do not find him possessed. His work will fill, we trust, a highly useful office in instructing and enlightening the general reader; but it will not perceptibly advance the scholar's comprehension of its subject. No one of the vexed questions of the study of religions is solved, or pushed forward towards a solution, by it. The Egyptian creed and practice, for example, remain the same painful and puzzling problem after its exposition as after those of its predecessors; the rise of Brahmanism and its change into later Hindooism are not less mysterious than before. The reasonings of the introductory chapter are in great part more specious and "genial" than profound. The author's distinction of "ethnic" and "catholic" religions is far less intrinsically important than that of national religions, and religions having an individual founder. And he commits what we cannot but regard as one of the most fundamental errors of which a student of the history of religion can be guilty, in postulating our original monotheism as lying beneath and behind the ancient polytheistic systems. This, to be sure, is also Müller's view; but it is one of Müller's characteristic weaknesses, and supported by arguments which will not bear a moment's examination.

A point of minor consequence, and admitting of correction in another edition, if the work should come to that, is the orthography of the proper names, which is both inaccurate and inconsistent to a degree that is very annoying. Now and then, too, Mr. Clarke is guilty of an exasperating bit of bad spelling. For example, what possible reason can he have for writing *Vishnu* always with a *c* in it, as *"Vischnu"?* Why Germanize the name of this divinity, any more than that of *Krishna*, or any other that contains our *sh* sound? We strongly object, also, to the spelling *fetich* instead of *fetish*. The word is written *fétiche* in French, to be sure, but only for the same reason that it is *fetisch* in German—namely, because its final sound is that of our *sh*. Nothing but ignorance, then, or affectation, or undue subservience to foreign orthographies, would give it in English any other form than *fetish*.

HARVARD AND YALE,

TOGETHER WITH MANY OTHER LEADING INSTITUTIONS, IN THEIR COURSES OF

FRENCH AND GERMAN,

USE ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY THE PUBLICATIONS OF

HOLT & WILLIAMS,

25 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

☞ *As Messrs. HOLT & WILLIAMS have made French and German School-Books a specialty, they trust there is nothing invidious in calling attention to the fact that, for the study of these languages, they publish more than twice as many works as any other house in America, presenting a variety suitable to the wants of all instructors, from the nursery governess to the university professor.*

Full Descriptive Catalogues will be forwarded gratis, on application.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL

EVERY HORSE-OWNER'S CYCLOPÆDIA.

This is the most complete work on the Horse ever published. It is by the best English and American authority, and illustrated with nearly 100 fine engravings representing every disease the horse is subject to, and portraits of the most celebrated horses.

Agents are meeting with unprecedented success, selling from five to ten copies a day. We allow Agents liberal discounts. Any good man can make $30 a week without trouble.

SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Send for Circular of Terms, etc., to

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE PUPIL OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

BY LOUIS ENAULT.

Translated from the French by Mrs. CHAS. P. TUFT.

8vo, paper, $1; cloth, $1 50.

A most delightful story; pure in tone, elevated in sentiment, and of the greatest interest, it will undoubtedly prove one of the literary successes of the season.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,

COMPRISES THE FOLLOWING DEPARTMENTS:

HARVARD COLLEGE.
THE UNIVERSITY LECTURES.
THE DIVINITY SCHOOL.
THE LAW SCHOOL.
THE LAWRENCE SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL.
THE SCHOOL OF MINING AND PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.
THE EPISCOPAL THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.
THE MEDICAL SCHOOL.
THE DENTAL SCHOOL.
THE BOTANIC GARDEN.
THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY.
THE MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOÖLOGY.
THE PEABODY MUSEUM OF ARCHÆOLOGY.
THE BUSSEY INSTITUTION (a School of Agriculture and Horticulture).

The Academic Year begins in all departments on the THURSDAY FOLLOWING THE LAST WEDNESDAY IN SEPTEMBER, and ends on the last Wednesday in June.

The Second Examination for admission to Harvard College will be held on September 28, 29, and 30, beginning at 8 A.M. on September 28.

The Examinations for admission to the Engineering Department of the Lawrence Scientific School, the Mining School, and the Bussey Institution will be held on September 28, beginning at 9 A.M.

UNIVERSITY LECTURES FOR 1871–72.

PHILOLOGY.

PROF. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, on Early French Literature—Bartsch's Chrestomathie. Once a week throughout the year. Fee $10.

Mr. EZRA ABBOTT, on the Sources, Principles, and History of the Textual Criticism of the New Testament. Two Lessons a week in the second half of the year. Fee $10.

PROF. F. J. CHILD; Three Lessons a week, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, at 4 P.M., throughout the year, in Gothic and Icelandic, or in Anglo-Saxon, at the pleasure of the students. Fee $30.

PROF. G. M. LANE; One Lesson of an hour and a half, at 3.30 P.M., on Mondays throughout the year, on Plautus the first half of the year, and on the Roman Satirists the second half. Fee $15.

PROF. FERDINAND BOCHER, on Historical French Grammar. Once a week throughout the year on Saturdays, at 3 P.M. Fee $10.

PROF. W. W. GOODWIN, on the Legal Orations of Demosthenes, or (at the pleasure of the students) on Plato's Republic and Aristotle's Ethics. Once a week throughout the year on Wednesdays, at 12 M. Fee $10.

MR. JAMES B. GREENOUGH; Eighteen Lectures on the Comparative Etymology of Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit, on Tuesdays, at 5 P.M., beginning October 3. Fee $5. Eighteen Lectures on the Comparative Inflections of Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit, on Thursdays, at 5 P.M., beginning October 5. Fee $5. Seventeen Lectures on the Comparative Syntax of Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit, on Thursdays, at 5 P.M., beginning February 25. Fee $5.

MR. FRANK E. ANDERSON, on Books I., II., and III. of Homer's Iliad. Two Lessons a week for advanced students and teachers during the first half of the year. Fee $10.

MR. THOMAS S. PERRY; Two Lessons a week throughout the year in the Elements of Sanskrit. Fee $20.

HISTORY, JURISPRUDENCE, AND POLITICAL SCIENCE.

PROF. E. A. SOPHOCLES; One Lesson a week, on Fridays, at 11 A.M., throughout the year; on the Early Christians as viewed by Pagan Authors, during the first half of the year; on the Semi-Christian, Pseudo-Christian, and Anti-Christian Sects of the first three centuries, during the second half. Fee for either course, $5.

MR. SAMUEL ELIOT, on the History of the XIXth Century. One Lecture a week, on Wednesdays, at 4 P.M., in the second half of the year. Fee $5.

PROF. C. F. DUNBAR. Twelve Lectures on Political Economy in the second half of the year. Fee $3 50.

MR. O. W. HOLMES, Jr. Eighteen Lectures on Jurisprudence, twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, at 4 P.M., in the second half of the year. Fee $5.

ART.

MR. CHARLES C. PERKINS, on the History of Art. One Lecture a week, on Wednesdays, at 3 P.M., in the second half of the year.

MR. JOHN LAFARGE, on Composition in Art. Six Lectures, on Wednesdays, in the second half of the year. Fee $2.

MR. JOHN K. PAINE; Twenty Lectures on the History of Music, on Saturdays, at 12 M., in Boston, beginning October 19. Fee $6.

SCIENCE.

PROF. ASA GRAY, on Botany, twice a week, from April 20 to June 10, 1872, with laboratory work. Fee $5.

PROF. JEFFRIES WYMAN, on Ethnology. One lecture a week, on Wednesdays, at 12 M., in the second half of the year. Fee $5.

PROF. J. D. WHITNEY, on Higher Structural Geology, three lessons a week in the second half of the year. Fee $15.

PROF. H. A. HAGEN; private laboratory lessons in Entomology for advanced students, twice a week throughout the year. Fee $20.

PROF. WILLIAM H. BREWER, on the Botany of the Pacific States Six Lectures in November and December. Fee $2.

PROF. N. S. SHALER, on Palæontology, with practical exercises, three times a week in the first half of the year. Fee $15. Also Excursions and Practical Exercises in Geology every Saturday, when the weather permits, throughout the year. Fee for the year, $10; for either half, $5.

MR. J. B. PERRY, on the Life of the Primordial Era. One Lecture a week in the first half of the year. Fee $5.

MR. J. A. ALLEN, on Ornithology. One Lecture a week, beginning in November. Fee $5.

PROF. BENJAMIN PEIRCE, on Celestial Mechanics; Two Lectures a week, on Mondays and Wednesdays, at 11 A.M., in the first half of the year. Fee $10.

PROF. J. M. PEIRCE, on Modern Methods in Geometry; Two Lectures a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, at 12 M., in the first half of the year.

PROF. J. P. COOKE, on Special Subjects of Advanced Chemistry; One Lecture a week throughout the year, on Wednesdays, at 12 M. Fee $10.

The following documents may be obtained on application to J. W. Harris, Secretary, Cambridge, Mass.: The University Catalogue for 1870–71, the list of Elective Studies for 1871–72 in Harvard College; the Examination Papers used in the year 1870–71; the Announcements for 1871–72 of the University Lectures, the Law School, the Medical School, the Dental School, the Lawrence Scientific School, the Mining School, and the Bussey Institution.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S SELECT

FOR USE IN ACADEMIES,

CLASSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

Cicero. The Second Philippic Oration. With an Introduction and Notes. Edited, with corrections and additions. By John E. B. Mayor, M.A. 12mo, $1 25.

Cicero. The Orations of Cicero against Catilina. With Notes and an Introduction translated from the German of Karl Halm, with many additions. By A. S. Wilkins, M.A. $1 25.

Demosthenes on the Crown. The Greek Text with English Notes. By B. Drake, M.A. To which is prefixed Æschines against Ctesiphon. With English Notes. $1 25.

Juvenal for Schools. With English Notes. By J. E. B. Mayor, M.A. New and cheaper Edition. Part I. Cr. 8vo, sewed. $1 25.

Marshall's Table of Irregular Greek Verbs, classified according to the arrangement of Curtius's Greek Grammar. By J. M. Marshall. 40 cents.

Mayor. First Greek Reader. Edited after Karl Halm. With corrections and large additions. By John E. B. Mayor, M.A. 12mo, $1 50.

Mayor. Greek for Beginners. By the Rev. J. B. Mayor, M.A. 12mo, $1 50.

Roby. A Grammar of the Latin Language. From Plautus to Suetonius. By Henry J. Roby, M.A. Part I. 12mo, $2 50.

Sallust. Caii Sallustii Crispi Catilina et Jugurtha. With copious Notes. By C. Merivale, B.D. New and revised Edition. In press.

Tacitus. The Agricola and Germania of Tacitus. A revised Text, English Notes, and Maps. By Alfred J. Church, M.A., and W. J. Brodribb, M.A. 12mo, $1 25.

Tacitus. The Agricola and Germania. Translated into English. By A. J. Church, M.A., and W. J. Brodribb, M.A. With Maps and Notes. 12mo, $1.

Thring. A Latin Gradual. A First Latin Construing Book for Beginners. By Edward Thring, M.A. New and enlarged Edition. 12mo, $1 25.

Thucydides. The Sicilian Expedition. Being Books 6 and 7 of Thucydides. With Notes. New Edition, revised and enlarged. By Rev. Percival Frost, M.A. 12mo, $1 50.

Virgil. The Works of Virgil rendered into English Prose. With Introductions, Running Analysis, and an Index. By James Lonsdale, M.A., and Samuel Lee, M.A. 12mo, $1 50.

Wright. Hellenica; or, A History of Greece in Greek, as related by Diodorus and Thucydides. Being a First Greek Reading Book. With Explanatory Notes, Critical and Historical. By J. Wright, M.A. 12mo, $1.

Wright. The Seven Kings of Rome: an Easy Narrative. Abridged from the First Book of Livy. Being a First Latin Reading Book. By the same Author. 12mo, $1. With Vocabulary and Exercises, $1 50.

MATHEMATICS.

Airy. A Treatise on Magnetism. Designed for the Use of Students in the University. By G. B. Airy, Astronomer-Royal. $3.

Airy. On Sound and Atmospheric Vibrations. With the Mathematical Elements of Music. By the same Author. $3 50.

Cambridge Course of Elementary Natural Philosophy, for the Degree of B.A. By J. C. Snowball, M.A. Revised and enlarged by Thomas Lund, B.D. $1 75.

Drew. Geometrical Treatise on Conic Sections. By W. H. Drew, M.A. 4th Edition. $1 75. Solutions to the Problems in Drew's Conic Sections. $1 75.

Jones and Cheyne. Algebraical Exercises. Progressively arranged. By Rev. C. A. Jones, M.A., and C. H. Cheyne, M.A. New Edition. 75 cents.

Parkinson. An Elementary Treatise on Mechanics. For the Use of the Junior Classes at the University and the Higher Classes at Schools. By S. Parkinson, D.D., F.R.S. 4th Edition, revised. $3.

Parkinson. A Treatise on Optics. By the same Author. 3d Edition, revised and enlarged. $3 50.

Puckle. An Elementary Treatise on Conic Sections and Algebraic Geometry. With numerous Examples. By G. H. Puckle, M.A. $2 50.

Reynolds. Modern Methods in Elementary Geometry. By E. M. Reynolds, M.A. $1.

Snowball. The Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry. With the Construction and Uses of Tables of Logarithms. By J. C. Snowball, M.A. 10th Edition. $2.

Tait and Steel. Dynamics of a Particle. With numerous Examples. By Professor Tait and Mr. Steel. New Edition. $3 50.

Taylor. Geometrical Conics; including Enharmonic Ratio and Projection. By C. Taylor, B.A. $2 50.

Todhunter. Works by I. Todhunter, M.A., F.R.S. of St. John's College, Cambridge:

The Elements of Euclid. For the Use of Colleges and Schools. New Edition. $1 25.

Mensuration for Beginners. With numerous Examples. $1.

Algebra for Beginners. With numerous Examples. New Edition. $1 25.

Key to Algebra for Beginners. $2 25.

Trigonometry for Beginners. With numerous Examples. $1.

Mechanics for Beginners. With numerous Examples. $1 50.

Algebra. For the Use of Colleges and Schools. 4th Edition. $2 25.

Key to Algebra for Colleges. $3.

An Elementary Treatise on the Theory of Equations. $2 25.

Plane Trigonometry. For Schools and Colleges. 4th Edition. $1 75.

A Treatise on Spherical Trigonometry. 2d Edition, enlarged. $1 75.

Plane Co-ordinate Geometry, as applied to the Straight Line and the Conic Sections. 4th Edition, revised and enlarged. $2 25.

A Treatise on the Differential Calculus. With numerous Examples. 4th Edition. $3 50.

A Treatise on the Integral Calculus and its Applications. 3d Edition, revised and enlarged. $3 50.

Examples of Analytical Geometry of Three Dimensions. 2d Edition, revised. $1 50.

A Treatise on Analytical Statics. 3d Edition, revised and enlarged. $3 50.

Wilson. Elementary Geometry. Angles, Parallels, Triangles, Equivalent Figures, The Circle and Proportion. By J. M. Wilson, M.A. $1 25.

Wolstenholme. A Book of Mathematical Problems, on Subjects included in the Cambridge Course. By Joseph Wolstenholme. $2.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Abbott. A Shakespearean Grammar. An Attempt to illustrate some of the Differences between Elizabethan and Modern English. By Rev. E. A. Abbott, M.A. New and enlarged Edition. $1 75.

Bryce. The Holy Roman Empire. By James Bryce, D.C.L. 3d and cheaper Edition. $2 50.

Freeman. Old English History. By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L. With 5 colored Maps. New Edition. $1 50.

Jephson. Shakespeare's Tempest. With Glossarial and Explanatory Notes. By Rev. J. M. Jephson. 50c.

Oppen. French Reader. For the Use of Colleges and Schools. By Edward A. Oppen. $1 50.

Sewell and Yonge. European History narrated in a Series of Historical Selections from the Best Authorities. Edited and arranged by E. M. Sewell and C. M. Yonge. First Series, A.D. 449—1153. $1 75. Second Series, A.D. 1088—1228. $1 75.

Yonge. Cameos from English History. From Rollo to Edward II. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." 2d Edition, enlarged. $1 50.

Yonge. Cameos from English History. Second Series. The Wars in France. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." $1 50.

Yonge. A Parallel History of France and England; consisting of Outlines and Dates. By Charlotte M. Yonge, Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." $1 25.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S SCIENTIFIC CLASS-BOOKS.

Astronomy. By the Astronomer-Royal. Popular Astronomy. With Illustrations. By G. B. Airy. Sixth and cheaper Edition. 18mo, cloth. $1 50.

"Popular Astronomy in general has many manuals; but none of them supersede the Six Lectures of the Astronomer-Royal under that title. Its specialty is the direct way in which every step is referred to the Observatory, and in which the methods and instruments by which every observation is made are fully described. This gives a sense of solidity and substance to astronomical statements which is obtainable in no other way."—Guardian.

Astronomy. Mr. Lockyer's Elementary Lessons in Astronomy. With colored Diagram of the Spectra of the Sun, Stars, and Nebulæ, and numerous Illustrations. By J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.A.S. 18mo, $1 75.

"The book is full, clear, sound, and worthy of attention not only as a popular exposition, but as a scientific index."—Athenæum.

"An admirable text-book. Those who do not know much of science could not find a better and more accurate guide."—Museum.

"This book (Macmillan's Author's edition) is by far the best of its kind in our language. It is rare, indeed, that the great masters of a science can be induced to pause, in their work of research to help the beginner over his difficulties by writing a text-book. It is, moreover, of the greatest interest to education that these works should be written by masterly hands."—The Nation.

In ordering the above, please specify Macmillan's Author's Edition.

Questions on Lockyer's Elementary Lessons in Astronomy. For the use of Schools. By John Forbes-Robertson. 18mo, cloth, limp, 50c.

Physiology. Prof. Huxley's Lessons in Elementary Physiology. With numerous Illustrations. By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S. Thirteenth Thousand. 18mo, cloth, $1 50.

"The very best descriptions and explanations of the principles of human physiology which have yet been written by an Englishman."—Saturday Review.

"It is a very small book, but pure gold throughout. There is not a waste sentence or a superfluous word, and yet it is all clear as daylight. It exacts close attention from the reader, but the attention will be repaid by a real acquisition of knowledge. And though the book is small, it manages to touch on some of the very highest problems. . . . . The whole book shows how true it is that the most elementary instruction is best given by the highest masters in any science."—Guardian.

In ordering the above, please specify Macmillan's Author's Edition.

Questions on Huxley's Physiology for Schools. By T. Alcock, M.D. 18mo, 50c.

These questions were drawn up as aids to the instruction of a class of young people in Physiology.

Botany. Prof. Oliver's Lessons in Elementary Botany. With nearly 200 illustrations. By Daniel Oliver, F.R.S., F.L.S. Ninth thousand. 18mo, cloth, $1 50.

"It is very simple, but truly scientific, and written with a clearness which shows Prof. Oliver to be a master of exposition. . . . No one would have thought that so much thoroughly correct botany could have been so simply and happily taught in one volume."—American Journal of Science and Arts.

Chemistry. Prof. Roscoe's Lessons in Elementary Chemistry, Inorganic and Organic. By Henry E. Roscoe, F.R.S., Prof. of Chemistry in Owens College, Manchester. With numerous illustrations and Chromo-Litho. of the Solar Spectrum, and of the Alkalies and Alkaline Earths. New edition. Twenty-third thousand. 18mo, cloth, $1 50.

Chemical Problems, for use in Colleges and Schools. Adapted for the preparation of Students for the Government, Science, and Society of Arts Examinations. By T. E. Thorpe, Ph.D. With a Preface by Prof. Roscoe. 18mo, cloth, 50 cents.

Political Economy. Political Economy for Beginners. By Millicent G. Fawcett. 18mo, $1.

Logic. Elementary Lessons in Logic, Deductive and Inductive. By W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., Professor of Logic in Owens College, Manchester. With copious Questions and Examples, and a Vocabulary of Logical Terms. 18mo, $1 25.

Physics. Elementary Lessons in Physics. By Balfour Stewart, F.R.S., Prof. of Natural Philosophy in Owens College, Manchester. Copiously illustrated. 18mo, $1 50.

LIST OF EDUCATIONAL WORKS

COLLEGES, AND UNIVERSITIES.

THE CLARENDON PRESS SERIES.

"Such Manuals, so admirable in matter, arrangement, and type, were never before given to the world at the same moderate price."—SPECTATOR.

GREEK AND LATIN CLASSICS, ETC.

A Greek Primer, in English, for the Use of Beginners. By the Right Rev. Charles Wordsworth, D.C.L. 60 cents.

Greek Verbs, Irregular and Defective. By W. Veitch. New and revised edition. In Press.

The Elements of Greek Accentuation. Abridged from his larger work by H. W. Chandler, M.A. $1.

The Golden Treasury of Ancient Greek Poetry. By R. S. Wright, M.A. $3 50.

A Golden Treasury of Greek Prose. By R. S. Wright, M.A., and J. E. L. Shadwell, M.A. $1 75.

Homer, Odyssey, Books 1–12. By W. W. Merry, M.A. $1 50.

Sophocles Œdipus Rex. With Notes by Ven. Archdeacon Basil Jones, M.A. 60 cents.

Theocritus. With Notes by H. Snow, M.A. $1 50.

Xenophon, Selections from. With Notes and Maps, by J. S. Phillpotts, B.C.L. $1 25.

Cæsar, The Commentaries. Part I., The Gallic War: with Notes, etc., by Charles E. Moberly, M.A. $1 50.

Cicero's Philippic Orations. With Notes by J. R. King, M.A. $3.

Cicero pro Cluentio. With Introduction and Notes by W. Ramsay, M.A. $1 25.

Cicero. Selection of Interesting and Descriptive Passages. With Notes by Henry Walford, M.A. $1 25.

Cicero. Select Letters. With English Introduction and Notes by Albert Watson, M.A. $6 50.

Cornelius Nepos. With Notes by Oscar Browning, M.A. $1.

Ovid, Selections from. With Introductions, etc., by W. Ramsay, M.A. Edited by G. G. Ramsay, M.A. $1 75.

Selections from the less known Latin Poets. By North Pinder, M.A. $5.

Passages for Translation into Latin. Selected by J. Y. Sargent, M.A. $1.

MENTAL AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

The Elements of Deductive Logic. Designed mainly for the use of junior students in the Universities. By T. Fowler, M.A. $1.

The Elements of Inductive Logic. Designed mainly for the use of students in the Universities. By the same author. $1 50.

A Manual of Political Economy. By J. E. Thorold Rogers, M.A. $1 25.

MATHEMATICS, ETC.

Acoustics. By W. F. Donkin, M.A. $3.

An Elementary Treatise on Quaternions. By P. G. Tait, M.A. $5.

Book-keeping. By R. G. C. Hamilton and John Ball. 60 cents.

HISTORY.

Select Charters and other Illustrations of English Constitutional History. Arranged and edited by W. Stubbs, M.A. $3 50.

A Manual of Ancient History. By George Rawlinson, M.A. $3.

☞ In ordering, please specify Macmillan's Author's Edition.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

Natural Philosophy. By Sir W. Thomson, LL.D., and P. G. Tait, M.A. Vol. I., $10.

Descriptive Astronomy. By G. F. Chambers, F.R.A.S. $8.

Chemistry for Students. By A. W. Williamson, F.R.S. $2 50.

A Treatise on Heat. By Balfour Stewart, LL.D. New edition. In press.

Forms of Animal Life. By G. Rolleston, M.D. $6.

Exercises in Practical Chemistry. By A. G. Vernon Harcourt, M.A., and H. G. Madan, M.A. Series I. $2 50.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

A First Reading Book. By Marie Eichens. 15 cents.

Oxford Reading Book. For Junior Classes. 50 cents.

On the Principles of Grammar. By E. Thring, M.A. $1 50.

Grammatical Analysis, designed to serve as an Exercise and Composition-Book. By E. Thring, M.A. $1.

Specimens of Early English, from 1250 to 1400. With Notes by R. Morris. $2 25.

The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman. By William Langland. Edited by W. W. Skeat. $1.

Typical Selections from the best English Authors from the 16th to the 19th century. $1 25.

FRENCH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

Brachet's Historical Grammar of the French Language. Translated into English by G. W. Kitchin, M.A. $1.

Corneille's Cinna, and Molière's Les Femmes Savantes. Edited by Gustave Masson. $1.

Racine's Andromaque, and Corneille's Le Menteur. By the same editor. $1.

Molière's Les Fourberies de Scapin, and Racine's Athalie. By the same editor. $1.

Selections from the Correspondence of Madame de Sévigné. By the same editor. $1.

Voyage autour de ma Chambre, Ourika, La Dot de Suzette, etc. By the same editor. $1.

GERMAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

Goethe's Egmont. With a Life of Goethe, etc. By Dr. Buchheim. $1.

Schiller's Wilhelm Tell. With Notes by Dr. Buchheim. $1 25.

ART, ETC.

A Hand-Book of Pictorial Art. By R. St. J. Tyrwhitt, M.A. $7.

A Treatise on Harmony. By Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart. $4.

A Treatise on Counterpoint, Canon, and Fugue. By the same author. $5.

The Cultivation of the Speaking Voice. By John Hullah. $1 25.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A System of Physical Education, Theoretical and Practical. By Archibald Maclaren. $2.

The Modern Greek Language, in its Relation to ancient Greek. By E. M. Geldart, B.A. $1 25.

A SERIES OF ENGLISH CLASSICS.

Chaucer. The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, etc. Edited by R. Morris. $1.

Spenser's Faery Queene, Books I. and II. With Notes by G. W. Kitchin, M.A. $1 each.

Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, Book I. Edited by R. W. Church, M.A. 75 cents.

Shakespeare. Select Plays. Edited by W. G. Clark, M.A., and W. Aldis Wright, M.A.

1. The Merchant of Venice. 40 cents.
2. Richard the Second. 60 cents.
3. Macbeth. 60 cents.

Bacon. The Advancement of Learning. Edited by W. Aldis Wright, M.A. $1 50.

Milton. Poems, in 2 Volumes. Edited by R. C. Browne. $2. Vol. I., $1 25; Vol. II., $1.

Dryden. Select Poems. Edited by W. D. Christie, M.A. $1 25.

Pope. Essay on Man. With Notes, etc., by Mark Pattison. 50 cents.

LIDDELL & SCOTT'S GREEK LEXICONS, ETC.

A GREEK-ENGLISH LEXICON. Compiled by Henry G. Liddell, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, and Robert Scott, D.D., Master of Balliol College. Sixth edition. Crown 4to, cloth, pp. xvi., 1864, $12.

The present edition has been again carefully revised throughout; and, though brevity has been studied, the number of pages has been increased by one-eighth. Much of this increase is due to a collation of the copious Greek-German Lexicon of Palm and Rost, and of the last numbers of Dindorf's Stephanus; much also to the length at which the forms of Irregular Verbs have been treated—an addition for which full acknowledgments ought to be made to the Exhaustive List of these Verbs by Mr. Veitch, lately published at the Clarendon Press.

AN ABRIDGMENT OF LIDDELL & SCOTT'S GREEK-ENGLISH LEXICON. Thirteenth edition. Square cloth, pp. 782. $3.

A GREEK-ENGLISH VOCABULARY. Compiled from the best authorities. 24mo, cloth, pp. 1031. $1 50.

A New Edition of Macmillan & Co.'s Descriptive Catalogue of Educational Works is now ready, and will be sent free by mail on application.

MACMILLAN & CO., 38 Bleecker Street, New York.

VALUABLE EDUCATIONAL WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,

PHILADELPHIA.

SANFORD'S ARITHMETICS.

SANFORD'S FIRST LESSONS IN ANALYTICAL Arithmetic. 16mo.

SANFORD'S INTERMEDIATE ANALYTICAL Arithmetic. 16mo. Half-bound. 50 cents.

SANFORD'S HIGHER ANALYTICAL ARITHMETIC. 12mo. Half roan. $1 50.

CUTTER'S PHYSIOLOGIES.

CUTTER'S NEW ANALYTIC ANATOMY, Physiology, and Hygiene, Human and Comparative. 200 Illustrations. 12mo. Half-roan. $1 70.

CUTTER'S ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND Hygiene. 150 Illustrations. Half-roan. $1 70.

CUTTER'S FIRST BOOK IN ANATOMY, Physiology, and Hygiene. 83 Illustrations. 12mo. Half-roan. 80 cents.

CUTTER'S (Mrs.) ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, and Hygiene. 100 Illustrations. 12mo. Half-bound. 50 cents.

CHAUVENET'S MATHEMATICS.

CHAUVENET'S ELEMENTARY GEOMETRY. 8vo. Cloth. $2.

CHAUVENET'S PLANE AND SPHERICAL Trigonometry. 8vo. Cloth. $1 75.

CHAUVENET'S METHOD OF LEAST Squares. 8vo. Cloth. $1 75.

CHAUVENET'S SPHERICAL AND PRACTical Astronomy. 2 vols. 8vo. Cloth. $7.

JOHNSON'S ELEMENTARY ANALYTICAL Geometry. 8vo. Cloth. $2.

SUE'S PRACTICAL FRENCH COURSE.

ATWATER'S ELEMENTARY LOGIC. 16mo. Cloth. $1 50.

SAMSON'S ART CRITICISM. 8vo. Cloth. $3 50. Abridged. 12mo. Cloth. $1 75.

MORTON AND LEEDS'S STUDENT'S PRACtical Chemistry. 150 Illustrations. 12mo. Cloth. $2.

WICKERSHAM'S SCHOOL ECONOMY. 12mo. Cloth. $1 50.

WICKERSHAM'S METHODS OF INSTRUCtion. 12mo. Cloth. $1 75.

LINCOLN PHELPS'S SCIENTIFIC SERIES.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARIES.

ETC., ETC., ETC.

WORKS OF REFERENCE.

LIPPINCOTT'S PRONOUNCING DICTIONary of Biography and Mythology. 2 vols. Large 8vo. Cloth. $11 per vol. Sheep, $12 per vol.

LIPPINCOTT'S PRONOUNCING GAZETteer of the World. Large 8vo. Sheep. $10.

ALLIBONE'S DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN and British Authors. 2 vols. Large 8vo. Cloth. $7 50 per vol. Sheep, $8 50 per vol.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF UNIversal Knowledge. Revised Edition. Illustrated. 10 vols. Cloth. $5 50 per vol. Sheep, $6.

*** Circulars and Descriptive Catalogues furnished on application, by mail.

CASSELL'S POPULAR EDUCATOR.

COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES.

PRICE, $15.

"We have gone over its pages with sentiments of real wonder. We know no work like it. It has occupied and filled up a field of education vast and most important to the community."—Dublin University Magazine.

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN,

596 Broadway, New York.

JUST PUBLISHED:

A TRIBUTE TO THE CENTENARY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I.

SIR WALTER SCOTT:

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

With Portraits and Illustrations. 1 vol. 12mo, $2.

The author has, as an appropriate and lasting tribute to the memory of his distinguished fellow-countryman, prepared this biography of Scott, which is designed to fill a place that the magnitude and expense of more voluminous biographies render them impracticable to occupy. It is that of a popular life of the illustrious author, which will contain in a convenient and accessible form minute details of his varied and eventful experiences.

For the convenience of the reader, the epochs in the career of Scott, from his birth upwards, are chronologically divided into chapters, with detailed descriptive headings, giving a careful and correct synopsis of the significant events described in each chapter. Comprising many well-ascertained facts and particulars within the personal knowledge and recollection of the author, who was honored with the friendly acquaintance of Sir Walter, the book forms a most complete and valuable transcript of the life-work of Scott, and a fitting and useful companion to his published works, to which it serves as an indispensable guide and introduction.

II.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S WORKS.

ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY EDITION.

THE

HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES

AND

THE SNOW IMAGE.

12mo, $2.

Illustrated and bound in handsomely stamped cloth. This forms the fifth volume of the new edition of Nathaniel Hawthorne's Works, designed both as an elegant and popular edition.

For sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers,

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.,

BOSTON.

E. P. Dutton & Co., 713 Broadway, New York, Special Agents for J. R. O. & Co.'s Publications.

THE FAMILY GARDEN,

A Monthly Paper, devoted to the interests of the

FRUIT, FLOWER, AND VEGETABLE GARDEN.

No reading matter on any other subject will be found in any of its columns.

TERMS—Seventy-five Cents per year, or Five Copies for Three Dollars. Address,

Publishers of "FAMILY GARDEN,"

P. O. Box 2982, New York City.

HENRY K. VAN SICLEN,

BIBLIOPOLE,

133 NASSAU STREET

Catalogues sent on application.

Special attention given to orders by letter.

ARUNDEL SOCIETY.

This Society was founded in 1848, for promoting the knowledge of Art by copying and publishing

IMPORTANT WORKS OF ANCIENT MASTERS.

Its publications are beautifully executed

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHS,

Fac-similes of the originals, both in color and drawing, and are manufactured under the superintendence of well-known artists. The following are among the

MOST POPULAR SUBJECTS.

CHRIST AND MARY MAGDALENE IN THE GARDEN. From a fresco by Fra Angelico, in the Convent of St. Mark, at Florence. Size, 15x8¼ inches. Price $6 25.

THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS. From a fresco by Pietro Perugino, at Cetta Della Pieve. Size, 22x18½ inches. Price $13 75.

ST. PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON. From a fresco by Raffaelle, in the Stanza of the Vatican. Size, 28x19 inches. Price $12 50.

THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN. From a fresco by Fra Angelico, in the Convent of St. Mark, at Florence. Size, 18x19 inches. Price $10.

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD. From a fresco by Fra Bartolomeo, now placed in the Convent of St. Mark, at Florence. Size, 11x16½ inches. Price $8.

THE ADORATION OF THE LAMB. From the centre-panel of the Altar Piece painted by the brothers Van Eyck, in the Cathedral of St. Bavon, at Ghent. Size, 26x15½ inches. Price $15 75.

The sizes above-given are the actual sizes of each picture, all of them being mounted on a heavy white cardboard, so that when framed the white border can either be left as a margin, or not, at pleasure.

Any of the above pictures will be securely packed, free of charge, and sent by express, on receipt of advertised price.

POTT & AMERY,

Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue, New York.

LONDON BOOKS.

We invite the attention of Book-buyers to our Stock of RARE,

STANDARD,

AND

VALUABLE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN BOOKS,

which we offer at very low prices.

PRICED CATALOGUES

sent free of charge to any address.

A. DENHAM & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF ENGLISH AND FOREIGN BOOKS,

17 MURRAY STREET

(Near Broadway), New York.

BOOK-BUYERS.

Send for Catalogue of INTERESTING, USEFUL, and SCARCE BOOKS added to the Stock in hand of

FRANCIS EMMINS,

80 Nassau Street, New York.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, BOSTON,

HAVE IN PRESS,

ENGLISH LESSONS FOR ENGLISH LEARNERS,

BY REV. E. A. ABBOTT, M.A.,

Head Master of the City of London School, and

PROF. J. R. SEELEY, M.A.,

Author of "Ecce Homo."

One volume 16mo, price $1 50.

This is a Manual of the Study and Use of Language, intended for the general reader as well as for students. The Editor of the Boston "Literary World," who inspected the proof-sheets of the English edition, says of it in the issue for August:

"We have not space to speak of it at length, but a glance at its pages has qualified us to pronounce it a book of great value. It supplies a want very generally felt—that of some guide to the thorough understanding of language, and its correct, graceful, and forcible use—a branch of instruction which, until recently, has been sadly neglected in our schools. This book, in the language of its preface, 'deals only with those difficulties which, in the course of teaching, we have found to be most common and most serious.' Among these difficulties are ignorance of the meanings of words, inability to arrange words, the unfounded contempt for simple words, obscurity, etc, etc. The first part of the work is designed to furnish help to the student in these difficulties; another part treats of Diction; a third of Metre, etc. We can safely say to the many who are constantly wishing to learn how to write well, and complaining that no helps to that end are attainable, that in this book they will find judicious counsel and effective aid.

RECORD OF A SCHOOL,

Exemplifying the Principles and Methods of Moral Culture.

With a Prefatory Note by Miss Louisa M. Alcott, Author of "Little Women" and "Little Men."

One Volume 16mo, price $1 50.

Since the publication of "Little Men" there has been a good deal of curiosity to know if there ever existed a school like the "Plumfield School," and it has induced Mr. A. Bronson Alcott to bring out this new and revised edition of the Record of his School, taken down at the time by Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, and published thirty years since. The School at Plumfield was in many respects modelled on an actual experience.

These books will be furnished to Professors and Teachers at the wholesale price, postage added.

ROBERTS BROTHERS,

Publishers,

BOSTON.

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

The following General Courses are now fully established: Course in Philosophy (degree of Ph.B.); Course in Science (degree of B.S.); Course in Arts (degree of B. A.); together with various elective and special courses.

The following departments for Special Training are also organized and in operation: Agriculture; Architecture; Civil and Mechanical Engineering; Chemistry applied to Manufactures; Applied Geology; and Veterinary Surgery; in these, either diplomas or licentiate certificates are conferred.

Entrance Examinations, September 11 and 12. For circulars address

THE PRESIDENT OF THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, N. Y.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE,

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

Applicants for admission to Williams College will be examined on Tuesday, June 27, at 9 A.M., in Alumni Hall.

There will be another examination at the same place on Wednesday, August 30, and private examination will be given to those who cannot conveniently be present on either of these days on application to the President.

Pecuniary assistance will be given to all young men of character and ability who may need it.

MARK HOPKINS, President.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

LAW SCHOOL—Instructors and Subjects for 1871–72.

PROFESSORS.

Emory Washburn, LL.D., Real Property and Constitutional Law.
Nathaniel Holmes, A.M., Evidence, Equity, and Bailments.
C. C. Langdell, A.M., Contracts, Sales of Personal Property, Civil Procedure.

LECTURERS.

George T. Bigelow, LL.D. (late Chief-Justice of Massachusetts), Marine Insurance.
Charles S. Bradley, LL.D. (late Chief-Justice of Rhode Island), Corporations.
Nicholas St. John Green, LL.B., Criminal Law and Torts.
John Lathrop, LL.B., Shipping and Admiralty.
John C. Gray, Jun., A.M., Conflict of Laws.

The Academic Year begins Sept. 28, 1871. Important changes have been made in the terms of admission, the course of study, the requisites for the degree, and the fees For a circular containing full information, address

JAMES W. HARRIS, Secretary, Cambridge, Mass.

YALE COLLEGE.

THE SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL

Offers professional training to Civil and Dynamical Engineers, Chemists, Geologists, Naturalists, etc., and also courses preparatory to such pursuits as Mining, Medicine, Agriculture, Manufacturing, etc. Letters may be addressed to Prof. D. C. GILMAN, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

SCHOOL OF MINES, COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

Practical and theoretical instruction in civil and mining engineering, metallurgy, geology, mineralogy, assaying, analytical and technical chemistry, physics, mechanics, mathematics, drawing, French, German, etc., with laboratory practice. Regular courses for the degrees of Civil and Mining Engineer, Bachelor and Doctor of Philosophy. Special students received without examination. Pecuniary aid extended to those students who require it. Reopens Monday, October 3. Examinations for admission to the regular courses, Thursday, September 29. For further information and for catalogues apply to C. F. CHANDLER, Dean of the Faculty, East 49th Street, New York.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR ETON,

Harrow, Rugby, and the other Public Schools at Pickhurst, Chiddingfold, Surrey, England. Boys under fourteen years of age, 120 guineas. Age of admission from seven to ten years. These terms include instruction in the Classics, Mathematics, Arithmetic, French, the Elements of Natural Science, Drawing, History, Geography, Drilling, Gymnastics. ERNEST H. COLERIDGE, B.A.

References.—To the Rev. C. A. Johns, Winton House, Winchester; the Solicitor-General, Sussex Square, Hyde Park, London; the Hon. Horace Binney, Philadelphia; Ellis Yarnall, Esq., Philadelphia.

The Rev. Derwent Coleridge, Rector of Hanwell, near London, son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, thus writes to a friend in Philadelphia in reference to the above: "My son Ernest is about to open a Preparatory School—as he hopes—of high class. He is well qualified for the undertaking, being an accomplished teacher and fond of the work. He has taken an excellent house, with ample grounds, in a beautiful part of the country in Surrey, about forty miles from London. He will be assisted by his elder sister, who thoroughly understands the business, and by an experienced housekeeper and matron. In a social point of view, I think I may say that the school will offer superior advantages for young lads who have some expectations in life."

RIVERVIEW MILITARY ACADEMY,

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Location healthy; Scenery unequalled; Building convenient; Teachers highly educated, earnest, working men; System of Order unsurpassed. A wide-awake, thoroughgoing School for Boys wishing to be trained for Business, for College, or for West Point, or the Naval Academy. Address OTIS BISBEE, A.M., Principal and Proprietor.

A FAMILY SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Of a high order is the

NEWBURGH INSTITUTE.

For circulars, etc., address

HENRY W. SIGLAR, Newburgh, N. Y.

COTTAGE HILL SEMINARY,

FOR YOUNG LADIES,

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK.

Reopens Wednesday, Sept. 13. With much personal care and culture are provided the best educational advantages offered in European or Home schools. For the prospectus, address the

Rev. GEORGE T. RIDER, A.M., Rector.

MISSES PORTER & CHAMPNEY, FAMILY BOARDING SCHOOL, Old Hadley, Mass.

The Fall Term will commence on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1871. For circulars and particulars address the Principals.

FAMILY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

FALL TERM commences SEPTEMBER 19. Number of Pupils limited. For Circulars apply to

MRS. T. PRENTISS ALLEN, Northboro', Mass.

DARTMOUTH HOME SCHOOL

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Instruction given in all departments. Apply for Circulars to

MISS L. J. SHERMAN, Principal, HANOVER, N. H.

BRADFORD ACADEMY

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

The next term of this institution, which is the first term of the year, will commence on Wednesday, the 30th of August, 1871. The new building is unsurpassed for its purposes. The course of study has been carefully revised, and is comprehensive, embracing both the solid and ornamental branches. Able teachers are employed, and are aided by the most learned lecturers in the country. Miss Johnson, the principal, now in Europe, will resume her duties at the beginning of the term. Application may be made to Miss ABBY H. JOHNSON, Principal, Bradford, Mass., or Rev. Rufus Anderson, LL.D., Boston, Mass.

JOHN D. KINGSBURY, Secretary, Bradford.

July 10, 1871.

STAMFORD INSTITUTE FOR BOYS.

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR.

Address W. C. WILLCOX, A.M., Rector.

STAMFORD, CONN.

CHEGARAY INSTITUTE.

English and French for Young Ladies and Misses, Boarding and Day Pupils, 1527 and 1529 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Will reopen on Wednesday, Sept. 20. French is the language of the family, and is constantly spoken in the Institute.

MADAME D'HERVILLY, Principal.

"AMER. SCHOOL INST."

FOUNDED 1855.

Is a reliable and practical Educational Bureau—
To aid those who want well-qualified Teachers
To represent Teachers who seek positions;
To give parents information of good Schools;
To sell, rent, and exchange School properties.

Sixteen years have proved it efficient in securing "the right Teacher for the right place."

J. W. SCHERMERHORN, A.M., Actuary,

14 Bond Street, New York.

COLLEGE TEXT-BOOKS.

WILSON, HINKLE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS,

CINCINNATI AND NEW YORK.

I.

RAY'S GEOMETRY AND TRIGONOMETRY. By Eli T. Tappan, A.M. 8vo, sheep, 420 pp.

II.

RAY'S ANALYTIC GEOMETRY. By Geo. H. Howison, A.M., Master in English High School, Boston. 8vo, sheep, 754 pp.

III.

RAY'S ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY. By S. H. Peabody, M.A., Professor of Natural Sciences, Chicago High School. 8vo, sheep, 336 pp.

IV.

COMPLETE ALGEBRA. By A. Schuyler, M.A. 12mo, sheep, 368 pp.

V.

PRINCIPLES OF LOGIC. By A. Schuyler, M.A. 12mo, cloth, tinted paper, 168 pp.

VI.

ELEMENTS OF PLANE AND SOLID GEOMETRY. By E. W. Evans, M.A., Professor of Mathematics, Cornell University. 12mo, cloth, 102 pp.

VII.

ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. By Sidney A. Norton, A.M. 12mo, cloth, 468 pp. 360 Illustrations.

☞ Full DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE and PRICE-LIST of the above and other valuable Educational Publications sent to any address on application.

WILSON, HINKLE & CO.,

137 Walnut Street, Cincinnati,

or,

28 Bond Street, New York.

VALUABLE TEXT-BOOKS

FOR

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES,

RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY

D. VAN NOSTRAND,

23 MURRAY STREET AND 27 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

WEISBACH'S MECHANICS. Mechanics of Engineering and of the Construction of Machines. By Julius Weisbach, Ph.D. Translated from the Fourth Augmented and Improved German Edition by Eckley B. Coxe, A.M., Mining Engineer. Vol. I. Theoretical Mechanics. 8vo, 1,100 pages, and 902 Woodcut Illustrations. Revised Edition, $10.

THE PLANE TABLE AND ITS USE IN TOPOGRAPHICAL SURVEYING. 8vo. Illustrated. Cloth, $2.

LINK AND VALVE MOTIONS. By W. S. Auchincloss. Illustrated with Twenty-two Copperplate Engravings and Thirty-eight Woodcuts, including the Travel Scale. Third edition, revised and enlarged. 8vo, Cloth, $3.

LESSONS AND PRACTICAL NOTES ON STEAM, THE STEAM-ENGINE, PROPELLERS, etc. For Young Marine Engineers, Students, and others. By the late W. R. King, U.S.N. Revised by Chief-Engineer J. W. King, U.S.N. Thirteenth Edition, enlarged. 8vo, Cloth, $2.

A TREATISE ON THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF LEVELLING. Showing its application to purposes of Railway Engineering, and the Construction of Roads, etc. By Frederick W. Simms, C.E. Fifth Edition, revised and corrected, with the addition of Mr. Law's Practical Examples for Setting Out Railway Curves. Illustrated with three Lithographic Plates and several Woodcuts. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

TREATISE ON OPTICS; OR, LIGHT AND SIGHT. Theoretically and Practically Treated, with the application to Fine Art and Industrial Pursuits. By E. Nugent. With 103 Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $2.

PRACTICAL USE OF THE BLOW-PIPE. Being a Graduated Course of Analysis for the Use of Students and all those engaged in the examination of Metallic Substances. Second Edition, with an Appendix and a Copious Index. By Prof. G. W. Plympton, of the Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn. 12mo, Cloth, $2.

A COMPENDIOUS MANUAL OF QUALITATIVE CHEMICAL ANALYSIS. By C. W. Eliott and F. H. Storer, Professors of Chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $2.

MECHANICAL DRAWING. A Text-Book of Geometrical Drawing for the Use of Mechanics and Schools. Illustrated with over 200 Diagrams engraved on Steel. By William Minifie. Eighth Edition, revised. Royal 8vo, Cloth, $4.

GEOMETRICAL DRAWING. Abridged from the Octavo Edition for the Use of Schools. By William Minifie. Seventh Edition. Illustrated with 48 Steel Plates. 12mo, half-roan, $1 50.

THE MECHANIC'S AND STUDENT'S GUIDE in the Designing and Construction of General Machine Gearings, as Eccentrics, Screws, Toothed Wheels, etc., and the Drawing of Rectilinear and Curved Surfaces. With Practical Rules and Details. Edited by F. H. Joynson. Illustrated with 18 folded Plates. 8vo, cloth, $2.

BURT'S SOLAR COMPASS. Key to the Solar Compass and Surveyor's Companion; comprising all the Rules necessary for use in the Field. By W. A. Burt. 1 vol. 18mo, pocket-book form, tuck, $2 50.

Copies of the above Works sent free by mail on receipt of Price.

☞ My New Catalogue of American and Foreign Scientific Books, 72 pages 8vo, sent to any address on receipt of Ten Cents.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE.

The attention of gentlemen, in town or country, designing to form Libraries or enrich their Literary Collections, is respectfully invited to Harper's Catalogue, which will be found to comprise a large proportion of the standard and most esteemed works in English Literature—COMPREHENDING OVER THREE THOUSAND VOLUMES—which are offered, in most instances, at less than one-half the cost of similar productions in England.

To Librarians and others connected with Colleges, Schools, etc., who may not have access to a trustworthy guide in forming the true estimate of literary productions, it is believed this Catalogue will prove especially valuable for reference.

The Catalogue is arranged alphabetically by the authors' names, anonymous works by the titles. The index is arranged by the titles of the books, besides having numerous appropriate heads, each general head being followed by the title of every work on the subject. Persons desirous of obtaining information regarding any foreign land, will find under the name of the country the title of all books of travel, history, or biography relating thereto.

The Publishers believe this will meet a long-felt want.

To prevent disappointment, it is suggested that, whenever books cannot be obtained through any bookseller or local agent, applications with remittance should be addressed direct to the Publishers, which will receive prompt attention.

Sent by mail on receipt of Six Cents.

Address

HARPER & BROTHERS,

Franklin Square, New York.

GAZZAM'S TREATISE

ON THE

BANKRUPT LAW.

SECOND EDITION JUST OUT.

For sale at all Law-Book Stores.

THE NATION PRESS.

The Proprietors of THE NATION PRESS give notice that they have established a Book, Pamphlet, Job, and Newspaper Printing-Office in this City, and are prepared to execute at moderate prices, for cash, the best of work in any and all of these branches.

For BOOKS they will furnish Electrotype or Stereotype Plates, as desired, and will guaranty unusual accuracy in their preparation.

J. ROSS & CO., 27 Rose St., New York.

THE "NATION" ABROAD.

Subscriptions and Advertisements for the *Nation* are received in Europe by the following

AGENTS:

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE COLONIES: George Street, 30 Cornhill, E.C., London.

FRANCE: Bowles Brothers & Co., 12 Rue de la Paix, Paris.

SWITZERLAND: Vérésoff & Garrigues, Place Bel-Air, Geneva.

ITALY: Furse Brothers & Co., 9 Piazza di Spagna, Rome.

BADEN-BADEN.

HOTEL DE FRANCE.

First-class Family Hotel. Splendid situation in the middle of the park.

PENSION

In the early and later part of the season.

WOOLWORTH, AINSWORTH & CO.,

51, 53, AND 55 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK. 111 STATE STREET, CHICAGO.

PUBLISH THE FOLLOWING

TEXT-BOOKS OF A HIGH ORDER, FOR UNIVERSITIES, COLLEGES, AND ACADEMIES.

HANSON'S NEW LATIN COURSE.

1. Preparatory Latin Prose Book. Containing all the Latin Prose necessary for entering College. With Notes and a Complete Vocabulary. Price $3.

2. A Hand-Book of Latin Poetry. Containing Selections from Virgil, Ovid, and Horace. With Notes and References. Price $3.

3. Selections from Ovid and Virgil. A Shorter Hand-Book of Latin Poetry. With Notes and Grammatical References, and a Vocabulary. Price $2.
This volume comprises all the Latin Poetry, Notes, and References contained in the larger volume, with the exception of Horace.

No. 1 embraces all the Latin prose requisite to preparation for college, with reference to the grammars most in use, Critical and Explanatory Notes, and a Vocabulary.

No. 2 completes the plan—furnishing all the requisite Latin poetry. The two volumes comprise all the Latin necessary to be read in preparing for a collegiate course, and all that is needed to complete the Latin reading of pupils who terminate their classical studies in our High Schools and Academies.

No. 3 is the same as No. 2, omitting the Selections from Horace.

4. Orations and Letters of Cicero. With Notes, References, and a Vocabulary. $2.

5. Cæsar. With Notes, References, and Vocabulary. $2.

CROSBY'S GREEK SERIES.

Scholars familiar with Professor Crosby's Works will be pleased to hear of the revisions now completed and in preparation, and of an entirely new condensed grammar. The Series as now ready comprises:

Greek Grammar, revised edition	$2 00
Compendious Greek Grammar (new)	1 50
Greek Lessons	1 00
Greek Tables, revised edition	60
Xenophon's Anabasis	1 25

MAGILL'S FRENCH SERIES, COMPLETED.
By Edward H. Magill, A.M., Prof. of Ancient and Modern Languages, Swarthmore College, Pa.

1. Magill's French Grammar. Presenting in a Concise and Systematic Form the Essential Principles of the French Language; including English Exercises to be translated into French. With Vocabularies, an Alphabetical List of the most Common French Idioms, and a Copious Index. To which is added a French, English, and Latin Vocabulary, containing the most Common Words in French which are derived from Latin. $1 50.

2. An Introductory French Reader. Containing Grammatical Exercises, progressively arranged, Familiar Conversations on various subjects, and Selections for Reading and Declamation. Together with Explanatory Notes, References to the Author's French Grammar, and an adequate Dictionary. $2.

3. Magill's French Prose and Poetry. Being an advanced French Reader, containing selections from the principal Classical French Poets and Prose Writers during the past two hundred years, or from the age of Louis XIV. to the present day. With Biographical Notices of the authors. The whole chronologically arranged; forming a brief Compendium of French Literature. Also a treatise upon French Versification, and Notes upon the Selections, Explanatory and Critical. $2.

The publishers take pleasure in announcing the completion of this French Series by the recent issue of Magill's "French Prose and Poetry." This volume of choice selections is prepared as a sequel to the author's "Introductory French Reader," an advanced French Reader, designed for the use of pupils who have made some progress in the study of the French language. The selections are culled from the principal classic French poets and prose writers from the age of Louis XIV. to the present day. The several authors are introduced in chronological order. In connection with the more prominent authors, introductory notices are given (in French) which, taken together, form a brief outline of the history of French literature during the past two hundred years.

This compilation has been made to meet the growing demand for selections from the best authors, "such as will most thoroughly train the pupils in idiomatic usages and the complete understanding of the language, and render them familiar with the treasures of its literature."

Part I. is devoted to selections in prose, beginning with Balzac, whose style is remarkable for its purity, and who is regarded as the founder of modern French prose literature, and ending with extracts from some of the most illustrious writers of the present day.

Part II., containing selections in poetry, begins with Malherbes, and, following chronological order, comes down to our own times.

Part III. consists of a brief treatise on French versification. The whole is followed by explanatory and critical notes on the text of the several authors, which add much to the interest and the usefulness of the work as a class text-book. (All the French extracts of this volume have been taken from works printed in France, and every avoidable source of typographical errors has been guarded against.)

A New Elementary Course of the German Language, for the use of Schools. By Gabriel Campbell, M.A., Professor in the State University of Minnesota. 12mo, pp. 200, $1 25.

The aim of this work is to make a practical application of the improvements developed by the growth of the modern science of Comparative Philology.

The author presents the German language to American learners, who are presumed to be acquainted with the English language, by way of comparison with the English in its points of similarity and of difference.

The plan is simple, philosophical, and practical, and the work is proving itself eminently successful. It has received very flattering encomiums from high authorities in all parts of the country where German is taught.

The book is divided into three parts:

Part I. General Principles.
Part II. Synopses—Forms of Words.
Part III. Special Principles, Reading and Analysis;

followed by a German and English Vocabulary to Part III. It contains also an English and German Vocabulary to Part I.

Campbell's Course in German has been officially adopted by the State of Minnesota, by the cities of Chicago, Milwaukee, and in many other smaller places. It is achieving remarkable success for a book so recently published.

The Cambridge Course in Physics. By William J. Rolfe, formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass., and Joseph A. Gillet, Professor of Mathematics and Physics in the Normal College of the City of New York. In 3 vols.

I. Chemistry	$2
II. Natural Philosophy	2
III. Astronomy	2

These books are inductive in method, fresh in matter, simple in style, fully illustrated, and handsomely printed, and they exactly meet the wants of our advanced Seminaries and Academies, and of those High Schools which can devote considerable time to these subjects.

They are not only used in the best schools, but they have also been extensively introduced into colleges.

THE HANDBOOK SERIES.

BY THE SAME AUTHORS.

In 3 vols.

I. Handbook of Chemistry	$1 25
II. Handbook of Natural Philosophy	1 25
III. Handbook of Astronomy	1 62

These books are especially adapted to a short course, extending through a single term of school.

They are not abridgments of the larger works by the same authors, but are wholly new and independent books, differing from the others in the selection, arrangement, and treatment of topics, so far as was necessary to fit them for a briefer and easier course of study. They are simple in style and eminently practical, yet thoroughly scientific, and giving the results of the latest discovery and research.

They are sure of a hearty welcome from teachers who desire books that shall be brief without being dry, and easy without being puerile. They contain just those facts and principles that every educated person should be acquainted with.

It is impossible to prepare books which shall be adapted to all schools; but it is hoped that the plan of these Handbooks is such that they may meet the wants of quite a wide range of schools.

The following points will commend the Series to all who wish for really valuable books:

1. They contain the results of the very latest discovery and research.
2. They are written in plain and simple English.
3. They are brief, but comprehensive.
4. They are inductive in method.
5. Each topic is followed by a carefully prepared Summary.
6. They will be kept fully up with the times by additions and alterations in the Appendixes, as these are demanded by the progress of science.
7. They are superior in point of illustration and mechanical construction.

BY JOHN BASCOM,
Professor of Rhetoric in Williams College:

I. Æsthetics; or, Science of Beauty. $1 75.
II. Philosophy of Rhetoric. $1 50.

BY J. T. CHAMPLIN, D.D.,
President of Waterville College, Maine:

I. Intellectual Philosophy. $1 50.
II. Ethics. $1 50.

Payson, Dunton & Scribner's National System of Penmanship. In 12 numbers, 15 cents each.

The most extensively used of any system in the world. The original model system.

DRAWING A PRACTICAL STUDY.

Bartholomew's System of Drawing.

This system of drawing is based upon the idea that drawing is a *study*, and that it can be *taught*; and is the only system adapted to schools of all grades. It consists of,

A SERIES OF TWELVE PROGRESSIVE DRAWING-BOOKS. 40 CENTS EACH.

In the first four numbers of the series, the author presents a course of instruction suited to the wants of the pupils in our public schools. The object aimed at is to give to the student that facility of hand, that discipline of eye, and that knowledge of the principles of drawing, which all should possess, let their calling in life be what it may. The remaining numbers of this series are intended for the use of those who have the time and opportunity to pursue the study further.

The following brief statements indicate the subject-matter of each book:

No. 1. Horizontal and vertical lines, together with plane figures and ornamental forms composed of these lines.
No. 2. Inclined lines, and ornamental forms composed of horizontal, vertical, and inclined lines; curved lines, circles, and ornamental forms composed of curved lines.
No. 3. Initiatory lessons in perspective; the method of drawing from objects explained; the laws of light, shade, and shadow presented.
No. 4. Advanced lessons on the subjects presented in No. 3.
No. 5. Lessons in drawing fruit and flowers.
No. 6. Initiatory lessons on foreground and foliage.
No. 7. Lessons on landscape-drawing.
No. 8. Marine views and landscapes.
No. 9. Initiatory lessons on animal-drawing.
No. 10. Advanced lessons on animal-drawing.
No. 11. Initiatory lessons on figure-drawing.
No. 12. Advanced lessons on figure-drawing.

TEACHER'S GUIDES.

As many of the teachers in our public schools have no experience in teaching the art, the author has prepared for their assistance a series of Manuals called the "Teacher's Guide." In these books, each example given in the drawing-books is fully explained. And, in addition to this, special pains have been taken to point out the author's method of teaching. With the aid afforded by these "Guides," any good teacher may not despair of leading a class to successful results.

Numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 are designed to accompany the corresponding numbers in the series of Drawing-Books.

PRIMARY-SCHOOL DRAWING AND WRITING CARDS.

Price, 20 cents per package, of 24 Lessons.

The copies in these lessons are white on a black ground. Each set of cards contains examples in drawing and writing. This series of cards will consist of four sets. The two first sets are now ready. Each set contains twenty-four plates.

Set No. 1 contains a progressive series of Examples made up of dots and lines, so arranged as to form pleasing and useful subjects for practice; also, lessons in Printing and in Writing.

Set No. 2 embraces simple ornamental forms, outlines of familiar objects, and lessons in writing.

Sets Nos. 3 and 4 will contain examples similar to Nos. 1 and 2, but more advanced.

BARTHOLOMEW'S PRIMARY-SCHOOL SLATE.

Price 33 cents.

To make this primary series complete, a slate has been prepared especially adapted to these cards, with permanent ruling for writing and music on one side for the writing exercises, and a groove in the frame to hold the copy at an angle most favorable to the scholar's eye.

Accompanying these cards and slates there is a series of manuals for the use of teachers, prepared by Miss Stickney, Superintendent of the Boston Training School, called "The Teacher's Guide, Companion to Bartholomew's Lessons for Primary Schools," in which the method of teaching is so fully stated as to make the system available for every teacher, with or without previous skill or knowledge in drawing.

Wilson's Punctuation, for Authors, Editors, Proof-Readers, and all writers. New and elegant edition. $2.

GILLET'S NEW WORK.

The Federal Government, its Officers, and their Duties. $2.

Any of our Publications furnished for examination or introduction at liberal prices. Correspondence invited. Address the publishers,

WOOLWORTH, AINSWORTH & CO.,

111 State Street, Chicago. 51, 53, and 55 John Street, New York.

THEOLOGICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

W. F. DRAPER, ANDOVER, MASS.

A HARMONY OF THE FOUR GOSPELS, IN GREEK. According to the Text of Tischendorf; with a Collation of the Textus Receptus, and of the Texts of Griesbach, Lachmann, and Tregelles. By Frederick Gardiner, D.D., Professor in the Berkeley Divinity School; author of "A Commentary on the Epistle of St. Jude," "A Harmony of the Gospels, in English," etc. 8vo, $2 50.

"A new and critical Harmony of the Gospels, prepared with great care; with Notes, Parallel References, etc., etc. Each column is clear and distinct, never interwoven with another on the same page.

A HARMONY OF THE FOUR GOSPELS, IN ENGLISH. A Reproduction of the Greek Harmony, in English. By the same Author. 8vo. $2.

WINER'S N. T. GRAMMAR. A Grammar of the Idiom of the New Testament: prepared as a Solid Basis for the Interpretation of the New Testament. By Dr. George Benedict Winer. Seventh Edition, enlarged and improved. By Dr. Gottlieb Lüneman, Professor of Theology at the University of Göttingen. Revised and authorized Translation. 8vo, pp. 744. Cloth, $5; sheep, $6; half-goat, $6 75.

"This standard work is complete in this Edition. It contains all the additions and corrections of the Author, and of his Editor, in the Seventh German Edition; with a full Index of Principal Subjects, a Greek Index, and an Index of Scripture Passages, distinguishing those commented upon from those simply referred to, in all over Eighty Pages of Indexes. Figures in the margin refer to corresponding pages of the Sixth and Seventh German Editions, and of Masson's English Translation, enabling one to find in this book any passage referred to in any one of these Editions."

STUART'S (PROF. M.) NEW TESTAMENT GRAMMAR. Second Edition, half-cloth. $1 25.

QUESTIONS ON KÜHNER'S ELEMENTARY GREEK GRAMMAR. By Charles W. Bateman, LL.D.; with Modifications and Notes by Samuel H. Taylor, LL.D., Principal of Phillips Academy. 12mo, flexible covers, 40c.

"These Questions are applicable to all other Elementary Greek Grammars, and are a valuable aid to both Teacher and Pupil.

HEBREW GRAMMAR. The Elements of the Hebrew Language. By Rev. A. D. Jones, A.M. 8vo, pp. 163, $1 75.

HEBREW PSALTER. Text according to Hahn; clear and beautiful. 32mo, morocco, $1.

HEBREW ENGLISH PSALTER. The Book of Psalms, in Hebrew and English, arranged in parallelism. 16mo, $1 50.

HEBREW GRAMMAR OF GESENIUS AS EDITED BY ROEDIGER. Translated, with Additions, and also a Hebrew Chrestomathy. By Prof. M. Stuart. Half-cloth, $1 25.

DÖDERLEIN'S HAND-BOOK OF LATIN SYNONYMES. Translated by Rev. H. H. Arnold, B.A., with an Introduction by S. H. Taylor, LL.D. New Edition, with an Index of Greek words. 16mo, $1.25.

THE FUNCTION OF THOUGHT. 16mo, pp. 213 (just published), $1 25.

"This volume forms one part or chapter of a larger proposed work under the title of 'Thoughts on Mediation; or, The Relation of Christ to the World.' The author proposes in this volume to show the base which exists in the normal constitution of humanity for the doctrine of Mediation; and also that this base is as wide and as universal as the whole scope of human thought.

CLASSICAL STUDY: its Usefulness illustrated by Selections from the Writings of Eminent Scholars. Edited, with an Introduction, by S. H. Taylor, LL.D., Principal of Phillips Academy. 12mo, $2.

"Twenty-two Essays by as many Scholars, presenting that subject in various lights."

A COLLECTION OF THE PROVERBS OF all Nations. Compared, Explained, and Illustrated. By Walter B. Kelly. 12mo, tinted paper, $1 25.

"This is one of those books, like Roget's Thesaurus, Haydn's Dictionary of Dates, and Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer, which contain a vast amount of information in a very small space—books that a writer cannot afford to be without, for they contain information that by days of research in libraries one would hardly be able to obtain. This collection contains all the proverbs which are familiar in all nations. They are classified under various heads, such as Women, Love, Marriage, Home, Self-conceit, Ingratitude, and so on. There is also a full index, which enables one at once to find any particular proverb. Another excellent feature is that, when a proverb is taken from another language, not only the English, but the original is given. The book is replete with good things. It supplies a want that many a one has felt, a want that no dictionary, gazetteer, or book of quotations now supplies."—College Courant.

GOD'S OWNERSHIP OF THE SEA. By Leonard Swain, D.D. 8vo. Reprinted from the Bibliotheca Sacra. Paper covers, 25c.

STUDIES IN PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY. By Joseph Haven, D.D. 12mo, $2.

DISCOURSES AND ESSAYS. By Prof. William G. T. Shedd. 12mo, $1 50.

"The Doctrine of Original Sin. The Atonement a Satisfaction for the Ethical Nature of both God and Man," etc.

THE THEOLOGY OF THE GREEK POETS. By Prof. W. S. Tyler. 12mo, $1 50.

WHATELY'S ESSAYS. Some of the Difficulties in the Writings of St. Paul. 12mo, pp. 297, cloth extra, gilt tops, $2.

PECULIARITIES OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION, and Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte. 12mo, pp. 264 and 48, $2.

HISTORIC DOUBTS CONCERNING NAPOLEON, pp. 48, 50c.

WONDER-WORKING PROVIDENCE OF SION'S SAVIOUR IN NEW ENGLAND. By Captain Edward Johnson, of Woburn, Massachusetts Bay. London. 1654. With an Historical Introduction and an Index. By William Frederick Poole, Librarian of Boston Athenæum. 4to, pp. 443. Published by Subscription. Edition limited to 200 copies, small paper, price $10 per copy; 50 large paper, $20 per copy; and 10 on drawing paper, $30 per copy. Only a few copies for sale. Terms to the Trade, special.

W. F. DRAPER, ANDOVER, MASS.

W. F. DRAPER also Publishes the Commentaries of Bishop O. J. Ellicott, Drs. E. Henderson, J. B. Lightfoot, and Prof. M. Stuart, etc. All Andover Publications may also be had of Hurd & Houghton, Felt & Co., New York; Smith, English & Co., Phil.; W. G. Holmes, Chicago; and all Booksellers. *Send for a Descriptive Catalogue.*

LIBRARIANS AND PRESIDENTS OF COLLEGES.

J. SABIN & SONS, Booksellers and Importers, New York and London, have most extensive facilities for the purchase of books in foreign markets. They will furnish estimates and lists to contemplating purchasers. A lengthened experience and a knowledge of books and their values will enable them to serve those who may trust them with commissions in an intelligent and satisfactory manner. A member of the firm will shortly leave for Europe for the purpose of executing commissions for the purchase of books. Any who may contemplate favoring them with orders will be supplied with further particulars on communicating their wants.

J. SABIN & SONS keep constantly on hand a large assortment of books in all Departments of Literature. A few of the Books for sale:

APPLETON'S AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA AND ANNUALS. 21 vols., half russia. $105.

PENNY CYCLOPEDIA. 27 vols., bound in 14, 8vo, calf. London, 1832. $27 50.

THIERS. History of the Consulate and Empire. 4 vols. 8vo, half-calf. Philadelphia, 1868. $13 50.

ROBERTS, D. Holy Land, Egypt, and Nubia. 4 vols. folio, half-mor., gilt edges.
A nice copy of this most magnificent work. $175.

GUIZOT. The History of Civilization. 4 vols. 12mo, calf, gilt. New York, 1864. Nice copy. $9.

GROTE. The History of Greece. 8 vols. 8vo, tree-calf, gilt top, uncut. London, Murray, 1862.
A splendid copy of this fine work. $70.

MILNER, THOS. The Gallery of Geography. A Pictorial and Descriptive Tour of the World. 2 vols. 8vo. London and Edinburgh. $7 50.

PROCTOR, R. A. The Sun, Ruler, Fire, Light, and Life of the Planetary System. Post 8vo, half-calf. London, 1871. $3 75.

CAMDEN SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS. Cloth, $100.
This valuable collection is of the highest interest to the Historical Student.

NOTES AND QUERIES. A fine set from the commencement to the present date. 43 vols. 8vo, half mor., gilt top, newly bound. All the indexes included. $175.

MERIVALE. History of the Romans under the Empire. 7 vols. 8vo, half-calf. New York, 1863. $20.

BEAMISH. History of the Discovery of America by the Northmen. 8vo, cloth. London, 1841. $1 75.

MONOGRAM AND ALPHABET ALBUM. A Collection embracing two series of Monograms. Over 1,000 different designs after the most tasteful French Artists. Cloth, portfolio, $6 50; bound, $7 50; half-mor., $8.

J. SABIN & SONS, Booksellers and Importers,

84 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

22 BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

ATHENS.

VIEWS OF THE ACROPOLIS.

The undersigned publish for the author an Album of photographic views, entitled "The Acropolis of Athens, Picturesquely and Architecturally Illustrated, by W. J. Stillman," printed in carbon by the Autotype Company, London.

These indestructible photographs are from 8x10 inch negatives, taken by Mr. Stillman during the winter and spring of 1869, and include all the views which are necessary to give the most complete idea of the existing ruins on the Acropolis, and their relation one to the other. They were taken with architectural lenses correcting the perspective distortions, and so that the proportions of the buildings may be measured as to scale, on any given plane; and most of them by Dallmeyer's wide-angle rectilinear lens, by the aid of which views never before successfully photographed have been rendered.

Of the twenty-five subjects, sixteen have not been taken by any other photographer, and the negatives used are selected from not less than 300 taken. The picturesque views show the Acropolis from five exterior points of view, and the architectural show those characteristics of Greek architecture which contribute to its unexplained as unapproached perfection—the curves of the horizontal lines, pitch of the columns, etc.

They are mounted on board about 13x22, with a page containing description opposed to each print; the whole bound in substantial and elegant style. Nothing finer of the kind, it may be safely asserted, has ever been offered for sale in this country. Edition limited to 100 copies.

Price, delivered at the *Nation* office, 3 Park Place, New York, $25.

Orders received by

E. L. GODKIN & CO.,

March 16, 1871. Office of the *Nation*, New York.

SINGLE VIEWS.

Enquiry having been made for single copies of the photographs contained in the Album, Mr. Stillman, while unable to furnish these in autotype, offers for sale a few duplicates printed by the ordinary silver process, along with other views enumerated below. The duplicates are marked with an asterisk:

VIEWS OF ATHENS (8x10):—Plain of Athens, from the East.—Valley of the Ilissus.—Mars Hill.—The Parthenon, from the South-east.—Columns of the Propylæa.—Tribune of the Caryatides.—Interior of the Propylæa.—Western façade of the Propylæa (*).—Eastern façade of the Erectheum (*).—Acropolis, from the Turkish town (*).—Acropolis from the Ilissus (*).—*Fragments of Sculpture:* Victory untying her sandals.—Victories with bull.—Victory elevating an offering.—Metope from the Parthenon.—Fragment of frieze from the Parthenon (Aeginetan school); do. do. (Attic school).

CRETAN VIEWS (8x10):—Bridge of Kalepa (Venetian).—Village of Kalepa.—View from Kalepa.—Convent of St. John (exterior); do. (interior).—Convent of the Holy Trinity: Olive-tree avenue; Cypress avenue; From the olive-trees; From the cypresses; The interior and church; The Cloisters.—Canéa: The city and plain; Ruins of the citadel (Venetian); Fortifications; Doorway of ruined palace (Venetian); Courtyard of a mosque; Marina and dogana; Gate of the Castelli.—Town of Platania (ancient Pergamos).—Statue of Minerva found at Kisamos.—Ravine of Theriso.

VIEWS IN AND NEAR ATHENS (7¼x4½):—Port of Peiræus.—Secret Port of ancient Peiræus.—Ruins of the Long Wall and Plain of Athens.—Ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius.—Acropolis, with columns of the temple of Jupiter.—Choragic monument of Lysicrates.—Theatre of Bacchus; Altar from ditto (4½x3½); Choragic monument above ditto (4½x3½).—Arch of Hadrian.—Temple of Theseus (three views).—Pnyx.—Way of the Enneapylæ (footprints of the sacrificial animals).—University of Athens (modern).—Byzantine church (4½x3½).—Temple of the Winds (4½x3½).—Portico of Hadrian 4½x3½).—Bed of the Ilissus.—Two views on the Cephisus.—Town of Aegina and Temple of Venus.—Two views of the Temple of Minerva (Aegina).—Plain of Marathon and mound of the Greek dead.—Athens from Plato's Academy.—Acropolis from Mars Hill.—Grotto of Pan.

AMERICAN VIEWS (7¼x4½):—Glen Ellis fall (White Mountains).—Glen Ellis, with fall in the distance.—Crystal cascade.—Glen below the Crystal cascade.—Two views of Mt. Kineo (Moosehead Lake).—Forest study.—Moosehead trout.

Price of the large views (8x10)—mounted, $1; unmounted, 85 cts. Of all the rest—mounted, 60 cts; unmounted, 50 cts. Payable in advance, together with postage on orders for less than six, viz.: for one to five large photographs—mounted, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50 cents; unmounted, 30 cents. For one to five small ones—mounted, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35 cents; unmounted, 15 cents. Orders to be filled in the course of thirty days after receipt.

Address E. L. GODKIN & CO., as above.

BOOKS FROM LONDON.

J. SABIN & SONS

Are in constant receipt of Fine, Standard, and Miscellaneous Books direct from London.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

A few of the Books for Sale.

ACCOUNT OF THE ENGLISH STAGE, from the Restoration, in 1660, to 1830. 10 vols. 8vo, half-morocco (newly bound), $22 50. Bath, 1822.

BURNS, BYRON, DEFOE, CHAUCER, and Spencer, Smollett, Swift. Large 8vo edition of the Works of the above authors. Cloth, gilt top, new and fresh. Edinburgh. Sold separately, $1 50 each.

DICKENS'S WORKS. Household edition. 53 vols. New York. Vellum cloth, $40.

PROCTOR. The Sun. 12mo, cloth. London, 1871. $4. Copies somewhat damaged, $2.

POE, E. A. Poetical Works. With Original Memoir. Beautifully illustrated by Tenniel, Birket Foster, Darley, etc. Printed on fine paper. 8vo, morocco, gilt edges. New York, 1858. $5.

DR. SYNTAX. His Three Tours. Illustrated by Rowlandson's Humorous Plates, colored. 3 vols. 8vo, half-calf, gilt. A nice copy, with good impressions of the plates. $16.

SHAKESPEARE. Knight's beautiful edition. Original impression. 8 vols. 8vo. A handsome copy bound in calf, gilt. Very cheap. $60.

A member of our firm will leave for Europe next month for the especial purpose of filling orders for Public or Private Libraries and Booksellers. Address communications to

J. SABIN & SONS,

BOOKSELLERS AND IMPORTERS,

84 Nassau Street, New York, and 22 Buckingham Street Strand, London.

POPULAR BOOKS

FOR

SUMMER READING.

KINGSLEY. At Last: A Christmas in the West Indies. By Charles Kingsley. With numerous Illustrations, $2.

YOUNG. A Memoir of Charles Mayne Young. With Extracts from his Son's Journal. By Julian Charles Young. With Portraits. $2 25.

BARKER. Spring Comedies. Stories. By Lady Barker, author of "Station Life in New Zealand." $1 50.

WAR. The *Daily News* Correspondence of the War between Germany and France. 1870–1. Edited with Notes and Comments. Complete in one volume. With Maps and Plans. $2 50.

PARIS. Inside Paris during the Siege. By an Oxford Graduate. Crown 8vo, $2.

PALGRAVE. Lyrical Poems. By Francis Turner Palgrave. Fcap. 8vo, $1 75.

MACMILLAN & CO.,

38 BLEECKER STREET, NEW YORK.

THE BEST EVENING PAPER.

NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER,

PUBLISHED AT 2, 3, 4, AND 5 O'CLOCK.

One year, invariably in advance	$9 00
Six months, in advance	4 50
Three months, in advance	2 25
Per month, in advance	0 75

Single copies, for sale everywhere, at 3 cents.

Terms of Advertising in Daily.

Advertisements, Leaded or Displayed, on First, Second, and Fourth pages, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Local Items, on Editorial page, before Business Notices, 25 cents per line agate measure, each insertion.

Business Notices, 20 cents per line each insertion.

Notices after Money Article, or in Editorial columns, 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion.

Advertisements on Third page, Leaded or Displayed, 15 cents per line each insertion.

☞ All advertisements charged for the space they occupy, on a scale of 14 lines to an inch.

☞ No advertisement inserted in any part of the paper for less than 75 cents first insertion.

NEW YORK SPECTATOR.

The Cheapest Reading,
The Best Weekly,
The Largest for the Price.

TELEGRAPHIC, POLITICAL,
PERSONAL, LOCAL,
LITERARY, COMMERCIAL.

Its News, Market Reports, Financial Review, and Editorials are made up from the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, the leading evening paper of the country, the oldest, best, and most reliable journal published in the United States.

In the columns of the *Spectator* will be found matter interesting and instructive to the farmer and his family.

Its Financial, Commercial, and Market Reviews will be full, complete, and satisfactory to merchants and business men.

Especial attention is to be given to that department which will be most attractive to the ladies. The Latest Fashions, Household Miscellany, Stories, Poetry, etc., for the home circle.

Its Editorial Matter will be found fresh and sparkling, bold in tone, spicy in matter, accurate, concise, and read-

Terms of Subscription.

Single copies, one year	$1
10 copies, one year	9
20 copies, one year, one address	16
40 copies, one year, one address	30

Terms of Advertising in Weekly.

Published on Thursday.

One month, or 4 insertions, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Three months, or 13 insertions, 8 cents per line each insertion.

Six months, or 26 insertions, 6 cents per line each insertion.

One year, or 52 insertions, 5 cents per line each insertion.

Advertisements must be received by 3 o'clock on Wednesday to ensure insertion.

Be particular and direct all orders,

HUGH J. HASTINGS,

Corner of Fulton and Nassau Streets, New York.

Weekly papers copying the above Prospectus, and sending us a marked copy, will be entitled to a copy of the *Spectator* for one year.

STANDARD TEXT-BOOKS & WORKS OF REFERENCE

PUBLISHED BY

CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO.,

FOR COLLEGES, ACADEMIES, AND HIGH SCHOOLS.

ALEXANDER.

OUTLINES OF MORAL SCIENCE. By Archibald Alexander, D.D. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, $1 50.

BOWEN.

AMERICAN POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Prof. Francis Bowen. 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, $2 50.

CLARK, N. G.

AN OUTLINE OF THE ELEMENTS OF the English Language. For the Use of Students. By N. G. Clark, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in Union College. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, $1 25.

CRAIK.

A COMPENDIOUS HISTORY OF ENGLISH Literature, and of the English Language, from the Norman Conquest. With numerous Specimens. By George L. Craik, LL.D. 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, $7 50.

DE VERE, PROF. M. SCHELE.

STUDIES IN ENGLISH; or, Glimpses into the Inner Life of our Language. By M. Schele De Vere, LL.D., Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Virginia. 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, $2 50.

HOPKINS.

THE LAW OF LOVE AND LOVE AS A Law; or, "Christian Ethics." By Mark Hopkins, D.D., LL.D., President of Williams College. 1 vol. 12mo, $1 75.

LORD.

THE OLD ROMAN WORLD. The Grandeur and Failure of its Civilization. By John Lord, LL.D. 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, $3.

ANCIENT STATES AND EMPIRES. By John Lord, LL.D. 1 vol. crown 8vo, $3.
A new and cheaper edition for schools. 1 vol. 12mo, $1 50.

McILVAINE.

ELOCUTION; The Sources and Elements of its Power. By Prof. J. H. McIlvaine. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, $1 75.

MÜLLER.

CHIPS FROM A GERMAN WORKSHOP. Essays on the Science of Religion; on Mythology, Traditions, and Customs. By Max Müller, M.A., Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. 3 vols. crown 8vo, uniform with "Lectures on Language," etc., $7 50.

LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE, delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in April, May, and June, 1861. 2 vols., cloth, crown 8vo, $6.

MARSH, G. P.

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE English Language, and of the Early Literature it Embodies. By George P. Marsh. 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, $3.

LECTURES ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. First series, 4th edition, revised and enlarged. 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, $3.

MAN AND NATURE; or, Physical Geography, as Modified by Human Action. 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, $3.

PORTER.

Books and Reading.

WHAT BOOKS SHALL I READ, AND How shall I Read Them? By Pres. Noah Porter, of Yale College. 1 vol. crown 8vo, with a complete Index, $2.

THE HUMAN INTELLECT. With an Introduction upon Psychology of the Human Soul. By Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College. 1 vol. 8vo, $5.

PERRY.

ELEMENTS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Arthur Latham Perry, Professor of History and Political Economy in Williams College. 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, $2 50.

WHITNEY.

LANGUAGE AND THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE. Twelve Lectures on the Principles of Linguistic Science. By William Dwight Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Instructor in Modern Languages in Yale College. 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, $2 50.

WOOLSEY.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF International Law. Designed as an Aid in Teaching and in Historical Studies. By T. D. Woolsey, D.D., LL.D. This edition revised and enlarged, cloth, $2 50.

Full Descriptive Catalogue of Charles Scribner & Co.'s Miscellaneous, Theological, and Educational Publications sent on application.

These books are for sale by ALL Booksellers, or sent, post-paid, on receipt of the price by the Publishers.

CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO., PUBLISHERS,

654 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

VALUABLE NEW WORKS

JUST IMPORTED BY

SCRIBNER, WELFORD & CO.,

654 BROADWAY, BETWEEN BLEECKER AND BOND STREETS.

RAWLINSON'S EASTERN MONARCHIES.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION.

The Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World; or, The History, Geography, and Antiquities of Chaldæa, Assyria, Babylon, Media, and Persia. By Geo. Rawlinson. A new and thorough edition, partly rewritten. Complete in 3 handsome vols. 8vo, with maps and 650 illustrations. Price reduced to only $15.

A CURIOUS BOOK. Napoleon III.: The Man of His Time. Part I. The Story of the Life of Napoleon III. By James M. Haswell. Part II. The Same Story as Told by Popular Caricaturists of the Last Thirty Years. 1 thick vol. 12mo, with nearly 200 comic illustrations. $3 75.

THE WORLD-RENOWNED COMIC ALMANAC. The Comic Almanac, containing Merry Tales, Humorous Poetry, Quips, and Oddities. 1 very thick vol. crown 8vo, illustrated by George Cruikshank with many hundred irresistibly comic engravings. $3 75.

VALUABLE WORK OF REFERENCE. The Dictionary of Biographical Reference, containing 100,000 names, including the greatest number of distinguished Americans ever collected in one work. By Lawrence B. Phillips. 1 large handsome vol. 8vo, half-morocco. Price reduced to $13 50.

THE NEW BIBLE COMMENTARY.

A NEW SUPPLY.

The Holy Bible according to the Authorized Version, 1611. With an explanatory and critical commentary, and a revision of the Translation, by Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church. Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter. Vol I. in two parts, containing the whole of the Pentateuch. Beautifully printed in very clear type. Price reduced from $15 to only $8.

NEW WORK ON FRANCE. France and Hereditary Monarchy. By John Bigelow. 1 vol. 8vo, cloth, $1 50.

THE SUNNY SOUTH. Scenes in the Sunny South: including the Atlas Mountains and the Oases of the Sahara in Algeria. By Col. Vereker. 2 vols. 12mo, $10 50.

THE BEST BOOK ON BANKING. The Principles and Practice of Banking. By the late I. W. Gilbart. New edition, revised, and in great part rewritten. 1 large vol. 8vo, cloth, $6 50.

PRIMITIVE CULTURE. Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Art, and Custom. By Edward B. Tylor. 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, $12.

TRAVELS IN THE AIR. By James Glaisher, Camille Flammarion, W. de Fonvielle, and Gaston Tissandier. Edited by James Glaisher, F.R.S. One very handsome volume royal 8vo, with 118 illustrations, extra cloth. $12 50.

CARLYLE'S WORKS.

PEOPLE'S EDITION.

MR. THOMAS CARLYLE'S WORKS, People's Edition, now being published in Monthly Volumes, each 90 cents. Small crown 8vo, handsomely printed in clear type, with good paper and cloth binding, each 90 cents.

Vol. 1. Sartor Resartus. 1 vol., with Portrait of Mr. Carlyle.
Vol. 2. French Revolution. Vol. I.
Vol. 3. " " Vol. II.
Vol. 4. " " Vol. III.
Vol. 5. Life of Sterling. (Ready Sept. 1.)

SYNONYMES DISCRIMINATED. A Complete Catalogue of the Synonymous Words in the English Language, with Descriptions of their Various Shades of Meaning, etc. Illustrated by quotations from standard writers. By C. J. Smith, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford, author of Synonymes and Antonymes Collated and Contrasted, etc. One handsome vol., demy 8vo, cloth, reduced from the regular price of $8 to only $6.

LIGHT SCIENCE FOR LEISURE HOURS. A Series of Familiar Essays on Scientific Subjects, Natural Phenomena, etc. By R. A. Proctor, B.A., F.R.A.S., Author of "Saturn and its System," "Other Worlds than Ours," "The Sun," etc. 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth extra, $3.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1871.

The Week.

SUPPOSE Warmoth and his Republicans in New Orleans had been men of nerve enough to attempt the enforcement of their right to seats in the State Republican Convention, and the State Governor had been shot down by United States troops surrounding the convention, not in obedience to the requisition of the Governor, but of the United States Marshal, who wishes to be nominated as governor, and at the instance of the United States Collector, who wishes to be a senator; could the President in that case have withstood the demand for the punishment of those officials by removal? He has most certainly not acted with sufficient promptness for the country's good, or the party's, or his own in this business; and in case he should not act at all, his offence must surely be recollected against him. That "he means no harm" in no way relieves a maker of legal precedents against the freedom of a country; and nothing better than that is said for General Grant, while worse things are said in plenty, and not without color of truth.

Senator Morton continues his speech-making, his last performance having been in St. Louis. Whether his be taken as the "utterances of the President's counsellor," or simply as those of "an eminent member of the Republican party," they are always worth attention. No other politician watches public sentiment—the sentiment of *his* public, that is—more closely, or trims to it more carefully. That he is capable of grossly misjudging it concerns those chiefly who pin their faith to him; his false intuitions only make him more interesting as a political weathercock. When he came, in the course of his remarks at St. Louis, to deal with the civil-service reform, and the probable policy of the party in regard to it, he was an especial object of interest, inasmuch as, during Grant's administration, the senator has probably made more unfit and corrupt recommendations to office than any of his colleagues in Congress. Some of the worst of them were for judicial positions, and it was, perhaps, in recollection of these that, denouncing life-tenures in the civil service, he said: "We have got only one institution of that kind, that is, the Supreme Court of the United States; and if we had to make that over, we would not put these gentlemen on the bench for life." Beyond his belonging, however, to the "great Republican reform party," which "wants to make any reform in that department that it can," the senator said nothing that indicated any personal desire for the purification of the civil service, or any but the vaguest notions in regard to it. He must "be allowed to say, in justice to General Grant, that he appears to be the first man that has taken a practical step in that direction." But it turns out that the commission appointed by the practical President, when asked in its turn "to devise something that was practical," was "met with difficulties at the very threshold," although some of its members, if Mr. Morton had been correctly informed, were "distinguished editors who had been writing very voluminously in favor of civil-service reform." Our civil service is imperfect, as human nature is imperfect, but it is "by far the best in the world"; and, considering the perfection of our Constitution, it is certainly not strange that constitutional objections should have arisen to the proposed change. As to the "particular measure" of reform, Senator Morton was wisely undecided. He would not vote to constitute "an aristocracy sufficient to revolutionize this government in twenty-five years"; but neither would he commit himself to a limited instead of a life tenure. He concluded his remarks on this topic by warning off the Democratic party from a reform which the Republican party had pre-empted—if anything was to be made out of it.

The Ohio Republicans are doing very much better than they expected, and now may have good hopes not only of beating McCook for Governor, but also of getting the Legislature into their hands, a thing which looked more than doubtful, and which is of importance because it will elect a senator—perhaps himself, perhaps not—to succeed Mr. Sherman, and because it will have charge of the redistricting of the State. This latter task requiring an exercise of pure justice for its right fulfilment, and man being the creature he is, Republicans as such are rejoicing that the work is to fall to them and not to the Democrats. The Democrats have certainly had extreme ill fortune in the campaign. They divided about the "New Departure"; the author of the New Departuer, who might, possibly, have reconciled them all to it, died suddenly, by accident; it was discovered that the gentleman supposed to be nominated had not really been nominated, and the friends of McCook's competitor, the actual nominee, General Ewing, sulk in their tents in consequence, and even think his rival somewhat dishonorable; while, to cap the climax, Governor McCook, who is a good canvasser and speaker, breaks down in what is said to look like insanity. Though that is not the true capping of the climax either; Mr. Pendleton's repudiating schemes are still popular enough in Ohio to need some more stamping out, as Mr. Thomas Ewing's astounding financial scheme shows, and yet the apostle of repudiation, Mr. Pendleton, has come home to make speeches; and everybody believes he comes to be, if he can, Mr. Sherman's successor, in case the Legislature can be made Democratic. The Democracy have fought hard for Ohio, and had the good fortune to get her when last a senatorship was the prize, but they will do miracles if they can bear up against all this ill-luck.

In both Ohio and Pennsylvania, various local and temporary causes will affect this year's elections, and these will, therefore, give but uncertain sign of what may be expected next year, though we may certainly look on the position of Mr. Ewing in Ohio, and on the wrath of the old-fashioned Democrats over the New Departure, as facts of more than momentary significance. On the whole, however, these elections, supposing them to result, as we expect, in Ohio's going Republican and Pennsylvania Democratic, will leave the political prospect in nearly all the doubt in which it has been for some time lying. So, too, of the elections in Maine and California. Maine, it is not doubted, will go Republican on a light vote. California may be expected to poll a heavy vote, but it seems rather idle to talk of the Californian election as if it were a naked contest between the pure Republican idea and the pure Democratic, especially when we have the Irish reason given that the two parties have precisely the same platform. The fact seems to be that the State is likely to go Republican, because Governor Haight, with his broken pledges as to subsidized railroads, and his very variegated political career, really pleases but few Democrats, while Mr. Booth pleases all Republicans, and will get 2,000 new negro votes in a State that was carried for Grant by 514 majority. More significant than any of these elections, though of a significance not yet to be measured with exactness, is the fact that Mr. Greeley, having gone through the South, is now going through the West and Northwest, feeling the public pulse in lectures and speeches, and, beyond a doubt, doing his best to make public opinion against Grant wherever he goes. A far more formidable enemy Grant will find him in his own and other people's "sanctums" than in the convention as a candidate for the nomination—if, indeed, there can be any seriousness in the sustained rumor that puts him in the absurd position of a candidate.

"A Constant Reader" of the *Nation* having read what we said the other day concerning the corrupt government of Louisiana, puts to us three questions, in substance as follows: First, Is not the material prosperity of Louisiana greater to-day than in 1860 or 1866; and is it not greater in consequence of the greater attention paid by the present rulers to the development of the State's resources? Second, Has not the State been building miles on miles of levees in place of those destroyed by the war? Third, Is not the State's liability to large expenditures in repairing the damages caused by the high water of last spring, the reason of the expected tax of $2 on a hundred for the

current financial year? He thinks that we are too hard on the State government when we say of it that, since the war, it has been, like the State government of North Carolina and that of South Carolina and those of other Southern States, grossly and shamelessly corrupt, unless we have better grounds for saying so than are to be found in the fact that the State tax was in 1860 21 cents on the $100; in 1865, 37½; in 1867, 52; in 1869, 75; in 1870, $1 45; and is confidently and reasonably expected to be, in 1871, more than $2. There are other grounds for thinking the present State governments of some of the Southern States a curse to the States themselves, and one of the heaviest loads the Republican party has to carry; but whether there are better grounds is a question.

It would be simply absurd to say that the material prosperity of Louisiana is greater now than it was in 1860. With the value of the slave property at that date we need not concern ourselves. We may confine our attention to the fact that the actual value of the real estate of Louisiana was in 1860 nearly twice as great as it is to-day, after five years of peace and of business activity. As for the levees, the State has since the war built and repaired miles of levees. The objection is that she has built them and repaired them at an expense of eight millions of dollars, of which sum competent persons estimate that about two and two-thirds millions have gone into the levees, and about five millions, more or less, have gone elsewhere. Perhaps Governor Warmoth could tell us. He publicly charged it against another State official last week that he had offered $50,000 for the Governor's signature to a certain bill; and the other State official says that the Governor did indeed decline the $50,000, and was very angry because he could not have $75,000 offered him, though there was not that much money "in it." As for the "liability" of the State in the matter of building levees, and its connection with the expected increase in taxation, it is as true as it is unfortunate that she is liable; and she is liable for large expenditures in *rebuilding* levees for *building* which—"fruitlessly," says the State Auditor—she has already paid thrice too much. Of this year's expected tax of $2 on the hundred, forty cents will be the amount which the last Legislature authorized a private corporation to take for the purpose of doing work in rebuilding levees—a tax which will amount to more than a million dollars. Moreover, the Legislature granted this right of rebuilding levees to the corporators for the next twenty years. Our correspondent may rest assured that the contempt for "the carpet-bagger", which, he says, he learned when in the South, will not be diminished by steady contemplation and full information of the condition of things in Louisiana. If he is a delegate to the Republican National Convention next summer, we advise him, in view of the polls, to be perfectly indifferent as to how Louisiana delegates, and those of some other Southern States, cast their votes for a nominee.

We appear to have been gallant enough in Corea, but that we have been very judicious does not appear; for it may be doubted, though we have killed some hundreds of Coreans, if we have not spoiled a diplomatic mission, then, by coming away after our victory, put ourselves in the position of the defeated party, and, finally, got on our hands an ugly and expensive job of a war in those distant waters. Five years ago next month a schooner, the *General Sherman*, with American papers, went to Corea for purposes of trade, some say illegal, some say legal. Nobody knows but the Coreans, who in 1867 would not answer Commander Shufeldt, in the *Wachusett*, and who in 1868 told Commander Sebiger, in the *Shenandoah*, that a certain foreign vessel did, at about the time mentioned, arrive in their waters; that the local official went on board and addressed the officers in humble language, but that both turned round and went asleep, thus insulting him; that a man on board, named Tony, a Frenchman—the French had had war with the Coreans a year before—used violent and unreasonable conduct towards them; that the people nevertheless were very kind and attentive to Tony and his friends, although warning them that it was unlawful for them to penetrate into the country; that the foreign vessel went, however, and had no sooner reached the chief city than her men seized the adjutant-general's ship, loaded the adjutant-general with chains, shattered into pieces many merchant vessels, robbing the crews, until by-and-by the whole city, aroused by these misplaced actions, turned out and fired guns, launched rafts of burning wood, let off cannon, fought with knives and swords, the foreigners fighting likewise, till at last the foreign ship blew up, and every man on board perished. Commander Sebiger had no great confidence in this narrative of facts, as it is well enough known that the crew of the *General Sherman*, except two, were massacred, with or without more or less reason, as the case may be; at all events massacred, and to be accounted for. But he could get no redress, and had to come away after one of his surveying boats had been fired on. This last expedition, made by Rear-Admiral Rodgers, had for its object to put Minister Low in communication with the Corean king, and the minister was to make enquiry after the *Sherman's* crew, and see if some good understanding could not be reached as to the treatment of wrecked seamen. Admiral Rodgers was to accompany with as many vessels as he could, in order that the embassy might be as imposing as possible. The expedition, on arriving, was boarded by Corean officials, who said they came from the king to learn its object. Mr. Low and the admiral are said to have decided that, no matter what these people stated, they must show credentials, or no communication could be had with them. This, be it remembered, although Commander Shufeldt had been glad to persuade a peasant of the country to convey a letter from him to the court. The country will look with some interest to see if Mr. Low is so good a specimen as that comes to of the kind of diplomatic agents that we send out under Senator Morton's perfect system, and also to see if the admiral's gallantry, and his sense of the impudence of the Coreans, did not keep his discretion in abeyance, and, together with the minister's want of skill and tact, get us into an unnecessary hobble. We hope the Secretary will be asked for the despatches as soon as Congress meets, if we do not get them before. Very soon after this, on the 1st of last June, came the firing on the surveying boats, and our return fire, which, it is now understood, killed some thirty Coreans.

The Rear-Admiral, however, thought that the insult to the flag was by no means wiped out, and after waiting nine days for an apology, on the morning of the tenth he landed an expedition for the purpose of chastising the natives. The land forces consisted of about 650 men, and they were accompanied on the water by the *Monocacy*, the *Palos*—which got aground and did no good—and three steam launches. Apparently, everything was planned excellently. On the 10th, five forts were taken, the squadron shelling vigorously, and the Coreans, it seems, retiring easily, and the marines occupying the forts and dismantling them as the enemy retired. This was a day of very hard work rather than hard fighting. On the 11th, the citadel was shelled from the river for an hour, and replied very briskly, but not at all effectively, its powder being wretched and its ordnance too light. Rifle-firing was also sharp between the marines and the defenders of the port, but casualties on the side of the assailants were few, and for the reason just given. Good powder and ordnance more modern would have made the citadel impregnable, such were its advantages of position and the courage of its garrison. At eleven o'clock it was carried by storm after a sharp contest of twenty minutes. The Coreans are described as fighting with determination, and they must at all events have stood up with fortitude, for 243 dead bodies were counted about the citadel, and if it is true that the garrison was not much more than a hundred, hardly a man in it could have escaped without death or wounds. The number seems incredible; but we do not see it stated that the 5,000 Coreans who operated in the open country were engaged at this point, if at all. Indeed, one account says that no one in the citadel escaped death or capture. The American loss was three killed and six wounded. The forts being destroyed and the guns—481 in all the forts—rendered useless, the vessels were ordered down the river. On the ground that the Coreans construe the withdrawal of the squadron as a confession of failure, the admiral is blamed. But it seems plain enough that the blame, if there is any, came earlier. Negotiation could hardly have been hoped for when the Corean authorities, despite the "coercing" they had just had, told the admiral, who asked them what he should do with his prisoners, that he might do what he liked with them. And for a war with Corea his force was evidently too small.

That very momentous question for France and her Assembly, "Shall the powers bestowed upon M. Thiers be both extended and prolonged so as to constitute him a regular President of the Republic for three years?"—a question closely allied with that perhaps more important one, "Has the National Assembly the right to prolong its own existence and frame a constitution for the country, or have its powers virtually expired with the double pacification it has achieved?"—is slowly approaching a solution, too slowly for the French mind, so impatient of uncertainties and suspended decisions. The committee to which M. Rivet's motion for the prolongation was referred by the Assembly has reached a vote on the subject, which is reported to be nine against to six for the motion, a decision in harmony with the views on the subject of its president, Benoist d'Azy; yet it has chosen for its reporter M. St.-Marc-Girardin, who decidedly favors the proposition, which, in the Assembly, is expected to be passed by a considerable majority, though with some modifications, and after a strenuous opposition on the part of both extreme wings. The deputies of the Left, among whom Gambetta—now a teacher of moderate and prudent statesmanship—has risen to foremost prominence, are reported to be preparing a manifesto demanding the restoration of the constitution of 1848. This restoration the Government of the 4th of September would, perhaps, have done very wisely to decree immediately on its installation, thus securing a kind of legitimate continuity to the Republic founded on universal suffrage, and merely suspended by the usurpations of Louis Napoleon; to decree it now, after so many breaks in that continuity on the part of the people, and after the revival by the late events in Paris of the most terrible memories of 1848, is much more than the Assembly can be persuaded to do—if not compelled by a new revolution. And even a new revolution is more likely to drive the now ruling majority into civil war than into submission to radical dictation.

The Assembly has, in the meanwhile, re-elected M. Grévy its president, and rejected a proposition to draw up a constitution. What was the complexion of the votes in these instances is not stated, nor easily to be guessed. The introduction of a bill providing for the dissolution of the Assembly is announced for one of these days—which can hardly emanate from any other quarter than the Extreme Left. M. Thiers's salary is proposed by the Budget Committee to be fixed at $100,000, with an additional credit for ordinary and extraordinary expenses. Whether this is meant for the "President of the Council, Chief of the Executive Power," which he now is, or for the contemplated "President of the Republic" for three years, we are not told. The Army Bill, which makes military service obligatory for every Frenchman between the ages of twenty and forty, prohibits substitutions, precludes the soldiers in the ranks from voting in political elections, and dissolves all armed organizations—including the National Guards—outside of the army and its reserves, has been favorably reported back to the Assembly by the proper committee. The army as it is finds unfortunately but too much employment in Algeria, whither reinforcements must constantly be sent. On its activity in the disastrous twelvemonth closed a few weeks ago, Generals Faidherbe, Chanzy, and MacMahon are publishing or preparing more or less official narratives, said to be of considerable interest. To judge by the little we have read about these recitals, MacMahon writes like a soldier, Chanzy like a patriot, and Faidherbe like a demagogue. Dreams of a speedy war for revenge are evidently haunting the minds of many a French general, but even Faidherbe's patron, Gambetta, is said to declare an enterprise of this kind sheer madness as long as no great ally is found. This ally the "patriotic" press already believes it sees in the Czar, who frightens Bismarck into negotiations with Beust.

The Versailles trials are progressing slowly. The "Government Commissary's" introductory *exposé* is lucid and rich in historically interesting dates, of which the following refer to the second period of the movements: The 4th of September, 1870, satisfied neither the members of the Internationale nor the revolutionists proper. They waited in concert, for a propitious moment to grasp power, in the meanwhile clamoring for "the Commune" and a general sortie, denouncing defeat as treason, and conspiring for attack. On October 31, they first threw their armed masses upon the Hôtel de Ville. January 22, 1871, they made their second fruitless attempt. After the capitulation of Paris, which disarmed the military, and paralyzed the Government and its friends, they perfected the organization of their forces, begun long before. February 15, a meeting of delegates of the National Guard took place at the Tivoli-Vauxhall, and appointed a commission to elaborate the provisional statutes of a central committee. February 24, the statutes were provisionally voted by the delegates, the Central Committee constituted, and resistance to any attempt at disarmament, as well as to the entry of the Germans, announced by resolution, "the National Guard recognizing no other chiefs but those of its own choice." February 27, under the pretext of saving a number of pieces of artillery from the Germans, the Nationals carried the cannon upon the heights of Montmartre, and placed them in position. February 28, the Central Committee invited the Guard not to oppose the entry of the Germans; it remained in permanence for two nights. March 4, it announced its "mission to constitute the Republican Federation of the National Guard." A few days later, a fusion of the Central Committee with the International Federation, which held its sittings in the Rue de la Corderie, took place. March 8, the Central Committee, at the Vauxhall, definitively adopted the statutes of its organization. March 11, an assembly of chiefs of battalions, at the Salle de la Redoute, adopted a resolution of resistance to any attempt at subverting the Republic or disarming the Guard. March 15, the Central Committee rendered account of its doings to the Republican Federation of the National Guard; it had then concentrated all power in its hands. March 18, the feeble attempt of the Versailles Government to seize the cannon miscarrying, the insurrection became a revolution. March 22, a counter-revolutionary demonstration was stifled in blood at the Place Vendôme. March 26, Communal elections were held at the decree of the Central Committee. March 28, the Commune of Paris was solemnly installed at the Hôtel de Ville, the Central Committee, composed chiefly of Internationals, apparently abdicating, but in fact continuing to direct the whole movement.

Last week we alluded to the speculations, "mostly of a very vague and idle character," indulged in by the press in connection with the reported meeting of the Emperors William and Francis Joseph, and their advisers, at Gastein. There being no further announcement made by the Associated Press for a number of days, the conjectures about the avowed objects and ulterior aims of the Imperial conference found a collective and, under the circumstances, rather legitimate expression in something like the following questions: Are the French right in presuming the meeting to be provoked by Russia's secretly arming in their favor? Are the scandalous proceedings of the Roumanian Chambers in the Strousberg Railroad affair, and the consequently more than ever shaken position of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, the cause of Bismarck's friendly relations with Beust? Has Turkey really shown any inclination, as is asserted, to make common cause with Russia in solving that and other questions on the Lower Danube, and is, therefore, the Eastern question to be the main topic of the conversations between Kaiser William and Francis Joseph? Or has the German Chancellor concocted a plan against the Ultramontanes, which is to be concerted with his Austrian rival, who happens to be a Protestant? Or is only a general *entente cordiale*, without any special aims, to be effected between the two empires, which in their diplomatic communications, in December last, already made the necessary advances towards an oblivion of the past? Before incurring the obligation, however, of declining to answer all or any of these questions, we are surprised at the end of the week by the Cable announcement that the two Emperors have not met at Gastein at all, and that their meeting there or anywhere else is indefinitely postponed, which relieves us and our contemporaries from the necessity of further conjecturing—at least for a time. We do not say that some of these questions we are not going to hear more about. But the Khedive we feel impelled to entreat everybody to dismiss from his mind till the complete setting in of cool weather.

THE SYNDICATE.

The course heretofore pursued by the Treasury Department in its communications with the public on the subject of the new loan, as it is called, has been such as to cause universal distrust in the latest phase of these negotiations, the reported Syndicate. It is not often that the government of a respectable power is made ridiculous and contemptible in the eyes of the financial world by semi-official misrepresentation and prevarication on matters of such grave importance and such public notoriety as the placing of a national loan. But if it were possible for Mr. Boutwell to destroy entirely all faith in the credit of the United States, he would certainly have accomplished it by the countenance he has lent to the announcements, put forth in a semi-official form, half-a-dozen times during the last twelvemonth, that "the negotiations were at last completed, that the entire amount of five per cent. bonds had been subscribed for, that the funding was a success, that the loan was closed," and so forth. At one time it was the Rothschilds, at another time a combination of Frankfort bankers, and then a St. Petersburg firm, that had subscribed for a large amount. And again, a combination of English houses, and once or twice Mr. Treasurer Spinner, and again Mr. Assistant-Secretary Richardson, had succeeded in disposing of the whole. In defending Mr. Boutwell from the charge of endorsing these wilful misstatements, it is not sufficient to assert that they were not officially made by him. It was his duty, instead of quietly countenancing them as far as he could, without technical commitment, promptly to deny them, knowing, as he should have known, that nothing could be so injurious to the success of the loan as a doubt of the strict veracity of the Treasury officials. But Mr. Boutwell quietly permitted the repeated deception, until he awoke one fine morning to find that his great funding loan had been hawked abroad all over the world, like an invoice of tarnished plated ware, until no one could be induced even to look at it.

About a month ago a fresh announcement took the community by surprise: the entire balance of the loan had been placed abroad. Again, all the information received from the Treasury, though strictly non-committal, was in every way confirmatory of the report. It is even asserted that positive orders were given to discontinue the advertising of the loan in this country. But it is now quite certain that the loan was not then placed, and the negotiations appear to have made no further progress, at least were not again heard of until a few days since, when it was pompously announced that a "Syndicate" of foreign and Anglo-American banking-houses had absolutely purchased the balance. This time there was no wavering at the Treasury. The fact was boldly announced, under Mr. Boutwell's own signature, that the loan was withdrawn from the market. The names of many of the leading foreign banking-houses in London and this city were quietly noised abroad as parties to the scheme, and this time even the most incredulous were congratulating themselves that this tedious topic was finally removed from the daily despatches. But they were mistaken. First, it appeared that the "Syndicate" had only taken thirty millions unconditionally out of the $130,000,000 yet unsold. Then it appeared that some of the houses named as parties to the loan declined the honor, and rather repudiated the Syndicate than otherwise. Then it leaked out that only $20,000,000 or $25,000,000 were really taken, that the Syndicate was chiefly a figure of speech, and that perhaps the loan might still be partly for sale; and all that even now seems definite is that Jay Cooke & Co., and Fisk & Hatch of this city, together with one or two substantial, influential, and highly respectable, though not absolutely first-class London houses, have agreed to take $25,000,000 of the $130,000,000 yet to be placed, on condition that they shall have the refusal of the balance for a certain length of time, and on certain terms not as yet given to the public. This, as far as can be ascertained, is the sum-total of fact in the midst of this long account of disgraceful mystification.

It is no wonder that the public looks upon the "Syndicate" with a mixture of distrust and contempt. But neither the distrust nor the contempt is altogether justifiable. Although among the officially published foreign names there is not one that ranks as of the first class in the great world of finance, although the operations in this market are surrounded with the fuss and puffery that our modern flashy financiers think essential to success, although the list of names published here had to be eked out with those of firms who give the whole a rather poverty-stricken air, it should not be forgotten that the negotiation is now at least in the hands of business men, who will devote the experience, the energy, the influence, which made former loans successful in their hands to accomplish similar results in the present case. And indeed there seem to be no valid reasons why the negotiation should not prove a complete success, provided the published statements are truthful and correct.

One reason, in justice to Mr. Boutwell it should be remembered, why all previous attempts at funding failed, was the ridiculous and absurd provision of Congress that the Secretary should not be allowed to call in the outstanding six per cents until they stood at par in gold in the markets of the world. Now, it only needs half the knowledge of an ordinary business man to see that that provision was practically suicidal. Owners and holders of the bonds did not want to see them called in or paid off. What they wanted was to continue drawing the six per cent. interest, which they could not get with equal security from any other class of investments whatever. As soon as the bonds went to par, they were immediately subject to being called in. Everybody knew that they could not, therefore, go *over* par, while there was, of course, a possibility that they might go *below* par. Nobody, therefore, cared to buy them *at* par, and the holders were more anxious than anybody else that they might remain below par. The law thus left Mr. Boutwell in this position: He could not call in bonds until they went to par, and his readiness to call them in was the very thing that prevented them from going to par or above. At the same time, he could sell his new five per cent. bonds only at par; but, of course, as long as equally good six per cents were obtainable at par, no one would buy five per cents at the same price. A more ingenious contrivance for practising the laudable art of "how not to do it" was never invented in Congress or in Downing Street. If Mr. Boutwell had been half as much of an intelligent business man as he is an ingenious political wire-puller, he would have seen at a glance that under such circumstances all his efforts at funding must prove failures, and that each successive announcement of his immediate or early or actually completed success only covered him with deeper ridicule in the eyes of those who correctly appreciated his situation.

If ever there was a case in which a public officer was by law made practically dependent upon private effort, that case was Mr. Boutwell's. For the success of his funding measures, it was absolutely necessary that some one should run the risk of contracting for a large amount of the new five per cents, and take the chances of the effect upon other holders of calling in a similar amount of six per cents. If the simultaneous calling in of, say, 100 millions of six per cents had the effect of inducing the holders of other hundreds of millions of six per cents to prefer exchanging the latter for the new five per cents, which could *not* be called in, the negotiation was a success. If it did not have that effect, the negotiation was a failure, and the parties originally contracting for the new five per cents incurred a loss. Now, the risk of loss in that case was one which a "Syndicate" of four or five first-class European banking-houses would have settled within an hour, but that risk of loss was, nevertheless, the key to the whole situation. Mr. Boutwell, with a marvellous fatuity, adopted the very plan by which intelligent action was rendered absolutely impossible. He appointed everybody as agents of the loan, and, as "everybody" is not in a position to incur a loss of a few millions of dollars, and as those who can afford to risk such sums do not care to do it for "everybody's" benefit, the result was a stupendous failure. A few firms who sought to curry favor, a few national banks who dread the Secretary's frown or bask in his smiles, and some few individuals who believed that the credit of the United States would overcome all difficulties, did convert their six per cents into five per cents, and there the whole business has rested until the recent effort now under discussion.

No unprejudiced financial authority is at this time prepared to deny that the credit of the United States, under competent Treasury management, would be fully equal to borrowing a very large sum, say 1,000 millions of dollars, at five per cent. interest, or even less, provided

that sum be devoted to cancelling the existing six per cent. bonds. But to do this at any time requires that the national finances should be managed with the most scrupulous simplicity, straightforwardness, and truth, so that the great moneyed houses and families of the world (who, the common belief to the contrary notwithstanding, owe their success almost without exception to their perfect good faith) can co-operate with the Government in such a negotiation. At the present moment, it requires this co-operation more emphatically than ever, owing to the limitations placed upon the Secretary by foolish laws. If the co-operation which the present Syndicate offers to the Treasury is not as powerful as we should desire in order to feel perfectly certain of success, the want of that power, the absence of the really great houses, is chiefly due to the unwise course pursued throughout by the Secretary himself. But it is, nevertheless, true that the existence of the present combination is the first evidence we have had that the Secretary begins to realize the true nature of his situation, that the management of the affair is at last in the hands of men of great ability and considerable influence, and that the condition of the European money market warrants the hope and the belief that the negotiation will be successful. Success in the present effort, if genuine, means a speedy refunding of the entire amount of outstanding six per cents, and a very desirable saving of at least ten millions in the annual interest. We can see no serious reason for doubting that the success will be measurably prompt and sufficiently complete to compensate for previous failures.

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?"

This, after all said and done, is the one municipal question of the hour, and the impudent autocrat of our municipality, who puts it to us instinctively, knows that it is not easy of solution. Of course, prominent in Tweed's mind is the fact that for almost two years to come the quadrilateral have secured themselves against a mild storm of popular indignation, and he doubtless thinks that in a few months the first force of all the hue-and-cry now made against them will have blown over. Whether he is right or wrong in this will depend almost entirely upon the strength of the moral element in our community. Thieves are apt to underrate the general moral sentiment of others; and we will hope that they do so in this case, though, as we have had occasion to say before, we are not so sanguine in this particular case as we could wish to be. Where is the strength of moral sense, for instance, which is going to mass, in solid and hearty opposition to Tweed and Sweeny, Mr. B. F. Manierre, Mr. Reuben Fenton, Mr. Roscoe Conkling, Mr. Thomas Murphy, Mr. Henry Smith, Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, Mr. Horace Greeley, Mr. Jackson S. Schultz, Mr. John V. Gridley, the *Times*, the *Evening Post*, and the *Tribune?* It would require a good deal more than is always in heated party conflitcs available for use in politics. It would require so much more than anybody expects to find, that people would listen as to thunder out of a winter sky, or to voices out of the earth, or to the sound of a general resurrection of the dead, if they were some morning to hear it said that Mr. Fenton, Mr. Conkling, Mr. Greeley, and Mr. Schultz, and Mr. Murphy had announced that they united to take the one way to give this State this fall a Republican government, and to make it a sure reliance for the Republican party, which they believe to be the party of honest government in city, State, and county at large—this one way being the easy way of sacrificing selfish motives, and of themselves honestly working for an un-Fentonized, un-Conklingized, un-Greeleyized, un-Murphyized Republican State convention, and an honest Republican legislature. We say nothing about the moral sense and character of any of the persons named above further than this—and that may be much or little; we think it much rather than little—that it is their differences, more or less personal in origin, which have been and are fatal to the well-being of the party in the State, and which bid fair to continue so in the future; fatal not only to its success, but so injurious to its character that to call the Republican party as it reveals itself when it gets to Albany the party of purity, would expose one, as an innocent, to the contempt of most of the Republicans as well as of most of the Democrats one met at the capital. Tweed himself says that he has not often been called a fool, and it is rather more likely, as he recalls certain pecuniary transactions at Albany, that it is not so much upon any legal or legislative difficulties in the way of our getting rid of him that he relies when he asks us what we are going to do about it, as it is upon his knowledge of his own moral character and how near it is to the political-moral character of the tools with which the honest community tries to work.

But below all this we come face to face with a problem which is of vital importance, and must now be solved, otherwise even success in driving from power the whole set of blackguards who plunder us will be of no lasting avail, and the work of reform will have to be done over again in each decade. The secret of the failure of the Citizens' Association is not so much the character of Mr. Nathaniel Sands, because, even if a man of the highest character had been at the head of that organization, it would have failed by reason of the absence of some guiding principle to it. The gentlemen who were the executive committee of that association would listen to nothing in the way of an organic reform, but were simply determined to "get better men in office." There was a time when a De Witt Clinton was our Mayor, and now a—Hall. Why this change? they demanded, and they asked as if the answer was a simple one relating to nominations, or "good men going to the polls." But the fact is, they had not in the least comprehended the problem. For one thing, since De Witt Clinton's time all the conditions of existence have changed. The New York merchant who waited two or three weeks for the arrival of the European packet to announce to him the state of the markets on the other side, could devote an amount of time to politics which is utterly impossible to that merchant's son, to whom the tick of the Atlantic Cable instrument is as familiar as that of his pulse, and who will go to the wall unless his mind is occupied from morning until night with the tidings it carries. Now, it is sheer nonsense to say to such a man, "Take an interest in politics, attend primaries, find men to accept office, canvass your acquaintanceship, discover who is fit for a public post, and who, at the same time, will accept small pay for much responsibility," and then watch carefully that the person whom you have aided in electing will attend to his duties. Under the pressure of some great public misfortune, one so great that it affects the welfare of almost every member of the body politic, men will leave vocations upon which depends their success in life, and become volunteer politicians, precisely as the *flaneur* of the "American Heaven" was converted by the Prussian rapping at the door into something of a soldier. Such efforts are necessarily spasmodic, and cannot be relied upon when constant action is required.

In addition to the difficulty which the extreme division of employments creates to political activity on the part of the so-called better-class men, we have in our city an ever-present bar to absolute good government in the shape of the ignorant Irish voting element. Granted that our well-meaning and intelligent citizens outnumber the blind who are led by the wicked, yet the wicked and the blind are with us in such numbers that the slightest flagging of political interest on the part of the well-meaning will give to the sinister interests once more the upper hand. And it is just this fever-heat of political interest which we cannot expect from our overworked merchants, bankers, and tradesmen.

The first determination of the friends of reform will probably be to make some such changes in the city charter, or give us such a new charter as will make our principal municipal officers more directly responsible and more easily pnnishable, at the same time diminishing the facilities for committing and concealing frauds. But we trust it may be well considered by the wisest heads among us whether there is not danger that this will be, in a measure, to make once more the mistake the Citizens' Association made, though not in its most egregious form, and to give us a superficial remedy the effects of which will be neither great nor durable. We, ourselves, have our doubts, considering the character of our city constituency, if the only way to prevent the present wholesome indignation from frittering itself away in imitation of the Citizens' Association's performances, is not to secure through the legislature of our State a charter for our city

which shall secure to all minorities of upwards, say, of 10,000 voters one voice in the legislative department of the city. This legislative department should appoint the executive heads of the departments, which should be amenable to this legislature, and removable by it. Thus our good citizens can always secure a success commensurate with their endeavors, and if we cannot absolutely outweigh and outcount the Irish vote, we can neutralize it. Exposure would follow villany step upon step; neither secret accounts nor "extortionate" bills could pass a body thus composed. Under our present system, a minority can only acquire power by means of a demoralizing and corrupt bargain with the majority—a bargain like that of the Tammany Republicans. By this plan the minority would hold power independently of the majority; and even if the majority of our law-makers should then as now prove corrupt, so long as the minority remain pure and independent the majority could be held in check. We have frequently shown in these columns that a system dependent upon the heroic virtues will not succeed. Political economy teaches us that the satisfaction must be proportionate to the effort, and all our diatribes against the indifferentism of the citizen will fall on dull ears unless we show him some way by virtue of which his efforts will yield him some permanent relief.

SOME RECENT PROCEEDINGS IN DUXBURY.

THE sensation of awaking to one's natural condition after a temporary change of habit is apt to produce in the mind of the performer a conviction that he has rather made a fool of himself. The patient beguiled into the public consumption of laughing-gas, for instance, generally descends from the platform in a painful state; orators at dinners are, when intelligent, sad men at heart; the amateur ventriloquist at private parties must often confer solemnly with himself after he has got home. But to this complexion the public performer is very likely to come at last, and it is the cheerful duty of his friends to recount his antics. Communities occasionally experience the same sensations; having been unduly excited and elated, they return to common life with a sheepish assurance that they have overdone the thing. As the lights are put out, and the plaudits die away, the last of the audience make haste to forget their enthusiasm.

Some such process has just been finished in a certain county in an adjacent State, sacred to the Pilgrims. Without provocation, many worthy gentlemen, and some other gentlemen, have held a public meeting, have made speeches and applauded them, and are now sadly enquiring if there was any reason for the performance. The nominal cause was the dedication of a monument to Miles Standish at Duxbury, but the cool observer will be as slow to perceive the reason for such a memorial as he will be ten years hence to find the monument.

We should be sorry to say that Duxbury, having lost its former place as a fishing village, was ambitious of entering on a new life as a watering place; that, having no monuments, it had to create them; and, having no local hero worth mention, was obliged to evolve one from fancy. We should be sorry to say these things, but they might be true even if unsaid.

Miles Standish, in truth, appears to have been a sturdy soldier of fortune, who bore a very modest share in the colonizing of Plymouth. The importance of that settlement is often overrated, but certainly, whatever place the settlement may claim in a political view, the military deeds of its Captain Standish were not remarkable. He was, indeed, one of the earliest soldiers who fought with the Indians, but the history of New England is full of the names of more distinguished warriors. Every generation has had its heroes, and, judging solely from their achievements, every generation since the first has excelled its prototype.

The celebration, however, was decided upon, and it was held with due formalities. The orator of the day had little to say about Standish, for history was silent. It was noted, however, that Miles Standish was spelt "Myles"—and it might have been added that Winthrop was spelt Wynthrop, and Bradford was spelt Bradforth; curious items, but of no especial value to the unregenerate mind. The orator, however, mentioned many things to which the aforesaid Standish might have been compared, had he only known what the first term was. He was like "Cavalry Sheridan" chiefly because he was a foot-soldier, and he was the exponent of every noble idea because he had left no record of his own.

After this oration, which, although not bad, in a way, was apparently best as a specimen of making bricks without straw, General Benjamin Franklin Butler explained in many ways that Standish was very much like President Grant, and especially pointed out that, as one was re-elected, the other should be. We suggest to the General that this is an argument as good for the representation of the Essex district as any other. He never thought of that. And then Doctor George B. Loring got his innings, and discovered that Standish was a fine old New England farmer, of all things in the world, "one of the earliest of all those men who, after availing themselves of the sandy store-houses of the Indians, and seizing whatever they had, turned their attention to the cultivation of the soil." Did the Doctor think sadly of that model farmer before him who had seized a store-house in a neighboring county, and has been cultivating the district with such success?

Then Mr. Justin Winsor proceeded to demonstrate, we must say it, in twenty-seven verses, that him the gods had not made poetical; and then Rev. E. E. Hale, who is always bright, gently ridiculed the *Mayflower*, and said his ancestors were *not* immigrants by that vessel; and, finally, and here dawning sanity begins to appear, Dr. Nathaniel Shurtleff, of Boston, wrung the hearts of all the Old Colony by unkindly exploding the twin falsehoods—dear to the Old Colonist as the Twin Brethren to the dwellers by proud Eurotas—that John Howland did *not* marry Governor Carver's daughter, and that John Alden's bride did *not* ride home like Europa, for there was not a bull in the whole colony for three years after the marriage.

So the show closed, and the anxious enquirer must needs wonder at the pother. The monument is yet to be built. The site, to be sure, has been secured; but, then, five acres of Cape Cod land can hardly be considered a princely endowment. The long and short of the matter is that the hero is undeserving of the rank sought to be given him, good fighter and sturdy colonist though he was. The celebration was an absurdity; the energy was all misplaced; the emotion could not but be forced—except, indeed, when General Butler praised the Puritan virtues, and Dr. Loring's heart melted within him when he thought of Myles as a farmer.

One claim to distinction which Standish really had was cruelly overlooked by all the speakers. He was the great original "fortune hunter." As his will shows, he was the first of the noble army of dupes who have believed themselves heirs to English fortunes. He solemnly bequeathed to his son the land of which his great-grandfather was deprived. We propose, therefore, that when the monument is to be dedicated, the heirs of the Jennings estate, the Towneley heirs, the Ingraham heirs, the Holt heirs, the Smith heirs, the Burnham heirs, the heirs of the innumerable other wealthy Englishmen of this class, shall assemble and meet together in force in Duxbury, to mark their admiration of Standish the claimant. Then we shall have a celebration, and a reason for it; as it is, Duxbury must try again before becoming a vast watering-place.

THE CENTRALIZATION OF M. THIERS—GAMBETTA.

PARIS, August, 1871.

IT is sometimes easier to illustrate the condition of a country by some small fact than by long dissertations and disquisitions. The House at Versailles has been occupied for three weeks in passing a law on what are called the General Councils. The councils are departmental boards elected by universal suffrage, who have to decide upon all the interests of the department, roads, asylums, schools, buildings, etc. Their authority has always been almost nominal, as the préfet, who represents the central power, only consulted them, and was not bound by their decision. They had a session of only eight days in a year. The new law has been framed in a more liberal spirit; it allows the board to name a permanent committee, which will have some executive powers. M. Thiers, who is very despotic, and what we call a centralizator, is very adverse to the new law. He wished the préfet, who is the obedient tool of the Government, to be *ex officio* the president of the executive committee. The Chamber rejected this plan, and wished to allow the committee to choose its own president. Thereupon M. Thiers threatened to resign; it was impossible for him to govern a country where a few country gentlemen, merchants, and farmers could meet and name their own president, though this committee had no political functions whatever, and was only occupied with the material interests of a small district.

France is still the country where Louis XIV. could say, *L'état c'est moi.* Only the head of the state has changed its name. After the king it became Robespierre, then Napoleon; a year ago its name was Gambetta; to-day it is Thiers. It is impossible for anybody who has not lived in France to understand the full force of this word "préfet." The prefect is always some politician coming from Paris to a district where he knows

nobody (he is on principle never sent to his own department, as he might then favor the interests of his family and friends, at the expense of the interests of that jealous monster called the state). He lives in a palace; the large army of officials is at his command; he really cares for nothing except the elections; he will be considered by the Government as a good préfet if the elections are favorable to the Government; as a bad préfet if they are not. He therefore directs all his energies, all his power, which is immense, all his activity, in one direction; whoever can serve him as an electoral agent is his friend; his patronage is larger than can be imagined. He decides upon the roads, the public works, the financial arrangements of the department; he is a little king.

Now, the king will have before him a little parliament; but it seemed to M. Thiers that the whole fabric of the state would be subverted if this parliament was allowed to choose its own president. After many struggles, many discussions and speeches, it was finally agreed that the committee should not choose the president, but that the eldest member should be president by right. We could no longer rest quietly in our beds, it seems, if the councils were to choose the ablest man, the best administrator, the most experienced and honest gentleman of the district; but all will be safe if we have the baldest, deafest, and most dilapidated councillor at the head of the council. Such, at least, is the final advice of M. Thiers; he believes in old age, being himself over eighty. Is there not something supremely ludicrous in this sort of legislation, and in such a scheme of decentralization? The Central Government is so strong in France that it would be advisable, in my opinion, to unite the departments by groups (as each department is too small to become a political unit of any importance), and to give to each of these reconstituted provinces some sort of local government, with an elected governor and a parliament. But anybody who dared to defend publicly such a plan would be condemned as a partisan of the *ancien régime*. The name of *province* seems an insult to the principles of '89 and the great Revolution, and we are, after all, governed only by words, not by ideas. The Chamber has taken a step, a timid step, in the right direction, and M. Thiers is doing all he can to counteract the liberal ideas of the majority, with the applause of a pseudo-republican party. Whoever has seen a real republic must see that our French Republicans do not know what a republic means. Only a few weeks ago, Louis Blanc, Edgar Quinet, and their friends proposed a law which practically gave to the votes of the cities a privilege over the votes of the country. The partisans of the majority are branded with the name of *rurals*. All the intellect of the country is supposed to be crystallized in the great towns; Paris, the Paris of the Commune, is the brain of France, and all France ought to obey it, as the limbs follow the dictation of the nervous centres.

The country people may be sluggish, backward, but it is the fault of a central government, and the central government has always been more or less Parisian; but they are hard-working, orderly, law-abiding, while the population in almost all the great cities is impatient, unruly, revolutionary, warlike. It must seem evident to a mind which takes a survey of the whole land that the only government fit for such a country in its present state is a sort of compromise between the conservative instincts of the rural population and the aspirations of the townspeople, and this compromise would be found in a constitutional monarchy, with such institutions as have made little Belgium so free and prosperous. We have all the elements for such a solution—an immense and wealthy middle-class, a national, honest, and patriotic dynasty; but at the very time when it could easily have been adopted, when the vast majority desired it, M. Thiers, in an evil hour, threw all the weight of his influence in another direction. He made himself republican when the country called for monarchy; and there is so little organization in the parties and in the press, that the country, bewildered and astonished as it was, could find no way to redress the policy of the new leader. We live under a new personal government, and, when we reflect that the consul of the day is the oldest statesman of Europe, we may well be uneasy for the future. Gambetta, owing to the moral confusion which has been created by the defection of M. Thiers, has re-entered the House. He is said to be forming for himself a party in the army; he will flatter the noblest and vilest passions of the nation, and make a Republican war-party, which has a chance of coming into power if the Conservative party loses all cohesion. A few weeks ago, he went to Spain to escape his own unpopularity; now many people begin to look upon him as the possible successor of M. Thiers. Time will soon throw its veil over the disasters of the last campaign. Gambetta will appear before the proud and wounded nation like the personification of vengeance; he will promise a *revanche* to the young men, to the officers, to the army; he will make, if he succeed, a military republic, more dynastic and centralized than any government of the past; and he may lead France to certain and more terrible disasters. You may be persuaded that Gambetta intends to ally the cause of the Republic with the idea of war; and in so doing, he is almost sure to enlist sympathy in a short time from many quarters. It is useless to show the dangers of such a policy. These dangers might have been averted; they may still be averted if the country is allowed to unite under a Liberal government, under a dynasty which would take good care of the honor of France, without throwing the country into new adventures and compromising the most sacred interests for the sake of personal ambition. But as long as the country awaits its fate from the hands of M. Thiers, and is not able to decide for itself, we shall be condemned to live in a sort of moral anarchy, without any definite hope, without any fixed policy, at the mercy of an accident, of a surprise—the slaves of fate.

Correspondence.

THE SOUTH AND WEST DESPONDENT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The *Nation*, in its issue of the 10th inst., speaking of the trade of the country, says: "The Southern Atlantic States and the Far West are alike despondent." Doubtless, for how can it be otherwise? The great staples of the West are as low in price to-day as in 1860. Flour (superfine) has been quoted within a week, in this city, at $4 45 to $4 95 per barrel. Other products of the farmer are equally depressed in price, while his expenses for labor, for machines, and other implements of production—for all articles required for the use of himself and family, together with his taxes—are enhanced some fifty to seventy-five per cent. What the farmer of the West sells brings him only the lowest gold prices of former days; while all he purchases for consumption costs him the currency prices of the present day, and the difference he loses. His case is indeed a hard one, and he may well despond. This is not only true now, but there is no reasonable prospect of any improvement in his condition. The surplus of his products *must* be exported, and of course must be sold at their gold value for shipment abroad. Whatever they are worth for that purpose determines the value of the whole crop, whether used at home or sent to a foreign market; and the general prices of agricultural products cannot rise permanently from what they now are, because the annual surplus must be constantly growing larger.

The planter of the South is no better off. The cost of producing his crop has immensely increased by the expanded currency prices he is compelled to pay for labor and for whatever he consumes in his family or upon his plantation, while his cotton does not bring him corresponding prices; and what is more disheartening still is the fact that, low as prices now are, they are certain to be still lower when, instead of three millions of bales, as now, the crop is increased, as it is sure to be ere long, to five millions.

Such being the situation, it is obvious there can be but one remedy, and that is, that the farmer of the West and the planter of the South must be enabled to buy and sell by the same standard of value. That can be accomplished only by the restoration of the currency to par with gold, and that can be brought about only by such a contraction as shall restore it to its natural volume. Then, and not till then, will the currency be equal in value to gold, and all American and foreign products be measured correctly by it. Then, and not till then, will those who produce exportable commodities have a fair chance to conduct their operations to advantage. Every class of producers will thus stand on the same level, and the entire trade of the country be brought to a sound condition. A. W.

AN OLD-TIME ENGLISHMAN AT COURT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your quotation, in No. 317 of your paper, from Mr. Kingsley's "At Last," in which he speaks of the naval fight of Sir Richard Grenville against great odds, reminds me of two accounts of Sir Jerome Bowes, who also seems to have had a vein of sturdiness in his character. The first is from Pepys's Diary, under the date of September 4, 1662:

"And, among other discourse, some was of Sir Jerome Bowes, embassador from Queene Elizabeth to the Emperor of Russia, who, because some of the noblemen there would go upstairs to the Emperor before him, he would not go up till the Emperor had ordered those two men to be dragged down-stairs,

with their heads knocking upon every stair till they were killed. And when he was come up, they demanded his sword of him before he entered the room. He told them if they would have his sword they should have his boots too; and so caused his boots to be pulled off, and his night-gown and night-cap and slippers sent for; and made the Emperor stay till he could go in his night-dress, since he might not go as a soldier. And lastly, when the Emperor, in contempt, to show his command of his subjects, did command one to leap from the window down, and broke his neck in the sight of our embassador, he replied that his mistress did set more by, and did make better use of, the necks of her subjects; but said that to show what her subjects would do for her, he would and did fling down his gauntlet before the Emperor, and challenged all the nobility there to take it up in defence of the Emperor against his Queene, for which, at this very day, the name of Sir Jerome Bowes is famous and honored there."

The other extract is from Dr. Collins's "Present State of Russia, in a Letter to a Friend at London; written by an Eminent Person residing at the Great Tsar's Court of Mosco for the space of Nine Years. London. 1671."

"This Juan Vasilowidg nailed a French ambassador's hat to his head. Sir Jerom Boze, a while after, came as ambassador, and put on his hat, and cocked it before him; at which he sternly demanded how he durst do so, having heard how he chastised the French ambassador. Sir Jerom answered, he represented a cowardly King of France, but I am the ambassador of the invincible Queen of England, who does not veil her bonnet nor bare her head to any prince living; and if any of her ministers shall receive any affront abroad, she is able to revenge her own quarrel. Look you there (quoth Juan Vasilowidg to his boyars), there is a brave fellow, indeed, that dares do and say this much of his mistress; which whoreson of you all dare do so much for me, your master? This made them envy Sir Jerom, and persuade the Emperor to give him a wild horse to tame, which he did, managing him with such rigor that the horse grew so tired and tamed that he fell down dead under him. This being done, he asked his majesty if he had any more wild horses to tame. The Emperor afterwards much honored him, for he loved such a daring fellow as he was, and a mad blade to boot."

Sir Jerome seems to have had in him something of that "power of initiation" with which the Imperial Crown Prince of Germany is reported to have been struck during his present visit to England. They still hold it for a country where, on occasion, two and two shall make five.

T. P.

New York, August 20, 1871.

A NOTE FROM GENERAL GARFIELD.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* of the 10th instant calls my attention, for the first time, to an unfortunate typographical error in an appendix to my oration on the life and character of General Thomas, by which Captain (now Lieut.-Colonel) A. G. Brackett is placed among those who became generals in the rebel army. I deeply regret this error, because it wrongs a worthy officer of our army who, as I learn, was three times breveted for gallantry during the war; and because I should be sorry to have the readers of the *Nation* suppose I had done my work so carelessly as this blunder might indicate.

In preparing the oration, I sent a copy of the roster of the 2d Cavalry for 1860 to the Adjutant-General at Washington, who, at my request, added the dates at which any of its officers resigned to go into the rebel service, and also marked the names of those who became rebel generals. That list was printed as Appendix A, but the proof-sheets were not sent to me. That the star affixed to Capt. Brackett's name was the printer's blunder may be seen from the fact that the roster professes to give the date of resignation of "those who went into the rebel service," and no date is placed opposite the name of Captain Brackett.

As I am not personally acquainted with Colonel B., I take this method of explaining the error.—Very respectfully yours,

James A. Garfield.

Notes.

Mr. Joel Munsell, of Albany, one of those fanatical publishers who deliberately choose a line of works whose sale is in inverse proportion to their merit, announces to his select audience the following enterprises: "The Indian Tribes of Hudson's River: their Origin, Manners, and Customs, Traditions, Tribal and Sub-tribal Organizations, Political Relations, Wars and Final Displacement," by E. M. Ruttenber, author of a history of Newburgh; "History of the Towns of Bristol and Bremen in the State of Maine, including the Ancient English Settlement of Pemaquid," by Prof. John Johnston; and "A Complete History of the Origin and Progress of the Flag of the United States of America," by Capt. George Henry Preble, U.S.N. The first two works will be published by subscription; the last may fairly count on a more popular reception.——"English Literature considered as a Key to English History," by Dr. Henry Coppée, is among the announcements of Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.—Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have in press a number of novels, including "John Thompson, Blockhead," by Louisa Parr, author of "Dorothy Fox"; and "Seed-Time and Harvest; or, During my Apprenticeship," by Fritz Reuter; and they will also publish "The Teeth, and How to Save Them," by Dr. L. P. Meredith; and "The Prevention of Decay in Teeth," by Dr. Robert Arthur.—Messrs. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, have in press a "Popular Life of Gen. Robert E. Lee," by Emily V. Mason, and a "Life of Gen. Lee for Children"; also, to be published by subscription, "A Memoir of Roger Brooke Taney, LL.D." the late Chief-Justice, by Samuel Tyler, LL.D.——Messrs. Lee & Shepard's fall announcements embrace a large number of juvenile works and works of fiction—the best of the former being "Behind the Looking-glass, and What Alice saw There," by the author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"; also the following: the fourth volume of the "Complete Works of Charles Sumner"; "History of the National Peace Jubilee," by P. S. Gilmore (to be published by subscription); "The Divine Man," by Dr. D. L. Townsend; "The Whaleman's Adventures in the Sandwich Islands and on the Pacific Coast," by W. H. Thomes; and a "Handbook of Railroad Construction," by Geo. L. Vose.——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton's fall list we have mainly announced already. It will include, also, "Pictures of Travel," in Sweden, among the Hartz Mountains, and in Switzerland, by Hans Christian Andersen; De Maistre's "A Journey around my Room;" "Little Folk-Songs," by Alexina B. White; "Life of the Rev. John McVickar, S.T.D." by W. A. McVickar, D.D.; and "Specimens of Macaronic Verse," by James Appleton Morgan.

—The *Irish People*, a weekly journal of literature, politics, and news, publishes in its last issue the following passage—whether as literature or politics is best known to itself. It is no news to some of us—while others of us will be good-natured enough to think it incredible—that much of the instruction which our Irish fellow-citizens get from their leaders is as wholesome and as conducive to good citizenship, or to anything but the ruin of a republican form of government, as this:

"Should the Orangemen ever parade in New York, let the citizens who feel aggrieved at the violation of our laws and institutions take whatever measures they choose into their hands to uphold the laws, if they care anything about their country. As for the Irish element, whose lives are aimed at by Orangemen, let them congregate on the tops of houses and at windows, provided with a few dozen of good hand-grenades, say a couple of hundred at different points, and all the State militia that ever gathered together will hasten homeward as fast as their feet can carry them. Remember that twenty thousand militia marching through New York streets are not equal to one hundred men situated as described. This to be had recourse to only in the event of the Orangemen being surrounded by police and military so deeply that they cannot be reached, as on last 12th of July. After that we shall have done with Orangeism in this city."

Another article in the same paper seeks to find a reason for its alleged fact that "the Irish are despised" in this country—"hated and despised by every class and national denomination of American citizens," and it asks why this should be so, while the German-Americans, the French-Americans, the Spanish, Norwegian, Dutch, Swedish, and Italian-Americans (some of whom are Catholic, others Protestant, in religion; some Democratic, others Republican in politics; some of our own blood, some of other races) are all alike held in respect and well liked. It finds a reason in the fact that Spain, Germany, France, Norway, and the rest are all, except Ireland, independent nations, while the Irish bear the yoke of the English. Taking the fact to be as alleged by the *Irish People*, the editor of that paper need not have gone as far as he did for an answer to his question. A better reason than any he will find outside of his own columns he may find in them. His head is a queer one if it lets him fancy that any community, with respect for law, and for liberty in law, and by means of law, and by no other means than law, can look with anything but anger on people who give and people who take the advice he has just been giving his readers.

—Here is a sentiment which we commend to the approval of the friends of a literature purely American as a contribution towards the object of their desire. It is from an address by the Hon. J. R. Chandler of Pennsylvania. "We say not that this is wrong," Mr. Chandler says; "men can have little enjoyment when they have an unstable political creed." Mr. Chandler's address, however, was not a bad one, and in several respects interesting. It was delivered before the National Congress on Penitenti-

ary and Reformatory Discipline, and its subject was the question of a Prison Newspaper. Of all things in the way of reading matter, Mr. Chandler says, a newspaper full of news is what the convict in confinement most urgently solicits of his keeper, and is most thankful to his visitor for bringing him. And no wonder, shut in as he is by the strictest rules in the most monotonous routine, that he should crave the newspaper —the full record of the free and various life of outside liberty which is his longing, and which he can appreciate to the full even when the literature of the imagination fails to stimulate him. Yet what kind of a paper to give him, says Mr. Chandler, is a difficult question. He states that it is the general rule in our prisons to discountenance the common daily newspaper, for the reason that its legal reports of criminal cases and its statements as to crimes committed have a tendency to blunt delicacy and encourage indecency and crime. That is to say, it has been found necessary to exclude those weekly papers which devote themselves altogether to the doings of the police and the details of crime; and these contain little more than is to be found in most of the so-called well-conducted newspapers. The daily newspaper, of course, dilutes the mass of evil which it feels compelled to publish by a great many items of news of harmless import, and by political and other discussions. We are inclined, however, to think with Mr. Chandler that the dilution thus effected is not sufficient to make the average newspaper fit for our jails, so long as these are to be at all used as reformatory institutions. It is a pity to have to say so; but we fear it would not be saying the truth to say anything else; unless, indeed, one were to go further and say that very many of our papers habitually make no scruple of offering us matter unfitted for the reading of anybody in jail or out. The "religious press," also, Mr. Chandler condemns, as apt to be "irritating and offensive" to those who have no interest in the discussion of denominational differences in a purely partisan spirit; and the religious papers are not very apt, he thinks, to instruct the convict in those principles which lie at the foundation of all morals, and in which he needs instruction. A special paper of a kind not at present in existence is necessary, Mr. Chandler thinks, to supply the prisoner's need, and his idea of the right journal to be offered them seems to us essentially good. Let it be to some extent didactic; but let it have for a main feature a full and accurate, but in some degree expurgated, record of news, so that the convict may keep abreast as nearly as possible of the movement of the outside world; and that it may no longer be true, as our author says it is now, that "in point of fact Rip Van Winkles are emerging from our convict prisons every day of the year," and doubtless with a sense of isolation productive of crime as well as of suffering.

—Forthcoming theological works from the English press include, among others, "A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities and Biography, from the Times of the Apostles to the Age of Charlemagne," in two volumes, edited by Dr. Wm. Smith; "The Gallican Church: Sketches of Church History in France," by W. Henley Jervis; "St. Chrysostom, his Life and Times," by Rev. W. R. W. Stephens; the fourth volume of James C. Robertson's "History of the Christian Church"; "The Popes of Rome and the Popes of the Oriental Orthodox Church," by Rev. Cæsar Tondini; "Old Testament Synonyms, their Bearing on Christian Faith and Practice," by Rev. R. B. Girdleston; "Three Lectures on Buddhism," by Rev. Ernest J. Eitel; and an "Essay on Cathedrals," edited by J. S. Howson, D.D. With a new edition of Sir J. G. Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," we are to have "Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians," by E. J. Lane; "Rude Stone Monuments in All Countries: their Age and Uses," by James Fergusson; and a popular edition of Darwin's "Origin of Species." Among works of travel: "Eastern Experiences," by Lewin B. Bowring, with maps and diagrams; "Western India before and during the Mutiny," by Gen. Sir G. Le Grand Jacob; "At Home with the Patagonians," by George C. Musters, R.N.; "A Boy's Voyage around the World," edited by Samuel Smiles. Mr. Smiles has a new work of his own in preparation, entitled "Character." We note besides on Mr. Murray's list: "Biographical Essays, contributed to the *Quarterly Review*," by Rev. Whitwell Elwin, the latest and best, though severest, biographer of Pope; "The Correspondence of the late Earl of Elgin," edited by Theodore Walrond——on Macmillan's: "Historical Essays," by Edward A. Freeman; and a collected edition of Canon Kingsley's poems——on Longmans': "The Foreign Policy of England from 1570 to 1870," an historical essay by Earl Russell.

—Continuing our enumeration of works relating to the Franco-Prussian war, we begin with these three English publications: "Pictures from Paris in War and Siege," by an American lady; "Plan of the Battle of Sedan," accompanied by a short me[illegible] with maps and views, by Capt. Fitz-George; and "The War for the Rhine Frontier," translated from the German of Col. Rüstow, by J. L. Needham, with maps and plans. The famous Alsatian Colonel Stoffel has published in a volume his plain-spoken Military Reports from Berlin, with a preface, in the form of a letter to a friend, that adds to the unpalatableness of his *vera pro gratis*, and has cost him a month's arrest. Commenting alike on the folly of those who think the discipline of the French army already restored, and those who think it can yet be restored by severer punishment of infraction of order, by the good example of officers, by camps of instruction, etc., he says:

"They do not perceive that the discipline in the army is only the consequence of the discipline in the family and in society. Why is the discipline so strict and certain in the Prussian army? Simply because the young men enter the military service already disciplined, *i.e.*, constrained from their childhood to general obedience, to respect for authority, to fidelity to their engagements. It follows that their officers have almost nothing to do in the way of maintaining discipline, and therefore is explained why there are so few punishments in the Prussian army. . . . There will be no real discipline in the army without a thorough revolution in the training and education of the French youth."

A German translation has been published in Berlin of the pamphlet of Dr. E. W. Opzoomer, Law Professor at the University of Utrecht, with the title: "Das Unrecht Frankreichs im Kriege von 1870.—Die Bonapartes und das Recht Deutschlands auch nach Sedan." It will be found well worth reading, especially in connection with Thiers's speech on the Bishops' petition in behalf of the Pope. Of the "balance of power" which that statesman still childishly clings to, Professor Opzoomer remarks: "The equilibrium (*Gleichgewicht*) of Europe, and the preponderance (*Uebergewicht*) of France, are different words, but an inseparable idea." And this sentence the present Executive of France would do well to ponder:

"For the third time begins the tragi-comedy of the Republic. Will it follow the old circle? Will every moderate and peace-loving government again be reviled and despised, and will France experience nothing else but the everlasting interchange of monarchy and republic, of anarchy and sabre-rule? If this event come to pass (and there is every appearance of it), then France will travel the road which Spain has travelled; for my part, I believe she is already taking giant strides upon it. Unless a great new-birth occurs (and whence are to come the life-forces for its accomplishment?) then is France already the people of the past, while England clings to the present, and to North America and Germany belongs the future."

—The lighter-minded and less responsible among our readers we do not expect to excuse us for mentioning, yet once more, the Battle of Dorking literature; and certainly the Cuban rebellion itself is hardly a more wearisome subject. Duty constrains us, however, and the careless reader may amuse himself with the thought of his British brethren in a spasm of terror while we tell the more sedate that the last contribution to the literature in question has for a title, "What Happened after the Battle of Dorking. Being an Account of the Victory at Tunbridge Wells." It is a self-complacent, stupid little book, and presents for inspection a fairly good specimen of the loyal Briton who holds a commission in the militia. After the great German victory, the Queen, it appears, wished "to stick to Windsor Castle and head her own armies," but she was persuaded to go to Balmoral and remain in security, while Parliament went to Oxford—"in those days still under command of the grand old Church of England"—and, turning out the ministry, formed a new one on the basis of a coalition. Meantime, three volunteer armies flocked together, one at Henley-on-Thames, one at Salisbury, and one at Bedford. These were armed with rifles and "old Brown Bess"; and as "the purchase system had filled England with good officers," the hardy yeomen, the stalwart miners, the great muscular navvies, the healthy agricultural laborers, and other well-known classes of the community, each with its appropriate adjective, were all amenable to discipline, and were soon good troops. The enemy had won the battle of Dorking and occupied London, but he had not won without losses; he had only about 200,000 men; and, what was more, he had not complete command of the sea, for the English fleet had been hastily augmented, and had begun to use the sort of torpedoes which had at first been so effective on the side of the allied enemy. The latter had obtained from his spies full information about the county of Kent—"for we English have always been much too open-hearted to take precautions against foreigners obtaining what information they liked about us"—and was operating in that county with a view to obtaining possession of the fortifications at Chatham. But perhaps there are more profitable employments than repeating the details of the strategy by means of which the five British armies are concentrated on the German at Tunbridge Wells, are victorious in a great battle there, and compel the enemy's capitulation; suffice it to say that such was the result. But, says our author, "instead of demanding an indemnity for our expenses, or the return of Alsace and

Lorraine to France, we simply let things return to the condition in which they were before the invasion." He does not, however, make this upshot of the war the result of the simple good faith and uncalculating good-nature of "J. B."—as Lowell and others disrespectfully designate our relative—which is what most of the Dorking and "Dame Europa" people would have done. "In fact," says he, "we had been in such a desperate state of alarm at the beginning of the invasion that we were only too glad to get rid of the Germans on any terms," and let them go not only peaceably but "stuffed full of beef and pudding and beer." The viands and beverages of Old England, by the way, play as conspicuous a part in much of this literature as in the old days when Hogarth's "Gate of Calais" was a nationally popular picture. There is sandwich and Bass and beef in plenty and profusion; and something of the same tendency to put a half-alarmed trust in himself because of his victuals is to be observed in our volunteer that M. Jean Crapaud was exhibiting a year ago in regard to his mitrailleuses. On the whole, it is decidedly to be hoped that we have seen the last of works of this kind, which certainly are little compatible with English dignity and show little good sense. Quite as well would it be to take a leaf even out of Sir Jerome Bowes's book, as quoted for us in another column. Nevertheless, perhaps it is well enough not to forget, either, that even in a country where two and two can be made to count five on occasion, it may be found none the less impossible to make two and two count seven or more. No one denies English force and power of will; but still, as the Scripture says, "knowledge is good to direct," and English training and discipline are doubtless in a bad way.

—The transfer of the telegraph in England from the hands of private owners to the hands of the Government was made too recently for an exact judgment to be now formed as to the relative efficiency and cheapness of the old and new systems of operating the lines. Mr. Scudamore, however, of the Postmaster-General's Office, has made his first report, and there is every reason to expect that if it is not now, the new system very shortly will be, greatly superior to the old, not only in point of cheapness and as regards the area of country covered by the network of lines and offices, as it is already, but also in the quickness and carefulness with which messages are sent and delivered. Evidently the English are repeating the experience of the Belgians, as we may no long time from now be repeating theirs. Almost coincident with the publication of Mr. Scudamore's report, the other day, came the story that one of the telegraph messengers, who had just died, had died from excessive overwork, and the assertion was made that the boys were often compelled to work eighteen, twenty-four, and even thirty-five hours on a stretch, and that it was not the exception but the rule to get out of them all the work possible. At the time of the transfer of ownership in the telegraph lines, there was naturally more or less soreness on the part of some of the private owners, which, of course, found more or less expression in the newspapers. Indeed, some of it found expression in the columns of our own press, for when our telegraph companies were resisting Congressman Washburn's attempt to induce the Government to make our telegraphic system a department of the postal service, they of course found advocates and opponents among the American newspapers, and in the London correspondence of one of our New York papers there was, we recollect, much incredulous scepticism as to the feasibility of the new enterprise in England. The death of young Whittaker, above-mentioned, has called out more of the same kind of writing in England, and once again our New York contemporary, too, is severe and sceptical in its English correspondence, and rates Mr. Scudamore, telling him that if he must kill "post-office niggers" in order to give the public their telegrams more cheaply than the old companies did —and here it is insinuated that in spite of what he says he knows very well that he can't do and hasn't done any such thing, and that he had better lay his accounts before the public—why, then he should stop his boasting and confess that the new plan is a failure. But now comes news that young Whittaker, being ambitious, and being also consumptive, as it turned out, begged for leave to do overwork, and, having overestimated his physical powers, he attempted more than he could do, and succumbed. As the first story has made some progress in going the rounds of the press, and as Mr. Washburn's reform is to come up again, this second story, too, may as well get circulation: And all correspondents everywhere should lay to heart the thought that it is better not to be swift in imputing murder, or even falsehood, or bad motives, to respectable people; because if that habit is formed, it increases the natural difficulty which man feels in retracting such imputations as are unfounded. And we have observed in the case of some correspondents that it so much increases this difficulty as to make it insuperable, so that when they have once told falsehoods about a person they never take them back on proof of their falsity, but keep perfectly still about it. And by-and-by, and even quicker than they otherwise would, they tell another about him.

A BORDER TOWN.*

MANY places more important than Rye will remain obscure for the want of those subjects for history which give attraction and variety to the early annals of that suburb of the great city. Always a border town, in a wider sense than the usual one, two nations contended for its ownership in the days of Dutch rule over New Amsterdam, two colonies alternately claimed and yielded control over it for half a century later, and in the Revolution it was the centre of the debatable land between the warring powers. For such a story the *vates sacer* arises in the Rev. Charles W. Baird, who has drawn out of the vicissitudes of his town a narrative written with faithful research among ample materials, and with more spirit than a mere chronicler of town-clerk's records could hope to attain.

The ancient towns of Rye and Hastings, standing ten miles apart in the mother-country, gave their designation and perhaps sent some of their first colonists to the settlements that were made under the latter name on or near Peningo Neck, in the year 1660. But the greater part of the adventurers came from New England, bringing all the Puritan virtues, and among them the Lord's people's resolution to encroach on the territory beyond them, crowding out the Dutch, whom they affected to treat as mere intruders. The name of Rye is traced to a small hamlet on the coast of Normandy, to which William the Conqueror once retreated before his barons; and thence back rather doubtfully to the Latin *ripa*, the bank of a stream, which does not mean sea-shore. Manussing, the name still borne by the island on which the first houses of the new colony were built, is more clearly derived from the word for an island common to all the Indian tribes of the neighborhood, Munnoh, which may be still traced in its diminutives all along the Sound. The town continued to grow, as it was planted, by offshoots from the English stock, with the occasional grafting of a German or French branch. It may surprise many readers, impressed with the idea of a marked Huguenot strain in the blood of Westchester County, to learn that, out of seventy settlers recorded before 1700, only two bear French names; and, among more than two hundred families that established themselves at Rye in the next century, only eleven came from France. True, the influence of the refugees from Louis's religious tyranny was out of all proportion to their strength in numbers. They seem to have been among the wealthiest and most respected members of the community, as well as the most fruitful. One name of a Huguenot family transplanted to Rye grew famous in the history of the nation. Another, that of L'Estrange, modified into Strang, belonged to a person of wealth and good repute, to judge from the fact that he was, in 1704, the keeper of the then famous tavern of the place. Innkeepers two centuries ago were chosen in Connecticut by the towns, and only persons of good character and estate were eligible.

The earliest recorded notices of Rye relate to disputes among its inhabitants about lands, which continued for several years, until decided by the General Court of Connecticut. About the same time the settlement was transferred from Manussing Island to its present site on the mainland, a single planter objecting to the desertion, and attempting to restrain his associates by petition to the General Court. Their quaint judgment was: "They cannot see that the sayd Galping is oppressed by their remoue as is alledged; but do aduise the sayd Galping to comply w^th^ his neighboures, and remove w^th^ them. Yet if he remaynes his dwelling where he is, he is aduised to take care of damnifying his neighboures." Galpin probably confined himself to verbal damnifying, for he is afterwards mentioned among the inhabitants of Rye. The growth of the town was steady, but slow. Old Rye, in 1591, had ordered a man "to depart the town for executing the profession of a husbandman, that place not being fit for such an artificer." But such "artificers," of course, composed the greater part of modern Rye's inhabitants, with the addition of millwrights, rope-makers, and mariners, whose pursuits were favored by its position between river and sea. Doctors there were none for sixty years, "but quacks eno'," and no lawyers for over a hundred; but their absence does not seem to have ensured remarkable healthfulness or neighborly harmony. The number of persons increased from twenty-five in 1665 to only sixty in 1669.

The settlers were less disturbed than most of their New England neighbors by alarms from the surrounding Indians, who were peace-

* "History of Rye. By Charles W. Baird." New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 1871. 8vo, 570 pp.

able by nature and friendly, owing to the fair treatment they received. Yet the agitations and the sufferings of three wars visited Rye during its first half-century. The Dutch, upon their sudden recapture of New Amsterdam in 1673, demanded the submission of the settlement. Four of the inhabitants—there were then thirty-seven—visited Governor Colve and gave in their adhesion, and two of them were appointed magistrates of the town under his rule. The people of Rye, remaining firm, were threatened with hostilities. Alarmed by their nearness to the invaders, and by the appearance of an armed vessel in the Sound, and fearful of ruin, they implored help from Boston, and for a year were in great dread of assault; but the danger passed away upon the surrender of New Amsterdam by treaty in June following its capture. Two years later, the war organized by Philip of Mount Hope, with skill little expected from a savage, through a league of all the Massachusetts and Rhode Island tribes in a last desperate struggle for the extermination of the whites, brought its share of anxiety and sorrow upon the colony. Rye sent its quota of militia, fortified the town, and raised heavy taxes, and continued to feel the exhausting effects of this savage war long after its close. Again, in 1689, the attack upon New York by the French from Canada aroused the activity of the Eastern colonies, and a number of volunteers from Rye marched with the expedition sent from Connecticut to repel that invasion.

But these troubles were slight compared with the misery brought home to the inhabitants after nearly a century of quiet by the War of Independence. The people of the town were prompt with patriotic resolutions upon the closing of the port of Boston in 1774, and the year after a delegate from Rye was present at the second Continental Congress. But opinion throughout the region was greatly divided, and party zeal used sharper weapons than contemptuous words and seditious writings. The tories banded in arms for nightly injury to property, and, as the contest advanced, became active as purveyors and scouts for the enemy, and in destroying the public means of defence, and robbing and outraging their patriotic townsmen. When, in September, 1776, the county became the immediate scene of military operations, a period of general danger and suffering began. While the American army lay at Kingsbridge, the farms were burned by the foragers; after the battle of White Plains the flames of burning houses and barns reddened the sky for many a night. Yet the removal of the army in 1777 left the inhabitants in still worse case, entirely exposed to the enemy's incursions, and the region so defenceless and infested with villains as to be threatened with depopulation. Had Washington's idea been carried out, that on grounds of military expediency the whole southern part of Westchester County ought to be desolated, hardly more distress and misery would have followed than were inflicted throughout the Revolution upon that neutral ground. Here, more than anywhere else, war was intensified into the fury of civil strife. The Queen's Rangers, recruited from Royalist Americans, were hated as domestic enemies, and the ravages of the Cowboys and Skinners, native-born wretches, who took up war as a trade of pillage and cruelty, were even more to be dreaded. The author's vivid details and new instances of these sufferings are confirmed by the striking account he borrows from President Dwight's "Travels" of the manner and appearance of the miserable people of Westchester.

Peningo Point was a favorite resort of the aborigines from its convenience for fishing, and Manussing Island was the site of one of their villages. Their visits, however, have long been matter of tradition, and the skeletons and arrowheads still frequently found remain the only traces of their existence. Of the few who survived in 1724, some had sunk into the condition of slaves. After their emancipation under the various acts of New York, the African race remained in numbers at Rye as laborers, but have been supplanted by European immigrants, and are now reduced to a mere handful. The author confesses that little can be said to the credit of Rye in olden times as to the vital interest of education. Early in the present century, President Dwight found reason to say of Westchester County, "Neither learning nor religion has, within my knowledge, flourished to any great extent among the inhabitants. . . . The people at large are extremely stinted in their information." Probably the author is not unjust in attributing this state of things at Rye in great part to the loss, by its annexation to New York, of the benefit of the Connecticut school system, since even in 1760 the schools of the larger province are described by its historian, Smith, as being "of the lowest order." Rye did, however, enjoy a Sunday-school, twenty years before the birth of Robert Raikes, under the auspices of the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts.

The most interesting circumstance in the history of Rye is the boundary controversy, which kept its inhabitants for two generations in uncertainty, first as to which of two sovereigns rightfully claimed their allegiance, and next as to which of two English provinces owned jurisdiction over them. The dispute is very clearly and fully narrated by Mr. Baird. At the time of the settlement the Dutch distinctly claimed sovereignty over all the territory extending to the Connecticut River, while the English more grandly and vaguely asserted their right westward to the Pacific. The first movement for adjustment came from Stuyvesant in 1650, before Rye existed. An agreement was made on conference at Hartford, settling a boundary that should nowhere come within ten miles east of the Hudson River, which was honestly meant by the Dutch, and faithlessly broken by the English. Another conference, thirteen years later, produced a reasonable proposition from Stuyvesant and an encroaching one from Connecticut, and the end of Dutch rule soon after changed the actors without closing the strife. Charles the Second, in 1662, granted by charter to Connecticut much that he did not own, including the Dutch territory to the Hudson, and the year after bestowed on his brother, the Duke of York, all the land from the west side of the Connecticut to Delaware Bay. Delegates from the colony speedily met commissioners from the duke, and together they easily and inconsiderately agreed upon a boundary. It was to run from the mouth of the Mamaroneck River north-northwest to the southern line of Massachusetts, and thus, with a charming recklessness of geography, the duke's agents yielded to Connecticut a western limit which would cross the Hudson near West Point, and cut a "monstrous cantle" out of New York on the other side that river! Connecticut, if ignorant at first of her advantage from the careless wording of a hasty treaty, was not innocent of improving it, and protected the Rye people in an attempt to plant and settle along the Hudson. Graver consideration, however, resulted in a new agreement, drawing the boundary between the provinces nearly in its present course, about twenty miles east of the Hudson; yielding, however, to Connecticut five towns on or near the Sound, long before settled by her at a much less distance from New York, fixing the starting point of the line at the mouth of Byram River, and throwing Rye within New York territory. In exchange for the towns, New York was to gain a strip north of them, eastward of the twenty-mile line, two miles in width by over fifty in length, afterwards known as "the oblong." Rye refused to submit to the new dominion, and seceded, declaring allegiance to Connecticut, not without her secret countenance. A correspondence ensued, firm on the part of New York, shuffling on that of Connecticut. Force was even threatened, and the travesty of an invasion from Stamford once attempted. It was only after four years of revolt, and upon the decision of the King in Council given in 1700, that Rye submitted, and became practically a part of New York.

This settled the boundary question so far as Rye was affected. But for fifty-three miles of its course northward it remained unsettled between the provinces, and continues to this day unsettled between the States. The agreement fixed a straight line northward to Massachusetts. The line as afterwards surveyed and marked by monuments can be plainly traced, but owing to the imperfections of the ancient surveys it inclines a little eastward. Connecticut demands a true straight line north. New York abides by the course as surveyed, marked under that agreement, and long practically acquiesced in. By adopting a straight line New York would lose a tract of 2,800 acres, containing two or three hundred inhabitants who have always been New Yorkers. They certainly can feel none of that passionate desire, which Mr. Baird says moved the revolting people of Rye, to belong to "the land of steady habits"—unless it is from admiration of her steady habit of claiming more than her right in this controversy. From its origin to the present time, whether as province, colony, or State, Connecticut has shown in the dispute a grasping and chicaning spirit.

The want of space forbids our dwelling in detail upon the merits of this history, which is very complete of its kind. It is full of lively sketches and quaint stories of the ways and manners of a primitive people in an old frontier town. More than half of it is devoted to a history of the churches and a genealogical account of the families of Rye; and for research and fulness it is a model of industry.

THE COOLIE.*

THE author of "Ginx's Baby" is fairly entitled to all the readers whom that amusing and effective satire may attract to the present work. He has

* "The Coolie: His Rights and Wrongs. By the Author of 'Ginx's Baby.'" Author's Edition. New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1871. 12mo, pp. 371.

brought to it the same philanthropy, displayed in another sphere of human suffering, and the same humor, restrained and adapted to a literal representation of facts. He still knows how to be entertaining, and this time he adds considerably to our knowledge, as well as quickens by turns our compassion and our indignation. This little volume will be found, indeed, a compendium of the best and of all needful information touching the system of indentured labor (chiefly Coolie, *i.e.* Indian) in British Guiana. The author was sent to that country in June, 1870, as counsel of the Aborigines Protection and Anti-Slavery Societies, in an enquiry ordered by Lord Granville in consequence of a letter addressed to him the previous year by a Mr. Des Vœux, formerly a stipendiary magistrate in the colony. This letter, which is given in full in the appendix, exposed with great particularity the defects of the apprenticeship system, more especially as seen in its legal phases; and it served as the text of the investigations pursued by the Commission, whom our author attended in the capacity above mentioned. From their report he makes copious extracts; but, while he agrees with it in the main, he is ready at all points to pass an intelligent criticism upon it, and his failure to agree will generally seem highly reasonable to the reader.

Mr. Jenkins divides his work into two nearly equal parts. The first is chiefly a narrative of travel to the colony and excursions in it, with some general views of the order of society and government there, the modes of conducting the great sugar estates, and the procedure of the commission. Those who choose to go deeper into the subject, or, in other words, to learn more of the Commissioners' Report, as cited directly or appearing in the commentary of Mr. Jenkins, should read Part II., and by all means the appendix. Those who care only for what is picturesque and curious may stop with the fourteenth chapter, which concludes the papers originally contributed to *Good Words*, and here employed, with many additions and alterations, as an agreeable introduction to the solid discussion which follows. It is in this portion that we meet with the Chinese, more intelligent than either of his fellow-toilers in the field or in the sugar-house, only inferior to the negro as an engineer, with better notions of living than the Indian, though he saves less because his food is more varied, and because he smokes opium and gambles to excess; quitting the field when he can for a retail shop, or renting a piece of ground near town to cultivate for himself—his ambition to keep a pig, as the Coolie's to keep a cow. Him we see naked, over the boiling juice of the sugar, "deftly sweeping away the scum with large flat blades of wood"; or "under a shed amusing himself with the ladies of his family, not disconcerted by the manager's gentle hint—

"'Ah! no gone to work to-day, Ching-ching?'

"'No. No think work.'"

Or, well-dressed and well-fed, charging the ovens at the charcoal-burning settlement—his paradise in Guiana; or, finally, in the streets of Georgetown, in blue blouse and pigtail, with a "half-cunning, half-idiotic" countenance, "busily driving bargains from store to store" in furtherance of his country shopkeeping—a customer whom "it takes a Scotchman to match at shrewd barter."

Beside him we meet the Coolie, physically the handsomest of the three races, though not the strongest, proud of his Indian origin, looking down upon the negro as a less civilized being; still, though he has lost caste by leaving India, maintaining it in some degree, and rarely marrying with a woman of another race; in his quarrels trusting to his hackia stick rather than to the knives and pointed weapons of the Chinese. Him we see most frequently of all, now wheeling "megass" [the crushed cane] to the drying-sheds; now in the ditches, where, "standing firmly on his feet, every muscle in tension, he drives his scoop into the clay by the action of his arms and shoulders, lightly throwing it twenty feet or so out of the trench"; in the city's streets, "stepping along with light and vigorous swing, sometimes proudly sporting a shirt, or a white calico robe, or even a coat and trowsers," but generally clad only in "his little loin-cloth, or *babba*, leaving unswathed his polished limbs"; happy if he "have rice, a little curry, some oil to anoint himself withal—cover his wife with silver ornaments, and dress her in a gala dress—invest his own person, when off work, with a clean white babba and a gray cap or muslin turban, or, better still, a bright scarlet uniform of some *ex*tinguished regiment," and happy if he have a cow (though it should have cost him eighty or a hundred dollars), when his wife may be seen "diligently picking out the *ticks* from the animal's hair with one hand, while she softly smooths the skin with the other."

Lastly, the Negro; for the Portuguese, the first immigrants, from Madeira chiefly, long ago withdrew from the fields, and now almost monopolize the small shopkeeping of the colony, with a store at every street-corner. The Negro is the strongest of all the laborers, being perfectly acclimatized; works longer at a time, but for fewer days, earning twice as much as any other agricultural laborer in the same time; despises the Coolie for his very weakness, and proves a hard driver to him when so appointed over him. Independent, and preferring not to reside on the estate, we come to know him, while working there, as the expert cutter of canes and trenches, the most skilful sub-engineer, and, off the plantation, as the policeman, artisan, sailor, boatman, or stevedore *par excellence*. Yet it cannot be denied that he is the laziest inhabitant of Guiana. "Plaintains and bread-fruit grow at the back of his village with little trouble." He and his fellows "love to fish in the morning, and lie with full stomachs watching the slow wings of Time." Their houses, which they will not rescue from inundation without being paid for it, are "small wooden rattle-trap sheds in a dirty yard or rank, half-cultivated garden, undrained—a perfect morass in the rainy weather;" and one sees "the men and women sunning themselves on any dry spot, the naked youngsters rolling in their native mud; and, most curious mark of all, a white-frilled or embroidered petticoat and a muslin dress bleaching on some scraggy aloe for next Sunday's chapel." The pleasantest picture we have of this race is "in the school of Better Hope"—fit name, indeed—where the author found "a neat-looking colored mistress engaged with about fifteen children of various shades and sizes. She told me that when they would attend they did very well. Their copybooks bore comparison with those of many a home school, though I fear they did not take away much from such elaborate maxims as I found one little fellow writing: 'A censorious disposition is a disadvantage to its owner'—a hint, perhaps, that when he grew up he was not to be sinfully unreasonable in criticising the hospital supplies."

The Commission was looked upon with no friendly eyes, and the counsel of the Aborigines Protection and Anti-Slavery Societies in particular seemed a scandalous intruder, so much so that, as he says, "I had great difficulty in obtaining any person to act as a clerk, or in any way to assist me. At length I was fortunate in finding an Englishman, newly arrived, and, perhaps, unduly careless of consequences; for he was repeatedly warned by managers and others that *he was ruining his prospects in British Guiana*." The Commission, however, turned neither to the right nor to the left; examined Mr. Des Vœux, and examined the planters and their agents, and their indentured servants; and kept up the honorable tradition of English commissions generally in their proceedings and in their conclusions. These last we shall endeavor to sum up concisely.

The Coolie immigration to Guiana is under British control at both ends—or, rather, it begins and ends within the British dominions (we purposely omit from account the Chinese immigration). To an American it would have seemed easy and natural for the Imperial Parliament to regulate, by a comprehensive statute, the selection, enlistment, transportation, and labor contracts of Her Majesty's subjects in British India seeking to better their condition by removal to South America. But in truth the home Government has interfered chiefly to modify or to veto the legislation of the party most interested in the Coolie traffic—the sugar-planters of Guiana, who completely control the colony, and for whom it may be said to exist. The reluctance of the British mind to work according to principles is, perhaps, rather than indifference, ignorance, or inhumanity, at the bottom of the maladministration so clearly revealed by the Commission. There is, to begin with, no co-operation or even regular communication between the superintendents of emigration and immigration in India and Guiana respectively. In the former country, the recruiting agents of the planters are practically unrestrained as to their choice of emigrants and the representations by which they induce the Coolies to leave their homes. The medical inspection is lax and perfunctory to the last degree, and great numbers are passed who cannot survive the voyage, or, if they do, fall an early prey to the new climate and unwonted exactions. Cases of downright kidnapping have been alleged, though they are probably rare; but the difference is chiefly in the name of the transaction when the artisan is led to suppose that he will have a chance to continue the pursuit of his craft in Guiana, when the penal constraint and punishments for non-fulfilment of contract are carefully concealed from all the emigrants, and when *the contract exhibited and signed in India is not considered binding in Guiana.*

The feelings with which these poor wretches, the sick and the well, after a passage perhaps not needlessly uncomfortable—certainly not to be compared with the African "middle passage," though supervision of the emigrant ships is not what it should be—the feelings with which the

Coolies disembark to a five years' servitude in a sickly and unlovely land, with no choice but field work, and that of a kind wholly new, and under an indenture which provides undreamt-of penalties, enforced by courts speaking an unknown tongue, by magistrates intimately allied by sympathy and necessity with their employers—may be imagined, but not described. Never was a system of apprenticeship better devised to prevent the laborer from becoming naturalized and a permanent citizen, and to make his only consolation, amid his hardships, the promised return to his native country at the expiration of his service. This consolation, if not denied him by death, is often rendered vain by the temptation to reindenture—not, as in Trinidad, by terms of twelve months each, but for another five years, on receipt of a bounty. Space fails us to picture the luckless Coolie under the law—treated like a criminal for a breach of a civil contract; or, if fined, impoverished, while the offence of his employer is punished by only an equal fine; unable to employ counsel, and with none allotted to him. The following extract will speak for itself (p. 267):

"The average of sentences of imprisonments, without a fine, in the county of Demerara, was 28·8 days. For over 3,000 convictions, the average for men is 39 days; for women, 25·7 days. The average of imprisonments, in default of payment of a fine, is—men, 23·4; women, 20. Of imprisonments, in default of payment of fine, there were 5,218, against 3,077 without that option. The fines imposed as an alternative, which the immigrants could not pay, averaged for males $6 47, and females $7 71. The whole number of convictions in the county during five years was 10,555. The Commissioners conclude that *the number who go to jail is over eighty per cent., and the number who pay fines under twenty per cent., of the total number convicted.*"

The Anglo-Saxon judge and the Anglo-Saxon law, it is clear, are hardly to be praised in Demerara. On the subject of wages, of housing, of treatment in hospitals, a chapter of comment would not suffice. An ordinary estate is thus epitomized by our author (p. 780):

"Take a large factory in Manchester or Birmingham or Belfast, build a wall round it, shut its workpeople from all intercourse, save at rare intervals, with the outside world; keep them in absolute heathen ignorance, and get all the work you can out of them; treat them not unkindly, leave their social habits and relations to themselves, as matters not concerning you, who make the money from their labor, and you would have constituted a little community resembling, in no small degree, a sugar-estate village in British Guiana."

This is not slavery—it is, in fact, very far removed from it; but is it a system which a civilized and Christian nation can regard with complacency—without alarm, even? All through this book there are references to the possibility of extensive risings, and the antipathies and mutual distrust of the three servile races are confidently counted upon as guarantees of the safety of the ruling class. A more selfish oligarchy than the planters has probably seldom existed; and if it lacks the cruelty that distinguished our own in the days of slavery, it is unredeemed even by a fanatical political generalization or theory, while it has a sordid side which was not characteristic of the American slaveholder. What the author quotes in regard to Georgetown is applicable in a moral sense to the whole colony: "The motto of this place seems to be, *Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.*" One looks in vain for any movement to educate the people, to fuse the incongruous elements by instruction in a common tongue, to purify their morals, to admit to a share in the government those who have no part or lot in the production of sugar, to broaden the base of the social edifice. The one thought of the planters is to expand their works and increase the supply of immigrants, and—"after us the deluge." That such a spectacle has no longer any lessons for Americans we would not affirm. The author has seen fit to dedicate specially to us this American edition, on the ground that "it is well that Americans and Englishmen should feel a common interest in all great questions of social polity or of philanthropic principle. We can no more disregard each other's movements, each other's successes, or each other's blunders than we can the motions of the earth or the laws of gravitation." The truth of this will, perhaps, be more apparent to us, and the value of this deserving little work be greater, when the Chinese question in this country shall have assumed a more national shape than it has yet done.

THE COMING RACE.*

ANY ONE who wishes once more to assure himself that the philosopher Pangloss was not so far wrong when he informed Candide that this is the best of all possible worlds, will get some satisfaction from this book. It is like all the rest of its kind in the particular which in all of them, no matter how novel or startling they may be in details, is most salient; they all show that the making over again of the world as we know it is a business a good deal too large for any mortal—at least for any mortal who has yet written a book containing a scheme for a new universe. It is like most of its kind in being, on the whole, tedious; and it is unlike the best of its kind in containing, amid its impossibilities, very little that is keen or fresh in satirical remark upon the works and ways of men as we know them; very little of the imaginative graces which have made some utopias and arcadias poetically beautiful; and none whatever of the humbler grace and truth of the humbler sort of imagined paradises which please the reader in such rather earthy earthly paradises as we find peopled by the Crusoes, and Peter Wilkinses, and Philip Quarlls of homely romance. A little satire; a little bitterness—undangerous, untonic, but bitter enough too; a little fancy and imagination the reader will find in "The Coming Race;" and it will give a sort of amusement for an idle hour; but its readers need look for no Swift and no Sidney in its author. They will make the acquaintance of a not very powerful mind, educated fully up to its abilities, if not a little beyond them, and writing that sort of matter with that sort of finish which makes one thank the printer and the bookbinder for not failing to add the exquisite typography and paper, the wide margin, and the general "elegant exterior."

The author says that he is by birth an American. His ancestors settled in this country in the time of Charles II., and his grandfather distinguished himself in the Revolutionary War. His family, therefore, "enjoyed a somewhat high social position in right of birth; and, being also opulent, they were considered disqualified for public service." When he was sixteen, the author was sent abroad to complete his literary education, and, in his absence, his father died, so that while still young, and as yet uncommitted to any profession or trade, he found himself wealthy and at leisure. Wandering for a time, he at last returned to this country, and made a visit to a friend who was employed as the engineer of a certain mine. At this place begin the adventures narrated in the volume. The engineer, persuaded that his mine contained far greater treasures than had yet been revealed, one day is exploring, and comes to a tremendous chasm, whose aspect, and what he hears proceeding from its depths, so frighten him that he returns pale to the upper air. He determines, however, to explore it, and he and our author, taking ropes and other means of descent, prepare to go down into the abyss. This is not effected safely by the engineer, who is dashed to pieces; but our author arrives safely at the bottom. He finds himself in a road lighted with numerous lamps, and he walks on, not without terror. The subterranean country opens around him, and he sees a landscape containing trees, some like vast ferns, others like sugar-cane, others fungous-like; streams and waters, some shining like naphtha, and others seeming to be as our streams, but confined between artificial banks, showing the work of man; dwellings in the distance, and the forms of what appear to be human beings. All is lighted by innumerable lamps, and by the shining of the naphtha pools and founts, and the air is soft, like an Italian summer. Passing onwards, the traveller comes soon to what is apparently a public building, which, at first glance, would seem to be of the earliest Egyptian order of architecture, but which the next glance shows to be more ornate, graceful, and fantastical than Egyptian architecture allows. Out of the portal, a moment later, comes one of the dwellers in this strange land, and, perhaps, his apparition is as good, effective, and truthful as anything in the volume.

"And now there came out of this building a form—human—was it human? It stood on the broad way and looked around, beheld me and approached. It came within a few yards of me, and at the sight and presence of it an indescribable awe and tremor seized me, rooting my feet to the ground. It reminded me of symbolical images of Genius or Demon that are seen on Etruscan vases or limned on the walls of Eastern sepulchres—images that borrow the outlines of man, and are yet of another race. It was tall, not gigantic, but tall as the tallest men below the height of giants.

"Its chief covering seemed to me to be composed of large wings folded over its breast and reaching to its knees; the rest of its attire was composed of an under-tunic and leggings of some thin fibrous material. It wore on its head a kind of tiara that shone with jewels, and carried in its right hand a slender staff of bright metal like polished steel. But the face! it was that which inspired my awe and my terror. It was the face of man, but yet of a type of man distinct from our known extant races. The nearest approach to it in outline and expression is the face of the sculptured sphinx—so regular in its calm, intellectual, mysterious beauty. Its color was peculiar, more like that of the red man than any other variety of our species, and yet different from it—a richer and a softer hue, with large black eyes, deep and brilliant, and brows arched as a semicircle. The face was beardless; but a nameless something in the aspect, tranquil

* "The Coming Race; or, The New Utopia." New York: Scribner, Welford & Co.; F. B. Felt & Co. 1871.

though the expression, and beauteous though the features, roused that instinct of danger which the sight of a tiger or serpent arouses. I felt that this manlike image was endowed with forces inimical to man. As it drew near, a cold shudder came over me. I fell on my knees and covered my face with my hands."

Accosting our author after he has been recovered from his swoon of amazement, alarm, and involuntary homage, this majestic personage, who turns out to be an An—which is a male of the race of the Vril-ya, the female Vril-ya being Gy-ei, which is the plural form of Gy—leads him to a beautiful mansion, wherein are his family, consisting of numerous Ans and Gy-ei, who courteously welcome the new-found Tish, or barbarian, with the word of welcome, S.Si, and give him food. The Tish observes that the Gy-ei are taller and look physically and mentally stronger than the Ans, and this he afterwards discovers to be universally true among his new acquaintances.

He goes on living with them, and learning about them; and, of course, their ways of life, their religion, and their manner of holding, professing, and practising it, their politics, their science and literature, all their manner of thought and living are so described as to admonish and rebuke our human lives. In particular, satire is directed against the American principles in politics, the Darwinian theory, and the woman's-rights women—this latter attack being of a mixed character of directness and indirectness, and too subtly managed to have its full effect on those against whom it is made, or, for the matter of that, on anybody else. Here is a specimen of our author's degree of sharpness. It must be premised that a Koom-Posh—"hollow bosh"—is a democracy, while a Glek-Nas—"strife rot"—is a democracy at its natural end, in perpetual commotion and anarchy, namely. The conversation has just previously related to the Vril-ya's custom of sending out colonies whenever the inhabitants of the parent state exceed a certain number:

"'Of course, we cannot settle in lands already occupied by the Vril-ya; and if we take the cultivated lands of the other races of Ana, we must utterly destroy the previous inhabitants. Sometimes, as it is, we take waste spots, and find that a troublesome, quarrelsome race of Ana, especially if under the administration of Koom-Posh or Glek-Nas, resents our vicinity, and picks a quarrel with us; then, of course, as menacing our welfare, we destroy it: there is no coming to terms of peace with a race so idiotic that it is always changing the form of government which represents it. Koom-Posh,' said the child, emphatically, 'is bad enough, still it has brains, though at the back of its head, and is not without a heart; but in Glek-Nas the brain and heart of the creatures disappear, and they become all jaws, claws, and belly.'

"'You express yourself strongly. Allow me to inform you that I myself, and I am proud to say it, am the citizen of a Koom-Posh.'

"'I no longer,' answered Taë, 'wonder to see you here so far from your home. What was the condition of your native community before it became a Koom-Posh?'

"'A settlement of emigrants—like those settlements which your tribe sends forth—but so far unlike your settlements that it was dependent on the state from which it came. It shook off that yoke, and, crowned with eternal glory, became a Koom-Posh.'

"'Eternal glory! how long has the Koom-Posh lasted?'

"'About one hundred years.'

"'The length of an An's life—a very young community. In much less than another hundred years your Koom-Posh will be a Glek-Nas.'

"'Nay, the oldest states in the world I come from have such faith in its duration that they are all gradually shaping their institutions so as to melt into ours, and their most thoughtful politicians say that, whether they like it or not, the inevitable tendency of these old states is towards Koom-Posherie.'

"'The old states?'

"'Yes—the old states.'

"'With populations very small in proportion to the area of productive land?'

"'On the contrary, with populations very large in proportion to that area.'

"'I see! old states indeed!—so old as to become drivelling if they don't pack off that surplus population as we do ours—very old states!—very, very old! Pray, Tish, do you think it wise for very old men to try to turn head-over-heels as very young children do? And if you ask them why they attempted such antics, should you not laugh if they answered that by imitating very young children they could become very young children themselves? Ancient history abounds with instances of this sort a great many thousand years ago—and in every instance a very old state that played at Koom-Posh soon tumbled into Glek-Nas. Then, in horror of its own self, it cried out for a master, as an old man in his dotage cries out for a nurse; and after a succession of masters or nurses, more or less long, that very old state died out of history. A very old state attempting Koom-Posherie is like a very old man who pulls down the house to which he has been accustomed, but he has so exhausted his vigor in pulling down, that all he can do in the way of rebuilding is to run up a crazy hut, in which himself and his successors whine out, 'How the wind blows! How the walls shake!'

"'My dear Taë, I make all excuse for your unenlightened prejudices, which every schoolboy educated in a Koom-Posh could easily controvert, though he might not be so precociously learned in ancient history as you appear to be.'"

This, it will be seen, is not too scathing. Indeed, "the satirical rogue" appears to say "that old men have gray beards," which is not a charge the aged wise will be apt to resent. The passage is hardly a fair specimen of the whole of the book, for the crudity and bitterness are not elsewhere present in such quantity, and, in fact, are mostly not present at all. The power, however, is about the same everywhere, and everywhere there is the essential vice of this kind of writing; there is little or no coherence of parts; it is the atheist and the pumpkin of the old story over again; the new arrangement is all well enough till Atheisticus has it brought home to him that had the pumpkin been hung on the high bough where he and Alfonzo the Wise would have placed it had they been consulted, his brains would have long ago been knocked out in obedience to the law of gravitation and the nature of pumpkins. It is a little at a time, and, as some have said, by beginning with certain parts of our own natures, that the world must be made over; and slowly at that. "The kingdom of heaven is within you." For the rest, a book of this kind, no wiser than this, should have been smarter.

THE EARTH.*

M. Elisée Reclus is a French traveller and writer of ability, whose inspiration for the study of physical geography he may, likely enough, have derived from the founder of the science, Professor Carl Ritter, whose instruction he received at the University of Berlin. At all events, immediately after leaving the university, in 1851, he began his travels, and in the following six years visited, as a careful observer of men and nature, the various countries of North and South America. Readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* during 1859-61, may recall several articles, embodying some of the results of his geographical studies and travels, contributed by him after his return to France. He published, also, two or three books of minor importance, being, as it might seem, in training for this larger work, "The Earth."

This is a book of 666 pages, with 230 illustrations and 24 full-page maps, printed in colors. We are speaking of the English translation, which is, apparently, a simple reproduction of the French work, without notes or comments. The title gives an idea of the comprehensive character of the book, and a glance at the table of contents shows how, in systematic order, the earth is considered: first, as a planet in space, with theories of its origin; second, its continents, more especially their slopes, proportions, and diversified surfaces; third, the circulation of water, with glacial, river, and oceanic action; and, fourth, subterranean forces, producing volcanoes, earthquakes, and other disturbances of the crust. The author is impressed with the order and harmony which may be traced in the apparent disorder of nature. His purpose may be gathered from the following quotation:

"But the purely external symmetry presented by continental configurations is a trifling matter compared with the profound harmony resulting from the alternation of wind, currents, climate, and all the geological phenomena; it is not in the various portions of the globe, but in their working action, that we must seek for the real beauty of the earth. Planetary vitality is composed of perpetual contrasts in a perpetual harmony, and these very contrasts are incessantly being modified. Continents, seas, and atmosphere—and, in a more special way, every mountain, every peninsula, every river, every marine current, every wind that blows—may be considered as the organs of the globe on which we live; it is, therefore, by watching these organs at work, and by studying deeply and thoroughly their action and reaction, that we can best arrive at an acquaintance with the physiology of the planetary body. Physical geography is nothing else but the study of all these terrestrial harmonies."

This unscientific use of the word "vitality" must be noted, and the word taken only in its figurative sense. Throughout the book it is applied to phenomena quite distinct from those of life.

In tracing out these "terrestrial harmonies," the author makes necessarily broad generalizations, and supports them by the most striking examples, selected from the vast array of accumulated facts. To the general reader the details of scientific facts are dry, and the process of investigation which the student must pursue is exceedingly tedious. M. Reclus recognizes this, and presents here the finished product and the grand results; and, that we may be induced to read it all, he wisely omits the uninteresting commonplace, which we are sure to skip. He has a Frenchman's perception of the salient points, and an eye for grouping, and thus invests his subject with much more than the technical interest. But to

* "The Earth: A Descriptive History of the Phenomena of the Life of the Globe. By Elisée Reclus. Translated by the late B. B. Woodward, M.A., and edited by Henry Woodward, British Museum." New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

the clear and graphic style which makes French scientific writers so attractive, he adds the thoroughness and accuracy of the Germans. Of course, the whole value of such a book depends upon its accuracy, and it may be said that M. Reclus has exercised a commendable care to state as true only well-ascertained facts. The constant reference to such authorities as Humboldt, Ritter, Schlagintweit, Guyot, Lyell, and Tyndall is evidence whence the facts outside of his personal observation have been drawn. We are, however, surprised to find that he has omitted to present that view of the relation between the continents and their adjacent oceans so strikingly brought out in Dana's "Geology"; as, for instance, that "the relation of the oceans to the mountain borders is so exact that the rule-of-three statement cannot be far from the truth; and, as applied to North America, as the size of the Appalachians to the size of the Atlantic, so is the size of the Rocky chain to the size of the Pacific," etc., etc. It is not strange that he should state (p. 244) that there are no glaciers upon the Sierra Nevada south of Mt. Ranier, in lat. 46°, since those upon Mt. Shasta, some 350 miles to the south, were not discovered by Mr. King until last summer. M. Reclus favors the "iceberg theory" (p. 251) in accounting for the "drift" over the interior of this continent, though the "glacial theory" is the one most commonly accepted. There are some trifling inaccuracies, as when the author speaks of the mineral springs at Saratoga as being *salt*, evidently having in mind the salt-wells of Syracuse. Also, if he means to say (p. 485) that coal-seams were once peat-beds, he expresses an opinion held by very few geologists. And, further, it may be the fault of the translator to call (p. 657) the coral animal an "insect." Such minor defects are, however, so few as not to affect the general accuracy of the book.

We wish we had space to enforce some of the lessons taught by M. Reclus, as when he speaks of the consequences of destroying the mountain forests:

"During the course of centuries, the trees have been cut down by greedy speculators and by senseless farmers who wished to add some little strips of land to the fields in the valleys and to the pastures on the summits; but when they destroyed the forest, they also destroyed the very ground it stood on. . . . . The devastating action of the streams in the French Alps is a very curious phenomenon in an historical point of view; for it explains why so many of the districts of Syria, Greece, Asia Minor, Africa, and Spain have been forsaken by their inhabitants. The men have disappeared along with the trees; the axe of the woodman, no less than the sword of the conqueror, has put an end to or transported entire populations."

This book is essentially popular in character—that is, it is readable with pleasure by persons of ordinary intelligence; and we are glad that we can speak well of it as a genuine attempt to popularize sound knowledge. It must not be confounded with the class of worthless popular books on science which are superficial and inaccurate, and do positive harm. The illustrations are very well executed, and add materially to the value of the book.

Rambles in Mount Desert: With Sketches of Travel on the New England Coast, from Isles of Shoals to Grand Menan. By B. F. De Costa. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)—In these days, the city critic is disposed to amiability by the mere name of "Mount Desert." Upon the cool coasts of Maine, he fancies, a better holiday could be spent than in the average American watering-place, with its discomfort, exposure, and vulgarity. Mr. De Costa's book does not impair this impression. It is written in a style that is generally as cool and quiet as the "Echo Notch" landscape which is photographed as a frontispiece to the book; a style sometimes verging, indeed, upon weakness—as when a sentence is devoted to saying, "An ordinary cliff is a fine thing" (p. 249)—yet a style of pleasant rusticity, and in keeping with the theme. Mount Desert is an island of a hundred square miles, lying not too far from the coast of Maine to be connected with it by a bridge; and it is one of the earlier points of European settlement in America. The French were there for a few months as early as 1613; and the island, like many other parts of the New England coast, is rather rich in local traditions and bits of antique history, all of which Mr. De Costa has gathered up, not without intelligent investigation of his own. He recounts them with that slightly emphasized interest which seems so essential to the true flavor of local chronicles. Nothing in Washington Irving's "Tales of a Traveller" is more enjoyable than the great importance, in the minds of the worthy burghers who related them, of the various legends which they are so fond of telling; and in these sketches of Mount Desert we find something of the same local enthusiasm, or moist light—a quite unconscious effluence of the author's enthusiasm. The book is intended as a sort of compromise between a guide-book and a personal narration of travel; and it will be found a good handbook for persons who may resort to the coasts of Maine for their summering.

**** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books on the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Comfort (Prof. G. F.), Manual of German Conversation	(Harper & Bros.)	
Corneille (P.), Le Cid, 2d ed., swd	(Holt & Williams)	
Craik (Georgiana M.), The Cousin from India: a Girls' Book	(Harper & Bros.)	
Dumas (A.), Edmond Dantes, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	$0 75
Fetridge (W. P.), Harper's Hand-Book for Travellers in Europe	(Harper & Bros.)	
Four Years at Yale	(C. C. Chatfield & Co.)	2 50
Gardiner (Rev. F.), Harmony of the Four Gospels in English	(Warren F. Draper)	2 50
Harmony of the Four Gospels in Greek	" "	2 50
George (H.), Our Land and Land Policy, swd	(San Francisco)	
Giberne (Agnes), The Day-Star	(Pott & Amery)	1 25
Gould (Maj. J. M.), History of the First—Tenth—Twenty-ninth Maine Regiment	(Stephen Berry)	5 00
Hawthorne (N.), House of the Seven Gables, and the Snow Image	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	2 00
Hutchinson (C. C.), Resources of Kansas, swd	(Topeka)	
Illustrirte Kriegs-Chronik, Parts 20, 21, swd	(B. Westermann & Co.)	
John Jerningham's Journal	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)	75
Johonnot (J.) and Hewes (S. E.), School-House	(J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.)	2 00
Lee (A. T.), Army Ballads and Other Poems		
Lever (C.), Horace Templeton, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	75
Life and Times of Henry, Lord Brougham, Vol. II	(Harper & Bros.)	
Mackenzie (R. S.), Life of Sir Walter Scott	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	2 00
Mediation: The Function of Thought	(Warren F. Draper)	1 25
Potter (H. L. D.), Manual of Reading	(Harper & Bros.)	
Proctor (R. A.), Light Science for Leisure Hours	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Pynchon (Prof. T. R.), The Chemical Forces	(Taintor Bros.)	
Racine (J.), Athalie, 2d ed., swd	(Holt & Williams)	
Reade (C.), A Terrible Temptation	(Harper & Bros.	
The Coming Race; or, The New Eutopia	(Francis B. Felt & Co.)	
Wilson (Bishop), Expository Lectures on Colossians	(Prot. Episc. Soc.)	1 00

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL

EVERY HORSE-OWNER'S CYCLOPÆDIA.

This is the most complete work on the Horse ever published. It is by the best English and American authority, and illustrated with nearly 100 fine engravings representing every disease the horse is subject to, and portraits of the most celebrated horses.

Agents are meeting with unprecedented success, selling from five to ten copies a day. We allow Agents liberal discounts. Any good man can make $30 a week without trouble.

SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Send for Circular of Terms, etc., to

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,
PHILADELPHIA.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE PUPIL OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

By LOUIS ENAULT.

Translated from the French by Mrs. Chas. P. Tuft.

8vo, paper, $1; cloth, $1 50.

A most delightful story; pure in tone, elevated in sentiment, and of the greatest interest, it will undoubtedly prove one of the literary successes of the season.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FRENCH AND GERMAN

SCHOOL BOOKS.

HOLT & WILLIAMS,

PUBLISHERS,

No. 25 Bond Street, New York.

☞ A descriptive catalogue will be sent gratis to any one referring to this advertisement.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,

COMPRISES THE FOLLOWING DEPARTMENTS:

HARVARD COLLEGE.
THE UNIVERSITY LECTURES.
THE DIVINITY SCHOOL.
THE LAW SCHOOL.
THE LAWRENCE SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL.
THE SCHOOL OF MINING AND PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.
THE EPISCOPAL THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.
THE MEDICAL SCHOOL.
THE DENTAL SCHOOL.
THE BOTANIC GARDEN.
THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY.
THE MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOÖLOGY.
THE PEABODY MUSEUM OF ARCHÆOLOGY.
THE BUSSEY INSTITUTION (a School of Agriculture and Horticulture).

The Academic Year begins in all departments on the THURSDAY FOLLOWING THE LAST WEDNESDAY IN SEPTEMBER, and ends on the last Wednesday in June.

The Second Examination for admission to Harvard College will be held on September 28, 29, and 30, beginning at 8 A.M. on September 28.

The Examinations for admission to the Engineering Department of the Lawrence Scientific School, the Mining School, and the Bussey Institution will be held on September 28, beginning at 9 A.M.

SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENTS.

INSTRUCTORS.

LOUIS AGASSIZ, LL.D., Professor of Zoölogy and Geology.
BENJAMIN PEIRCE, LL.D., " Astronomy and Mathematics.
ASA GRAY, LL.D., " Natural History.
THOMAS MOTLEY, Instructor in Farming.
JEFFRIES WYMAN, M.D., Professor of Anatomy.
HENRY L. EUSTIS, A.M., " Engineering.
JOSIAH D. WHITNEY, LL.D., " Geology.
HERMANN A. HAGEN, M.D. " Entomology.
WOLCOTT GIBBS, M.D., " the Application of Science to the Useful Arts.
FRANCIS PARKMAN, A.M., " Horticulture.
DANIEL D. SLADE, M.D., " Applied Zoölogy.
JOSEPH WINLOCK, A.M., " Astronomy and Geodesy.
JOSIAH P. COOKE, A.M., " Chemistry and Mineralogy.
JAMES M. PEIRCE, A.M., " Mathematics.
FRANCIS H. STORER, A.M., Professor of Agricultural Chemistry.
CHARLES FRED. HOFFMANN, " Topographical Engineering.
RAPHAEL PUMPELLY, " Mining.
WILLIAM H. PETTEE, A.M., Instructor in Mining.
NATHANIEL S. SHALER, S.B., Professor of Palæontology.
FRANCIS G. SANBORN, Instructor in Entomology.
JOHN TROWBRIDGE, S.B., Assistant Professor of Physics.
GEORGE A. HILL, A.B., Assistant Professor of Physics.
PIERRE J. BORIS, Instructor in French.
WILLIAM G. FARLOW, M.D., Assistant in Botany.
CHARLES L. JACKSON, A.M., Assistant Professor of Chemistry.
JOSIAH C. BARTLETT, A.B., Instructor in Mathematics.
HENRY B. HILL, A.B., Assistant in Chemistry.
GEORGE THEODORE DIPPOLD, Instructor in German.
CHARLES E. MUNROE, Assistant in Chemistry.

LAWRENCE SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL.—This school has been reorganized, and now offers:

1. A four-years' course of study in Civil and Topographical Engineering, as follows: *First Year*—Spherical Trigonometry, Analytical Geometry, Descriptive Geometry, Chemistry, Surveying and Plotting, Road-making, Free-hand and Water-color Drawing, French. *Second Year*—Differential and Integral Calculus, Mechanics, Physics, Mathematical and Physical Geography, Elementary Geology, Crystallography, Mineralogy, and the use of the Blowpipe, Mechanical Drawing, French, German. *Third Year*—Applied Mechanics, Practical Astronomy and Geodesy, Hypsometry, Topographical Surveying and Drawing, Structural and Dynamical Geology, Photography, German. *Fourth Year*—Building materials, and their applications in railroads, canals, bridges, etc.; Applications of Descriptive Geometry to masonry and stone-cutting; Hydraulics; Heat and its applications; Discussions of existing structures, and working out of projects.

Candidates for admission to this course on Engineering (unless they are graduates of colleges) will be examined in Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, and Trigonometry, and will also be required to show that they are reasonably proficient in English Grammar and Geography.

2. A one year's course of study in the elements of Natural History, Chemistry, and Physics, as follows; Physical Geography, Structural Geology, and Meteorology; General Chemistry and Qualitative Analysis; Physics; Botany; Zoölogy; Entomology.

This course is especially intended for teachers, or persons who intend to become teachers. The instruction will be mainly given in the laboratories and museums of the University; it will be of the most practical character, every student being taught to make experiments and study specimens himself.

3. Thorough instruction for advanced students in any of the following subjects: Physics (Heat and Light), Chemistry, Zoölogy, Geology, Botany, and Mathematics.

Professor Gibbs will receive special students in Heat and Light at the Rumford laboratory. Professor Cooke will receive special students in Chemistry at the laboratories in Boylston Hall. Professors Agassiz, Hagen, and Shaler will receive special students in Zoölogy and Geology at the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy. Professor Gray and Assistant Farlow will receive special students in Botany at the Botanic Garden and Herbarium. Professor Benjamin Peirce and James M. Peirce will receive special students in Mathematics.

The opportunities for advanced students in all branches of Natural History and in Physics, Chemistry, Astronomy, and Mathematics will be much greater next year than ever before. The Museum of Comparative Zoölogy has been more than doubled in size during the current year; a laboratory, lecture-room, and greenhouse have been added to the equipment of the Botanical Department; a laboratory of Physics is to be created during the Summer in Harvard Hall; the chemical laboratories are to be greatly enlarged and improved; the interior of the Scientific School Building is to be completely reconstructed; and a distinct physical laboratory and cabinet are to be assigned to the Rumford Professor. At the same time, the scope and volume of the instruction will be greatly enlarged.

MINING SCHOOL.—The full course, prescribed for candidates for the degree of Mining Engineer, occupies four years, the first three of which are identical, as regards the subjects of instruction and the order thereof, with the first three years of the Engineering Course above specified. The terms of admission are the same as those of the Engineering Course. The fourth year of the course is as follows: Economical Geology and the Phenomena of Veins: Mining Machinery and the Exploitation of Mines; General and Practical Metallurgy; Assaying; Working-up, Plotting, and Writing out notes of summer excursions.

BUSSEY INSTITUTION.—The School of Agriculture and Horticulture, established in execution of the Trusts created by the Will of Benjamin Bussey, will give thorough instruction in Agriculture, Useful and Ornamental Gardening, and Stock-raising.

The regular course of the study will fill three years. *First Year*—Physical Geography, Structural Geology, and Meteorology; General Chemistry and Qualitative Analysis; the elements of Physics; Levelling and Road-making; the Elements of Botany, Zoölogy, and Entomology; French; German. The instruction of the first year's course will be given at Cambridge, and students of the first year must live in or near Cambridge. The instruction of the second and third years' courses will be given at the Bussey Institution, and students of those courses must live within easy reach of the Institution, which is situated near the village of Jamaica Plain, about five miles southwest of Boston, and close to the Forest Hill Station on the Boston and Providence Railroad. The subjects to be taught at the Bussey Institution during the year 1871-72, being subjects of the second year's course, are as follows: Theory and Practice of Farming, Horticulture; Agricultural Chemistry, Applied Zoölogy, Entomology, Quantitative Analysis. The third year's course will be hereafter arranged, and will be given for the first time in 1872-73.

The teachings of the School will be amply illustrated by the rich scientific selections of the University, and by a Botanic Garden, a large and profitable farm, greenhouses, propagating-houses, and field experiments.

FEES AND EXPENSES.—The tuition fee for the Academic year in any of the above departments or courses is $150; for half or any smaller fraction of a year, $75; for any fraction of a year greater than one-half, the fee of the whole year is charged. In the Bussey Institution there are also separate fees for certain distinct courses of lectures; and in that Institution tuition fees will be freely remitted to poor and meritorious students.

The other expenses of a student for an academic year may be estimated as follows: Room, $30 to $100; Board for 38 weeks, $152 to $304; Books, $20 to $25; Fuel and Lights, $15 to $35; Washing, $19 to $38.

For University Catalogues, descriptive circulars, examination papers, or information about any department of the University, address J. W. HARRIS, Sec.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1871.

The Week.

THERE is to be a meeting, and we have no doubt it will be a great meeting, on Monday next, to express indignation over the condition of the City government. It is to be regretted that it takes place before the hot weather is quite over, but it must take place soon if it is to have any influence on the State election. The Republicans are very confident of their ability to "secure the Legislature" under the influence of the exposures of the *Times;* but securing the Legislature must mean more than getting a nominal Republican majority. It must be a majority that cannot be breached by money, which there is no doubt the Ring will use as money has never been used in political struggles before. It is not, therefore, every man who approves of reconstruction, "endorses Grant," and believes in the equality of men, whom it will do to send to Albany, to deal with the villanies of the City Hall. We must not have any more whining and imprecation over the treachery of Republicans, as over Winans in the employ of the Erie Ring. The majority, too, must be sufficiently large to override the Governor's veto, for it is hardly possible that Hoffman will betray his patrons in their extremity. If such majority can be secured, the whole City government should be promptly legislated out of office. Then, if an honest District Attorney could be secured, there would be a chance of bringing Hall and his associates to justice. Otherwise we fear there is none, except through a vigilance committee, and although no one supposes the formation of a vigilance committee in New York would mean anything short of civil war, nevertheless we believe a good many sober and sensible men begin to recognize the possibility of its becoming expedient to exercise against the Ring the right of revolution, trying to inflict on its leading members the only penalty which has any terrors for them. We presume it is strictly correct to say that the one consequence of thieving which Hall, Tweed, and Connolly would now dread is a violent death. Public scorn, or even the penitentiary, has little terrors for them. This may sound like wild talk to some of our readers in the country, but we do not think it will to most New York observers. We do not know how the affair may end, but we do know that if Barnard, Hall, Tweed, and Connolly close their careers in peace, and ease, and affluence, it will be a terrible blow to political and private morality. They ought to be hunted down for the same reason which led some of the soberest French Liberals to refuse to compromise on any terms with Louis Napoleon. They said the fabric of French society could not support the spectacle of such a man's peaceful death on the throne.

The most cheering sign of the times by far, and, indeed, the one incident which has yet occurred which leads us to hope for reform—from the action of rich Americans we hope little or nothing—is the revolt of the German Democrats against Tammany. This has been looked for with great anxiety for some time, and has come at last. The leading German paper, the *Staats-Zeitung*, which the Republicans ought long ago to have bought, if it cost $3,000,000, instead of "reorganizing the party in this city," and tinkering the custom-house; which has an enormous circulation and great influence, and has been a firm supporter of Tammany, has declared war against Hall and Connolly & Co., and its action has been followed up by the adoption of resolutions by the German Democratic Committee at their last monthly meeting, on Monday night, inveighing against the financial management of the Ring, calling for an immediate publication of the accounts, and the production hereafter of a monthly financial exhibit, and for the examination of the municipal books by a committee of respectable citizens. There is sufficient reluctance of tone in the resolutions to prove that this action, which is of the highest importance, has been forced on the managers by the rank and file. The Germans will not stand stealing, and we suspect that if they get fairly enlisted in pursuit of the thieves, they will make this city too hot for them. We believe they have not contributed a single great thief to the City Hall, nor a single knave to the bench. It ought to be said for the Irish that two of the most respected judges, Daly and Brady, are Irishmen; the two noted judicial rascals are Americans; and the chief scoundrels of the City Hall are drawn almost equally from the Irish and Americans. The clearest brains of the Ring are Irish, but the most of the money seems to go to the Americans, who, by the bye, are far more luxurious dogs than the Irish. Their wants are vaster and more varied, and their appetites more delicate.

General Butler opened what he called his "campaign" for the governorship of Massachusetts by a speech on Friday last at Springfield. We have commented on its leading points elsewhere. It was divided into two parts; in the first, he lauded himself highly, with the aid of the "Rebellion Record," from which he made quotation; in the second, he abused his enemies, and notably the editors of the Springfield *Republican* and Hartford *Courant*. The former he ridiculed for not suffering himself to be carried before the Senate Committee in 1859, to testify in the matter of the John Brown raid; of General Hawley, the editor of the *Courant*, he invented a pure falsehood, namely, that he (Butler) had removed him from his command on the James for inefficiency and incompetency, which led to General Hawley's denouncing him as a "liar and a blackguard." This mode of meeting his enemies is an old one of Mr. Butler's, and nothing probably would lead him to abandon it except the fear of physical pain. It does not injure him in the least, however, either with the apostles of the Humanitarian persuasion, or the "ministers of the Gospel" engaged in the Temperance movement, or the "noble women" of the Female Suffrage movement. The New York *Times* has severely reprimanded Mr. Butler for his want of decorum, and regrets that he should have engaged in personalities, instead of a lofty discussion of grave public questions. We entirely concur in this view. We think that for a Christian statesman his conduct has been somewhat unbecoming.

We doubt if there has ever been, in the history of steam transit in America, such a series of accidents as the papers have told of within the last seven days. What with the *Lodona* wrecked, the Mobile explosion, the Westport collision, and the slaughter near Boston, even our careless American travelling public feels, for the moment, at any rate, a decided sense of uneasiness. The popularity of the traditional negro sitting on the safety-valve has entirely vanished; he would be in danger of his life on board a Mississippi steamboat itself, so angry is the community in general with the wicked recklessness or neglect of railway and steamboat officials and owners. The latest accident, up to this time of writing, that which took place near Boston, on Saturday last, is perhaps the worst, and wants hardly any circumstance of horror. It is even probable that the unfortunate passengers perceived that their death was upon them, and had some moments of dreadful expectancy before they perished; some, at least, saw that their time had come; and death coming in that shape must have seemed almost vindictive as well as inevitable and horrible. Another thing about the massacre that was dreadful was the robbery of the mangled bodies while yet not dead, or but just dead. This, we suppose, is to be accounted for by the fact that the usual annual camp-meeting a little further down the road was in session, and, of course, that is a gathering which, like any other large crowd of country people within striking distance, attracts a concourse of dehumanized wretches from the neighboring great city. On the other hand, there was made by some of the victims a display of endurance and unselfishness which was a glory of human nature; or would be but for the fact that it is not a rare display on such occasions, as everybody knows who, during the late war, used to see the hospitals after a battle. It is hardly doubtful that this time the guilt will be fixed upon the criminals, and it is every way probable that they will get from a jury the mercy they deserve. We are glad to see that the relations of the killed and

wounded are already bringing suits against the company for damages, which in the aggregate will be a very large sum; and we hope that, whatever may be the delicacy of private sorrow, considerations of the public good may overbear it, and suit be brought in every instance. Another good thing about this frightful affair is that it will reinforce the public opinion which demands the punishment of the owners of the *Westfield* and their incompetent employees. In the case of that accident, many families lost the mainstay of the household, and suits for damages are peculiarly appropriate.

A very noticeable thing about this disaster is the graphic accounts of it which one and another of the survivors have given. Every reporter and other person engaged in the corruption of the English language, and desirous of having his week's wages raised for doing his work better, should cut out Mr. Charles Story's account, for instance, and keep it by him as a model. Here is a specimen of it:

"A moment after I saw a woman lying upon the grass, her right arm fearfully crushed between the elbow and shoulder, and her face badly scalded. She must have been suffering intense pain. I asked her what I could do for her. She replied: 'There are others hurt a great deal worse than I am. Go and attend to them. I can bear it.' She was taken to a house near by, and laid upon the floor, with a bundle of bloody clothes for a pillow. She would not let the doctor attend to her injuries until she knew that the others had been seen to. There were several others badly hurt in the same house. After the train had been thoroughly cleared, I got my wife and little girl a place to stay, and got on a Lynn horse-car. I went to Lynn and spread the news, and a train was sent up."

Not that some of the reporters also did not do well. But they still have among them the writer who, the other day, spoke of Mayor Hall's truckling to the mob as "Mayor Hall's truculency"—which latter would have been almost a subject for Nast.

We said last week that it is idle for the politicians to attempt prognostication of the canvass of 1872 from the elections of this year, at least so far as concerns the elections in September and October. Neither party will rest much hope for next year on this year's result in California, or Maine, or Ohio, or Pennsylvania, however they go, unless the majority is very unexpectedly large. So, too, of North Carolina, which some Republicans have persuaded themselves is once more in the Republican line. The recent election affords no refutation whatever of the doctrine that the Republicans, if they are to elect the next President, will elect him in the North, and get very little, if any, help from the South. The full official returns show the heaviest vote that the State has ever cast, being 181,359, while the vote in the last Presidential election was a thousand lighter, and the vote of last year seven or eight thousand lighter. Last year the Democratic majority was 5,000. The question as to whether there should be a convention called to revise the constitution, or, rather, frame a new one, was what called out so heavy a vote, and though this was a Democratic measure, it was the votes of Democrats which defeated it; Democrats who voted for the Democratic candidate in 1870 voting against it certainly to the number of three thousand at least, and probably, though the returns do not make it clear, to the number of thrice three thousand. It was a Democratic measure, for the party was anxious to get certain Republican judges off the bench whose terms are too long to suit its mind, and there are other evidences and fruits of Republican ascendancy which it would like to destroy. But, as our readers know, the question whether the Legislature had any right to order a vote for a convention was a legal question of some nicety, and the President being advised—wrongly, as we believe—that the Legislature had no such right, allowed his Attorney-General in person to make speeches, threatening the people with Federal interference in case the call for a convention was carried. These threats alone would doubtless have been enough to turn the scale against the convention. And besides this there was the fear—potent with thousands—that if the creditor class were allowed to frame a new constitution, they would be much less merciful to debtors in regard to the amount of property exempt from seizure for debt than the present constitution is.

The preparations for the arbitration provided for by the Treaty of Washington are slowly approaching completion. England has appointed Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn (of the Queen's Bench) to represent her. The United States sends Charles Francis Adams, the happiest and most fitting appointment the Administration has ever made. Switzerland has appointed M. Staempfli, the Ex-President of the Confederation. The Emperor of Brazil and the King of Italy have still to appoint representatives before the Board is complete. Should they neglect or refuse to do so for two months after request made, the King of Sweden will fill the vacant places. This Board, which is to sit at Geneva, decides the question whether, under the rules of international law laid down by the treaty, Great Britain failed, in the *Alabama* matter, to do her duty as a neutral towards the United States during the late war. If it decides that she did not so fail, the *Alabama* claims vanish into history; if it decides that she did so fail, then it decides further whether she shall pay a round sum to the Government at Washington in satisfaction, or shall pay the claims in detail as they are proved. Each side is now busy in drawing up a "case," or, in plain language, its version of the story for submission to the Board, the Lord Chancellor, Professor Mountague Bernard, and Lord Tenterden, for England, and Mr. Bancroft Davis and Mr. C. C. Beaman, jun., for the United States. Mr. Beaman, by the way, has already made an excellent compilation, published some months ago, of all documents bearing on the *Alabama* case. Who are the counsel who will argue on both sides is not yet known, but the occasion is one of the greatest in which counsel ever appeared, and they ought to be the foremost men of their respective bars.

The success of the new loan is no longer doubted, and all intelligent men are thankful for our narrow escape from another wretched failure. To those who know how narrow that escape has been, and on what dangerous ground the Secretary has been and is yet treading, the attempt to represent the affair as a distinguished triumph of his skill and management is simply absurd. As the facts in relation to the matter gradually leak out, it seems to be settled that Mr. Boutwell has largely exceeded his authority in the terms granted to the Syndicate, who are said, according to one version, to make three months' coin interest, or one and a half per cent., and, according to another version, six months' interest, or three per cent. in coin, on the total amount of the conversions, in addition to the commission of one per cent. provided by law. If these appearances deceive, and Mr. Boutwell is unjustly charged, the blame must fall chiefly, though not wholly, upon himself. And we must call the attention of all papers and people who are becoming enthusiastic over the "success" of the Secretary's pet loan to the fact that of the $1,500,000,000 which he asked for authority to place at 4, 4½, and 5 per cent. interest, he has placed, after a year of advertising and hawking, not fifteen hundred millions, but two hundred.

The loan negotiations have had no visible effect upon any of the markets. Governments are scarcely so firm; gold is steady; foreign exchange higher. There has been an artificial scarcity of gold, which has no real significance, being merely a Broad Street trick. Great efforts have been making to advance the stock market; but in the face of diminished railroad earnings, reduced freights, and the growing distrust of all these manufactured securities and their gambling directors and managers, the failure of the attempts surprises no one. Money continues extremely easy, though with occasional slight upward fluctuations. Business generally in all the money markets is dull and limited.

The interruption to the long-continued decline in the prices of the leading staples pointed out a week or two ago, seems to have assumed the character of a permanent improvement. With the exception of some kinds of provisions, still suffering from accumulated stocks and speculative inflation, almost every important article of merchandise has been firm and inclined to advance. Cotton, in spite of crop accounts which seem to us on the whole more favorable, has risen in price, owing to the very large European and domestic consumption, and the declining stocks. Breadstuffs have been decidedly higher, the change being attended with the crop of failing speculators which seems to be the usual consequence of even slight fluctuations nowadays, indicating the diminishing means at the disposal of the average class of

dealers in almost every description of trade. The improvement in breadstuffs has been chiefly due to unfavorable weather in England and on parts of the Continent, together with a dogged determination on the part of farmers not to submit longer to what they call "starvation" prices. Sugar, coffee, and other groceries are all higher and apparently advancing. General business has assumed a more cheerful aspect, and there has been more activity. But the thoughtful merchants point with some alarm to the incessant and growing complaints among the farmers of their want of prosperity, to the continued scarcity of money and difficulty of making collections in the country districts, and the remarkable decline in the earnings of most of the leading railroads. The real-estate market is dull, but held pretty firmly. The number of new buildings remaining unfinished, or unoccupied when finished, is quite large. Foreclosures of mortgages continue uncomfortably frequent. This week alone, four mortgages on improved city property were foreclosed by one insurance company. With the advancing season and with improved markets, the mercantile community do not generally display much buoyancy or sanguine feeling.

Affairs in France have again assumed an unusually serious aspect. The Right in the National Assembly has obviously determined to make a strenuous stand against M. Thiers and his friends of the Left and Centre, and to reclaim for that body not only the control of current affairs, which has been gradually slipping from its hands, but the right to decide on the future constitution of France, which the Chief of the Executive so often asserted it was not wise for it to exercise, and the Radicals positively and vehemently deny. In a word, the "compact of Bordeaux," which was to secure the country, through a cessation of party hostilities, the time required for the re-establishment of order, the consolidation of peace, the reorganization of the army, and the revival of industry, credit, and—let us add—good sense, is to be broken, and the destinies of the nation henceforth to be shaped by the dictates of a majority which has ceased to represent a portion of its constituencies, or—if the attempt to curb M. Thiers fail—by a kind of dictatorship derived only from the necessities and complications of the moment, and, in any case, founded on indirect and contested legal titles. M. Thiers has hitherto chiefly maintained himself by the adroitly used threat of resigning his powers, and thereby surrendering the Assembly and the country to the fury of factions, the arrogant demands of the foreign foe, and bankruptcy; he now repeats this threat more frequently than ever, and its power ought fully to be felt—for the foreign enemy is still at the gates, and the domestic no less menacing—but the Right is becoming more and more accustomed to it, and, whether it believes it not to be entirely serious, or whether it has been goaded by contention and defeats to risk all consequences, it seems resolved to fight.

The bellicose spirit of the Right fully manifested itself in the debates on the bill for the disbandment of the National Guard. This bill was, of course, violently combated by the Radicals, in the Assembly as well as in the press; and the excitement caused by it among the laboring classes in the large cities, against whom it was chiefly aimed, grew to an alarming degree. In the sitting of Thursday, August 24, General Pélissier characterized the measure as inopportune and dangerous; the Extreme Right, however, insisted on immediate and "uncompromising" disbandment—a resolution so evidently adventurous that it may appear to give color to the assumption that the provocation of a new armed conflict is considered by certain leading members of that extreme wing as their only means of recovering the ascendancy the Right neglected to secure on the reduction of Paris. M. Thiers objected to immediate action—that is, to disbandment before adopting the new army organization, which would convert the National Guards into soldiers—as unjust and uselessly offensive to the loyal portions of the civic force. Being violently interrupted, he concluded by declaring that, having lost the confidence of the Assembly, "he knew what course to adopt." He was sustained by the Centre and the more moderate portion of the Right, and an amendment, proposed by General Ducrot, providing for a gradual disbandment of the Guards, was adopted by a very large majority. Yet the uncompromising, who thus showed themselves ready to face both the resignation of M. Thiers and a new insurrection, mustered upward of one hundred and fifty on the division. The sitting was exceedingly stormy, and marked by indecent violence.

The main battle, however, is to be fought on M. Rivet's motion for the prolongation and extension of the powers of the Chief of the Executive. The report of the special committee on the subject—presented, not by M. St.-Marc-Girardin, as formerly expected, but by M. Rivet himself—is, if the Cable rightly informs us, far from representing the views of the mover. It concludes with submitting a decree declaring the Assembly "entitled to constituent powers, which have not been exercised hitherto solely from the force of circumstances"—a double assertion of disputed and disputable correctness—and providing "that M. Thiers take the title of President"—of the Republic, not of the Council, as held hitherto—"continue to exercise executive powers under the authority of the Assembly"—and as long as the latter likes, not for three years, as proposed—and be himself, no less than his ministers, "responsible to the Assembly." This decree, if passed, would, as far as such things can be decreed, render the Assembly omnipotent, and M. Thiers its humble tool; and yet we hear only of a timid amendment on the part of the Government, presented by the Minister of Justice, Dufaure—an amendment expressive of confidence in the future President; and even this proposed insertion is reported to have been considered and rejected by the committee. The Radical members of the Assembly are furious at the new attitude it threatens to assume, and General Faidherbe, the special friend of M. Gambetta, is reported to have resigned his seat as deputy on that ground, without waiting for the consummation of the usurping encroachments he revolts against. And his example, we are told, is to be followed—not quite as hastily, we suspect—by all his Radical associates, whose watchword is the dissolution of the Assembly, and the convocation of a real *Constituante*. Such a resignation *en masse* might, under the circumstances, easily be equivalent to an "appeal to the street." It cannot be surprising, therefore, to see Assi, Ferré, and other Commune leaders, now on trial before the courts-martial of Versailles, hurl defiance at their prosecutors—who, by the bye, have proved themselves masters in producing impressions favorable to their enemies. Still less can the hesitation of the Germans in evacuating the forts of Paris be surprising. Pouyer-Quertier, however, does his best to pay them off.

The anti-infallibility movement among the Catholics of Germany and Austria continues unabated, meeting with encouragement on the part of more than one government. In Bavaria, an almost entire reorganization of the cabinet has taken place, which leaves the former premier, Bray, a friend of the Ultramontanes, out, and their opponent, the Minister of Instruction, Lutz, in. The often-repeated reports of Chancellor Beust's position in Austria becoming shaken and untenable are now contradicted more firmly than ever—though the Cisleithan cabinet, under Hohenwart, seems actually to have completed its arrangements with the Czechs, "Young" and "Old"—that is, radical and feudal—preparatory to a modification in their favor, by constitutional measures, of the constitution of the western division of Austro-Hungary, while the Chancellor is busy bringing about an *entente cordiale* with the German Empire, the terror and abomination of the Czechs and their Slavic brethren. That the basis of such an *entente* between the empires of William and Francis Joseph has lately been laid at Wels, or Ischl, or elsewhere, and is soon to be cemented by a meeting of the two emperors at Salzburg, is now confidently asserted by authoritative organs in the dominions of both; and Italy is stated to be "the third one in the union." This triple alliance, if really brought about, would be more than a match for a possible Franco-Russian alliance; it would dictate on the Lower Danube, secure the predominance of the Germans and Magyars on the upper banks of that river, seal the doom of the Pope's tempora power, and frustrate alike all attempts at Panslavism and Panlatinism. But it is too early to indulge in speculations on a fact which, after all, may exist only in the brains of correspondents and editors erroneously supposing themselves to be "well-informed."

BUTLER'S "FIRST GUN."

We do not like Benjamin Franklin Butler, as every reader of this paper knows, but we confess that we have read his speech at Springfield on Friday last with a good deal of enjoyment. He said hardly anything that we could wish unsaid, or which did not in some way, to our humble apprehension, further the design of Providence in creating him and letting him live. We were for a long time puzzled as to what that design might be, but it has of late become, we think, tolerably clear. The use of him we take to be the thorough and perspicuous exposure of the falsity and mischief of the doctrine which has been for some years growing in this country, and is now held by large numbers of people, some of whom are honest and some of whom only try to believe themselves to be honest, that not only, as Plato taught, are there certain abstractions called The Good and The True, but that these abstractions may safely and properly be pursued and worshipped, in state affairs at least, altogether apart from human character and conduct. That is, while believing that honesty is a good thing, they decline to treat any man as a knave; and, while acknowledging the value of truth, they decline to treat any man as a liar. The result is, that while in no age were these virtues so much talked about or admired, in no age did knaves and liars not only suffer so little inconvenience, but enjoy so much confidence and consideration. They have abounded in all times, but it is only in our time that places of trust, profit, and dignity are absolutely thrust upon them, and this not by their fellows, but by saints both of the Christian and Humanitarian churches, who go to the polls with upturned eyes and crossed hands, and have difficulty in keeping their marrow from freezing at the sight of the support given by the poor Irish to Hall and Connolly and Tweed. Butler is reported to have said last winter to that valuable public woman, Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, that she must not mind the unkind things said of her by the newspapers; that "he himself had never enjoyed real happiness till he lost his character." Now, whether it be true or not that Butler said this, we have no doubt that if he had said it he would have told the truth. As long as society believed him to be honest, he doubtless made some effort to keep up an appearance of honesty, and found it very irksome. As soon as his real character crept out, and society ceased to expect anything from him but ingenious and impudent rascality, he not only regained his liberty, but he found that, to a man of his aims and views of life, a good character is really of no use, or, in other words, that he got all he wanted in this life just as readily without it as with it. Men of the Butler and Fisk type, as we have more than once pointed out, do not care for the good opinion of their neighbors, as an end; if they value it at all, it is as a means. If they find that they get what they desire without it, they would far rather forego it, for it imposes restraints and responsibilities. What such men seek in life is money and power, office and physical pleasure; and if they can only get these things through a good character, they will play the hypocrite; but if they can get them without a good character, they will joyously strip it off. It is this peculiarity of theirs which makes newspaper denunciations of them so ludicrous and useless when not followed by other penalties. If you took from Fisk his railroad, his boats, his women, and his champagne, he would probably repent heartily; if you took from Butler all his ill-gotten gains, and his seat in Congress, and his other civic honors, he would, perhaps, doubt the wisdom of being a rascal. As it is, no doubt of it ever crosses his mind.

We believe there is no man who knows Butler who thinks him to be honest, who would believe him on his word, or his oath, or trust him in a transaction in which good faith was a necessary ingredient. There has been no such man for many a year. To many persons, the prevalence of such an opinion about them would be a source of discomfort. Butler is simply amused by it; first, because he doubts in his heart of hearts whether anybody is honest; and, secondly, because all he has ever asked of decent people they have given him, his reputation to the contrary notwithstanding.

Of late—within the last year—the leading Republican papers have begun to denounce him. During the three years previous, that is, during the three years that had elapsed after he had emerged from the discreditable seclusion which followed his removal from his command, and appeared in the political arena, they spoke of him almost invariably with great respect; although the editors would, to a man, assure you privately that he was a great scoundrel, and although nearly all those who had to do with him in the army reported him to be a cruel and insolent pretender, trying to play a soldier's part in the field with the nature, arts, and talents of a police detective. The reason of this adulation, we were constantly told, was gratitude to him for the services rendered in the war—those services consisting in the march of a brigade through one disaffected city, and the stern, severe, and thoroughly corrupt government of another one, and having been rendered in a war which had been glorified by a thousand displays of high military genius, sanctified by the death of tens of thousands of honest men, and waged for the express purpose of preventing selfish and unprincipled rascals from ruling the earth. To do the newspapers justice, it must be said that they were not alone in this mode of dealing with him. The leading men of the Republican party, especially of that portion of the party which prides itself on applying morals to politics, were just as earnest in their worship of the unclean idol as the press. They did not, and, indeed, could not, deny the badness of Butler's character; but, when he presented himself for a seat in Congress, supported him on the ground that he would probably prove "useful." When he had given a fair specimen of the kind of service he was likely to render, and when, after his attack on the national credit in 1867, an attempt was made to oust him, the saints of the party almost unanimously refused to countenance it. To be sure, it was the benighted shoemakers and fishermen of the Essex District who elected him, but the party "moralists" and philanthropists stood by silent or applauding.

His career in Congress has been what everybody who believes there is any connection between morals and politics might have expected. In parliamentary tactics he has been tricky, deceitful, and violent. His attempts at legislation have carried people's minds back to the dark ages, or over to the kingdom of Dahomey; for Butler, to his other defects, adds one which men of his moral stamp do not always display—namely, gross ignorance. He has contributed a great deal of virulence to the debates, and his relations with his brother members are of a kind, in many instances, unparalleled in their meanness and degradation; and, finally, he devoted a portion of his leisure at the close of the last session to trying to plunge the country into a bloody war—a slight tribute, we suppose, to the Boston peace men who supported him. All this was, as we have said, what was *à priori* to be expected of a man of his antecedents, and it has had the effect of opening people's eyes and loosening their tongues. The newspapers at last begin to speak out their minds about him freely, and "moral" and religious people begin, though slowly and unwillingly, to acknowledge that persons like Butler cannot be converted into instruments of righteousness. In short, there are signs that what ought to have been done three years ago—the reprobation of him by all that is best in the Republican party—is now about to come to pass. It is curious to witness, however, the way in which the stupid audacity of the criminal and the dexterity of the Tombs lawyer are mingled in the speech at Springfield. His labored recital of the mark of confidence bestowed on him by "the great party," the chairmanship of the Committee on Reconstruction, the "management" of the Impeachment trial, and so on, were excellent answers to the denunciations of some of the party organs. As Mr. George Ticknor Curtis says of Judge Barnard, if the man is a knave, how came his fellow-citizens to put him in these posts? On the other hand, the deliberate invention of a malignant falsehood about General Hawley, with the view of getting it circulated before the victim could overtake it, and with the well-grounded hope that many people would believe that there must be some ground for it, or else the worthy "Manager," "the Apostle John of Salvation by Impeachment," would not thus publicly produce it, was in all respects the device of the lowest class of criminal lawyers. General Hawley's indignation over the equanimity with which the inventor bore being informed that he was a "liar and a blackguard" would be amusing if the Reverend Doctor Marvin—we believe it was he—a "minister of the Gospel" and a temperance apostle, had not risen up in Boston, the other day, to advocate the election of "the liar and blackguard" to the governorship of Massachusetts, because he would

make Boston "too hot for the rum-sellers." We are happy to be able to inform the Reverend Doctor that there is no evil in this world which it is in the power of scoundrels to extirpate without doing counterbalancing mischief. Providence sometimes *seems* to use base instruments to accomplish great ends, but seems only. He always lets the scoundrels sow the seeds of other and far greater evils than those they appear to remove. This arrangement may seem injudicious to some temperance men, but they cannot modify it.

THE NEW PAPACY.

The attributes of which Papacy has just been deprived were called its *temporalia* in the Middle Ages—a low Latin term, which, in classical Latinity, would have meant "perishable," but which was intended to imply the reverse, and to mean something altogether different, of which neither perishableness nor imperishableness need be predicated. When Philip le Bel wrote to Boniface VIII.: *Sciat tua maxima Fatuitas, nos in* temporalibus *nemini subesse*, he did not mean to say (what would have been no untruth) that French royalty was a fleeting daughter of time, but he referred to the dry question of clerical taxation. Since then, however, fate has interpreted the term more literally, as though its inventors had been logical against their wish and will, and the old word-oracle has, as far as it went, fulfilled itself.

How far then did it go? and what was the real extent, what were the real limitations, of the power called the "temporal" power of the Pope? The hand which broke the chains of the murderer Pariselli in 1852, and which immured political sinners in the dungeons of Perugia until 1860, is, if not withered, disarmed. It may still bless and baptize Jewish children, but it can no longer kidnap them. By thus enumerating the things which the Pope could do until 1870, and which he cannot do now, we might easily arrive at a proper definition of the so-called temporal power. But we should also discover that the two powers wielded by the Pope, having grown up together, have ended by growing together in such a manner that it is impossible to foretell whether the death of either twin will not endanger the health and life of the other. This is, in fact, what Catholics dread, and this is what Protestants would like to hope, if their own notions on the subject did not prevent them. They think, and are fond of thinking, that the spiritual power of any church is to its temporal power as the soul is to the body; and, as the soul not only survives the body, but commences a higher and purer existence when freed from worldly cravings and physical sufferings, so even the Roman Catholic Church will reappear in its true celestial garb, when freed from the only obstacle to its transfiguration—its temporalities. This is a kind and disinterested view of the matter, which honors those who take it, and which looks as if it ought to be the right view, but which (we need not say unfortunately) is utterly and thoroughly false.

The Roman Catholics were perfectly right in clinging to their temporal power with such desperate tenacity, and in saying "avaunt" to the Son of Man who tempted them with "other-world" kingdoms. We cannot but admire the sagacity of their instincts, which prompted them to act as if they knew how indissolubly the "spirit" of their church was wedded to its temporalities—to that part, at least, of its temporalities which we may call its *economic* interests, and which ought to be distinguished from its *political* interests. These two are separable things: they are to each other as movable property is to real estate. And as a man may lose his house and his field, or (according to the socialists) even his right to any kind of landed property, without ceasing to be a rich man; so the Roman Church may lose (as it has lost) its political power without ceasing to be a financial power. Of course, movable property is less tangible than brick and mortar. There is something abstract in notes, and cheques, and paper-money; nay, even gold is nothing but a promissory symbol of earthly goods. But who would call these things spiritual for that? Tetzel, the indulgence hawker of the sixteenth century, had nothing to do with what we are wont to call the temporal power, the whole transaction (which was one of the most profitable on record in financial history) being of a strictly ecclesiastical nature, and carried on upon the extra-political and ever-neutral ground of the confessional. Yet who would have the hardihood to qualify the power which Tetzel served, and in whose name he acted, as a spiritual power?

The truth is, the old antithesis of spiritual and temporal is neither grammatically nor empirically correct, and, though good enough for the Middle Ages, ought not to have remained so long unchallenged by modern criticism. Spirit and time have no relation whatever to each other. They are neither equals, nor opposites, nor correlatives. The power of the Roman Church is—in *quality* if not in degree—as temporal and as earthly now as it was before the 20th September, 1870. To talk of it as if the occupation and annexation of Rome by the Italians had sublimated it into a state of seraphic spiritualism is sheer nonsense. Those who rejoice over the change as implying the regeneration of the Roman Church, commit an error of judgment; while those who lament the change err both intellectually and morally, since the thing lamented has not taken place, and ought not to be lamented if it had taken place. To avoid all further confusion and looseness of expression, we should substitute the terms *ecclesiastical* and *political* for "spiritual" and "temporal," which would bring us to the perfectly intelligible antithesis of church and state. Both church and state are temporal institutions, and both may one day become spiritual institutions. Each has its doctrinal, each its economic aspect. Even the most advanced Protestant congregations are so far removed from the old Ebionitic spirit of Christianity, that the idea of an "invisible church" could hardly be grasped by them. And if this is true of Protestant churches, what shall we say of that church which the Italians have called the *santa bottega*, or "holy shop"? Even if it were deprived of all its stock, and all its cash, we are at a loss to see how it could ever be "reduced" to a spiritual power, its very doctrines being materialistic and mercenary.

We may say, therefore, that the Papacy has ceased to exist as a political power without having yet lost its temporal power, and that it continues to exist as an ecclesiastical power without having any chance of staying or hiding the decline of its spiritual power. Its wealth is undiminished, and, surely, the acceptance of offerings is less troublesome and less costly than the gathering of taxes and the levying of duties. Its ecclesiastical authority is likewise unimpaired, and it is pleasanter to be coaxed and pampered by repentant enemies and pitying friends than to enforce respect by spies, policemen, inquisitors, and jailers.

If people would take the trouble of making these distinctions and bearing them constantly in mind, they would be better judges of the importance or irrelevancy of certain events which seem to have received an undue share of public attention of late. They would, above all, be able to see that (whatever may have to be done intellectually by the spread of education) as long as there are concordats the Papacy of 1871 must be treated as a political power, and combated (if it is to be combated at all) with political weapons, such as the abolition of concordats and the decatholicizing of the Roman Church through the establishment of national churches. If the religious agitation in Southern Germany could ever lead to such a result, it would require no further justification. But Germany being more Protestant than Catholic, such a would-be-national German Church would be only a provincial sect after all, at most a Bavarian state church, but could never become to Germany what the Gallican Church is to France or the Anglican Church is to England. And this being so, we cannot see the utility and opportuneness, much less the importance, of Canon Döllinger's cheap triumphs over the doctrine of Papal infallibility. The Italians look upon this new doctrine as upon "a farce" which could not be seriously discussed or confuted, and from this point of view the whole "religious movement of Bavaria" looks like a pitiable waste of German earnestness. The intense interest taken in it by the public is not unlike the interest which the same public has taken in the Tichborne trial, one of the most transparent and least interesting cases on record. A thing may be called interesting when it taxes our intellect. If it merely tickles our torpid imagination or fills the vacuum of our ennui, it may be called amusing or sensational, but cannot be more to us. A man whose greatest or whose only known merit consists in not believing in the bloody miracle of San Gennaro, or the genuineness of the Santa Casa of Loretto, or in the Immaculate Con-

ception of 1859, or in the many winking, weeping, and frowning Madonnas of Roman sanctuaries—such a man would still have to show cause why he should not be considered as a very ordinary person. Why should he become the hero of the day? And what difference is there between the credibleness and rationalness of any of these wonders and the credibleness and rationalness of Papal infallibility? What little difference there may be is all in favor of the latter.

Canon Döllinger professes strict allegiance to the Roman Church, so that we have no right whatever to suppose that he does not believe in winking Madonnas. We must be small, indeed, if such a man be great among us. And we should be wanting in self-respect if we were ready to admit that a man who has nothing greater to boast of than his disbelief in Papal infallibility could be a leader of men in this our nineteenth century. He is a straggler rather than a leader on our march—and a straggler being worth more than a deserter, he ought to be encouraged by all—but to call him "the Luther of the nineteenth century" is preposterous. The nineteenth century, having outgrown the first Luther, cannot possibly want a second; and if it did, Canon Döllinger would not be the man required. Luther was a born leader of men, having a bold, defiant, heroic spirit, who dared to burn a Papal bull amidst a bigoted crowd, to nail a long string of heretic theses to the church door, to throw off his monk's frock, and to break openly and thoroughly with a past with which he knew there could be no compromise. It would be cruel to Canon Döllinger to carry the comparison any further. Whatever may be his merits (and they need not be denied), he certainly is not the man to *break with any past;* and this, no doubt, the Oxford professors implied when they sent him their diploma complimenting him on the services he was rendering to the cause of "historic truth." What is "historic truth"? If we understand the Oxonian phrase rightly, Galileo could not have become doctor of civil laws in Oxford, the "historic truth" being all on the side of those who applied the screw to his thumbs. Partiality for historic continuity is a laudable and useful sentiment, which, when applied to law and politics, may lead to national greatness, but which can work no good whatever in the intellectual world, where old husks *must* be broken and thrown away when the seed swells within, and where it would be as useless as the wheat found in the mummies was useless to the deceased Egyptians.

The Italians nod assent to Döllinger, though rarely without giving him to understand that he should either not have stirred at all, or gone a little further. They talk like people who trust that the world will in due time outgrow all follies and errors, who think that there are things too elementary to be discussed or attacked; altogether, they appear more worthy of the Oxonian honors than the Bavarian professor, their attitude towards the Pope being far more "historic" than that of the latter. Having never taken much notice of the Pope's spiritual power, and having, by a happy *coup de main*, destroyed his political existence, they treat the surviving ecclesiastical power with great gentleness and consideration, stroking it rather than striking it, not because they hope ever to tame or to reconcile the priest, but because it is Italian nature not to strike. The Pope has had a real surfeit of "guarantees" from the Italian Government, including the abolition of the royal *exequatur* and *placet*, which hitherto served, as they still serve in other countries, to prevent the promulgation of mutinous pastorals and encyclicals, and the nomination of disloyal bishops. When we consider that apostolic letters may be published in Florence which could not even be read from the pulpit in Paris without the permission of the Government, and that the Pope may send any arch-Jesuit as archbishop to Florence, but can give only his approval and his investiture to such French bishops as M. Thiers may choose to appoint, the tender anxiety evinced by M. Thiers's countrymen for Papal spiritual independence would be ludicrous if it were not provoking. If the Italians could only be provoked, the parts might easily be inverted: Italy might become the Pope's protector, and France, when using her Gallican rights, might be told once or twice a week "*que cela trouble les consciences.*" Perhaps Italy would not use such a canting phrase; but her protection of the ecclesiastic Papacy would be more sincere and more impartial than French protection ever was. In French eyes, Papal independence means exclusive dependence upon France, just as, according to M. Thiers, European equilibrium means the preponderance of France.

Italian politicians have ceased to make political capital of the Roman question. If the priests and clericals of other countries try to do so now, they have but little chance of success. At all events, their success will chiefly depend on the stupidity of their adversaries. We will not say that the belief in "liberal Catholicism" and in "historic truth" is an absolute sign of stupidity, but it can certainly be considered as a sign of that selfish laziness of the intellect which would like to eat the pudding and to have it. Germany has tried her hand at this kind of "national Catholicism." But Ronge's and Czerski's "German-Catholic" Church melted away in a couple of years without leaving the slightest trace of its existence behind it. Why should the Germans try again? Should they really wish to reform the Roman Church, they must begin by leaving it in the old blunt Lutheran way. And should some Bavarians and Austrians wish to found a new church for themselves, let us hope that they will be honest and accurate enough not to call it either German or Catholic.

Notes.

"A HAND-BOOK of Colorado," containing a directory of places and routes, statistics of population, and facts about climate, colonization, mining, farming, stock-raising; together with a business index, railroad and stage guide, etc., etc., will be published immediately in Denver, by Mr. J. A. Blake. The advance sheets promise a work creditable at least to the printers of that distant territory; and we presume it will be intelligently compiled.——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. will publish the "Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, comprising portions of his Diary from 1795 to 1848," edited by Hon. Charles Francis Adams. The work will fill five or six octavo volumes, uniform in size and style with the papers of John Adams already published, and is designed to "serve as a substitute for a biography at one time contemplated." "The Diary begins with Mr. Adams's appointment by President Washington as Minister to the States of Holland, in 1795, and includes sixteen years of his diplomatic service in that country, in Prussia, Russia, and Great Britain, and in the negotiation of the Treaty of Ghent. It likewise embraces the whole of his later labors in posts of the highest responsibility at home, down to the termination of his career in the hall of Congress, on the 22d of February, 1848." Subscribers to the "Memoirs" will obtain it at five dollars a volume; all others, at six.

—Mr. Charles Scribner, of this city, publisher and bookseller, died at Lucerne, Switzerland, on Saturday last, the 26th of August, in his fifty-first year. He was educated at Princeton College, and, after his graduation, studied the law, and became a member of the bar of this State. He was, however, not a strong man physically, and was obliged to relinquish his chosen profession on account of the confinement which it compels. Abandoning it, therefore, in 1846, Mr. Scribner entered into partnership with another gentleman, the firm being thenceforth known as Baker & Scribner, and established himself in the business of bookselling and publishing. In 1857, Mr. Scribner's first partner being now seven years dead, he formed a new partnership with Mr. Charles Welford, and the new firm, successful like the old, by-and-by purchased the importing business of Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co. Of the two kinds of knowledge about books—knowledge of the outside and of the inside, bibliography and literature—Mr. Welford probably had more at once than anybody else in America, and his ability, joined to that of Mr. Scribner, who had, in a high degree, that sixth sense for a publisher, the sense of what would be palatable and profitable to his public — in this case to a large portion of the better half of the reading public — procured for the house which they founded a very extensive clientage both among readers of American books and buyers of English. It is proof of Mr. Scribner's sagacity as a publisher of books to please very many purchasers, that his imprint is on the works of Doctor Holland and "Ik Marvel;" that a favorite designer of his was Mr. Hennessy; and that his monthly magazine, but lately established, already surpasses in circulation almost every one of its older competitors for favor, and may probably be set down as second in this respect to *Harper's Monthly* alone. Very marked, too, was the success of Mr. Scribner and his associates as a publisher of text-books for schools—Guyot's excellent works on geography, and many other similar publications, owing much of

their wide sale to his zealous energy. Concerning the house of Scribner, Welford & Co—which has been the style of the importing house, so to call it, as distinguished from the American publishing house of Charles Scribner & Co.—it is enough to say that it was doubtless the largest and (the house of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, not being forgotten) the best, all things considered, which this country has to show. Mr. Scribner was a man much beloved by an unusually large number of friends, and well liked and respected by all his many acquaintances, and it may be doubted if he had an enemy in the world. He was sympathetic, kind-hearted, and good-natured, and his natural disposition he cultivated rather than repressed in the busy course of his daily life. The younger men of his own profession could go to him for advice, and always found in him, not a wary competitor, but a frank and friendly counsellor; and in every relation of life he was a good man. The immediate cause of his death was an attack of typhoid fever. He had been ill, however, for some years, and was in Switzerland seeking health. He thought he had found it, and "his last letters show that his mind was turning with all its old activity to business." He died so much too soon that perhaps it is not improper to let his loss remind us that it is too late to take rest after sickness has come; that well men must give themselves rest.

—A visit from a distinguished Frenchman for the exploration of our society and institutions is not so frequent an occurrence as to make it superfluous to note the recent arrival in America of Athanase Coquerel, the younger. The father, who died a few years ago, long maintained one of the brightest and purest reputations in France, and was well known to such of our countrymen as go to church even in Paris, and indeed to many not of that class, for he was in his later years as eminent as a patriot as he always was as a preacher. The son is thought by good judges very much to surpass the father in pulpit oratory, and in genius every way. His studies have been carried into literature, history, and art, on any of which topics, as upon religion, he may be expected to be a most effective speaker; and we can hardly imagine a greater pleasure for the eloquence-loving American than to hear him. It is, as we learn, a part of M. Coquerel's plan to make public addresses, which, fortunately for most of us, he is able to do in English. For this purpose, however, as well as for his other objects, he should prolong his stay in this country beyond the time which is understood to be its limit, November. From June to October, the American gives himself a rest from the higher emotions. Philanthropists and even politicians know that not much can be done with him till the frost has set in. With the coming of cold he becomes serious, and there is perhaps nowhere so intent a listener to a man that has something to say. It is not inappropriate to mention that in politics M. Coquerel is a Republican of the type of his and our friend Laboulaye.

—The photographer on the battle-field has ceased to be a novelty, but that does not prevent the artist who accompanied the Corean expedition from being admirable of his kind. He has sent to the State Department, along with the official despatches in regard to the late engagements, a bound volume of large-sized views which are not only remarkable for their execution but for the manner in which they have, as it were, taken history on the wing. Some of them, the majority in fact, were not beyond the range of ordinary photography—views of the fleet at anchor; of Corean junks, sailors, and officials; of interviews on the fleet; of the Corean camp and magazine; and of the Corean prisoners. The views of the forts, however, are peculiarly the achievement of that branch of the service which may come to be recognized as Flying Photography. Those of the interior of Fort McKee after the capture "show the dead Coreans where they fell, the camera in some instances depicting the very smoke of the ruin, which had not dissipated when the enterprising photographer followed on the heels of the enemy." One feels like suggesting that a few copies of these prints transmitted to the Corean authorities would have served a more useful purpose than Minister Low's formal and regular, but necessarily futile, communications in writing.

—The theatre-goer is to have a very good chance of amusement in New York this winter. Whether The Great American Play is to precede, in the regular historical order, The Great American Novel, is yet to be seen; but we notice that at the Fifth Avenue there is to appear a comedy, by Mr. Daly, called "Divorce," which certainly is a title not unattractive nor distinctively un-American. With the companies at Wallack's Theatre and the Fifth Avenue, besides Mr. Fechter, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Sothern, Miss Cushman, Miss Janauschek, Wachtel, the Vienna troupe, and the Parepa-Rosa troupe, we shall certainly see some good acting. As for the plays, we have plenty of good plays in English, besides the French ones that are always on hand; but we are confident that the literary young man who shall come up to town with a good play in his carpet-bag, instead of a manuscript volume of desperate poems, need not go back with an empty pocket. It is not only a crying disgrace to have Jefferson's exquisite acting shown in that crudest of all plays, "Rip Van Winkle"; but it is a disgrace that Mr. Jefferson keenly feels, and would pay a good deal of money to any play-writer to avert. At Booth's Theatre we can see how easily the public taste, which in the case of "Rip Van Winkle" is corrupted by carelessness of dramatization, may be vitiated by gorgeous upholstery and ingenious machinery. To dazzle the eyes of the audience by real silks and satins, at so much a yard; indeed, to leave the audience capable of noticing that the actor is dressed with historical accuracy down to his shoe-lacings, while they forget to notice whether he bears the slightest resemblance in voice or manner to any human being, is much easier than it is for an actor to act in such a way that we forget to notice the color of his stockings. To a certain extent this is natural and right enough; but we shall always try to forget seeing the opera of "Fidelio" given at Boston, when, in the prison-scene, a shovelful of earth was dug out from the grave and rattled down upon the stage, amid the whispers of the audience, "It's real dirt"—which is something like what it indeed was. This at Boston; and in opera; and the opera "Fidelio." In getting a good play, the German plan of offering a prize would probably succeed no better here than it does there; still less, we may safely say, could we, like the ancient Greeks, let our magistrates decide upon the merits of the pieces to be acted during the winter. Give our Department of Public Works control of our theatrical amusements, and all next winter we shall be listening to a farce entitled "A Coroner's Inquisition," written by a certain A. O. Hall; rather than which, let us wait for the young man with the carpet-bag. Criticism may in time do something if it will concern itself less with the plays and more with the acting. The *Fortnightly Review* recently gave some translations by the Hon. Robert Lytton—which, by the bye, as Mr. Lytton's acquaintances might have apprehended, had already appeared in English, having been contributed by Mr. Tom Taylor to the first volume of the *Victoria Magazine*—from the letters of one Lichtenberg, now forgotten, in which that gentleman gives an account of Garrick's acting in a way that may well serve as a model for the dramatic critic. Not only for this are the extracts interesting, but also as giving us a definite idea of this great actor. He says:

"What gives to this man his astonishing ascendancy over our imagination, and his unrivalled command of our sympathies? Many things, no doubt. But much of it is probably due to his felicitous physical formation. There is in his physiognomy, his figure, and his gait, a peculiar distinction and charm which I have just now and then noticed in a few Frenchmen, but have never noticed in another Englishman. . . . . For instance, when he turns to salute any one, it is not only his head and shoulders, or arms and legs, that come into play, but all these, all together, and every other part of the man, that simultaneously and harmoniously contribute, each its special grace, to the most refined expression of a supreme courtesy, such as could not be surpassed by the greatest grand seigneur of the court of Louis XIV. There is no man in England who can make Garrick's bow. . . . Nothing in him is slipshod, slovenly, or slouching. No actor ever needed less elbow-room for effective gesture. . . . Amongst other actors he moves like a man among marionettes. His way of walking across the stage, of shrugging his shoulders, of crossing his arms, of cocking his hat, of putting it on and taking it off—in short, whatever he does is so easily and securely done that the man appears to be all right hand."

—In his account of Garrick's Hamlet, Lichtenberg says:

"Hamlet appears in a suit of mourning, the only one which is to be seen at court within a few months after the death of the late king. With him are Horatio and Marcellus; the two latter in uniform. Hamlet is walking up and down the stage, with his arms folded high over his chest, and his hat pulled down low over his eyes, like a man who is struggling with strong inward emotion. . . . . Hamlet is now in the far background of the stage, a little to the left. He has his back to the audience. At this moment Horatio starts, and points to the right, when the ghost suddenly becomes visible to us all. 'Look, my lord, it comes!' Horatio cries. Garrick, at these words, rapidly turns round, and, instantly confronted by the ghost, he staggers backward three or four paces. His knees knock together, his legs seem giving way beneath him. His hat falls to the ground. His two arms are stretched out before him horizontally—the right arm quite straight, and the right hand on a level with his head; the left arm slightly curved, and the hand lower. The fingers of both hands are spread wide. The mouth gapes open. In this entreating, deprecating attitude he remains for a while perfectly motionless; like a man suddenly petrified by the terror from which he is endeavoring to escape. His two friends, who are already familiarized with the apparition, support his sinking frame. His countenance expresses such intense horror that, long before he uttered a word, I was seized with a cold shuddering. . . . Then, at length, he speaks; not with the *beginning*, but at the *end* of a long respiration; and, in half-suffocated, tremulous accents, he exclaims faintly, 'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!'"

—So admirable and useful, and so difficult of access, is this description of really good acting that we make no apology to our readers for quoting more of it. Those of them who are to see "Hamlet" next winter will thank us:

"The ghost beckons Hamlet to follow him. Could you but have seen Garrick in the movement, when he endeavors to rid himself of the two friends who are holding him back! It is only mechanically and unconsciously that he goes on speaking and struggling with Horatio and Marcellus. All this while his eyes are intensely fixed upon the ghost, and his whole being is in the look of those eyes. At last, however, he loses patience with this friendly hindrance, which, till then, he has scarcely realized. He turns upon his two friends, shakes them off with impetuosity, and draws his sword upon them with a movement as flashingly rapid as his sudden perception of the impediment which they are placing in the way of his uncontrollable impulse. . . . They loose their hold upon the prince, who, with drawn sword pointed in the direction of the ghost, then mutters, 'Go on, I'll follow thee.' The ghost now recedes and slowly disappears. Hamlet, however, remains as it were transfixed upon the spot where he has last addressed the receding phantom; his sword still stretched before him, as though to put a certain distance between himself and the spectre in whose track he feels irresistibly urged forward. Then, just as the spectator loses sight of the ghost altogether, the immovable figure of the prince begins to follow it; slowly, hesitatingly, like a man who is jerked onward from within, and is feeling his way onward over dangerous ground. From time to time he halts; then again advances, creepingly, with laborious breath; his gaze still fixed upon the spot where the ghost was last seen; his hair dishevelled, until, at last, him also we slowly lose sight of behind the scenes."

With one more extract we close:

"In that admirable monologue, 'O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,' etc., he works out, if I may use a mathematical term, a whole series of small equations, which serve to bring the action of *average* human nature up to the highest degree of individualized intensity. Tears of righteous affliction for the loss of so beloved a father (whose unweeping widow is a wife again before her weeds are a year old); tears the most difficult of all to suppress, because, in such a struggle between conflicting duties, they are the only solace of an honest heart; tears restrained, yet ever starting from the bitter sources of a boundless resentment, overwhelm the utterance of Garrick when he exclaims, 'So excellent a king!' The last word of the sentence is submerged in a choking sob, inaudible, and yet visible in the inarticulate quiver of the lips, which immediately afterwards close convulsively, as though to break off too literal a translation of the secret grief, which thus vented might degenerate into unmanliness. 'So excellent a k . . .!' This revelation of unwept tears discovers to us simultaneously the heavy weight of a deep inward woe and the strength of the soul which is enduring it. At the close of the monologue, a just impatience mingles its tones with those of Hamlet's lamentation; but just as his uplifted arm falls like the stroke of a hatchet, to accentuate the climax of his scorn and indignation, the expected word which should accompany the action is, to the astonishment of the audience, not forthcoming. It fails altogether for an instant, re-emerging the instant after from the deepest depths of a profound emotion, all heavy and weak with the inward tears in which it has been plunged."

—"American and English periodicals," says *O Novo Mundo*, a Portuguese paper published in this city, whose continued existence is a hopeful sign of the times, "are full of notices of books and publications in all European languages except the Portuguese. Italian, Spanish, Hungarian, Modern Greek, and Russian works are noticed on a par with the English, German, and French; but not the Portuguese. Why is this? Can it be because the mind is less active in Portugal and Brazil than in Spain or in Modern Greece?" The editor thinks not. The reason why the foreign press is ignorant of the Portuguese literature is the apathy of Portuguese editors and authors. The latter, from the disbelief in the power of the press, attach no weight to its criticisms, and the former fail to assert for them the weight which they deserve to have. In Brazil, according to *O Novo Mundo*, it may be said, speaking generally, that there is no bibliographical criticism; what answers for it is discussion of the author rather than of his book, and not only is he thus cheated of a salutary corrective, but the public is prevented from forming a sound judgment of his work, and foreign periodicals have no source from which to ascertain its true features. The result is that, on the one hand, less attention is paid by these periodicals to Portuguese publications; and, on the other, a Portuguese book, when noticed at all, is more carefully studied and criticised in England, France, or Germany than in Portugal or Brazil. Admitting the justice of this reasoning, it cannot be denied, we think, that the geographical isolation of these two countries has much to do with their literary obscurity. Portugal, at least, is much more out of the current of European progress than Hungary or Modern Greece, while (and partly because) it is encompassed and shut off by a country which counts for almost nothing in European affairs. Of all the Latin nations, Portugal offers the least historical, political, or commercial inducement for acquiring its language, according to the common proficiency in which is naturally proportioned the amount of notice a foreign periodical can venture to give to its literature. With Brazil there is reason to hope that our relations will steadily become closer, and its language therefore more familiar; while the abolition of slavery, which seems at last begun in earnest, will be an important step towards independent opinion not only in politics, but in every field of thought and discussion.

—The last important discovery of prehistoric remains in Germany was made in the fall of 1866, when the "Schussenried Station," belonging to the first glacial epoch, was found. Last winter, a few archæologists became aware of the great importance of the Hohefels cave in the Aachthal, Würtemberg, long known to those who lived in the vicinity for its copious yield of bear-bones. This extensive and high-vaulted cavern lies at the base of a deep rock, towering some 125 feet above the Aach River, near Schelklingen, and was, probably at the commencement of the glacial epochs, the dwelling-place of a hunting tribe. Of the bones contained in it, by far the largest number belong to the cave-bear, the Alpine bear, and the reindeer; less numerous are the remains of the dwarf-ox and the urus, of a thick-headed horse, of the two-horned rhinoceros and its usual companion, the mammoth, of swine, foxes, polar foxes, otters, wolves, antelopes, cats; of the swan, goose, duck, heron, and snipe. Bones of the hare and lion were found only in a single instance. The presence of man was proved by a number of animal bones split lengthwise in order to take out the marrow, and by hand-wrought implements (pierced teeth, thin lamellæ of mammoth ivory, and splinters of flint of the rudest and most primitive shape). The conclusion is warranted that the Aachthal hunters flourished at a time when our so-called polar and tropical animals lived in close contact and contemporaneously, of course under a hotter climate than the Suabian hills now have; that these men possessed no tame domesticated animals; and that the terrible cave-bear was hunted by man—a fact of which we here get the first evidence. In Switzerland, a new lacustrine station has been discovered at Heimenlachen, near Berg. Among the fragments of vases and stone hatchets unearthed was the skull of a deer, whose horns had each nineteen branches, and measured four feet across.

—As one cannot know too much about his countrymen, we have made it a point from time to time to indicate the sources of information in regard to Alaska. With Mr. Whymper's and Mr. Dall's works at hand, indeed, the American reader need hardly resort to foreign works; yet perhaps these should not be neglected by one who wishes to be thoroughly informed. Mr. Dall, for instance, gives us a very full chapter on the aboriginal inhabitants of our new territory, but in order to be brief he had to omit many discussions of doubtful points. In Nos. 4 and 5-6 of Bastian and Hartmann's *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie* will be found the first of a series of articles by A. Erman, consisting of ethnographic observations and experience on the coasts of Behring's Sea, with a colored map showing the distribution of the tribes. Here one may learn who the Aleuts are and what their name signifies, and the same of the Koloshes, together with numerous facts in regard to the appearance and manners of these tribes. The writer shows that the name Aleut was bestowed by the Russians, and is absolutely without significance or etymological relation to their language or to that of the inhabitants of the Fox Islands. As for Kolosh, Mr. Erman differs from Mr. Dall, considering it a purely Russian word (from the verb *to split*), though they agree in connecting it with the practice of labrets, or lip-distension—a name, then, comparable to that of the Indians whom the Canadians have called *Nez percés*. Our author has also something to say about the slavery in vogue among the Koloshes, one of whose pleasant customs it is, or was, to kill a couple of their servile Kalgi at a sort of wake held in memory of any deceased person, the mourners' chattels and not the dead man's being levied upon for this sacrifice. Other characteristics of this people are not so unamiable—as that parents are too tender-hearted to train their children properly, and so put them in charge of their grandparents—and their mechanical proficiency is much more than respectable, as is shown in their manufactures of iron and copper. On this side, if on no other, they would appear to be not of Asiatic origin.

—Luther's famous words at the Diet of Worms—"Here I stand, etc."—seem likely to share the fate of the stories of Tell and Pocahontas, Wellington's "Up, guards, and at them!" and similar anecdotes and sayings. In the *Historische Zeitschrift*, Waltz shows that the earliest contemporary account, that of Conrad Pentinger, written only a day or two after the affair, says "Ym beschluss sprach er die wort, Got kum mir zu hilf." Luther's own account ended simply, "Gott helf mir, Amen, Amen." The

form, "Ich kan nicht anderst, hie steh ich, Gott helff mir, Amen," came very early into circulation, but did not receive full currency until the publication of Luther's collected works, we believe, in 1546.

—The city authorities of Rome, having considered the necessities of the new capital, are about carrying out a plan of reconstruction which will ere long greatly transform and improve the city. Three elements have entered into the municipal problem—ancient Rome, the Rome of to-day, and the Rome of the future. To the former is resigned the seat of its grandest remains, the Aventine, Cœlian, and Palatine hills, on and about which the excavations will be carried on till all is revealed that can be; the result being a quarter unique in picturesqueness and historic interest, beside which Pompeii would seem tame and inconsiderable. The Rome of the hereafter is to be pitched on the high and wholesome ground of the Pincian, Quirinal, and Esquiline, where the government is already encamped and will by-and-by build for itself, and where the rich and the fashionable will also take up their residence. To connect this half of the city with that of the low ground, two broad avenues have been determined on, which will cross the city from east to west; and the Rome of to-day will perhaps be still further benefited by diverting the Tiber into the meadows behind St. Angelo—a change which would destroy the Ponte Elio, but would afford room for an entire new quarter, and, it cannot be doubted, a rich harvest of relics now concealed in the present bed of the river.

KAMTCHATKA.*

The effort of the Western Union Telegraph Company to build a line of telegraph up the western coast of America and down the eastern coast of Asia, through countries which are inhospitable, almost inaccessible, and utterly unexplored, was probably the nearest approach to an adventure of chivalry that we have had in these modern times. Sailing westward like Columbus, the Company's explorers sought a short cut from the new Indies to old Europe. The unexpected success of the Atlantic Cable put an end to the enterprise, but not before the goal had been substantially attained. The explorations in Alaska were conducted by Messrs. Whymper and Dall, both of whom have given us accounts of this region, while to Major Abasa, Mr. Kennan, and Mr. Mahood was committed the task of finding a route from Behring's Straits across Kamtchatka, and around the Okhotsk Sea, to the mouth of the Amoor River. Divided into small parties, and often alone with a few natives, they scaled mountains, rounded impassable cliffs on narrow ledges of ice, slept in the open air at a temperature of sixty degrees below zero, travelled on reindeer, snow-shoes, and dog-sledges, in all about 5,000 miles, nearly frozen with the extreme cold, and often on the verge of starvation; they successfully surveyed a practicable route, only to find after two years of hardship that the work into which they had thrown themselves with such energy and devotion was to be abandoned.

It is fortunate for us that Mr. Kennan was of this party, and has been able to tell us its story. Without affectation or pretension, he has written a book which is so true and lifelike that Sir Roderick Murchison calls it the first of recent books of travel, and to which Mr. Walton Grinnell, an excellent observer, who during the last year has travelled almost exactly the same route as that gone over by Mr. Kennan, says that he can add no word.

The author landed at Petropavlovsk, a small trading town at the southern end of Kamtchatka, in August, 1865, and went from there by land to Ghizhiga, at the head of the Okhotsk Sea, a journey of about 800 miles, reaching there only at the end of November. From here, in the middle of winter, he travelled 600 miles eastward, to the mouth of the Anadyr River, in search of some lost companions, and then back to Ghizhiga. Spending the summer at this place, he went again, in November, to Anadyrsk with succor to another starving party, then back, and finally, when, in the spring of 1867, the message came that the enterprise was abandoned, he started homeward through Siberia, and reached Moscow in January, 1868.

During the most of this time, Mr. Kennan was either alone or with a single companion, except natives, many of whom were said to be hostile, and whose language he was obliged to learn. He suffered very great privations, and was at times almost without the hope of returning alive. A cheerful, buoyant spirit, which we see reflected everywhere throughout his narrative, kept him up. This reflection of himself is one of the charms of the book. He does not conceal the fact that he suffered, and was at times in great straits, but he does not dwell on it, and rather presents to us always the bright side of the picture. The humors of the occasion seem to impress him much more strongly than the dangers. As illustration of this, take Mr. Kennan's description of his unsuccessful attempt to pass the Samanka range of mountains, or his account of his journey down the Anadyr River in search of his companions. In the little settlement of Anadyrsk, near the Arctic circle, Mr. Kennan vaguely heard of a small party of Americans who had landed near the straits, and, from lack of transportation, were compelled to winter there. Finding that there was evidently some truth in the story, and knowing that the party must be in want of provisions, if even yet alive, he resolved to rescue them, and, therefore, with his companion, Mr. Dodd, and twelve natives, set out over the snowy plain, not knowing whether the journey was of two or of five hundred miles, his only data being that it was down the river, and that somewhere there was a little hut buried in the snow-drift, with an iron stove-pipe sticking out of it. It was well for him that he did not fully realize the perils and difficulties of the expedition, and it was only after travelling for eleven days, more than 300 miles, when they were fifty miles from any wood, some of them already stupefied with a cold of fifty degrees below zero, that the party woke to the feeling that their own safety depended on their finding this little black pipe in the midst of a dreary, desolate, and apparently unbounded snowy waste. We leave it to Mr. Kennan to tell how, weary with a fruitless search, and on the verge of despair, they were about to adopt the last resource, and break up some of their sledges for firewood, when, by a mere accident, the hidden hut was found almost under their feet. The pathos of his story is too genuine to be mutilated by an abridgment.

But Mr. Kennan's book is much more than a narrative of personal adventure; it is a valuable contribution to science. The author tells us much about the physical geography and resources of this unknown Kamtchatka, and much about the languages, customs, and habits of the various tribes of Kamtchadals, Koraks, and Tchuktchis who dwell in it. Gifted with good powers of observation, and possessed of the fruits of considerable reading, he is able to tell what he saw in a pleasant way, which leaves the impression of accuracy, and to tell it briefly, giving us in a short compass what others would have spread into a bulky octavo.

Kamtchatka, as seen by Mr. Kennan, bears little resemblance to the barren, frozen region which rises up in our imagination at the mention of this name. The peninsula is chiefly of volcanic origin, and its great central range of mountains has still five or six volcanoes in a constant state of activity. The central and southern parts are broken up into fertile valleys and sequestered glens, and the scenery is everywhere majestic and picturesque. The climate is equable; rye, turnips, cabbages, and potatoes grow well as far north as lat. 58°, and in summer the vegetation everywhere has an almost tropical luxuriance. The only fruits are wild-cherries and some twenty different kinds of berries. Salmon and other fish are abundant, while in the plains and valleys there are numbers of reindeer, bears, wild sheep, and ibexes, and millions of ducks, geese, and swans. Cattle are kept by the natives in nearly all the settlements. Mr. Kennan says that he has "seen natives in the valley of the Kamtchatka as pleasantly situated, and enjoying as much comfort and almost as many luxuries, as nine-tenths of the settlers upon the frontiers of our Western States and Territories."

With the country north of the peninsula the case is very different, the only food of the inhabitants of the settlements during the long winters being dried fish, and reindeer bought from the wandering tribes of Koraks, who are a sort of special providence to the shiftless natives. Supplies are, indeed, occasionally sent out from Russia to the larger settlements, but these do not always arrive, or last for long, so that a town is sometimes abandoned, as was once the case with Aijan, for lack of food. Mr. Kennan and his companions were, naturally enough, astonished at the amount of comfort enjoyed by the Russians in these out-of-the-way coast settlements, and at the little luxuries they possessed in the shape of carpets, books, musical instruments, and pictures (in one case, a colored lithograph of General Dix being worshipped as a Russian saint). A Russian colony is, in fact, as nearly as possible the image of a Russian town. Difficult as it is to teach the Russian civilization, what he gets he holds, and his natural conservatism here stands him in good stead. You may go into the house of a Russian merchant in Eastern Siberia or Central Asia, and you will find furniture of the same pattern, arranged in the same way, as on banks of the Volga, with possibly a copy of the *Yenisey* or *Tashkend News* on the table, and you will be welcomed with a little glass of the same

* "Tent Life in Siberia, and Adventures among the Koraks and other Tribes in Kamtchatka and Northern Asia. By George Kennan." With a map. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1871. 12mo. pp. 425.

vodka or a bumper of the identical brand of champagne that you tasted on setting out from Moscow.

In treating of the Koraks, the author describes their very curious marriage ceremony, which consists in the bridegroom chasing the bride through all the compartments (made by means of skin curtains) of the hut, impeded at every step by numerous old women, armed with willow-rods, who endeavor, by beating him and tripping him up, to keep him from catching his bride. Mr. Kennan is unable to explain the meaning of this custom, while Mr. A. S. Bickmore, in the *American Journal of Science* for May, 1868, in noticing it, says that the chastisement is intended to test the young man's ability to bear up against the ills of life. This can hardly be the case, for probably no custom among savages is ever purposely symbolical, but is a relic of something which had a meaning. This custom exactly corresponds to what is called the "love chase" among the Kirghizes of the Steppes of the Aral. There the bride, armed with a stout whip, is mounted on horseback, and, being given a fair start, is pursued by all whose wealth and courage entitle them to be her suitors. She may beat off any who approach her with all the violence she chooses to use, but is the prize of him who catches her. Both customs are additional evidence for the theorists who make primitive marriage to have consisted only in capture.

A POET REDIVIVUS.*

THE reader need not take alarm at the uncouth titles of these books, nor need he put them in the same category with most Eastern poems, to be read from a sense of duty rather than from any keen interest in their ornate and luscious imagery and their novel *mise-en-scène*. Verses that depend for their interest on the rarity of the bulbul and lotos in our variable climate, he will not find here, but something much more than that—rarer even than the bulbul—genuine poetry. The author touches a note as old as the human race—the wonder at the world. At the bottom of his utterance is the cry of man's heart desiring and seeking a solution of the universe, longing to see behind the veil which most mortals so contentedly leave untried. It expresses the unrest of one who seeks, in a word, to find out the meaning of life. Here is an example which will make this plainer than pages of description:

"Think, in this battered caravanserai,
Whose portals are alternate night and day,
How sultan after sultan with his pomp
Abode his destined hour and went his way.

They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;
And Bahrám, that great hunter—the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head, and cannot break his sleep.

. . . . . .

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his vintage rolling time has prest,
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

. . . . . .

Were it not folly spider-like to spin
The thread of present life away to win—
What? for ourselves who know not if we shall
Breathe out the very breath we now breathe in!"

This mournful poetry, so pathetic from the earnestness of the yearning and the impossibility of an answer, and so modern in its manner, was written at about the end of the eleventh century. Besides being a poet, Khayyam was an astronomer, and no contemptible one, for he reformed the calendar, establishing a computation of time which, according to Gibbon, as quoted by the anonymous author of the English version now before us in this second edition, "surpasses the Julian, and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style." That so rare a literary treasure should have remained hidden from Europeans for so long a time is indeed extraordinary, and no less so that its appearance should coincide with the doubt, enquiry, and pessimism so characteristic of the present day. Khayyam has been most fortunate, too, in finding a good translator. The English version closely retains the form of the original Persian, while, at the same time, this formal accuracy is not obtained at the expense of the poetical grace of the original. The version is anonymous. The first edition met with no success, and the copies were given away to tradespeople. In this way one chanced to meet the eye of a customer who found the verses in which his purchase was enveloped superior to the usual poetry of wrapping paper, and, finding out the translator, he persuaded him to publish this second edition. In spite of the merits of the translation and the rare beauty of the poetry, the work has not met with the success it deserved. The first mention made of it was in the literary notices of the *North American Review*, in a very interesting article. A brief notice appeared some months ago in *Fraser's Magazine*. This silence is the more remarkable when we consider the hot enthusiasm of various English critics over the discovery of Walt Whitmans and Joaquin Millers, who brought them nothing more than the charm, such as it was, of their novelty. The quatrains we can recommend most heartily to all lovers of poetry. Although many readers may be offended by what they will consider the irreverence and conviviality of the Persian, yet, if they will reflect, they will find it is something far different from the wanton, vainglorious flippancy of heedless or impudent materialism, or from the noisy laughter of the sensualists. It is but the expression of the sad despair of the baffled thinker. It is not that he will not, but that he cannot, listen to the ordinary explanations. There is no dangerous hilarity in such lines as these:

"Impotent pieces of the game he plays
Upon this chequer-board of nights and days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks and slays;
And one by one back in the closet lays.

. . . . . .

The moving finger writes and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

And that inverted bowl we call the sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to *it* for help—for it
As impotently rolls as you or I.

With earth's first clay they did the last man knead,
And there of the last harvest sowed the seed;
And the first morning of creation wrote
What the last dawn of reckoning shall read.

Yesterday *this* day's madness did prepare,
To-morrow's silence, triumph, or despair;
Drink! for you know not whence you came nor why,
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where."

His moral is "Eat, drink, for to-morrow ye die," but it is not pleasure for its own sake he seeks, but some relief from his wonder at the great mystery of the world. It is a solemn, not to say almost a ghastly, merriment that possesses him, all the sadder from its incongruity with the language of joviality. His deep thoughts are perpetual skeletons at the banquet, they continually remind him of the emptiness of all things:

"And fear not lest existence closing *your*
Account should lose, or know the type no more;
The eternal sáki from that bowl has poured
Millions of bubbles like us and will pour.

When you and I behind the veil are past,
Oh! but the long, long while the world shall last,
Which of our coming and departure heeds
As much as ocean of a pebble cast.

One moment in annihilation's waste,
One moment of the well of life to taste—
The stars are setting, and the caravan
Draws to the dawn of nothing—oh! make haste.

Why, if the soul can fling the dust aside,
And naked on the air of heaven ride,
Is't not a shame—is't not a shame for him
So long in this clay suburb to abide?

But that is but a tent, wherein may rest
A sultan, to the realm of death addrest;
The sultan rises, and the dark Ferrásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another guest."

The French translation of M. Nicolas is a very handsome book, with the original Persian text on one side, and the literal unmetrical translation upon the other. It contains, in all, four hundred and sixty-four quatrains, of which the English version gives us only one hundred and ten. Three or four have been rather coldly translated by Mr. Emerson in the end of his "May Day." One finds in the literal translation many more of the wine-singing verses than in the English version; many of the quatrains being of rare beauty. For instance: "When my soul and thine shall have departed, they will place a heap of bricks upon thy tomb and mine. Then to cover the tombs of others with other bricks our dust shall be thrown into the mold of the brickmaker." "This jar was once like me, a loving, unhappy being—it sighed after the tresses of some young beauty; this handle you see fastened to its side was an arm lovingly passed around some fair one's neck." It is worth while observing that M. Nicolas holds the convivial verses to be mystical and full of deep religious sentiment, in which case it must be hard for Persians to distinguish between their hymns and their drinking songs. In closing, we will give the last few verses of the English translation, and let them speak for themselves:

* "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam." London: B. Quaritch. 1868.
'Les Quatrains de Khèyam, traduits du Persan par J. B. Nicolas." Paris: Imprimerie Impériale. 1867.

"Yet ah! that spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close.
The nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah! whence and whither flown again, who knows?

Would but the desert of the fountain yield
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed revealed,
Toward which the fainting traveller might spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

Oh! if the world were but to re-create,
That we might catch, ere closed, the book of fate,
And make the writer on a fairer leaf
Inscribe our names, or quite obliterate!

Better, oh! better, cancel from the scroll
Of universe one luckless human soul,
Than drop by drop enlarge the flood that rolls
Hoarser with anguish as the ages roll.

Ah love! could you and I with fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of thing entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire!

But see, the rising moon of heaven again
Looks for us, sweetheart, through the quivering plane
How oft hereafter rising will she look
Among those leaves for one of us in vain!

The English translator, who seems to be of a genius akin to that of Khayyam, deserves very high praise for the vigor and sincerity with which he has done his work. He may be held to have added one more to the roll of English poets. And the new-comer, if not such as to attain popularity, and to be received warmly by the persons who make the public of the fashionable poets, will surely find his way into the inner circles of lovers of poetry, and will be there respected and admired after generations of our skilful makers of poems shall have fleeted away. In fact, the public of this sad singer, who was making his quatrains while William and Harold were fighting, is of the kind that only becomes large by lapse of generations, and is never anything but small at any one time.

THE MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER.

At least one department of literature, our school-book history of the United States, we Americans have a national interest in improving as soon as we can. It is not too much to say that it needs to be rewritten. As it stands at present, the principal design of each writer of it would appear to be to present American youths with his plaster cast of some one's else ideal head, in plaster, of the Father of his Country, all the life being taken out of Washington to fit him for service as a model, and nearly all the likeness. Accompanying this each gives a figure of George the Third as a "tyrant"; another of Benedict Arnold; another of Israel Putnam and the wolf, and a formless narrative of events which is not full, nor exact, nor anything like impartial, nor in the least philosophical, and which is much more successful as ministering to the national vanity than as history—as giving a clear account of the American colonial system, that apprenticeship to liberty; of the connection of the colonies with Europe; of the true characters—not the dress-parade characters as "patriots," "warriors," and the like—and true careers of the founders of the United States, and of their fathers before them who made their work possible; of the nature of the government founded, and of those—from town meeting and parish meeting to Confederation—which it displaced or crowned; of its working since; of its prospects; of its real advantages and its real dangers. The case doubtless grows better, and future rudimentary text-books in history will be less and less likely to present the eagle brand of American history, and more and more likely to give that view of it which shows why we have a right to be well content with the work which has been done here, and to have faith in the work that is doing. The truth is always best. For instance, as bearing on the question whether we are on our way to the dogs, it can do the young student no harm to learn that the supply of heroes and saints seems to be, on the whole, increasing rather than diminishing; that they had plenty of peculators and shoddy-makers in Revolutionary times as well as more recently; that Wayne and Gates and Greene were only men, as Thomas was, who fought but a while ago, and Farragut, and many thousand more whose virtues we may take courage to emulate, and whose honor we should take care not to lessen by deluding and ill-considered eulogy bestowed on other times and men. This and similar lines of thought may very well be suggested by an article in the *Catholic World*, entitled "America's Obligations to France"; but we do not know that its writer, suggesting them, does very much to enforce them. So far as concerns acknowledgments in print we have not been very culpably remiss. We do after all confess in all the books that had it not been for French aid we should not have brought the war to an end when we did, and we praise Lafayette and De Grasse and Rochambeau, without whom we admit we should not have compelled the surrender at Yorktown; and more than this we can hardly be expected to do. Compare with our behavior that of the Spaniards, for example, not a man, woman, or child of whom will admit that they and the Maid of Saragossa found the assistance of the English of any value whatever in driving the French out of Spain. We do better than that at least; though of course it may be doubted if we are sufficiently eager to insist upon our indebtedness, and if we estimate it exactly. As usual in such cases, complete justice in pointing out the full extent of obligation is to be expected from third parties rather than from the parties concerned. And had we been as chary of our acknowledgments as the writer in the *Catholic World* thinks us, it would nevertheless be unnecessary to believe, as he apparently is inclined, that our forefathers could not quite make up their minds to be grateful to allies, however effective, who went to mass. We suppose that he makes far too little account of the facts that the American colonists were in nearly all their habits of thought and nearly all their opinions Englishmen, with some contempt and much dislike of Frenchmen, and some hatred and fear of France; that they were Englishmen in an America where they had often had to meet in the field the Frenchman allied with the detested Indian; that they knew or thought they knew that France lent us assistance not as a free gift of love, but because our success would be a vast injury to Great Britain; finally, we suppose that even had it been true, as our author maintains, that the French people took our part not because we were fighting their hereditary enemies, but because we were fighting for liberty, they, nevertheless, by the explication of this word liberty which they gave the world shortly afterwards, would have seriously interfered with the liveliness of our ancestors' sense of gratitude.

A better article in the same magazine has something to say to Mr. Carlyle about the justice of his onslaught on "one Père Bouhours." "Motion *in vacuo*," says Mr. Carlyle, "is well known to be speedier and surer than through a resisting medium, especially to imponderable bodies, and so the light Jesuit, unimpeded by facts or principles of any kind, failed not to reach his conclusion"—his conclusion in the particular case which Mr. Carlyle had in hand being, according to Mr. Carlyle, his answer to his own question, "Si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit?" He comfortably decided in the negative, Mr. Carlyle goes on to remark, and announced that "a German could not have any literary talent." For the expression of this nefarious sentiment, Mr. Carlyle instantly trices up the "light Jesuit" and gives him a couple of dozen. But it is the light Scotch essayist, it appears, who should be in the rigging undergoing punishment; as this writer shows, the world had been correct in its usual version of the smart saying of the Père Bouhours. Looking through that gentleman's works, he discovers in the "Entretiens d'Ariste et d'Eugène" that the question stands in the words, "Si un Allemand peut être bel esprit." The lack of wit rather than the lack of literary talent of the Germans was what the author more particularly took as the subject of his jest. But had he held the opinion which Carlyle charges him with holding—and in all probability he did hold it—he would not have been so much to blame. Mr. Carlyle himself, and in the very essay in which this diatribe occurs—"The State of German Literature" (1827)—shows how universal, not only in other parts of Europe alone, but in Germany itself, in the lifetime of Bouhours and for centuries before it, and for a long time afterwards, was the ignorance concerning mediæval German satire and poetry. Even now it might be retorted upon him that people are not reading the Nibelungen, and that one of Heine's most admired jests—that about the Romans having found time to conquer the earth because, unlike the moderns, they had not to stop and learn Latin grammar—he ventured to take from the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum." Mr. Carlyle, by the way, seems to be in trouble just now in the periodical world. The *Westminster* pays its respects to him in an article on Cromwell, for garbling facts to make them fit into the fabric he has chosen to shape, and to shape after such pattern as pleases him.

Other articles which may be read with pleasure are some chapters of a novel translated from the Spanish of Fernan Caballero, who is well worth the attention of our novel-readers; and a letter, written from a Roman Catholic point of view, but interesting to such as have not made themselves acquainted with the details of the miracle which takes place every year at Naples. The writer is an American Romanist and a priest, and was allowed unusually good opportunity for watching the liquefaction in the reliquary, and the somewhat disgusting details are given very clearly.

Harper's begins with what we have found a very taking paper, though we do not know that there is anything especially good to be said about it after one says that it is very suggestive of the kind of place it describes. That is Montauk Point, away at the end of Long Island, with its queer

people, its delicious air, and its loneliness—undepressing to the tired vacation-seeker. We might, indeed, add to this, which, however, is enough in all conscience for a magazine article in August, that the writer has something of Mr. Swiveller's "remarkable power of quotation," and gives some pretty scraps of poetry, which chime with the sea and the breeze. In the "Editor's Easy Chair," something good is said for the city of Washington, where, we learn, an unwealthy man lives more cheaply than in any other American city, the reason being that in Washington there are always many dignitaries, domestic and foreign, of small means and on small salaries, who live plainly in unobtrusive quarters, but who yet are dignitaries, and persons of consideration. Their example makes the like unostentation possible for other men of moderate means, while in nearly all other American cities all persons of a certain class are expected to live within the limits of a comparatively small section of the town, and in a style dictated by persons of much larger means. To go a step further, however, in seeking a solution of this problem, we should say that the comparative freedom of Washington from the American wife and daughter, and the congregation in large numbers of the reflecting male, will be found to be at the bottom of the phenomenon in question.

The best article in *Scribner's Monthly* is by a practised journalist, Mr. W. F. G. Shanks, who has been up at North Adams, inspecting the Chinamen, and can tell us how they are doing after one year of trial. They are doing very well. The immediate cause of their coming was a dispute between their employer and his former workmen. He appears to be a man of energy and tenacity. Ten years ago he defeated a determined strike against the employment of machinery in his manufactory; just before calling in the Chinamen he had kept the whole factory running for three weeks with only a single man in it, this man being a workman who would not join the "Crispins," and whose dismissal the Crispins demanded. He next discharged a full set of hands who were playing him a common trick of trades' unions, and turning out inferior work in the expectation of forcing a rise in the price of labor. To take the place of this set he hired another, but the Union ordered them not to go to the benches, and they obeyed. It was this last vexation that determined Mr. Sampson to send to San Francisco for Chinamen. The Chinese brokers made enquiries into his character and commercial standing, and satisfied themselves also that he did business in a small town—for they will not send their countrymen to towns so large as to possess a rabble of prejudiced men—and then procured him seventy-five young fellows from eighteen to twenty-eight years old, who were shipped to Massachusetts at an expense of about $125 a head. "The cleanest lot of emigrants that ever went over the road," a conductor on the Pacific road said of them. The original expenditure being not less than $10,000, and the men being ignorant of shoemaking and of English, the enterprise did not look, in its first stage, very promising, but it speedily put on a prosperous aspect. At the end of a week the men were turning out "the average work of beginners," and at the end of three months they were making more shoes in a week than the same number of Crispins (though, undoubtedly, they were slower workmen), and were making them equally well. To their remarkable faculty of imitation, the perfection of the machinery, and the great steadiness with which they worked, these results are due. The further result of cheapness is due to the comparative lowness of their wages. "The saving in the cost of production on a week's work was (at the end of the twelfth month) $840," or an annual saving of $40,000; "in itself a handsome profit on a business which, under Crispin dictation, had, to use Mr. Sampson's language, 'hardly held its own.'" It is agreeable to hear that thirty-one of Mr. Sampson's displaced workmen have set on foot a co-operative shoe-shop, which is successful, has made the men engaged in it steadier workmen, and in which they produce more goods each week and of a better quality than they ever produced for Mr. Sampson. Mr. Shanks gives an account also of the Passaic Laundry's experiment with Chinese labor in place of the unsteady labor of girls. The report is substantially the same as in Mr. Sampson's case—steadier work; more of it, and cheaper; no fault to be found with the behavior of the men.

Some of Mr. Edward Whymper's book, entitled "Scrambles among the Alps," forms the first article in *Lippincott's Magazine*, which will publish by instalments the whole of the volume. Mr. Whymper is evidently a better hand at climbing up all sorts of places at the peril of his neck than he is at writing, and masterly description such as Mr. Clarence King has given of his climbing among our sierras will not be found in Mr. Whymper's chapters. Indeed, they are not a little bald, and presuppose in their readers a good deal more of the Alpine Club instinct than the general public has. But now and again, in the dizzy places, they have an interest which will be sufficient to carry the reader through them.

A correspondent, "W. P. M.," in writing about St. Petersburg and Moscow—the latter of which may be called the capital of the Panslavic party, as the former is the political capital of Russia—tells a good story of the Ladies' Section of the Slavic committee which the enthusiastic Moscovians have in operation. The committee had sent a commission into Bulgaria to see how white for the harvest that Slavic field might be, and the commission reported with regret that in Bulgaria education was not what it should be, the women and girls in particular being lamentably uneducated. Upon this the Ladies' Section convened itself, and resolved that something must be done immediately, and did do something, for it established several normal schools, where Bulgarian girls can not only be fitted for teaching, but are even supported until graduation. But just under the noses of these ladies, not across the Turkish border, but in the Province of Moscow and the District of Mashaisk, the number of girls who attend school is 1 out of 27,519 souls.

The *Atlantic* is most readable of the month's magazines. Mr. Howells's piece, "The Wedding Journey," should be missed by no one who likes, and by no one who wishes to learn to like, the most delicate of humor. The adventures, slight though they be, of the newly-wedded pair—the young woman whom everybody is fond of, and in whose happiness every one is glad—will serve to bring the humor a little nearer to readers whose taste as yet is not such as to enjoy our author's humor in its simplicity.

Mr. Henry James, jun., continues his story of "Watch and Ward," which, in this third part of it, is marked by all his excellences, and promises to be one of his best. The young Westerner is finely studied; and perhaps even better is the unfortunate lover; and good, too, we suppose, is the young girl. They all, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, are by this time in a fine state of torture. Good, too, is Mr. T. G. Appleton's article, entitled "The Flowering of a Nation," which proposes a statue of Leif Ericson, who, sailing from Iceland, first found Vinland. He is surely an excellent subject for the sculptor. Must there, though, be the "flowering of a nation" before the Bostonian can find an appropriate statue for the place "formerly occupied by Scollay's Building"? However that may be, Mr. Appleton's suggestion is excellent; and so is the article, only the approaches leading up to the suggestion above-mentioned are rather of the longest; and we may add that "the Latin races" will undoubtedly last for a time yet, even though "they crumble and dissolve," and though "from the beginning they were slaves to the passion and prosperity of the hour," and though "individuality, the possession of one's self, is not theirs." The Germans have beaten the French, certainly; but we suppose we need not, therefore, all of us be all the time beating all the Latin races. Very hasty, wide generalization is one of the things that some people of Latin race, as distinguished from some people of Teutonic, have had for one of their bad habits. Mr. Bret Harte's "Greyport Legend" is the most effective poetry of the *Atlantic* this month, but it is less effective than it might be, partly from obscurity and partly from other causes. An evil thing the last stanza is to any one who cares for the poetry of the legend. The other poetry in the *Atlantic* is rather pretty.

In *Old and New* there are "Some Words about Women," written by Miss, or Mrs., M. P. Lowe—it is customary among ladies who write to leave you in doubt as to their proper title—which will meet with general approval. Other writers in *Old and New* this month are Mr. E. E. Hale, Mrs. J. W. Howe, "Gail Hamilton," who writes something rather pleasant, and with some of her usual disagreeable snappiness, and lastly, Mr. Joaquin Miller, who has a sonnet—or whatever it is—as follows, which we commend to the thoughtful admirers of that poet:

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

Come to my sun-land! come with me
To the land I love, where the sun and sea
Are wed for ever; where palm and pine
Are filled with singers; where tree and vine
Are voiced with prophets! O come! and you
Shall sing a song with the seas that swirl,
And kiss their hands to the cold white girl,
To the maiden moon in her mantle of blue.

The History of Peoria, Illinois. By C. Ballance. (Peoria: Printed by N. C. Nason.)—Whoever collects and puts on record, however unskilfully, the annals of an American town, deserves our thanks. Every day is making it harder to obtain materials for this; and now, especially, while "first settlers" are still living, efforts should be made to preserve everything. Incidents and illustrations of manners and modes of life are especially valuable, because it is in them that the essence of history largely consists. Mr. Ballance's history of Peoria has value, therefore, in spite of its defects. These defects are easy to point out. It is ill arranged, and

written in a "newspaper" style, both as regards expression and manner of thought. It contains a good deal of worthless detail, and, at the same time, tells us less than we should like to know of those early times the memory of which it is not yet too late to preserve. Thus, the French colonization in the Mississippi Valley is a subject of great interest; and wherever it has left a trace upon Western society, that trace should be carefully followed up. It seems impossible that industrious search should not give more information in regard to the French colony of Peoria than this meagre chapter, the best thing in which is the argument that the French civilization must have been at a very low stage; for, "when the present population commenced to settle here, about forty years ago, there was not to be found, in this neighborhood, a vestige of a tree, shrub, or plant belonging to Europe. . . . I therefore pronounce the wine story a humbug."

Again, instead of wild assertions as to the evidences of ancient civilization being all a delusion—upon which subject, begging his pardon, Mr. Ballance has not earned a right to speak *ex cathedra*—we ought to have a clear account of whatever such evidences are alleged to exist in the neighborhood of Peoria. Give us the facts, and we can dispense with crude assertions. A good illustration of the clumsy way in which the book is put together is found in the criticism (p. 10) of Mr. Parkman's description of Fort Crèvecœur, as "not justified by anything Hennepin says about it, nor is there any ground at that place that fits his description. There is no hill or knoll there, but the land is all under water occasionally, for more than a mile back from the river. Where does he get the authority for saying this fort was defended by *chevaux-de-frise* and palisades twenty-five feet high?" But on page 25 we find Hennepin's own description: "An eminence on the bank of the river, defended on that side by the river, and on two other sides by ditches the rains had made very deep, by succession of time, so that it was accessible only by one way; therefore we cast a line to join these two natural ditches, and made the eminence steep on every side, supporting the earth with great pieces of timber"—a description which gives authority to most of Mr. Parkman's details, and which, our author declares, exactly fits the village of Wesley.

Notwithstanding these faults in judgment, the book seems honestly and faithfully done, and no doubt can be relied upon as a record of facts, whether or not it will persuade the people of Illinois to take Peoria for their capital. It is not devoid of incident, and contains many entertaining bits of personal gossip—rather gratifying, one would say, to the representatives of the persons in question. One is struck, however, with the commonplace character of persons and events in those days—fifty years ago. Were they really so devoid of picturesqueness, or is Mr. Ballance destitute of the skill to find it out and present it?

Pioneers and Founders; or, Recent Workers in the Mission Field. By C. M. Yonge, author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." (New York: Macmillan and Co.)—Since the great discoveries of the fifteenth century, missionary enterprises have taken again the important place, as means of civilization, which they held a thousand years ago. It seemed, perhaps, to the contemporaries of St. Augustine, Boniface, and Adalbert, that these English, Saxons, and Prussians were nothing but rude barbarians, with no part to play in the world's history; it was to save their souls in the future world, not to help on the progress of the present world, that the martyrs preached and suffered. So now we can hardly conceive of a great future before these Hindus and South-Sea Islanders; and yet it may be that future generations will cherish the names of Swartz, Judson, and Williams not only as teachers of Christianity, but as the founders of a new civilization. It is with good reason, therefore, that Miss Yonge's book is named "Pioneers and Founders." She has selected, for Macmillan's Sunday Library, a few of the most characteristic names of the modern missionary work, and has told their story in an interesting manner. One could hardly desire a book which should tell of the spirit and character of these enterprises more graphically and sympathetically. It is impossible not to feel, however, that there are two classes of missionary enterprise which command our sympathy in a very unequal degree. Eliot, Brainerd, Marsden, and Mackenzie labored among pure savages, and their aim was quite as much to teach them industry, frugality, and thrift as the truths of Christianity. In regard to such labors as these, one can feel nothing but admiration for the zeal, the heroism, and the good sense that distinguished them. But when it comes to sending propagandists to communities which possess a civilization and a religion in some cases older than our own—to people who are educated and thoughtful—is there not something intrusive in it? If the Buddhists or Mohammedans should send missionaries to us, we should not kill them, or lock them up, or send them away, we suppose; but we should think it rather an impertinence. Somehow, we cannot help feeling that these earnest pioneers, who were so busy in spreading merely the *dogmas* of Christianity, might have been better employed among the heathen of their own land.

Inside Paris during the Siege. By an Oxford Graduate. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1871.)—The author witnessed the first siege of Paris with his parents and a sister, and he tells its story in his "own way, without invention or embellishment," offering it to the reader with the words of Montaigne: "'C'est icy un livre de bonne foye, Lecteur'"—which, an attentive perusal makes us inclined to believe, he has a full right to use. His object is not to pass sentence of condemnation or approval upon what he narrates, nor even to sketch events in their bare objectivity, but "to bring forward . . . . whatever may tend to dispel the conventionalities of history which efface the true human interest of things," and to save for the future student of the siege "something of its original Parisian *naïveté*." This limited task, as far as in him lay, he has very well executed; and his production, though far inferior in wit, humor, and brilliancy of narrative to the "Diary of a Besieged Resident," with which it has many points of resemblance and coincidence in style and views, will be found both entertaining and instructive even by those who have fully enjoyed the attractive siege pictures and spicy talk of that philosophic caricaturist. The book before us is in its main parts also a diary, but neither are the whole of the writer's notes presented, nor does he seem to have abstained from emendatory alterations, as we infer partly from a remark attached to an inserted account of the "Organization of the Republican Party" in France, received from a friend in Paris long after the conclusion of the siege, and yet "freely used for the composition of these pages." We presume, however, that the alterations are rare, as the diction of the "Graduate" is quite fresh and racy, and his humor, if not so sparkling as that of the "Resident," is at least as genuine as his. His sketches from life are sometimes very pleasant in their plainness, like the following:

"My mother and I went on 'our siege walk' toward the Faubourg St. Antoine, as far as the Place du Trône, and then turned to the left up the Boulevard de Charonne. Scarcely a vestige remained of the young saplings that peopled this outer line of boulevards, except here and there a stump with the bars of the iron fence that protected the tree lying wrenched and twisted on the soil. Further on, huge trunks lay prostrate, around which swarmed an eager crowd of women and children, hacking with their puny hatchets at the twigs and bark. A few tall elms, which still defied the efforts of the people, were being sawn at their base, while all the time clusters of gamins were preying on the branches; one moment more, and the tree might totter on its trunk, and hurl its gavroches on to their mother earth. All Belleville had turned out into the streets, and swarmed in ant-like procession, *divina vis populi*, each one bearing away his portion of the spoil, branch, log, fagot, sweepings of small twigs, shovelled into aprons and pinafores—a desperate struggle for existence. Hard by was the cemetery of Père la Chaise, with its ample garden of tombs, spread on the steep flanks of mountainous Charonne. As we went slowly up the steps which lead to the mortuary chapel on the summit, the muffled sound of distant guns fell like a dirge on our ears—so low, so mournful, so deadened by the snow that lay thick on the intervening ridge of Montreuil, that it seemed to come from another world. We paused awhile to look into a long, wide trench, which the diggers were carrying through the eastern slope of the hill, while at the other end, three by three, the coffins were being piled, and a thin layer of earth gradually veiled them from our sight. Sorrowing relatives gazed tearfully at the closely-packed *fosse commune*, crushing its dead in such tight embrace. 'Never mind,' quoth the gravedigger, who recked not of the agonies of the tomb, 'there's room enough for all of 'em—*il y a de la place pour tout le monde; allez.*'"

The theme of the "Graduate," like that of the "Resident," is the people of Paris during the siege, though he offers, also, quite a number of interesting remarks on the leading men *infra muros*—statesmen, generals, and revolutionists. He starts with a rather friendly disposition towards the besieged, but is gradually more and more disgusted with their mock heroism, boastful ignorance, and senseless insurrectionary attempts, and finally yields to a pessimism which vents itself in observations and conclusions occasionally even gloomier than the following:

"In his (Thiers's) account of revolutionary scenes, I recognize the Paris of 1870; they stand the test of experiment which makes other histories dissolve into mere flimsy bombast. After all, Paris was, in 1793, very much as we see it now, with one great exception—that its working-classes have been tamed and enervated by luxuries at that time unknown. The Empire has glutted them with the refuse of the rich. High wages, fine squares to saunter in, great alcazars with rouged women to educate their sense of beauty, Theresas to howl for their musical entertainments—all these cheap luxuries of civilized Imperial life have made of the Parisian

workman a simple repetition in the blouse of what the little boulevard fop is in his modish waistcoats. I sometimes hear a regret expressed by Revolutionists of the St. Just type, that a guillotine was not set up in the Place de la Concorde at the outset of the siege. The absence of this instrument of terror in the Republic of the 4th of September is rather a sign of degeneracy than of progress. The populace has been too much saturated with pleasure to have the nerve for guillotining; it will scratch, tear, and lacerate with a venomous ferocity of puny, degenerate creatures. The guillotine, with all its atrocity, was a symbol of strength; and there is not one man amongst the fanatical leaders of the present within our walls with faith enough in himself or in his followers to have recourse to such desperate means of coercion."

A Key to the Pentateuch, Explanatory of the Text and Grammatical Forms. By Solomon Deutsch, A.M., Ph.D., author of "A New Practical Hebrew Grammar." Part I.: Genesis (New York: Holt & Williams. 1871.)—The second part of this work is to contain Exodus and Leviticus, and the third, Numbers and Deuteronomy; and the whole is to be "the means of introducing the student to a full and thorough understanding of the Hebrew text of the Bible," being chiefly calculated to spare such beginners as have acquired some grammatical knowledge of Hebrew the trouble of hunting up roots, forms, and exceptions in dictionaries and grammars, and to enable them to study the Hebrew text without a teacher, or fully to prepare at home for every school lesson. The arrangement of the "Key" is, in the main, the following: Every word of the text is translated where it first occurs, in the form in which it there appears; rare and chiefly irregular words receive repeated translations. Every idiomatic phrase is at least once explained, both literally and agreeably to the sense. Verbs are retranslated in every conjugation; in addition to the root, the verbal analysis is given. Special attention is paid to derivations, with reference also to other Semitic languages. Historical, geographical, and archæological remarks are given in notes. Lists of "paradigms," from the author's grammar, to which frequent references are made, are added in an appendix. The work is very elaborate and very carefully done, and its Hebrew portions are remarkable for distinctness and correctness. It will thus undoubtedly be found an excellent help and guide both by students and teachers. The following extracts from the lexicographico-grammatical part and the explanatory notes may serve to illustrate the plan and execution:

"Chapter XIV. 1. *Melekh*, king (*malakh*, to reign.) 2. *Milhamah*, war, battle (*laham*, to fight); *asu milhamah eth*, they made war with. 3. *Haberu*, united; *emek*, vale (*amak*, to be deep); *siddim*, Siddim (plains, fields); *melah*, salt; *yam hammelah*, the Salt Sea (Lake). 4. *Abedu*, they served; *shelosh-esreh*, in the thirteenth; *maradu*, they rebelled, pr. K. (p.) *Vayakku*, a. they smote; *nakhah*, cv. f. Hi.

Notes to the same verses.—"1. *Shinar*, in Mesopotamia. *Ellasar*, a locality now generally identified with Larsa by the explorers of Southern Babylonia. *Elam*, the Elymais of the classical writers, a region of Western Persia. *Goyim*, nations, a number of various tribes. *Yam hammelah*, the Asphalt Lake, or Dead Sea. *Shelosh-esreh* [Grammar] § 84, 4; *when?* *Maradu*, in pause, for *maredu*. *Rephaim*, a giant race. *Ashteroth Karnayim*, a town of Eastern Palestine, sacred to the horned (*keren*) goddess Ashtoreth. *Zuzim*, a race of giants, called in the language of the Ammonites, by whom they were extirpated, Zamzummin. *Ham*, prob. in or near the country of the Ammonites; Deut. ii. 20. *Emim*, a giant race, whose very name signifies *terror*, south of the Arnon, an eastern affluent of the Dead Sea."

The Roadmaster's Assistant. William S. Huntingdon. (Chicago: A. N. Kellogg. 1871.)—This clearly written little volume thoroughly deserves its title. Many of the requisites to the maintenance of good track it treats with a minuteness and an excellence of judgment which can only be the result of a full and well-digested experience on the part of its author. It avoids most of the prominent questions in railway construction, such as quality and strength of materials, and devices of form for securing greatest service with least quantity; but these major points have always received due attention. Mr. Huntingdon has selected neglected topics, and with a just apprehension of their real importance has presented them forcibly and plainly. In indicating good methods for maintaining safe and efficient roadways with such devices and materials as are ordinarily supplied, he has rendered a service to railway owners of which they should be wise enough to avail themselves.

**** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books on the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Bache (R. M.), American Wonderland	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)	
Browning (R.), Balaustion's Adventure	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	$1 50
Connelly (Rev. P.), The Italian Reform Movement in the Church of Rome, swd...	(Florence)	
Goodwin (Prof. W. W.) and Allen (J. H.), Greek Reader	(Ginn Bros.)	2 00
Gray (Rev. E. P.), The Apostolic Treasury, swd	(Libby & Swett)	
Hopkins (Rev. M.), The Law of Love and Love as a Law, 3d ed.	(C. Scribner & Co.)	1 75
Illustrirte Kriegs-Chronik, Part 22, swd	(B. Westermann & Co.)	
Labberton (R. H.), Historical Atlas	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)	3 50
Historical Questions	" " "	1 75
Lowly Ways: Diary of a Poor Young Lady	" " "	
Mackenzie (Mrs. A. S.), Aureola: or, The Black Sheep	" "	
Macquoid (Katherine S.), Rookstone; a Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Palestine Exploration Society, First Statement, swd	(New York)	
Peters (Dr. J. C.), Notes on Asiatic Cholera, 2d ed	(D. Van Nostrand)	
Potter (H. L. D.), Manual of Reading	(Harper & Bros.)	
Sand (Mme G.), Cesarine Dietrich	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	1 25
Saunders (Katherine), Gideon's Rock: a Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Spofford (Mrs. H. S.), New England Legends	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	1 00
The Four Gospels in One	(R. A. Campbell)	
The Workshop, No. 8, swd	(E. Steiger)	40
Tuckerman (H. T.), Life of John Pendleton Kennedy	(G. P. Putnam & Sons)	2 00

THE GREAT CENTENNIAL EDITION OF SCOTT'S

NOVELS.

Just Published by

PORTER & COATES,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A NEW "CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL" Edition, prepared with great care, printed on fine paper, illustrated with more than one hundred illustrations, on steel and wood, by the most celebrated English and Scottish artists, bound in a new and appropriate style of fine cloth, with emblematic stamps, and fac-simile of the celebrated author's autograph in gold on the side. Complete with all the author's latest introductions, notes, and revisions. In 23 vols. crown 8vo.

All the merits to be desired in a good copy of "Waverley Novels" we claim to be obtained in the PORTER & COATES Edition. For convenience of size, beauty of paper, typography, legibility of type, elegance of illustrations, copiousness of notes, neatness and compactness of appearance, in short, for completeness and desirability in every respect, no edition in the market surpasses it.

We therefore advise every reader, every head of the family—1st. To buy a set of "Waverley Novels. 2d. To get a thoroughly good edition, so that you need never have to purchase another. 3d. To examine "Porter & Coates's Centennial" edition, and buy it in preference to any other.

The Centennial edition is published in 23 vols. crown 8vo, fine cloth, emblematically and neatly stamped in gold. Price $35. The same in half-calf, gilt and marbled edges, $70.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

YALE AND HARVARD USE

WHITNEY'S GERMAN COURSE,

OTTO'S FRENCH COURSE.

HOLT & WILLIAMS,

PUBLISHERS,

No. 25 *Bond Street, New York.*

The Publishers issue a very large assortment of works in the same department.

☞ A Descriptive Catalogue will be sent gratis to any one referring to this advertisement.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,

COMPRISES THE FOLLOWING DEPARTMENTS:

HARVARD COLLEGE.
THE UNIVERSITY LECTURES.
THE DIVINITY SCHOOL.
THE LAW SCHOOL.
THE LAWRENCE SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL.
THE SCHOOL OF MINING AND PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.
THE EPISCOPAL THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.
THE MEDICAL SCHOOL.
THE DENTAL SCHOOL.
THE BOTANIC GARDEN.
THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY.
THE MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOÖLOGY.
THE PEABODY MUSEUM OF ARCHÆOLOGY.
THE BUSSEY INSTITUTION (a School of Agriculture and Horticulture).

The Academic Year begins in all departments on the THURSDAY FOLLOWING THE LAST WEDNESDAY IN SEPTEMBER, and ends on the last Wednesday in June.

The Second Examination for admission to Harvard College will be held on September 28, 29, and 30, beginning at 8 A.M. on September 28.

The Examinations for admission to the Engineering Department of the Lawrence Scientific School, the Mining School, and the Bussey Institution will be held on September 28, beginning at 9 A.M.

SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENTS.

INSTRUCTORS.

LOUIS AGASSIZ, LL.D., Professor of Zoölogy and Geology.
BENJAMIN PEIRCE, LL.D., " Astronomy and Mathematics.
ASA GRAY, LL.D., " Natural History.
THOMAS MOTLEY, Instructor in Farming.
JEFFRIES WYMAN, M.D., Professor of Anatomy.
HENRY L. EUSTIS, A.M., " Engineering.
JOSIAH D. WHITNEY, LL.D., " Geology.
HERMANN A. HAGEN, M.D. " Entomology.
WOLCOTT GIBBS, M.D., " the Application of Science to the Useful Arts.
FRANCIS PARKMAN, A.M., " Horticulture.
DANIEL D. SLADE, M.D., " Applied Zoölogy.
JOSEPH WINLOCK, A.M., " Astronomy and Geodesy.
JOSIAH P. COOKE, A.M., " Chemistry and Mineralogy.
JAMES M. PEIRCE, A.M., " Mathematics.
FRANCIS H. STORER, A.M., Professor of Agricultural Chemistry.
CHARLES FRED. HOFFMANN, " Topographical Engineering.
RAPHAEL PUMPELLY, " Mining.
WILLIAM H. PETTEE, A.M., Instructor in Mining.
NATHANIEL S. SHALER, S.B., Professor of Palæontology.
FRANCIS G. SANBORN, Instructor in Entomology.
JOHN TROWBRIDGE, S.B., Assistant Professor of Physics.
GEORGE A. HILL, A.B., Assistant Professor of Physics.
PIERRE J. BORIS, Instructor in French.
WILLIAM G. FARLOW, M.D., Assistant in Botany.
CHARLES L. JACKSON, A.M., Assistant Professor of Chemistry.
JOSIAH C. BARTLETT, A.B., Instructor in Mathematics.
HENRY B. HILL, A.B., Assistant in Chemistry.
GEORGE THEODORE DIPPOLD, Instructor in German.
CHARLES E. MUNROE, Assistant in Chemistry.

LAWRENCE SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL.—This school has been reorganized, and now offers:

1. A four-years' course of study in Civil and Topographical Engineering, as follows: *First Year*—Spherical Trigonometry, Analytical Geometry, Descriptive Geometry, Chemistry, Surveying and Plotting, Road-making, Free-hand and Water color Drawing, French. *Second Year*—Differential and Integral Calculus, Mechanics, Physics, Mathematical and Physical Geography, Elementary Geology, Crystallography, Mineralogy, and the use of the Blowpipe, Mechanical Drawing, French, German. *Third Year*—Applied Mechanics, Practical Astronomy and Geodesy, Hypsometry, Topographical Surveying and Drawing, Structural and Dynamical Geology, Photography, German. *Fourth Year*—Building materials, and their applications in railroads, canals, bridges, etc.; Applications of Descriptive Geometry to masonry and stone-cutting; Hydraulics; Heat and its applications; Discussions of existing structures, and working out of projects.

Candidates for admission to this course on Engineering (unless they are graduates of colleges) will be examined in Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, and Trigonometry, and will also be required to show that they are reasonably proficient in English Grammar and Geography.

2. A one year's course of study in the elements of Natural History, Chemistry, and Physics, as follows; Physical Geography, Structural Geology, and Meteorology; General Chemistry and Qualitative Analysis; Physics; Botany; Zoölogy; Entomology.

This course is especially intended for teachers, or persons who intend to become teachers. The instruction will be mainly given in the laboratories and museums of the University; it will be of the most practical character, every student being taught to make experiments and study specimens himself.

3. Thorough instruction for advanced students in any of the following subjects: Physics (Heat and Light), Chemistry, Zoölogy, Geology, Botany, and Mathematics.

Professor Gibbs will receive special students in Heat and Light at the Rumford laboratory. Professor Cooke will receive special students in Chemistry at the laboratories in Boylston Hall. Professors Agassiz, Hagen, and Shaler will receive special students in Zoölogy and Geology at the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy. Professor Gray and Assistant Farlow will receive special students in Botany at the Botanic Garden and Herbarium. Professor Benjamin Peirce and James M Peirce will receive special students in Mathematics.

The opportunities for advanced students in all branches of Natural History and in Physics, Chemistry, Astronomy, and Mathematics will be much greater next year than ever before. The Museum of Comparative Zoölogy has been more than doubled in size during the current year; a laboratory, lecture-room, and greenhouse have been added to the equipment of the Botanical Department; a laboratory of Physics is to be created during the Summer in Harvard Hall; the chemical laboratories are to be greatly enlarged and improved; the interior of the Scientific School Building is to be completely reconstructed; and a distinct physical laboratory and cabinet are to be assigned to the Rumford Professor. At the same time, the scope and volume of the instruction will be greatly enlarged.

MINING SCHOOL.—The full course, prescribed for candidates for the degree of Mining Engineer, occupies four years, the first three of which are identical, as regards the subjects of instruction and the order thereof, with the first three years of the Engineering Course above specified. The terms of admission are the same as those of the Engineering Course. The fourth year of the course is as follows: Economical Geology and the Phenomena of Veins: Mining Machinery and the Exploitation of Mines; General and Practical Metallurgy; Assaying; Working-up, Plotting, and Writing out notes of summer excursions.

BUSSEY INSTITUTION.—The School of Agriculture and Horticulture, established in execution of the Trusts created by the Will of Benjamin Bussey, will give thorough instruction in Agriculture, Useful and Ornamental Gardening, and Stock-raising.

The regular course of the study will fill three years. *First Year*—Physical Geography, Structural Geology, and Meteorology; General Chemistry and Qualitative Analysis; the elements of Physics; Levelling and Road-making; the Elements of Botany, Zoölogy, and Entomology; French; German. The instruction of the first year's course will be given at Cambridge, and students of the first year must live in or near Cambridge. The instruction of the second and third years' courses will be given at the Bussey Institution, and students of those courses must live within easy reach of the Institution, which is situated near the village of Jamaica Plain, about five miles southwest of Boston, and close to the Forest Hill Station on the Boston and Providence Railroad. The subjects to be taught at the Bussey Institution during the year 1871-72, being subjects of the second year's course, are as follows: Theory and Practice of Farming, Horticulture; Agricultural Chemistry, Applied Zoölogy, Entomology, Quantitative Analysis. The third year's course will be hereafter arranged, and will be given for the first time in 1872-73.

The teachings of the School will be amply illustrated by the rich scientific selections of the University, and by a Botanic Garden, a large and profitable farm, greenhouses, propagating-houses, and field experiments.

FEES AND EXPENSES.—The tuition fee for the Academic year in any of the above departments or courses is $150; for half or any smaller fraction of a year, $75; for any fraction of a year greater than one-half, the fee of the whole year is charged. In the Bussey Institution there are also separate fees for certain distinct courses of lectures; and in that Institution tuition fees will be freely remitted to poor and meritorious students.

The other expenses of a student for an academic year may be estimated as follows: Room, $30 to $100; Board for 38 weeks, $152 to $304; Books, $20 to $25; Fuel and Lights, $15 to $35; Washing, $19 to $38.

For University Catalogues, descriptive circulars, examination papers, or information about any department of the University, address J. W. HARRIS, Sec.

ARUNDEL SOCIETY.

This Society was founded in 1848, for promoting the knowledge of Art by copying and publishing

IMPORTANT WORKS OF ANCIENT MASTERS.

Its publications are beautifully executed

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHS,

Fac-similes of the originals, both in color and drawing, and are manufactured under the superintendence of well-known artists. The following are among the

MOST POPULAR SUBJECTS.

CHRIST AND MARY MAGDALENE IN THE GARDEN. From a fresco by Fra Angelico, in the Convent of St. Mark, at Florence. Size, 15x8½ inches. Price $6 25.

THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS. From a fresco by Pietro Perugino, at Cetta Della Pieve. Size, 22x18½ inches. Price $13 75.

ST. PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON. From a fresco by Raffaelle, in the Stanza of the Vatican. Size, 28x19 inches. Price $12 50.

THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN. From a fresco by Fra Angelico, in the Convent of St. Mark, at Florence. Size, 18x19 inches. Price $10.

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD. From a fresco by Fra Bartolomeo, now placed in the Convent of St. Mark, at Florence. Size, 11x16½ inches. Price $8.

THE ADORATION OF THE LAMB. From the centre-panel of the Altar Piece painted by the brothers Van Eyck, in the Cathedral of St. Bavon, at Ghent. Size, 26x15½ inches. Price $15 75.

The sizes above-given are the actual sizes of each picture, all of them being mounted on a heavy white cardboard, so that when framed the white border can either be left as a margin, or not, at pleasure.

Any of the above pictures will be securely packed, free of charge, and sent by express, on receipt of advertised price.

POTT & AMERY,

Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue, New York.

NOW READY.

Second and Revised Edition.

ON THE GENESIS OF SPECIES.

BY ST. GEORGE MIVART, F.R.S.

Second edition. With Notes on Mr. Darwin's last work—"The Descent of Man." Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, $2.

A DIGEST OF FACTS—relating to the Treatment and Utilization of Sewage. By W. H. Corfield, M.A. Second edition, corrected and enlarged. 8vo, cloth, $3 50.

GREEK AND ENGLISH DIALOGUES. For use in Schools and Colleges. By John Stuart Blackie. 18mo, cloth, $1.

A GRAMMAR OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE. From Plautus to Suetonius. By Henry John Roby, M.A. Part I., containing Sounds, Inflexions, Word-Formation, Appendices. Cloth, $2 50.

SERMONS preached in Rugby School Chapel. By the Right Rev. Frederick Temple, D.D., Lord Bishop of Exeter. Second Series. Cloth, $1 50.

MACMILLAN & CO.,

38 Bleecker Street, New York.

ESTABLISHED IN 1836.

LIBRARY AGENCY

FOR THE

ECONOMICAL PURCHASE OF BOOKS

FOR

COLLEGE, SCHOOL, AND TOWN LIBRARIES,

PRIVATE COLLECTIONS, FAMILY BOOK-SHELVES.

G. P. PUTNAM & SONS

Continue to make it a special and important part of their business to attend to orders for Public Institutions and individuals who desire to have accurate information and suggestions as to the best books and the best editions, and to purchase what they need, whether in thousands or a single book, in the most economical way.

N. B.—Orders for American or Foreign Books of every description, whether for whole libraries or for single books, are carefully and promptly executed at the above Agency. The experience acquired by thirty-five years' study of this specialty on both sides of the Atlantic will, it is believed, be useful to book-buyers with reference to choice of the best books and the best editions, and also with reference to economy.

G. P. Putnam & Sons will also make purchases at any of the Library Auction Sales.

At their rooms, as above, will be found specimen volumes of the choicest books of the time, which can be examined at leisure.

G. P. PUTNAM & SONS,

Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, N. Y.,

PURCHASING AGENTS FOR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIBRARIES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

FOUR MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

A new and beautifully illustrated serial story by

WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., has just commenced in

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEEKLY from No. 766 (for September 2), in which number this story began, to the close of the year, four months, for one dollar.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains one-third more reading-matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better edited and printed than any other illustrated newspaper. Its circulation is four times that of any similar publication.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, One Year	$4 00
Harper's Weekly, One Year	4 00
Harper's Bazar, One Year	4 00

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, to one address, for one year, $10, or any two for $7.

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL. Why will people persist in burning fluids which yearly cause the death of thousands, when Pratt's Astral Oil is free from all explosive qualities? It is not the cheapest, but the safest and best illuminating oil ever made.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO

Have Just Published:

I.

THE GREAT NOVEL OF THE YEAR: OUIDA'S NEW WORK.

FOLLE-FARINE.

By "Ouida,"

Author of "Strathmore," "Idalia," "Under Two Flags," "Tricotrin," "Puck," etc. 12mo, fine cloth, $2.

This new story, from the powerful pen of this popular author, is fully equal, in all respects, to her previous works. It is a story of intense interest, beautifully expressed in the rich language of the gifted writer.

II.

GIDEON'S ROCK.

A Charming Story. By Katherine Saunders, author of "The High Mills," etc. With Frontispiece. 16mo, cloth, $1.

More than 100,000 copies of this masterly piece of fiction have already been sold in Great Britain. It is undoubtedly one of the most powerful and pathetic stories that has appeared in a long time.

III.

ROOKSTONE.

A Novel. By Katherine S. Macquoid, author of "Forgotten by the World," "Hester Kirton," "Patty," etc. With Illustrations. 8vo, paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1 25.

A fascinating story of English life, with an absorbing plot, charmingly told by its experienced and able author.

ALSO,

TANNER'S MIDWIFERY. Practical Midwifery and Obstetrics. (Including Anæsthetics.) By John Tanner, M.D., M.A., LL.D., etc. With 115 Illustrations. 16mo, fine cloth, $2.

THE ANTISEPTIC SYSTEM. A Treatise on Carbolic Acid and its Compounds, with an Enquiry into the Germ-theories of Putrefaction, Fermentation, and Infection, the Theory and Practice of Disinfection, and the Employment of Antiseptics in Practical Medicine and Surgery. By A. E. Sansom, M.D., etc. With numerous illustrations. 8vo, extra cloth, $5.

THE DIVINE EVOLUTION OF THE Churches; or, The New Church as the Church of Humanity—its Position and Prospects Considered. By George S. Phillips. 12mo, paper cover, 25 cents.

WEAR AND TEAR; or, Hints for the Overworked. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., etc. Third edition. 18mo, fine cloth, 50 cents. Paper cover, 30 cts.

This little treatise has received universal commendation. The fact that it reached the third edition within four weeks of its issue is ample evidence of its having supplied a real want.

For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price by the Publishers.

Published by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,

715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

LONDON BOOKS.

We invite the attention of Book-buyers to our Stock of

RARE,

STANDARD,

AND

VALUABLE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN BOOKS,

which we offer at very low prices.

PRICED CATALOGUES

sent free of charge to any address.

A. DENHAM & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF ENGLISH AND FOREIGN BOOKS,

17 MURRAY STREET

(Near Broadway), New York.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1871.

The Week.

THE meeting to discuss the financial abuses in the city government was held on Monday evening, and was very crowded and enthusiastic. The most striking speech of the evening was that of Mr. Ottendorfer, the German editor, who spoke a very uncommon amount of good sense about municipal affairs, but was evidently apprehensive lest his appearance should be taken as a sign of adhesion to the Republican party. It is quite plain that nothing can be done against the Ring except by a coalition of Democrats and Republicans for this purpose, and it will be impossible to bring this about without the rigid avoidance by Republican conventions of all attempts to treat the Ring frauds as ammunition for use against the Democratic party. It may be hard to do this, but we earnestly beseech the managers to try it for once. It will matter little to most of us who rules at Washington if Hall and Tweed take all our earnings and accumulations. A committee of seventy was appointed by the meeting, whose business it will be to find out what ought to be done next, and it is well composed, or rather would be, if there were not so many Republicans on it. What can be done next is, for reasons we have given elsewhere, a knotty question. But one thing can certainly be done, and that is, get a majority in the Legislature sufficient to repeal the charter, and put the Ring out of office. We doubt if more than this can be done at present.

The committee of seventy which the meeting appointed to see what can be done, and to do it, have already begun operations. Very nearly half of them—a promising number, considering how such committees are appointed—met yesterday at an office in Nassau Street, and went to work in what seems, on the whole, a sufficiently businesslike manner. It agreed to call itself by the long name of "The Executive Committee of Citizens and Taxpayers for the Financial Reform of the City and County of New York," and it chose Mr. Henry G. Stebbins for its chairman. But it appointed an assistant-secretary on a salary —Mr. Roswell D. Hatch being the nominal secretary; it resolved on a Committee of Ways and Means; and it encouraged Mr. John Foley—and will doubtless back its encouragement with money—to bring the suit against the city authorities for which he some time since had the papers prepared. Mr. Foley will at least demonstrate how much legal measures in our Courts can help us—or else how little. His first move is to be made before his honor Judge George G. Barnard, and to see it made before that jurist will be as good as a play.

The *World*, we are sorry to see, was a good deal shocked by our views on a Vigilance Committee, *à propos* of Hall, Connolly & Co., expressed last week, and seems to think we desire to see these gentlemen "lynched." "Lynching" is, however, here a question-begging term What we say is, that in our opinion Hall, Connolly, Tweed, Barnard, and all the class to which they belong, and of which Louis Napoleon was the most conspicuous member, fear no penalty for their misdeeds except a violent death. They are indifferent to public opinion, and have matters so arranged that the penitentiary has no terrors for them, and a natural death they calculate on. But the prospect of a violent death, which would suddenly stop their champagne, knock the satin sofas from under them, shut out the velvet carpets from their view, cause their fast horses to vanish into thin air, and launch them into the cold unknown, would terrify them exceedingly, and such a death, we repeat, a large and growing body of respectable citizens think they ought to die, first and foremost, in order to stop their thieving and rid the community of them; and, secondly, to prevent the unwholesome influence on public and private morals of the spectacle of the peaceful close of their career in the enjoyment of their stealings. The way in which good citizens justify this view of their deserts is the way in which they justify all revolts against unsupportable tyranny, and all inflictions of punishment on persons who have grossly abused power for the injury of their fellow-citizens, and against whom the law affords no redress. But where they err, in our opinion, is in supposing that justice can be done on Hall and his associates through what is commonly called "a vigilance committee." An appeal to force in New York would mean civil war; and those who talk of appealing to force must make up their minds to civil war, and must be prepared for some fighting. Should they succeed in securing the persons of the malefactors, and in bringing them to punishment, their act, however, will be no more lynching than the execution of Robespierre and Rigault was lynching. It might be called high-handed, or cruel, or remorseless, or various other things, but it would have in it a solemnity which in lynch law is wanting.

The Butler campaign in Massachusetts is, owing to the increasing recklessness of the great chief himself, ceasing to be even amusing. After the invention of the falsehood about General Hawley in Springfield, and seeing it "nailed to the counter," as the *Tribune* says, almost as soon as uttered, the good man went off sadly to Worcester, where he resolved to try his luck again, and invented two more falsehoods—one fixing the date on which he removed Hawley for incompetency, and the other declaring that General Alonzo Alden had written to him, telling him that, had it been known that Hawley was hostile to Butler, he (Hawley) would never have been elected president of the Association of the Army of the James. Whereupon comes the remorseless Hawley, and shows that at the period at which Butler says he removed him, he (Butler) had been for one fortnight at his home in Lowell in disgrace, and General Ord in command; and then comes Alden also, and declares that he never wrote a word to Butler about Hawley. This does not leave "the Christian statesman" in a worse position than he was in before, but it makes it somewhat more awkward for his friends. What does the Reverend Doctor Marvin say now about the Boston "Christians" who are all to vote for him for the governorship, in order to get rid of rum? What does the Doctor think Christ would say, were he on earth, if the Doctor were to bring Butler up some fine morning, hot from a lying speech, and recommend him for employment as a "useful" disciple? We do not like to seem irreverent or hurt anybody's feelings, but does not the Doctor really believe "the whip of small cords" would be brought into play to sharpen both his own moral sense and Butler's?

The Republicans in Pennsylvania are in nearly as much trouble as their brethren in Massachusetts. In 1867, the Legislature passed a joint resolution to the effect that the United States was supposed to be in debt to the State; that their accounting officers, however, disallowed her claims; that a special agent should be sent to put in further evidence concerning them; and that his pay for his services should be a commission, not to exceed ten per cent. of all sums collected. It seems to have been supposed by the Legislature that the sums due were comparatively insignificant. Others, however, knew better; and on the day after the passage of the resolution Governor Geary had sent greeting to a Mr. George Evans, and made him the special agent provided for. Mr. Evans found two bondsmen in $5,000 each, and then he signed a certain agreement with the Governor, in which he stipulated to make, on oath, frequent official reports, and to pay over, "less the rate of compensation," all moneys collected by him. The rate of compensation was not mentioned. This agreement Governor Geary did not put on file, and it was not till four years after the first collection had been made that Mr. Evans made any report of his stewardship. It was not till after something else, either. Mr. Joseph McClure, Deputy Attorney-General, last month became satisfied that there was something

wrong about the proceedings of Mr. Evans, and, pursuing his investigations, discovered, or was the means of the discovery, in substance, that the sums collected by Evans—or, rather, on which he got his commission—were not insignificant, but large, being close upon $3,000,000; that on about $1,300,000 of this sum he had as much right to a commission as the man in the moon; that the commission paid him was the very maximum allowed by the joint resolution; that it had been set without the knowledge of the financial officers of the State; that it had been paid Mr. Evans by Mr. Evans himself, without any auditing of his accounts by anybody, or any exhibition of vouchers that he had done any work, or, if so, how much; that some of the treasury warrants, amounting in all to about $300,000, he never paid to the State treasurer at all, whether with his commission deducted or not deducted; that he coolly put it into his pocket, as representing his commission on sums yet to be collected; that regular reports he had never made; and, finally, that Governor Geary had never alluded to all these transactions in any of his public messages.

When public attention was called to Mr. Evans, Governor Geary assured the newspaper correspondents that Mr. Evans was "a most satisfactory agent," and sent word to Attorney-General F. O. Brewster that his deputy, Mr. McClure, must resign; he had used his official position to get from the United States Treasury and the Pennsylvanian Departments official documents with a view to publication. As a matter of fact, Mr. McClure seems to have at once called the attention of the State auditor and the cashier of the State Treasury to the evidences of peculation. This was on the 8th; on the 10th he went to Philadelphia in search of his superior officer, Mr. Brewster, and on the 11th found him at Atlantic City, and gave the law-officer of the State the benefit of his discovery, at the same time telling Mr. Brewster that from what Geary had said when he knew that he (McClure) was investigating the affair, the Governor would demand his removal. He has been removed, but Governor Geary has been compelled to issue his requisition on Governor Hoffman for the delivery of Evans to Pennsylvania officers, the financial officers of that State having taken out both a civil and a criminal warrant against him—suit having been brought for the recovery of the three hundred thousand, and against Evans for embezzlement, and he having disappeared from Philadelphia. Whether he and his partners, whoever they may be, will be punished and made to disgorge may perhaps be doubted; moral guilt and legal sharp practice may turn out to be the worst that can be made of what they have done; but there is no doubt that the Republicans in Pennsylvania are not at present particularly proud of their Governor. Nobody ever charged the Pennsylvania Legislature with being more intelligent or more virtuous than ours at Albany; but the average Pennsylvanian voter has a very definite notion of the size and weight of a dollar—especially of a dollar of taxation, and his freshened sense of it will very probably be felt in October. For the moment, of course, the Pennsylvania Democrats for their parts have a detestation of crimes, and in particular of crimes against property, and public property, that would be creditable in Aristides or William Wilberforce. It really seems a little hard to have to choose between the Republican Evanses and Gearys and the Democratic Connollys. Mrs. Woodhull and her friends must make haste, or our politics will be past purification before they begin voting at all.

The condition of politics in this State is somewhat perplexing, and not altogether encouraging. There are still the two factions or "gangs" in the Republican ranks, though their dissensions are kept out of view somewhat better than they used to be. One is headed, if it can be said to have a head, by Horace Greeley, and is opposed to Grant's renomination, and contains a considerable body of what are known as "Tammany Republicans." The others, who are designated by the irreverent as "the Custom-house faction," are led on by Collector Murphy and Senator Conkling, and are devoted to the Administration. Whether they will be able to patch up their differences in time either for the State election or the Presidential election, it would take a wise man to say. Mr. Conkling, whose successor is to be chosen by the Legislature to be elected this fall, is evidently not going to stand in the way of harmony, though he is an out-and-out Grant-man. He has written a letter on the situation to Mr. Griswold, of Troy, which is as edifying as anything we remember to have read for a long time. He is in favor of "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," he says. He speaks most contemptuously of "loaves and fishes," and thinks foul scorn of the Republican who, in a campaign like that before us, would be affected by such considerations, or who would "plot against creed or cause because the offices are too few to go around." Perish the thought! "Satan," he thinks, "cannot entrap men with so coarse and bad a snare as this." Perhaps not, but Satan is very smart. Mr. Conkling is heartily for Grant, and is deeply afflicted by the spectacle of Democratic misrule in this city. He says the rascals "infest our chief city, disgrace humanity, and mildew the commonwealth by their pestilential profligacy," which shows Hall, Connolly, and Tweed to be worse than we thought them—"mildewing the commonwealth" being a new and, we may safely say, unheard-of outrage. So Mr. Conkling is in favor of nominating and electing the best men in the Republican party for office, and he is astonished that, under the circumstances, "men should stand talking about Federal patronage, and differences among leaders, and personal feeling among individuals, and the like. What have such things," he passionately asks, "to do with the duty of the hour? It is high time," he adds, "to be done with unprofitable things, signifying nothing, and only productive of harm"—an opinion in which all good citizens will cordially concur. In short, when we read Mr. Conkling's views, and remember that he has not stood particularly high as a party politician, we are a good deal puzzled by the present low condition of humanity. When such sentiments reign in such breasts, how comes it that man is not better off?

A Maine paper has been charging Speaker Blaine with the possession of "enormous wealth, acquired through his connection with public affairs"; and the *World* of this city has made it the subject of an editorial article, in which, however, it graciously concedes that the possession of great wealth does not necessarily prove dishonest acquisition in his case any more than in Mr. Tweed's (Tweed of the Ring). This has provoked Mr. Blaine into doing what we must call an ill-advised thing—namely, denying the existence of a large portion of the possessions attributed to him, and indicating what the real extent of his fortune is, and from what source he derives it, and mentioning the real value and cost, and his real reason for owning a house in Washington, called by his tormentors a "princely residence." It is, undoubtedly, hard to remain silent under charges of this kind, in the existing condition of the newspaper press; but every man can tell readily whether his reputation can bear letting them go unnoticed, and Mr. Blaine need certainly have had no doubt on this point. Nobody really questions his integrity, and nobody but a blackguard would publicly pretend that he questioned it by an inquisition into Mr. Blaine's private affairs. He might, therefore, have remained silent with perfect impunity, and he owed it to the community to remain silent for two reasons; one is, that the making such attacks has the same effect on the men who make them as the taste of blood on tigers; and the other is, that the spectacle of men as strong as Mr. Blaine flying before them naturally alarms thousands of others, of whom political life would be the better, but to whom no life would be tolerable in which a man was compelled to exhibit his ledger and check-book whenever called on by a rascally reporter.

General business has been fairly active during the week. The fall trade commences early, the Southern and Southwestern buyers being noticeable for their numbers, the prudence of their purchases, and the steady improvement in the average quality of the goods required. The importations of every description are simply enormous, largely exceeding those of any previous period of our history, and clearly marking the extravagant extent to which we have devoted our labor to railroad building and other not actually productive pursuits. The

great staples have been active, with some fluctuations in price and large exports, limited only by the number and size of vessels at the disposal of shippers. The shipping trade has greatly improved under the advance in freights, but, unfortunately, our tariff has left us no American ships to profit by it. Crop accounts continue fairly favorable with us, and rather unfavorable abroad, with pretty firm prices for breadstuffs. Groceries are scarce, and continue to advance. Coal, under the fear of a repetition of last year's strike, and the very general laying-in of winter supplies by the wealthy, has slightly advanced. Real estate is more active, in a somewhat spasmodic fashion, and without a steady market for any kind of property except medium-sized city dwellings in choice localities for actual use, and unimproved land in the northern suburbs for speculation. Building continues with a fair degree of activity.

The success of the so-called new loan, the uncommonly favorable debt statement on the 1st of September, and the uninterrupted ease in the money market, have materially aided the Wall Street speculators for higher prices, and stocks have had a decided advance. But the movement is confined almost exclusively to the professional operators, and the public seems indisposed to participate. Gold is firm, partly owing to speculative movements and partly from the inevitable influence of our extraordinary importations. There are not wanting experienced financiers who look with anxiety upon the artificial and complicated arrangements of the Syndicate as likely at any moment to involve the financial community in some unforeseen difficulty. Government bonds continue to advance, and great but not altogether successful efforts are being made to create a demand for the numerous railroad loans still pressing upon the market. The banks still persist in their career of expansion, and seem unable to profit by the experience of the past. There has been a great change in the character of the country's business during the last two years, and the immense gains of "finance" are shrinking to more legitimate proportions.

The principal debate on the prolongation of the powers of M. Thiers—or, as it would be perhaps more proper to say, on the extension of the powers of the National Assembly—took place on Wednesday, August 30, amid uncommon excitement on the part of the deputies, as well as of the crowded galleries. The reporter of the special committee, who, to judge by one of the very unsatisfactory Cable despatches, may not have been M. Rivet, the mover of the original proposition, but old M. Vitet, announced that the committee had agreed to receive Minister Dufaure's amendment, expressive of confidence in M. Thiers's patriotism and wisdom; and to this the corresponding announcement was made that the Government was ready to accept the decree. Thus a compromise was effected between the majority of the Assembly and the Chief of the Executive, which saved the prestige, and, for an indefinite period, continued the power, of the latter, but, in reality, subjected him more formally than he had ever been to the authority of the Assembly, whose constituent rights, embodied in the preamble of the decree, he now acknowledged. And by thus resigning the chance of appealing, with the Left, to the people and the decision of a new and uncontestedly constituent assembly, M. Thiers had made a momentous change of base, which his former supporters of the more pronounced Republican ranks violently protested against, at the same time withdrawing several amendments prepared in his favor. These opponents, however, and among them Gambetta in a highly impassioned speech, vainly endeavored to combat the obnoxious first part of the preamble, which, after a most uproarious and violent discussion, was adopted by 433 yeas to 227 nays.

The Conservatives were charmed with the result, which, of course, had been decided by the Centre, but their leading organs were wise enough to promise the support of the majority to M. Thiers's own policy, which under the altered circumstances ceased to menace a sudden triumph of radicalism through his connivance. The Radical deputies were exasperated to the highest pitch, and for a moment their resignation in a body appeared probable, but more moderate counsels seem to have prevailed. They took part in the discussions of the following day, August 31, when, after some exhortations to harmony, the remainder of the preamble and the decree proper were adopted, including M. Dufaure's paragraph in eulogy of M. Thiers, which was voted against by only thirty-four members, while "one hundred abstained from voting." Whether these hundred were all or mostly men of the Extreme Right, or, on the contrary, Radicals still meditating resignation and grumbling at M. Thiers for his submitting to the usurpation of the majority, we are not told. "President" Thiers was felicitated by the representatives of the foreign powers on assuming his new dignity. In consequence of the change, the members of his Ministry resigned, but only *pro forma*, resuming their portfolios at his request. The Minister of Finance was happy to announce that the third half-milliard installment of the war indemnity had been paid to the Germans, who, in consequence, are bound to evacuate the Departments of Seine—including the Paris forts—Seine-et-Oise, Seine-et-Marne, and Oise.

The trial of the eighteen members of the Commune or of the Central Committee arraigned before the Versailles court-martial—"troisième Conseil de Guerre"—has come to an end, excepting only the case of Lisbonne, delayed on account of the ill health of the accused. Ferré, a heartless and cynical *amateur* terrorist, of 29 years of age, and Lullier, a half-crazy would-be dictator of 31, are condemned to death; Urbain, a selfish and fierce insurrectionist, of 34, and Trinquet, an equally fierce but sincerely fanatical one, to imprisonment for life; Assi, a conceited and bold "International" conspirator, of 30, Grousset, a vain but rather gentlemanly Bohemian, of the same age, Régère, Billioray, Verdure, and Ferrat, to deportation and confinement in a fortress—for how long we are not informed; Jourde, the youngest and by far the ablest and most respectable of all, and Rastoul, like Jourde, a medical man, to simple deportation; Courbet, a weak-minded Republican, who would rather decapitate bad artistic monuments than the worst of royalists, to six months' imprisonment; Clément, a noble-hearted plebeian, to three months' imprisonment. Descamps and Parent, quite insignificant persons, are acquitted. The presiding officer, Colonel Merlin, deserves all credit for the fairness and strict judicial decorum with which he conducted the trial. Of the accused, Ferré showed himself shockingly impudent; Lullier, stupidly boastful; Assi and Trinquet, defiant; Grousset, frank; but most others did their best to escape a rigorous sentence through denials, extenuating evidence, and a frequently-displayed abhorrence of the crimes imputed to them.

It is now admitted on all hands that the meeting of Kaisers William and Francis Joseph at Ischl, and the subsequent one of Chancellors Bismarck and Beust at Gastein—in the presence of the Emperor of Germany alone—have been productive of diplomatic results calculated to ensure a harmonious action on the part of the two empires on the most important questions of Central and Eastern Europe; and that the cordial understanding already arrived at is to be made more explicit and firm at a new imperial interview, at Salzburg, where Francis Joseph is just now expected, in company of Beust and the two premiers of Austro-Hungary, Hohenwart and Andrássy. Whether Italy, more or less secretly, has or has not had a share in the preliminary agreements, or whether she is to have any in those now preparing, the despatches received here are not distinct enough to let us know. Thus much, however, seems certain, that the negotiations are highly distasteful to both Russia and France, and especially to the former, who must be horrified to see Bismarck lend a friendly arm to Austria, and secure her peace, at the very moment at which she extends the autonomy and national rights of her Polish province, and attempts to satisfy the Czechs, in order to make them renounce their affiliations with Panslavism and leanings towards Moscow. It is, however, quite possible that a partial abandonment of this attempt will follow, or even precede as a condition, the completion of the agreement with Germany.

A TREASURY VIEW OF THE FINANCES.

It has been often remarked, and with no little truth, that a considerable part of the present strength of the Republican party is due to the weakness and inability of the Democrats to perceive and take advantage of the blunders and mistakes of their opponents. How much longer this will continue to be the case is an open question; but there certainly can be no question that it is not politic for the Republican party, through its representative men, to take positions in partisan discussions which are wholly untenable, and which, sooner or later, from their inability to sustain criticism, must be abandoned. Of such a character, it seems to us, was much of the recent financial speech delivered at Sandusky, Ohio, by Hon. Columbus Delano, who, from having been for a time Commissioner of Internal Revenue, may be supposed to know something of what he was talking about.

Mr. Delano, in the outset, starts with the proposition that during the fiscal year of 1868, when the last Administration exercised full executive power, the total receipts from the internal revenue were $191,000,000; but that during the first entire fiscal year of the present Administration, notwithstanding a reduction of taxation, since 1868, of seventy-eight millions of dollars, the receipts were $185,000,000; and he claims that this remarkable gain was due almost exclusively to a more honest and efficient execution of the laws.

Unfortunately for Mr. Delano, the facts do not sustain his theory. Let us see. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1868, the internal revenue receipts were $191,000,000; but, during this year, taxes amounting in the aggregate, according to Mr. Delano, to over seventy-eight millions, were abated. In one single item, the reduction in the taxes on manufactures and products amounted to fifty-eight and a half millions in the receipts for the fiscal year, 1869, as compared with the receipts for the preceding year; and yet, notwithstanding this and other reductions, the total receipts for the fiscal year 1869 amounted to $160,000,000, or a falling-off of only $31,000,000. That Mr. Delano, however, is not entitled to claim for the Grant Administration the credit of this result, is shown by the fact that the first eight months of this fiscal year (1869) were under the Johnson Administration, while during the remaining four the Grant Administration exerted little other than a disturbing influence through the extensive removals and changes of officials, and had not had time to put the new machinery effectually in motion. During the next fiscal year, or from July 1, 1869, to June 30, 1870, the new administration had full control, and the revenues increased during that year to the extent of twenty-five millions, or from $160,000,000 in 1868–9 to $185,000,000 in 1869–70, and that, too, without any new abatement of taxes; so that if we attribute the increase in both instances to efficiency of administration, the balance remains in favor of the last fiscal year of the Johnson Administration, by the difference between forty-eight millions, the gain in 1868–9, and twenty-five millions, the gain in 1869–70.

But the fact is, the gain in neither of these years was due to efficiency in personal administration, but to other causes, for which neither party is entitled to claim especial credit.

In the first place, it has been noticed as one of the fiscal phenomena of our recent experience, that from the passage of the very first bill reducing internal revenue taxes in 1866 down to the present year, in no case has the revenue for the succeeding twelve months declined to an amount equivalent to the receipts from the abandoned taxes during the twelve months immediately preceding the reduction—a result which may be in part attributed to the natural elasticity of the revenues, increased by every stimulus given to production and consumption consequent upon relief from burdens; and in part, also, to a discontinuance of the frauds which were contingent upon the levying of high taxes. Ex-Commissioner Wells has shown that this natural elasticity has, since 1865, amounted to at least ten millions per annum, while in Great Britain, according to Mr. Gladstone, the average annual increase for a series of years has been in excess of eight millions.

Secondly, Mr. Delano, and others who have recently discussed this subject, overlook or ignore the fact that the major portion of the increase of revenue in 1868–9, and also in 1869–70, following the large reduction of taxes in 1868, was clearly and unmistakably due to the reduction of the taxes on distilled spirits and tobacco, and to the new methods instituted by which the reduced taxes on these articles were assessed and collected. Mr. Delano, in his remarks, seems to desire to convey the idea that these reduced taxes were the work of the present Administration, for he says: "During the year 1868, in which the last Administration exercised full executive power, with an excise of two dollars per gallon upon spirits, of forty cents per pound upon tobacco," the entire receipts were $191,000,000. But the truth is, that the great reductions on whiskey and tobacco were all made under the Johnson Administration, nearly four months before the election of Gen. Grant, and more than seven months before his inauguration; and the increase in revenue from both of these sources began to be experienced from the very day that the new law went into operation. For the fiscal year 1868–9, eight months Johnson and four months Grant, but practically, as we have just shown, all Johnson, the increase on distilled spirits was from eighteen to forty-five millions; on tobacco, from eighteen to twenty-three; and on sales, mainly liquors, from four to eight—making a total gain of thirty-six millions from these items alone. During the next fiscal year, 1869–70—all Grant—the increase on spirits was ten millions; on tobacco, eight; and on sales, six hundred thousand; or a total of less than nineteen millions, which sum represents all the gain in internal revenue during the first full fiscal year of the Grant and Delano Administration, with the exception of about six millions, which last may be fairly set down to the credit of natural elasticity rather than personal efficiency. In short, nearly the whole credit of internal revenue gain for the last two years, so far as personality is concerned, is due to Ex-Commissioner Wells, who first proposed and demonstrated the expediency of these reductions, and to Mr. Wells and District-Attorney Tracey, of Brooklyn, who devised the plans and essentially drafted the laws according to which the taxes on distilled spirits and tobacco are now collected; and we believe we are entirely justified in asserting that if these gentlemen had been allowed by Congress to carry out their ideas sooner, and in the manner they originally proposed, the country would have, up to this time, collected a good deal more revenue, at considerably less trouble and expense.

Mr. Delano, furthermore, in discussing this subject, omits to notice that all of these reforms were strenuously opposed in Congress by many of the very men who now on the stump are loudly claiming credit for the adoption and execution of them. When the Internal Revenue Bill of July, 1868, was before the Senate, Mr. Morton, of Indiana, in particular, was outspoken in his opposition, and voted in favor of the continuance of the two-dollar tax on distilled spirits; as did also Messrs. Anthony, Cole, Edmunds, Harlan, Morrill of Maine, Nye, Pomeroy, Wade, and others. Mr. Morton, indeed, seemed to plant himself on the platform of opposition to all reforms on taxation, for in his speech opposing the reduction of the tax on distilled spirits, he used the following language: "We threw away twenty or twenty-five millions of revenue by repealing the tax on cotton totally last winter, under peculiar circumstances, and we can now see from the price of cotton and from the general promise of its production, that we acted very unwisely." In the House, also, the reduction was objected to by Thaddeus Stevens; and Mr. Boutwell, true then as now to his instincts and apprehensions, declared "that if we put the tax below fifty cents, we certainly shall be deficient in the necessary revenue to carry on the government."

Equally disingenuous is Mr. Delano's claim that the large increase of fifty-nine millions that has accrued within the last two years in the Customs revenue, is due to the "superiority of the Administration" in efficiency and honesty, as compared with the exercise of the same qualities by the Administration that preceded it, when the fact is patent to every one that the recent increase of customs revenue is due to an increase of imports, and that the only connection that the present Government can claim with these is that, by maintaining unnecessary taxes for an unreasonable extinction of the public debt, and doing nothing to improve the currency, it has favored a continuance of that state of affairs which, for the last eight years, has made the United States the very best possible market of the world for foreign nations to sell in, but the very poorest to buy from. In truth, the experience of the last ten years in respect to the collection of the revenue is rather a dangerous subject for Administration orators to deal with. Mr. Delano was Commissioner of Internal Revenue for a year or more,

and gave less personal attention to the duties of his office than any commissioner that ever preceded him; while, for the last year, there has never been so little efficiency in the management of this bureau and so little sense and harmony in its rulings and decisions. Thus the income-tax, for example, has been so intentionally muddled in its workings, that what little Congress left of it has hardly paid the cost of collection; the annual receipts from distilled spirits are understood to have declined, during the past year, to an extent of at least ten millions, with no diminution but rather an increase in the quantity manufactured and consumed; while the article itself is generally understood to be purchasable in the various leading markets at a price which is either less than the cost of production *plus* the tax, or at rates which cannot honestly admit of any profit on its manufacture.

It is also notorious that smuggling is continually on the increase, and is probably carried on at the present time to a greater extent and more systematically along our coasts and borders than at any former period of our history. In St. John's and Halifax, the fact that a large and increasing business of this kind is going on is no longer a matter of any concealment. Tourists upon the border this summer have had continued intimations that foreign goods of value, but of comparatively little bulk, can be delivered to them at any designated point in the States for a slight advance upon the cost in the Provinces; while journeys are now avowedly taken to the British possessions and to Europe for the purpose of the purchase of clothing, the difference in the cost of a suit of clothes between Montreal and New York being more than sufficient to pay the travelling expenses between the two cities. Any one, furthermore, who has fished or sailed along the Long Island coast or Sound during the past two years, and has been cautiously inquisitive, must have abundantly satisfied himself that, if ship-building and fishing on these waters are not so productive as formerly, the fishermen have made up for their deficiencies in a way that has, in a great degree, ceased to be a mystery.

We desire, finally, to call attention to one other rather singular statement in the speech of Mr. Delano, as reported. He says:

"Observe, further, that in 1868, in the last Administration, the expenses of the Internal Revenue Bureau were $8,387,793 17, while for the first fiscal year of this Administration the same expenses were reduced to $5,916,410 22, making a gross reduction of the cost of collecting the revenue of $2,471,382 95."

Where Mr. Delano obtains the figures for the above statement we do not know; but we do know that they are not in accordance with his own official report, or the report of the Secretary of the Treasury. Thus, in the Internal Revenue report for 1869, C. Delano, Commissioner, page 17, the expenses of collecting the internal revenue for the year 1868 are stated to have been $8,776,814; and for the year 1869 $7,394,395. But of this latter year, eight months were included under the Johnson Administration. For the year 1870, the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, page 18, gives the actual net expenditure of "assessing and collecting internal revenue" at $7,234,531, which makes the actual decrease on a fair comparison $160,863 in place of $2,471,382.

But this method of comparing the annual expenses of the internal revenue, without making any allowance for the work done or the revenues collected, as Mr. Delano does, is obviously unfair; as every one knows that during the four years of the Johnson Administration the taxes were much more numerous and complicated, and required the services of a far greater number of officers than at present. Keeping this fact in view, we find that in 1866 and 1867, when the annual *net* collections were 309 millions and 263 millions respectively, the percentage cost of assessing and collection to net receipts was 2.4 for 1866, and 3.4 for 1867. But in 1869–70, the first full fiscal year of the Grant Administration, the percentage of cost to collections was 3.8; and that, too, when the number of officials in the latter year was very much less than at any time previously, whole districts having been consolidated, and the number of assessments reduced in consequence to an extent of from twenty-five to fifty per cent. We do not, however, assert that this, or any other method of comparing cost with results under the internal revenue, is in all respects fair; but since Mr. Delano has seen fit to present one side of the case for political purposes, he cannot reasonably object to our turning the picture round and showing the other side.

In short, this whole speech, which is paraded as a model of financial perspicuity, is simply a tissue of unfair, sophistical reasoning, in which results which have come about through causes entirely independent of the Administration, and in spite, as it were, of its interference, are attempted to be used for partisan purposes. The people for a time may be deceived by such financial reasoning, but in the end it will be found that such speeches as those of the Hon. Columbus Delano will, like certain old muskets, prove decidedly more dangerous to those who stand at the breech than those who are in front of the muzzle.

THE BOTTOM OF THE GREAT CITY DIFFICULTY.

THE meeting to consider the financial abuses of the government of this city, on Monday evening, was very remarkable for numbers and enthusiasm, but most remarkable for the thoughtful speech of Mr. Ottendorfer, the editor of the *Staats-Zeitung*. He said, and said truly, that there was little use in denouncing or abolishing the Ring if the state of things out of which rings grow was allowed to remain; if the city was to be used as a football by the two political parties; and if, he might have added, its administration was to be for ever based on a set of assumptions which everybody knows to be utterly groundless. The facts of the situation are these:

New York, according to the late census, has 71,342 native voters against 113,266 of foreign birth—a foreign majority of 41,924—the native voters being less than two-thirds of the foreign. The native vote is also affected more by sickness, absence, business engagements, and neglect; the foreign is swelled by the voters generally giving to the canvass attention, zeal, and labor, and, upon the day of election, making the success of their party their pleasure and business. Further than this, a large portion of those classed as native are in effect foreign, being merely native of the Irish or German parts of the city, and bound to the foreign vote by race, religion, and political training. Finally, the tendency of things is, that the proportion of the native vote will diminish and that of the foreign increase, the one class seeking residence in the suburbs, and the other growing denser in the town. It is manifest that, so long as the two remain opposed to each other, and the foreign vote remains undivided, the native, though a unit, must be hopelessly subject to it. As matter of fact, these votes now are opposed to each other, the foreign forming the bulk of one party, and the native forming the bulk of the other.

The voters also consist of two other classes—those who are stockholders and those who are not. For the city, though called a government, is but a corporation. Its debts are a lien upon every man's real property, and the private property of the corporators may yet be sold to pay the public debts of the corporation. It has no power, as true governments have, over the life or liberty of a resident, and has only a restricted authority over property within its corporate limits. It has a few petty powers, enabling it to make petty ordinances, in the nature of police regulations; but it cannot make laws. These powers, moreover, the legislature grants at will, and at will can take away. The object of the corporation is mainly to manage such property as is owned in common—the streets, the parks, the wharves, and the public buildings. Such being the legal status of the city, it presents the extraordinary paradox of a corporation ruled by those who are not corporators, and of corporate indebtedness incurred by those who are not responsible for its payment. New York, to all intents and purposes, is precisely like a railroad company where the passengers elect directors, appoint employees, and incur debts; but where the stockholders, though allowed to vote at the elections and to protest against the indebtedness, are a helpless minority. And it is assumed that because this railroad company is authorized by law to license pawnbrokers, and regulate the sale of liquors within its trains and upon its track, therefore the pawnbrokers, liquor-dealers, and other passengers have a natural and constitutional right to vote down the stockholders and mortgage the road.

Of the passengers who ride on this road, some are honest, many well-meaning, the mass indifferent and ignorant. In appealing to them for redress, the distant stockholders, engaged in other pursuits, and giving but little time to the management of the road, have no chance of success against the ever-present, always-active employees, who make it their daily business to retain their places by managing the

passengers, cajoling one, bribing another, bullying a third. Once or twice in the modern history of the company the employees have quarrelled among themselves, thereby dividing the passenger vote, and enabling the stockholders to carry an election; but never when united have they failed to control the passenger vote and keep themselves in place. At the present time there is excitement because the employees have refused, for a long while, to let the stockholders know the amount of fares and freights collected, and the magnitude of debts incurred. The employees are calm, for they believe that the excitement merely extends to the owners of the road. They know full well that the indifferent passengers will not be greatly exercised by that which does not concern themselves, and for the most part believe that if the stockholders want help they are abundantly able to help themselves. This calmness takes expression in the assurance that the excitement will soon blow over; which means that the uninterested passengers will soon cease to listen to the complainings of the interested stockholders, and will hereafter rule the road as completely as they have ruled it heretofore. Note here that the employees also know full well that if they should limit the sale of liquor on the track, or pull down pawnbrokers' balls, or make these gentry pay for the accidents they cause, instead of compelling the innocent stockholders to foot those bills, then there would be an excitement among the passengers which would not soon blow over. Note, also, lest you confound the analogy, that the rate of fares to be charged and the number of trains to be run are not discretionary with either employees or stockholders, but regulated by law.

I. The first remedy which any sane mind would suggest to correct these abuses would be to place the funds of the city under the control of the men who contribute them: to let the corporation be controlled by those who pay its expenses, to secure to city taxpayers otherwise qualified to vote the exclusive right to vote at charter elections for charter officers, and with respect to charter liabilities. These taxpayers are not a class of society, for they differ in creed, condition, politics, opinions, and constitute what might be termed "responsible society." Having bought their way into New York, and given pledges of their interest in her welfare, it would seem that they should not be robbed of their investments, nor deprived of the inalienable right accorded to most men, to take care of their property and of themselves. But inasmuch as the directness of common sense is apt to be first regarded as theoretic, visionary, and unconstitutional; and inasmuch as there is no constitutional convention now sitting at Albany, it will be useless at this time to consider seriously so simple and efficacious a remedy.

II. The next remedy is that understood to be commended by the *Tribune*—the remedy which in civilized communities men are supposed to seek and be content with—a resort to courts of law. It is said that we must contemplate its efficacy with doubt. To doubt the law as the surest remedy for righting great wrongs in the places of our established civilization, is almost to acknowledge the American Republic a failure, and mankind safer under the late French Empire. If actions could be brought to recover moneys had and received, not only against officials and contractors, but also against members of the legislature, publicly charged with having received the city's money, the effect would be most healthful, no matter what the pecuniary result might be. If the country legislator disposed to be bribed was taught that he might be compelled to run the gauntlet of a lawsuit, with its expenses and exposures, and be brought into court and wrenched and shaken on the witness-stand, he would be inclined to retain the old-fashioned view of virtue and vice. But legal proceedings must be instituted by the law officers of the city and county, the Counsel for the Corporation and the District Attorney; and legal proceedings, where unscrupulous wealth is defendant, and the result doubtful and far off, need to be pressed with skill and ability and invincible resolve. Where the defendants will set up every technical defence, and, regardless of costs, interpose every obstacle and pretext, the plaintiff needs a relentless counsel, with mind and heart unchangeably fixed. Such suits also require courts with judges free to do right, looking toward the substantial ends of justice, who will not long allow pretexts to come between justice and the suitor. And they require officers to summon jurors and execute the process of the court who look to the law as their master. Whether these conditions of successful litigation can be complied with, it is hardly worth while to discuss. If there is a power called the Ring ruling New York, such as is said to exist, that power can undoubtedly replace capable officers by incapable, and honest by dishonest. Such litigation, with our defective judicial system, must be a work of years, and in the course of years so absolute a power can work great changes, if it so desire, in an elected judiciary and with elective law officers. Further investigation of the subject would speedily bring us back to the state of things previously sketched. The simple truth is, that the community of New York is not a unit in this matter, and that the responsible majority care for no such suits being brought, and desire no such result to be reached.

III. The third remedy is that which the *Evening Post* has advocated—a new charter—the intervention of the legislature, a provisional city government (which of course must be only temporary), and then a new "popular government," under which the people of New York shall be allowed to rule and manage the city. With all respect for that able journal, it is difficult to bring these views down to any practical application. If "popular government" means a government under which everybody votes, and the numerical majority rules, such a government the city already has. In structure it is the best the city ever had, bringing the responsibility down to a few conspicuous heads, and finally concentrating it on one. But no structure of government can be devised that will counteract of itself its own maladministration, any more than boilers can be built which drunken engineers cannot blow to pieces. That a great portion of our citizens are honest and well-meaning, having the interests of the city at heart, and being indignant at the conduct of their rulers, may be true. That the united, earnest efforts of all honest men would accomplish much, may also be true. But it is a waste of words to talk to one who has been through such battles as that, for instance, of the Tieman-Wood campaign, of seriously expecting victory, and successive future victories, from this transitory diversion of the enemy's forces. That enemy occupies an entrenched camp, with 100,000 men, well drilled and handled by experienced officers. It is proposed to attack him with 50,000 high-spirited militia, officered by patriotic gentlemen, who have never seen actual service. In cold, plain English, it is impossible. The *Times*, *Post*, and *Tribune* might give their entire columns to the cause, and teem with earnest and eloquent editorials for months, but there are 100,000 voters who never read *Post*, *Tribune*, or *Times*. Where are the 100,001 to overcome them? Arithmetic is not pleasant reading, but it cannot be refuted by rhetoric.

IV. The fourth remedy is a vigilance committee. This is a startling thing to say; but if the judiciary shall cease to administer legal justice, and the legislative power can grant no relief, the revolution of force must sooner or later follow. No community suffers for ever. The Anglo-Saxon race has never consented long to stand still and be robbed, and has cared little whether the robber was highwayman or king, corporation or parliament. In our Western towns, the vigilance committee came quickly to administer justice when the courts ceased to do so. No one can predict when the remedy of force will or will not be resorted to. New York may now be much nearer to it than most men suspect. But the resort to force would be a great and awful calamity, undeserving the name of remedy, and is enumerated here only as an incentive to find that which may bring a lasting and peaceful reform.

We suggested two weeks ago what we believe to be the best thing practicable in the existing state of public opinion in the State at large which is to furnish the majority of the legislature. That this is a radical remedy, however, we do not believe, nor do we believe that the radical remedy will be reached till sorrowful experience and much discussion shall have brought about a more rational mode of dealing with political and social problems than now prevails. The root of the trouble which now afflicts New York, and which before the close of the century will, we venture to predict, afflict every large city in the country, is to be found in our adoption and adhesion to the absurd mediæval tradition that a city is a political community and

should be governed as such. A city was a political community when cities were really fortresses and the inhabitants were a garrison, constantly in arms to repel the aggressions of their neighbors in the country and resist the exactions of their own government. No such state of things prevails in our day. The inhabitants of no modern city, and especially of no commercial city, are held together by political bonds such as those which united the mediæval burghers, from whom our politicians borrow their talk about "municipal rights" and municipal independence. New York, for instance, is a place in which large numbers of merchants, traders, and manufacturers have settled for the carrying on of their business. The streets, houses, warehouses, and wharves are the implements of their business. It is their duty and their interest to keep the streets paved, drained, lighted, and swept, the piers in good repair, and the markets in good order. It ought to be left to them—that is, to the owners of houses—to do all this at their own expense and within certain limits in their own way. The vast horde of persons who swarm here to pick up a living, and who now vote away all this property, without having any direct interest in it, should have nothing to do with the management of municipal affairs any more than with those of a railroad on which they travel. They are citizens of the State. The State is bound to protect them in the enjoyment of all their political rights, on Broadway as much as on the Hudson River Railroad, and to see that the taxpayers make proper provision for their safety and comfort in their goings and comings. But calling on them to elect the city government and vote the city taxes has been for many years a ridiculous anachronism. It was sure to end, before long, in open and undisguised robbery. It has already done so, and we cannot say we are sorry. It brings us nearer to the day when we shall legislate like rational beings on the facts of human nature and of human experience.

In the meantime, the first thing to be done, and especially by the Republicans, is, as far as we can, to take municipal affairs out of party politics; and, if we may make a suggestion to our brethren of the Republican press, we will say that the first step towards this is the absolute abandonment of their much-loved theory, that a man who holds Democratic opinions must be favorable to corruption. It is true that all horse-thieves, as old Dr. Dwight said, are Democrats, but it is not true that all Democrats are horse-thieves; and we shall never have their co-operation in reform measures till we give up so considering them.

FRANCE.—THE PROLONGATION OF THE EXECUTIVE.

PARIS, August 18.

IT is a painful task to witness and to describe the state of the political world in France. In the physical world, you can fairly hope to solve a problem when you know all the properties of the definite bodies which are involved in the same phenomenon; but among Frenchmen, as among all Latin races, there seem to be no definite properties in politics, no natural elements—the molecules change continually, by a sort of mystic process, their weight, their form, their color. Take the case of Spain. The revolution which upset the corrupted government of Isabella *seemed* to have a very determinate object: it was made by the friends of the Duc de Montpensier, apparently to put the Duc de Montpensier on the throne, in the character of a liberal, tolerant, and constitutional sovereign. What happened in reality? As soon as the Cortes met, they split in factions; every statesman, if we can give such a name to Serrano, Prim, Olozaga, and others who are merely individuals, tried to make the best possible bargain with the new sovereign. To-day the Duc de Montpensier is in a quiet village of the Pyrenees, almost in exile, and Spain, after having looked for a king, has found one at last in Italy; but the pride of the Spanish nation suffers under a foreign dynasty, which has no association with its own history. The beginning and the end of the Spanish revolution are in contradiction with each other; they do not seem to be chapters of the same drama. Statesmanship has been fairly beaten by individualism.

Individualism is also claiming its rights in France. In an evil hour, when everything seemed lost, Thiers offered himself to France as a saviour; he was willing to sign a dishonorable peace; he asked for no high honors, for no personal distinctions; he accepted, he said, power as sacrifice, as a duty. He told the Chamber at Bordeaux that he would be nothing but its servant. If ever a Chamber could obtain an absolute sovereignty, it was that Chamber, meeting after so many disasters, when everybody had failed, when Napoleon III. was a prisoner, when the government of the 4th September had been compelled to capitulate. France was like a *tabula rasa*. The political edifice had been shattered to its very foundations; it was necessary to build a new one. Such at least would have been the advice of statesmanship. Real statesmen would have told the people honestly: Consult your own minds, reflect well, let us have a settled government, the government of your own free will—a *real* republic or a *real* monarchy. The national will in such a crisis ought to find no revolutionary opposition. If there is one, we will crush it without mercy in the name of all that is sacred in every country. A government so founded, when all hearts were still exalted, purified by misfortune, could have lived. If the country had freely chosen the Republic, what pretender would have denied its right and dared to put his ambition before the will of France? If it had chosen constitutional monarchy as a shelter and a better place of safety against monarchical Europe as well as against socialism, all honest republicans would have been bound to submit to such a decision. But individualism crept in and opposed any decision; it felt instinctively that a decision taken under such solemn circumstances was without appeal; and it preferred the uncertainties of an unsettled future to the certainties of a settlement.

An American mind can, I suppose, hardly understand the perverse temptations of a revolutionary state of things. Your statesmen are like married men who are faithful to their wives, and know all they have to expect from them; to our political men, politics seems like a mistress ever young and ever-changing. Each revolution may add something to their fame, to their fortune, to their influence. It has absolutely come to this that they prefer everything to a domestic *status in quo*. There are, of course, hundreds of deputies who think better, but they are not the leaders of opinion; they are the unknown members, whose political cowardice is even greater than their honesty. Many of them left their native towns to go to Bordeaux, fully determined to proclaim a constitutional king; but as soon as they found themselves among the *Dii majores* of the political Olympus, they lost their liberty. They named Thiers chief of the executive of the Republic, though they were adverse to a republic; now they are asked to name him President of the Republic for three years, and perhaps they will do it. At Bordeaux, M. Thiers told them that they must reorganize France and not reconstitute; which means that they must proclaim no definitive form of government, frame no definitive constitution. Now his friends come forward and present to the Chamber what cannot be looked upon as different from a constitution. Hitherto the powers of M. Thiers have been vague and undefined; he was nothing more than the servant of the house, a first minister charged with executive powers; and even in his executive capacity he was always subject to the orders of the Assembly. But if the Rivet proposition is voted, he will be really the president of a republic; his power will be unassailable by the Chamber during a certain period, and the Assembly will have no other method of resisting him than the suicidal method of dissolution. And, in this case, there is very little doubt that M. Thiers, remaining alone in power during the electoral period, will manage the elections exactly as the Empire used to do.

The Rivet proposition amounts, therefore, not only to the virtual proclamation of the Republic, but it institutes a republic which is more after the model of some South American governments than after the model of the United States or of Switzerland—a republic in name, a personal government in fact. Was I wrong when I said that individualism had taken the place of statesmanship among us? M. Thiers is no more willing to abandon his place to another President of the Republic than to a king. He has no real faith in the republican form of government; he has attacked it all his life. He believes it to be fitted only for semi-civilized nations; at least, he always did believe so; and it is rather singular that he should have changed his mind only when it suited his personal ambition to do so. He knows better than anybody that the great mass of the Conservatives in France dread the very name of Republic, which is identified with the Terror of the past and the Commune of the present; that after his own Republic, which he himself calls the Republic without republicans, there may come the Republic of Gambetta, which will not be without republicans, and may throw France back into the arms of a Napoleon IV. All the monarchical members of the Assembly know all this too; they must see that if they name M. Thiers President of the Republic, it will not matter much if they add that this settlement is only a temporary one. Every agitation for the monarchy will be immediately

treated as a conspiracy, and even be looked upon with uneasiness by the more timid Conservatives. They have been once deceived at Bordeaux; and now, with their eyes wide open, they are drifting toward new delusions.

Correspondence.

MR. BOUTWELL AND THE "NATION."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Do you care to know what your readers think of your writings?

Let me thank you for your good service against Butler, for he is a most contemptible demagogue, it seems to me. But I cannot understand your course toward Boutwell. I have known him personally for fourteen years, and he seems to me one of the manliest men we have in Washington. He *is* a "business man," for it was purely as such that he achieved his success in the Massachusetts Legislature, and was elected Governor of the State. His legal studies (formal) came later—only about ten or twelve years ago, I think.

After the doubts expressed by the *Nation* last spring upon the question of getting money on the new loan, when money was worth 6½ to 7, and bade fair to remain at that price (views in which I concurred), it seems to me that it would be more noble to "own up" than to be taking every means to belittle the success which Mr. Boutwell has made of it. That editorial on the "Syndicate" is certainly worthy of some member of a "first-class" banking-house not included among those solicited to aid in placing the loan. I do not suppose it was indited by any such person: but that and other articles read as if somebody "did" the finances of the *Nation* who was so prejudiced against Mr. Boutwell as to be *incapable* of doing him justice.—Very respectfully,

S. M. Freeland.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 2, 1871.

[Our hostility to Mr. Boutwell is of long standing, as every reader of the *Nation* knows, and, it is perhaps well to add, is not in the least personal, but purely professional. It is now almost necessary even for a man who is pursuing a mad dog—we mean nothing disrespectful to Mr. Boutwell by this illustration—to declare loudly, in order to induce bystanders to join in the chase, that he himself has not been bitten, but is trying to kill it on public grounds. The causes of our hostility are these:

1. Mr. Boutwell's *à priori* unfitness for the Treasury Department, which he got for the simple and absurd reason that he was "a Radical." It is true, in the earlier part of his life he was a "business man"—that is, the keeper of a small country store; he has since been simply a professional politician; and to talk of him as a "business man," meaning thereby that his business career has been of a kind to prepare him to be the financial minister of a great nation, is highly disingenuous.

2. His steady, determined opposition, which he takes no pains to conceal, to civil service reform; his faith, which he openly avows, in the present corrupt and degrading system; and the silly arguments—such, for instance, as the usefulness of the Government offices in helping young men to enter the professions—by which he has defended it in his reports.

3. His narrowness and ignorance—as displayed in his belief, astounding in a Secretary of the Treasury, that there is no such thing as a science of political economy, and no use in statistics; in his refusal to allow the Treasury to give information to be used in legislating on the income-tax; and in his treatment of Mr. Wells, whose expulsion from office he procured, although that gentleman was the first person, and the only person, who had collected reliable information as to the economical condition of the country, for the guidance of Congress and the people, at a time of extraordinary financial perplexity.

4. His believing, or affecting to believe, that he could, if authorized, borrow $1,500,000,000 at five, four, and four and a half per cent., and procuring legislation in aid of his experiment; and his permitting reports to be circulated during a whole year afterwards, that the loan was in a fair way of being taken; and his finally issuing $200,000,000 of the above amount as a "new loan" to a "Syndicate," he well knowing that it was a small scrap of the old loan, which he was trying to place by extraordinary and still doubtful and unexplained expedients. We are very glad to have the United States borrow $200,000,000 at five per cent., but, before we praise Mr. Boutwell for bringing it about, we need to know more than we know now of the cost of the operation, of its legal correctness, and of the nature of the relations of the Treasury to the "Syndicate." On all these points there are widespread suspicions, which he would do well to clear away. And does Mr. Freeland recollect how many millions of the two hundred millions were taken by the national banks under pressure of an intimidating circular sent round to them by the Secretary's financial agents? Does he suppose that Mr. Boutwell can truthfully deny that in placing the last $70,000,000 of the $200,000,000 he has violated the law of Congress authorizing the new loan, and forbidding him to incur in placing it an expense greater than one half of one per cent. of the amount placed?

5. His failure to make any efforts for a return to specie payments.

6. His disregard of the law of the land, openly avowed in a recently made decision, in which he says:

"It is also suggested in the argument of counsel for claimant that, inasmuch as the claim has been passed by the accounting officer, the Secretary of the Treasury has no discretion in the matter, and that it is his duty to sign the warrant and to allow the payment to be made, whether or not such payment is approved by his own judgment. This theory of the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury cannot be admitted. Every Secretary of the Treasury, as I am informed, has practically recognized it to be his duty to pass upon all claims, as far as they are brought to his notice; and in no instance, in the history of the Government, has this power on the part of the Secretary of the Treasury been waived. Such is my conviction of the necessity for its occasional exercise, that I shall do nothing calculated to impair the authority of the Department in this particular."

The law on this point is the following:

"An act to amend an act entitled 'An act to provide for the prompt settlement of public accounts,' approved March three, eighteen hundred and seventeen.

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the act of March three, eighteen hundred and seventeen, entitled 'An act to provide for the prompt settlement of public accounts,' shall not be construed to authorize the heads of departments to change or modify the balances that may be certified to them by the Commissioner of Customs or the Comptroller of the Treasury, but that such balances, when stated by the Auditor and properly certified by the Comptroller as provided by that act, shall be taken and *considered as final and conclusive upon the executive branch of the Government, and be subject to revision only by Congress or the proper courts: provided*, That the head of the proper department, before signing a warrant for any balance certified to him by a comptroller, may submit to such comptroller any facts in his judgment affecting the correctness of such balance, but the decision of the Comptroller thereon shall be final and conclusive, as hereinbefore provided.

"Approved March 30, 1868."

This is plain and explicit, and certainly it should not have escaped the Secretary's notice. But to leave no room for doubt either as to the law on this subject or the practice of the Government under the law relating to it, we call attention to a little piece of history of which the Secretary is, we trust, ignorant. During the third session of the Fortieth Congress, the Second Comptroller adjusted and allowed revised claims for money due for army transportation to the payment of which the Quartermaster-General was earnestly opposed. The statute above quoted rendered the adjustments and settlements thus made final and conclusive. This was during Andrew Johnson's Administration, which was accused of something akin to contempt for statutory enactments when they stood in its way. But this statute was so plain and positive that it could not be evaded or disregarded. The Secretary of War, at the instigation of the Quartermaster-General, sent to Congress a communication suggesting that the statute be repealed or modified. That communication was, like the same same request on one or two previous occasions in our history, referred to the Committee of the House of Representatives on the Revision of the Laws, of which an excellent lawyer, Judge Poland, of Vermont, was chairman, and of which Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, and Judge Woodward, of Pennsylvania, were members. In February, 1869, that committee made its report, a portion of which we here insert, as follows. The law, and the reason of the law, the committee thus made plain:

"By the act of March 3, 1817, the offices of accountants in the War and Navy Departments were abolished, and it was provided that thereafter 'all claims and demands whatever by the United States or against them, and all accounts whatever in which the United States are concerned, either as debtors or creditors, shall be settled and adjusted in the Treasury Department.'

"This act provided for the appointment of an additional comptroller and four auditors, making in all two comptrollers and five auditors, and entire and complete jurisdiction over the settlement and adjustment of all the claims and demands above-mentioned was vested in these officers.

"This system of settling public accounts has been in operation from 1817 to the present time.

"The act provided for no appeal to, or revision by, the Secretary of the Treasury, or the head of any department in which the claim originated, and it is evident, from the language used, that the final decision by these officers was to be conclusive, except by a resort to Congress or the courts.

"The committee are satisfied that it was the intent of the framers of the act of 1817 to establish a tribunal for the settlement and adjustment of accounts against the Government that should be wholly independent of, and in no way subject to, control or revision by those departments or officers by whom the public expenditures and liabilities are incurred.

"The special provisions of many subsequent acts show that such was the understanding of Congress. The leading principle upon which this system of accounting and adjustment was established appears to have been that all accounts, involving the expenditure and disbursement of public moneys, should be settled and adjusted by officers holding under appointments independent of the heads of departments, and who, themselves, had nothing to do with the disbursements. In short, they designed to prevent officers who made or directed the expenditure from having any voice or influence in judging of the legality or rightfulness of it, and such check was necessary to insure a judicious and honest expenditure of the public funds.

"As a general rule, this interpretation of the act of 1817 has prevailed ever since its passage. We do not find that it has ever been questioned by anybody except the War Department. There has been an occasional restiveness in that department at being subject to the decision of these accounting officers upon accounts arising in the Quartermaster-General's office.

"As early as 1823, the question was raised as to the conclusiveness of an adjudication by the accounting officers of the Treasury Department upon an account arising in the Quartermaster's Department, and the question was referred to Mr. Wirt, then Attorney-General. The whole subject was fully and exhaustively considered by him in an elaborate opinion, and the conclusion reached that the adjudication of claims by the accounting officers of the Treasury was final and conclusive, and binding upon all the executive departments of the Government.

"In the judgment of the committee, the present system of public accounting (which has worked so satisfactorily, with few interruptions, for more than half a century) ought not to be disturbed, and [it is their opinion] that the act of March 30, 1868, which was designed to prevent such interruptions in the future, was just and wise, and that no necessity exists for its repeal or modification."

Such is the law, such the reason of it, and such Mr. Boutwell's coolly avowed attitude towards it.

7. A series of evasions and misrepresentations which have issued from the Treasury Department, which we have commented on elsewhere, and of which Mr. Boutwell must bear part of the responsibility, for in all that relates to moneys and accounts, silence or acquiescence which misleads is as culpable as words which mislead.

8. His taking away the foreign banking business of the Government from the Barings, one of the greatest banking firms in the world, which had for nearly a century transacted it with probity and honor, and giving it suddenly to a new and comparatively unknown firm, which first raised its head in this city during the gold excitement of the war, and has had a footing in Europe for twelve calendar months, or thereabouts, and giving, through the columns of the press, or allowing to be given, in justification of this change, a ridiculous and utterly false story—which was formally contradicted when it first saw the light, three years ago—about the agent of the Barings knocking Mr. Seward up in the night, during the war, to get payment of a small balance which the State Department had overdrawn.—Ed. Nation.]

MILTON'S VIEWS OF CHURCH GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I was somewhat surprised to find in the *Nation* of August 10 the inexact statement that John Milton was a Presbyterian. We have abundant proof that he was, like Cromwell, doctrinally and politically an Independent. Dexter and other writers on Congregational polity refer to him as one of their modern authorities. His "Christian Doctrine," and other works on church order, maintain views now recognized as substantially Congregational.

But this error is one of political history as well as of church order. It is one very like that which Dr. Bacon corrects when he discriminates between the Puritans and the Plymouth Pilgrims. There was a considerable opposition in views and conduct between Presbyterians and Independents in the years immediately preceding and following the death of King Charles. Milton's views on one point of division are tersely summed up in that famous line:

"New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large."

The death of the king was demanded by the Independents and opposed by the Presbyterians. Milton not only defended the act when accomplished, in his two "Defences," but wrote just previous his "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," designed, in part, to show that the Presbyterians had acted inconsistently. Other passages in his writings are of the same purport. F. Hurd.

Orford, Iowa, Aug. 17, 1871.

[Mr. Masson says, p. 376: "It [the pamphlet entitled 'The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty,' published in 1641] informs us that Milton was at this time a kind of Presbyterian. The form of church government which he then desired to see set up in England was one somewhat after the model of the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland, as restored by Henderson and the Glasgow Assembly of 1638. As this is a fact not generally recognized, and as Milton afterwards snapped his connection with Presbyterianism and turned round upon it with fury as no better than Episcopacy, it may be well to bring the matter out by specific quotation.

"At the very outset of his pamphlet Milton declares the question respecting church government to be 'whether it ought to be Presbyterial or Prelatical'; nay, shortly afterwards (chap. iii.) he has a sentence which shows that, at this time, there was little thought, either in his mind or in that of people round him, of the possibility of any form of church government that should not be definable as the one or the other of these two. 'This position,' he says, 'is to be first laid down as granted, that one of these two, and none other, is of God's ordaining.'" It probably will not require argument to show that Milton was *not* an Episcopalian. . . . But he is more specific," Mr. Masson says further on. "Not only does he think of councils or general assemblies over a whole country as the court of last resort in cases of church dispute, but he thinks of such assemblies as constituted or led up to by smaller and more local bodies, each acting on the same principle of free debate and vote. 'Of such a council as this,' he says, speaking of a council of the church over a large tract of territory, 'every parochial consistory is a right homogeneous and constituting part; being in itself, as it were, a little synod.'"

This is being "a pronounced Presbyterian." Undoubtedly it would have been better if we had added, "at this period of his life." But a glance at the context will show that we had in mind his views on *doctrine*, not on *discipline*. We are glad, however, of this opportunity to bring out a point which we did not make sufficiently clear in our former article.—Ed. Nation.]

THE FEDERAL ARMY'S INTERFERENCE IN LOUISIANA POLITICS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The demand you make in the first article of your issue of the 24th inst. for the removal of Marshal Packard and Collector Casey clearly shows that you were not in possession of as accurate information regarding the "musket mistake" as was at your command when, in a following article, you forcibly proved the carpet-bag government of this State to be a curse alike to our people and the Republican party, by simply stating one of the many truthful charges that are made against it. Before the supposition you start out with is made, you must know that the troops were technically in the custom-house to "protect the Government property," but really to overawe the "Thugs" of 1866, who, under various guises, had been employed by the Governor, through his supporters, to enable him to browbeat the Dunn majority upon the temporary organization and gain control of the convention by appointing a committee on credentials who would not hesitate to seat a sufficient number of his bogus delegates to let him have his own way. Every well-informed man in the city of New Orleans, of whatever party, will tell you that the presence of those troops *prevented a riot*. But as the troops could not have been legally used to protect the lives of the Dunn delegates, even had a riot taken place, the

Marshal got over the difficulty by employing, without expense to the Government, a large number of deputy marshals to "protect the United States Court room" (and doubtless to fight if necessary), and ordered them to admit no one until half an hour before the hour fixed for the meeting of the convention, and then to admit only those having tickets. Every delegate, and every pretended delegate, received a ticket, thus admitting to the hall only those persons claiming seats in the convention. This was as fair for one side as the other, and had the excellent object in view of excluding the dreaded Thugs. "Warmoth and his Republicans needed" no "nerve" to enforce their right to enter the convention hall; they needed the desire to do it under circumstances that would give the other wing immunity from intimidation. Warmoth came to the hall as a contesting delegate, with his ticket in his hand, two hours before the time, and was told he would have to wait until the hour for opening the hall should arrive, the same thing that was told, under precisely the same circumstances, to more than forty Dunn delegates. With this pretext, this chief of intimidators drew off and sent up a howl of "military intimidation," which has been re-echoed and magnified by newspapers whose inaccurate knowledge of our dreadful situation, or whose overweening desire to make a point against Gen. Grant, have led them to give their great support to the carpet-bag oppressor of the honest but misused and misrepresented colored masses. You of the North must remember that all that money power and brains can do to deceive you in regard to the deplorable condition of Louisiana affairs has been and will be done. You must know that the Dunn party embraces almost every colored man in the State, except a few leaders, who are jealous of Dunn, and hold lucrative positions under Warmoth, but that it is very poor, has no newspaper, and no powerful friend save Grant. This "Dunn movement" is a rebellion on the part of these betrayed black men against Mr. Greeley's "thieving carpet-baggers," and whoever insists upon the removal of Marshal Packard and Collector Casey practically insists upon perpetuating the almost dictatorial power which that class of adventurers have concentrated into the hands of their ingenious chief, the Governor. I was a Dunn delegate, and I earnestly declare I never would have trusted my life near the convention had it assembled at any other place in the city, or without the precaution taken by Marshal Packard, who would doubtless gladly suffer decapitation in order to win the crown of a martyr to honesty and with it the next Governorship of the State. But what I started out to ask the *Nation* is this: Knowing, as the Dunn men did certainly know, that unless troops were present they would either have to suffer intimidation and see their slim majority overruled by fraud, or be killed, what should they have done? Does it pay to wait until you are killed before you appeal for protection from the threats of your legally constituted protector? If a "loyal" Governor unquestionably demands of a political convention an endorsement of himself or the blood of its members, should the convention appeal to the President for protecting troops and Gatling guns, or submit to the Governor's practical dictatorship? Should the President remove the Marshal for having the nerve to risk his official and physical head in behalf of the people and liberty, or should he merely reprove him for not appealing directly to the President and squarely stating the purpose for which the troops were wanted? In a State where the entire legislative and judicial departments are despotically concentrated into the hands of a usurping Governor, if the General Government cannot at any time, and under any circumstances, protect the lives of any of its citizens against anybody, be he a Governor, what is the use of having a flag or a President? In short, "are we a nation?" I will close with the prediction that when this farce has sufficiently disclosed the venality of our carpet-bag government to force the national Republican party to repudiate it, and side with the colored men and the taxpaying whites against it, you will then acknowledge that those forty soldiers at the Custom-house have won a bloodless victory for the cause of genuine liberty, second only in importance to the taking of Vicksburg or the surrender of Lee.

A Carpet-Bagger.

New Orleans, August 28, 1871.

Notes.

Two prolific New England families, the Lymans and the Howes, have lately held reunions at the homes of their forefathers, in pursuance of a custom which may now almost be called time-honored, and which will certainly be confirmed by these rather notable observances of it. The origin of this (if we are not mistaken) peculiarly Yankee notion is doubtless traceable to the genealogies and town histories upon which New Englanders have bestowed unparalleled industry and research. But these have only fostered a feeling which must have existed previously, and by virtue of which two men of the same name could not meet each other without enquiring into their relationship, and doing their best to connect themselves with one or other of the four brothers (the Howe tradition variously gave from four to nine) who came over to this country from England. Doubtless, too, this feeling coexisted with a prejudice against giving publicity to family details, some of which were and deserved to remain family secrets, which no one would be justified in putting into print. The New England Historical and Genealogical Society encountered a great deal of this sort of opposition at the start, but the shelves of its library show how thoroughly it overcame it. The family conventions now go a step further, even, for a man may confess his kinship with another and see it published with indifference, and yet have a very decided objection to making his acquaintance or sitting under the same tent and at the same table with him, and celebrating the accident of a common name. No such scruples, apparently, marred the harmony of the two most recent gatherings, and we are bound to conclude that they were useful as social festivities, and as binding together by a natural and honorable tie those whom the great New England swarming has dispersed to all parts of the continent. We only regret that no appearance upon the scene was made by Mr. Wm. Parsons Lunt, of Boston, or his agent, offering for sale the very ingenious and too little known invention of Mr. Wm. H. Whitmore, called "Ancestral Tablets," the most tempting blank record ever devised to promote attention to genealogy. Mr. Lunt's limited edition could scarcely have satisfied the probable demand for this publication of his.

—Following the example of the other magazines, and "having considered the great number of requests which have been made for illustrated articles, and having already secured a number of competent artists," the *Overland* will in future be, to a greater or less extent, an illustrated magazine. The publishers intend to give pictures only of such places and objects as will have special interest for readers on both sides of the Atlantic. Inasmuch as California is rich in places, and objects, and personages which have special interest for outsiders, no requisite for the success of the new enterprise is wanting, except, first, the competent artists, about whom the publishers seem to be so sanguine; and then competent engravers, who shall not do what a large majority of our Eastern engravers do—spoil the artist's design, namely; and then competent printers, who shall not do as our Eastern printers do—assist the engravers to interpose thick darkness between the public and the artist. Take the best of our Eastern engravers, and much of an improvement as his work is over that of most of his brethren, he still runs the one ploughshare over everything in a way to agonize most artists. This is partly the artists' fault, to be sure, who will not be brought not to expect too much from engraving, nor to work for the block intelligently; but engravers and printers are largely to blame. The September *Overland*, in which we find this announcement—and which usually comes to hand a little late for notice with the other magazines—will be found pleasant and interesting. Mrs. Yelverton continues her account of the sisterhood among whom she lived while her husband was with his regiment before Sebastopol, and, although it is not to be called exciting, it may be read with pleasure, because of the fortunate subject, to say nothing of the interest attaching to the writer. "Shakes" is a proof of Mr. Bret Harte's popularity; but the imitation, while giving sufficient proof of that writer's imitableness, is but indifferent, and the story is poor. Its publication and the inferiority of the book-reviews show that the editorial work is done with less care than when Mr. Harte was the *Overland's* editor. Nevertheless, the magazine is, on the whole, and in its essential features, as worthy of attention as at any previous time. Senator Cole writes well about Turk's Island and the salt-makers; and Miss Josephine Clifford's description of her trip to Texas is agreeable reading. Some of the matter is distinctly padding; but "The Parks of London" and "Hobbies and their Riders" will nevertheless be liked a little, and in "Queer Sights and Ways in Peking" there is something new. An article concerning Puget Sound, another about "Captain Hall's Arctic Expedition," another about Brigham Young, and one entitled "An Ornithologist in Mexico," together with some verses, make up the magazine, which has, it will be seen, a varied table of contents, and may properly be commended as not bad reading for the railroad and steamboat. Those who are not tired of the Mormon question will find in the September *Harper's* a better article than the one in the *Overland*, though neither is good, both being obscure, and lacking in fulness as well as clearness. So far as we can make out, it yearly becomes plainer that the success of Mormonism is very

intimately connected with Brigham Young's continuance in life, and that, whether Young lives or dies, the prospect is good for its burial in the mines which are now rapidly opening in Utah. United States laws and officials, too, as well as the swarms of Gentile miners carried to Utah by the railroad, which has destroyed the isolation of the prophet, are assisting in the ruin of Young's polity, and some of his saints are in open rebellion against him. All signs indicate the speedy downfall of the system. The writer in the *Overland* is a woman, and, like other female observers in Utah, asserts the unhappiness of the Mormon women. It is, doubtless, too late to say anything to Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt as to her way of making her verses perfectly enigmatical. We defy any one to understand her poem in this *Overland*.

—John Lyly, or Lilly—whom most of our readers will know for his song of "Cupid and My Campaspe played at cards for kisses"—will be less known to some of them as the clever author of "Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit," and "Euphues and his England," than as the person whom Scott thought he was ridiculing when he depicted the fantastic and pedantically quaint courtier, Sir Piercie Shafton, and whom Shakespeare, it is commonly said, ridicules in his Don Adriano de Armado, in "Love's Labor Lost." A recent English work makes it doubtful if Shakespeare did not, on the contrary, much admire Lyly. Certainly, if imitation, which is held to be the most delicate flattery, because the sincerest, may be taken as evidence of admiration, Shakespeare thought well of Euphues. This is well pointed out by Mr. William Rushton, who, in his "Shakspeare's Euphuism," recently published by Longmans & Co., collates passages in the plays with parallel passages from Lyly's books. Thus, in the advice of Euphues to Philautas, Euphues says, "Be not lavish in thy tongue"; and Polonius says to Laertes in "Hamlet," "Give thy thoughts no tongue." Euphues says, "Be not quarellous for every light occasion; they [the English] never fight without provoking, and once provoked, they never cease." Polonius says, "Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but being in, bear't that the opposed may beware of thee." Shakspeare was too good an Englishman to bestow the praise of never giving over on the French. Euphues says, "It shall there be better to hear what they say than to speak what thou thinkest"; and Polonius says, "Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice." In most of these cases, Shakspeare has clearly bettered his instruction, but as clearly he had it; and it was worth having.

—In all this there is nothing of Sir Piercie Shafton, nor of Armado. We may here remark that a far better critical opinion than that which identifies Lyly with Shakespeare's Don Adriano, makes the Don and likewise his companion in folly, the schoolmaster Holofernes, to be the caricature portraits of the "Resolute" John Florio, dictionary-maker, tutor, and courtier. As courtier he is the Don, as teacher Holofernes; and Shakespeare, it seems probable, brought his foolish figure on the stage less for anything truly valuable to a comedy-maker that he saw in him, than because Florio had seen fit to attack the English theatre. But in other parts of Lyly we may see, not indeed the utmost degree of the fault which Shakespeare satirized, but a degree of it which, when exaggerated by imitators of less brains than Lyly, would hardly be much caricatured in the speeches of the Don. Doubtless Lyly himself was disposed by nature and education to set manner above matter, and his inclination was increased by the rudeness of speech which he observed everywhere about him. Examples of his elaborate quaintness are well given by Dr. R. F. Weymouth, the author of a lecture entitled "On Euphuism"—published in London by Asher & Co.—who, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has discovered and made clear what Morley, Marsh, and Craik have failed to see—namely, that the special character of the antithesis which is a principal feature of Lyly's style, is the combination with it of artful alliteration, so as to make the corresponding word in the same clauses of his sentences begin with the same letter, thus producing "a transverse alliteration rather than longitudinal." For example, take a quotation from the title-page of "Euphues and his England:" "Delightful to be *r*ead and nothing hurtful to be *r*egarded, wherein there is small *o*ffence by *l*ightness given to the *w*ise and less *o*ccasion of *l*ooseness proffered to the *w*anton." Consonance also Lyly affected, as in delight*ful*, hurt*ful*; light*ness*, loose*ness*. Far-fetched allusion was another thing that helped him to his ruin. For further specimens of Shakspeare's indebtedness to Lyly, compare his "Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds," with Lyly's saying that "the fattest ground brings forth nothing but weeds." This, to be sure, might well be a common proverb. But hardly so in this case: Shakespeare says, 'Far from her nest the lapwing cries away"; Lyly, "The lapwing flyeth with a false cry far from their (the young lapwings') nest." "One drop of poison disperseth itself into every vein," says Lyly; Shakespeare has it, "A dram of poison will disperse itself through all the veins"; Lyly, "Women either love entirely or hate deadly"; Shakespeare, "If she did not hate him deadly she would love him dearly." Both Mr. Rushton's and Doctor Weymouth's works will be welcomed—the one more warmly, perhaps, by the strictly Shakspearian scholar, but both by the general student of literature.

—Mr. Rushton's book above mentioned will rouse in some minds the question of how far authors are justified in taking other men's thoughts and expressions and using them as if their own. Saying that "wherever he found anything addressed to William Shakespeare he took it without scruple," or that "Molière took his own goods wherever he found them," is to say the truth, no doubt, but still leaves us without a rule for trying the merits of a case of plagiarism. Take, for instance, Mr. Charles Reade's case. The plot of his recent novel he got, as a correspondent of the *Nation* has shown, from a forgotten English novel. A correspondent of the *Times* has shown, that all of Mr. Reade's curious description of a machine for governing the thoughts and feelings of distant persons whom the malignant owners of the machine might wish to torture, he has simply "lifted" from a book written by a real lunatic, who published his crazy dream in London some years ago. No wonder the *Athenæum's* critic found this part of "A Terrible Temptation" very creditable to Mr. Reade's imaginative power, and almost as if it had been written by a madman. Still another correspondent writes to us, that all that portion of Mr. Reade's novel called "Put Yourself in his Place" which details the breaking of a dam and [the rush of the water down a valley which it devastates in its course, preceded by a wild cry of warning, closely resembles a passage in a novel written years ago by still another author, and republished last year by Harper & Brothers, under a title changed from something else to "A Beggar on Horseback." And so of others of his books. Now, was it right for Mr. Reade to put himself into such a position as to get credit for abilities which he may or may not possess? This is what he did when he eviscerated the madman's book. May we "convey" from everybody except those so rich that we cannot ruin them by our filching? May we take what we like, on condition only that we make a better use of it than the original owner? Something like this last would seem to be the rule; the penalty for violating it perhaps being that, by-and-by, some one comes, points out your borrowings, and shows that, no matter how great you may be, you are no miracle; that there are no independent fountains in the history of the human intellect, but rather a continuous stream, fed by rain-drops and every little brook that evaporation and condensation feed; that the makers of moralities, and the interlude-makers, and the playwrights, and euphuists, and novelists, and a people hungry for drama and a time favorable to its production, must first exist and work and unite before a Shakespeare for instance is possible.

—The speeches at the Scott celebration in Edinburgh were not particularly felicitous, but were fairly good; as good as was to be expected. Sir William Maxwell-Stirling spoke to the toast of the evening in a set oration, too biographical and full of details, but in which was collected some information not very generally known. Thus, he stated that when land is to be sold in any district of the Scott countries [in Great Britain, we presume], the novelist's scenes and characters therewith connected, and even his passing allusions, are carefully chronicled in the advertisements, and duly inventoried in the title-deeds of the estate. On coming to speak of the voluminousness of Scott's works, and the rapidity and ease with which he wrote, the orator remarked that two acute and competent observers, Hazlitt, the critic, and Captain Basil Hall, were inclined to attribute to him something of supernatural power—an assertion which, as oratorical, we may suffer to pass, especially as the orator added that Captain Hall, who kept a copious diary, observed that once, when at Abbotsford, he himself wrote in a day about as much manuscript as Scott considered a fair day's work, and so ceased to marvel. Quality, however, as well as quantity, Captain Hall should have taken into account. As Scott once said to his amanuensis, Willie Laidlaw—who, in his impatience to hear what was coming, would say, "Come, sir, get on, get on"—"Hout, Willie, ye forget I have to invent the story." It is true that much of Scott's English is the English of dictation, and not of careful composition, and that James Ballantyne was a proof-reader out of ten thousand and very serviceable to his great friend, but still neither in matter nor manner were the novels, even as first written, very much like Captain Hall's "copious journals." Sir William went on to speak of Scott's personal character, justly remarking that the long story of his life adds no incident to the quarrels of authors, and doubted if the whole "Biographie Universelle" could furnish a single name which would show so fair, if the life belonging to it

were all unrolled year by year, as Scott's has been. We do, in fact, know more about Scott, told by more people of various kinds, than of any other of our authors, unless, by possibility, we are to except Johnson. He concluded by recalling to the minds of his audience that within the lifetime of Scott died Clive and Hastings, the founders of the British Empire in India; Chatham, the great minister; Pitt, "the pilot who weathered the storm," and Fox, his great rival, the English Demosthenes; Nelson, the great admiral, and Wellington; Burke, Canning, and a host of poets, scholars, philosophers, and inventors, and that of all these only two had been thought worthy of national recognition, both Scotchmen, Burns and Scott —a statement naturally received with much cheering. Sir William was followed by the Lord-Justice Clerk, who occupied most of his time in comparing Scotch humor with English, and said, among other things, that Sydney Smith's assertion that a surgical operation was necessary if a joke were to be got into a Scotchman's head, was "a good jest, indeed," coming from a man who had dined with Scott and Wilson, and suggested that the scalpel was necessary only when the joke was an English joke. This retort, by the way, is not a bad specimen of the Scottish jest, which is very apt to have for its characteristic feature more or less brutality of attack on some one of whom it is designed to get the better. A Scotch joke that hurts no one's feelings is comparatively a rare thing. This sardonic and somewhat cruel character of Scotch wit, and the matter-of-fact literalness of the Scotch mind, it was that Smith, whose own humor was delightfully playful and sunny, in all probability had in view when he made his criticism—a criticism fully confirmed by the other great humorist of the period, Charles Lamb. Wilson, to be sure, could be riotously humorous, and his Ettrick Shepherd is certainly a fine humorous creation. But it by no means pleased the Shepherd, we are to remember; and Mrs. Hogg's appreciation of it, and her dislike of that way of treating "Mr. Hogg," were characteristically Scotch, solemn and literal. Then we are to remember, too, how large a part of Wilson's recorded humor and wit—and Burns's too, for that matter—is directed against his political and other enemies. Neither the playfulness and subtleness nor the charity of the English humor, nor the archness, breadth, and grotesqueness of Irish humor, are very large constituent parts of the humor of the more prosaic fellow-subjects of the Irishman and Englishman.

—Sir William Maxwell-Stirling's statement of the fact that of all their distinguished contemporaries, only Scott and Burns, both Scotchmen, were deemed worthy of national commemoration—which is, of course, to be understood of commemoration by centennial banquets—has set the English papers to discussing why it should be that the Scott celebration was so much colder an affair than the Burns celebration, and they put forth various reasons. One says that in politics Scott was a hard Tory, and, in point of religion, was a churchman, and that he thus lost much of the liking of the vast majority of his countrymen. The same writer argues that the prevailing impression made by the story of Scott's life is a melancholy one, he having entirely failed to realize the object of his ambition, and found a county family, and having been killed by his attempts to pay heavy debts incurred in a scheme more romantic than wise. Another favors the opinion that Scott himself was of a melancholy cast of mind, and points out the numerous passages in the novels and the poems where he dwells on death—by preference, to be sure, on the externals of death; as hearses, the appearance of the grave, the trappings and observances of funerals, the mourning of the relatives. It cites many passages, though it omits one of the best—as being poetical and beautiful, as well as very suggestive of the sadness of death—the poem beginning,

> "Proud Maisie in yonder wood
> Walking so early,"

and the showing which the writer makes for his case is not unimpressive. Claverhouse, too, with his expressed inability to understand how men should make so much account of life, and the taking of life, is another strong witness for our writer, for certainly that view is not an unmelancholy one. Still, however fond Scott may have been of the Gothic glooms of death, and its outward pomps, it will be difficult to persuade people that his poetry and fiction are not cheerful, the reverse of depressing, and that they do not in this reflect faithfully his own disposition and habit of mind. So it seems to us. A truer explanation than any of these of the fact that Burns calls out a greater degree of enthusiasm than Scott—for that it is a fact must, no doubt, be admitted—we take to be that the enthusiasm for Burns is in large part called out of other people than the more literate and restrained classes who make the majority of Scott's admirers. This the *Spectator* very well points out. At "Burns Celebrations," so far as we know them in this country, the admirers of the poet assembled to do him honor would, at least, not object very strongly, nor, indeed, think it at all strange, if a good majority of the company present were to go home a little drunk, and singing, "Willie brewed a peck o' maut." It is further to be said that no doubt Burns's strength as well as his weaknesses are nearer to the popular heart, and to the universal heart—appeal more strongly to the affections, than the strength and weaknesses of Scott. To be a great story-teller, and to have a weakness for building a castellated Gothic mansion and founding a county family, is to be further from the popular heart than to have a gift of writing the tenderest songs of simple affection, and the warmest and archest songs of gallantry, and the most singable of headlong bacchanalian songs. To be a master of coarse and stinging satire for hypocritical and pharisaic godliness; to have the humor of "Tam O'Shanter" and the untheological piety of the "Cottar's Saturday Night"; to have at once the kind-heartedness of the "Lines to a Mouse," the somewhat too aggressive independence of "A Man's a Man for a' that," the patriotic fervor of "Scots Wha Ha'e," the healthy pensiveness of sentiment of "Auld Lang Syne," the tender purity of the verses "To Mary in Heaven," and, furthermore, to have habits of drunkenness, of indiscriminate fondness for "the lasses," and of ready good-fellowship, is certainly to be surer of a centennial celebration of one's birthday, and, perhaps, is to deserve it better—for the value of centennial celebrations is not a precisely ascertained matter—than to have been a world-renowned teller of historical romances and popular tales, and a man of pure life and business habits.

—The well-known geographer, H. Kiepert, contributes to the last number of the Berlin *Zeitschrift für Erdkunde* an article on the exchange of territory by which, in the final peace negotiations, Germany ceded back to France a large part of the Haut-Rhin Department adjoining Belfort, and gained a small portion of the Briey arrondissement adjoining Luxemburg. Incidentally, he has something of interest to say on the question, How should the Germans henceforth denominate the duchy just mentioned, and how their new boundary, the Vosges Mountains? It appears from his discussion of the name that Luxemburg in its earliest form (963) was Lucilinburgh, later (1065) Liutzilenburc, the *iu* of the first syllable being equivalent to *ü*, meaning the little town—the adjective being still better preserved in a small railroad station not far from Pfalzburg, viz., Lützelberg. German books were printed at Lutzenburg after 1598, at Lützemburg after 1623; and as late as 1795 the latter was the only official form under both the Spanish and Austrian régimes. The French form Luxembourg is as old as 1451, and it survived the political changes of 1839, which re-established the connections of the duchy with Germany. Herr Kiepert is strongly in favor of at least retaining the *ü*, if no part else of the ancient name. As for Vogesen, he declares it a monstrous perversion of the original appellation of the Vosges Mountains —seeming to add a German plural in *en* to the French plural in *es*. He would lay stress upon the short syllable in the Celtic Roman form Vosăgus or Voseğus, and the German name he pronounces in favor of is either the Wasgauisches Gebirge or simply the Wasgenwald. For his part, he has for years suppressed on his maps the bastard word Vogesen. It dates, by the way, from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and was the creation of false scholarship, not a popular outgrowth.

THE EARLY WRITINGS OF JANE AUSTEN.*

A YEAR or two ago we had occasion to review the memoir of Jane Austen, just then published by her nephew, the Rev. J. E. Austen-Leigh, the present Vicar of Bray. In that work he told us of certain early writings of Miss Austen, which she had thought unworthy of publication, but which were still extant in manuscript. Her numerous admirers, on both sides of the Atlantic—more enthusiastic than numerous—were eagerly curious to see these first attempts of so remarkable a genius, and, by private letter and through the press, their wishes were urged warmly upon her excellent biographer, who has now kindly yielded to them. He has lately published a new edition of the memoir—slightly enlarged—and added to it the fragments in question, together with a short but complete story entitled "Lady Susan." It is not likely that any of the devotees of the Austen faith expected that these juvenile prolusions should be equally perfect with the works she had finished to her own contentment and sent into the world. If they were thus unreasonable, they will have been disappointed by the granting of their prayers. But if they only looked for the first sprightly runnings of her exquisite fancy and the earliest pro-

* "A Memoir of Jane Austen. By her Nephew, J. Austen-Leigh." Second edition. To this is added "Lady Susan," and fragments of two other unfinished tales, by Miss Austen. London: Bentley.

mise of her inimitable artistic touch, they will thank Mr. Austen-Leigh for the gift he has bestowed upon them and upon the world. Their absolute merit is certainly but moderate; but, considered as the first trials of the pencil of so wonderful a painter of the scenes and people of daily life, they certainly possess a very high degree of interest.

The suppressed chapter of "Persuasion," containing the *denouement* of that admirable novel as originally drafted, is altogether the most interesting of these remains. We think it furnishes, in connection with the conclusion which replaces it in the published work, a most satisfactory refutation of the suggestion that this exquisite fiction betrays symptoms of failing mental as well as bodily conditions. In our judgment, there is no part of any of Miss Austin's novels that shows stronger marks of the hand of the consummate artist than the winding up of "Persuasion," and the natural yet unexpected way in which the hero and heroine come out of complications in which they have been entangled, and into the understanding which happily concludes the whole matter. The change from her first plan which is now made known to us shows that, in this last effort of her genius, her imagination was as vivid and her judgment as true as at any previous period of her authorship. As originally planned, the conclusion was briefly this. Admiral Croft meets Anne Elliot the morning after the concert, and prevails on her to call on his wife—reluctantly, from the fear that Captain Wentworth may be with his sister. The Admiral assures her that Mrs. Croft is alone, not considering his brother-in-law as anybody to be excepted. Captain Wentworth is there, and is employed by the Admiral to inform Anne that if the report be true that she is going to marry her cousin, Mr. Elliot, he will cheerfully surrender the lease of Kellynch, as he supposes they would wish to live there. The long-estranged lovers are left together. The first question leads to a denial of any intention of marrying Mr. Elliot, on which hint Captain Wentworth speaks, and all goes well. Any one familiar with the closing chapters of the book as they stand will see how much would have been lost had it ended thus—the visit of the Musgraves to Bath, the scenes at the White Hart, the conversation of Captain Harville and Anne, which led to the renewed offer of Wentworth—and we are sure will feel with us that the near approach of death had thrown no shadow over the brilliant mind of Jane Austen.

We think no one would have augured her great success as a painter of common life from any of the other of these sketches. "Lady Susan," which is hardly a sketch, being a completed picture of small size, is entirely unworthy of Miss Austen's hand. Had it been the last, instead of one of the earliest of her attempts, it might have given color to the suggestion that her mind had suffered as well as her body from the inroads of consumption. It is thoroughly unpleasant in its characters and its details, and worked out with none of the skill that conceals itself which was Miss Austen's eminent gift. Lady Susan is heartless, cruel, tyrannical, coarse, with no redeeming qualities, and there is no life or color in any of the subordinate characters. The unchristened sketch, which Mr. Austin-Leigh calls "The Watsons," from the name of the family of the heroine, contains some glimpses of the talent which developed itself later, but only glimpses, and none that would suggest the promise of its later fulness. The editor infers from the date of the water-mark of the paper of the manuscript that it must have been written early in this century, and, consequently, after "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," and "Northanger Abbey." We think that Miss Austen must have copied it at that time from an earlier draft, as it is hardly possible that these pale phantoms, with their bald and stilted talk, could have issued from a brain which had created the flesh-and-blood creatures, living, moving, and speaking like men and women of this world, that she has made the companions and friends of her readers for life. She probably perceived how inferior the workmanship of these juvenile productions was to that of the works she had completed, and wisely relegated them to her desk as unworthy to see the light. "The Watsons" contains perhaps a suggestion of Mrs. Elton, possibly of Mr. Woodhouse and of Frank Churchill, but one that only suggests the vast difference between the earliest conception and the finished portraiture. But while we regard these *juvenilia* of Miss Austen as thus inferior to her finished works, we would not imply that her nephew erred in giving them to the world. The fame of his immortal relative is too well established to be affected by the proof that her genius was of a gradual development, while her good judgment and good sense are shown in her perfect appreciation of the relative merits of her writings. She is not one of those perverse geniuses that persist in thinking the most rickety and worst-conditioned of their literary offspring the strongest and the comeliest of them all. In common with the other admirers of Miss Austen, we desire to thank Mr. Austen-Leigh for the sight he has given us of the first efforts of her infant genius, as a part of his most interesting sketch of her life and character.

Miss Austen's literary fate was an odd one. Though all her novels, excepting "Persuasion" and "Northanger Abbey," were published during her lifetime—"Sense and Sensibility" six years before her death—her fame may almost be said to have been a posthumous one. Her works brought her little of the general notoriety and none of the famous friends which had rewarded the efforts of far inferior and now almost forgotten authoresses. The popular reputation and great acquaintances which their works brought to Hannah More, to Miss Brunton, to the Porters, to Mrs. Opie, as well as to Fanny Burney and Miss Edgeworth, were not hers. She must have been gratified by the review of her first novels in the *Quarterly*, though she probably never knew that it was written by Walter Scott, one of the earliest and warmest of her admirers. This was the only high tribute to her genius from the literary world; and from the great world that of the Prince Regent—who sent her word that he had a copy of her work at each of his residences, and offered her his permission to dedicate "Emma" to himself—is the only one which we know of her receiving in her lifetime. Ever since her reputation has been growing and spreading, and she has long been recognized by the highest authorities, as well as by widespread popular admiration, as one of the immortals. If she had not at any one time as wide a circle of readers as some of her sensational sisters, we will venture to say that none of them has had so many, on the whole, or of so high a quality. Scott, Archbishop Whately (who also reviewed her), Sir James Mackintosh, Southey, Coleridge, Guizot, Macaulay (who once intended writing her life), Whewell, Sydney Smith, Chief-Justice Marshall, and Judge Story, are a few of the men of the highest eminence on both sides of the Atlantic who delighted in her works and helped to confirm her fame. For fertility of invention, for variety and individuality of characterization, for simplicity and naturalness of her plots, which yet are not discovered till she gives the key, for dramatic development of her characters, for the power of describing without description by incidental hints and touches; in short, for that perfection of artifice which conceals itself and seems nothing but the simplicity of nature and the necessary course of events, there is no story-teller that we know of that surpasses Jane Austen. Her stories never tire, and are as fresh in interest on the fiftieth reading as on the first, and her characters are as much actual entities to us as our own acquaintances, and much more so than most personages in history. Whatever gives us a more intimate knowledge of such an enchantress in her private life, and the method and beginnings of her art, is a favor for which we are grateful, and for which we desire again to acknowledge our obligations to the author and editor of this most interesting book.

THE MUTINEERS OF THE BOUNTY.*

BETWEEN the islands of the Northern and of the Southern Pacific Ocean, in corresponding latitudes, a surprising similarity of climate, flora, fauna, inhabitants, languages, and customs exists. After sailing southward many weeks in a great circle crossing the equator, one may, on stepping ashore in a Southern Pacific group, take up the thread of aboriginal speech with the natives in almost the same dialect as that of the islands which one has left more than three thousand miles behind. From the Ladrones to Easter Island, a distance of nine thousand miles, and from Hawaii to New Zealand, an arc measured at right angles to the foregoing one, and more than half as long, the language and the race of the islanders are substantially the same in all the countless Pacific groups. After the first classification of these islands, into coral and volcanic formations, they may be said to differ hardly otherwise than as the climate varies in different parts of this vast area, which equals in extent that of all the continents of the globe.

Pitcairn's Island, upon which the mutineers of the *Bounty* landed in 1789, lies but a little further south of the line than the Hawaiian Islands lie to the north of it; and therefore, as we have intimated, repeats, but on a smaller scale, most of the physical features of that group. The climate has the same delicious and uniform temperature—the extremes in either case being 60° and 85° Fahrenheit. The list of indigenous plants is almost the same for either country. Hawaii and Pitcairn's Island had in common, when discovered, the cocoa-nut, the banana, the yam, the sweet-

* "The Mutineers of the *Bounty*, and their Descendants in Pitcairn and Norfolk Islands. By Lady Belcher." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1871.
"The Eventful History of the Mutiny and Piratical Seizure of H. M. S. *Bounty*. By Sir John Barrow." London. 1839.
"Narrative of the Mutiny of the *Bounty*, on a Voyage to the South Seas. By Lieut. W. Bligh, Commander."

potato, the *arum esculentum* or taro, the cloth mulberry, the candle-nut tree, the *ti* plant (*dracæna terminalis*), the *nono* (*morinda citrifolia*), the Chinese mulberry, and the *pandanus odoratissimus*. In compensation for its want of the Hawaiian bread-fruit, Pitcairn's Island had the banyan, which Hawaii lacked. To both countries the water-melon, the potato, lemons, oranges, tobacco, sugar-cane, turmeric, and the ordinary garden vegetables of the temperate zone have been introduced by foreigners. In both countries a profusion of fruit and vegetables supplies an abundant diet at very small expense of labor. The domestic animals were few in number at Pitcairn's Island; goats, pigs, and poultry, which the colonists brought with them from Tahiti, were abundant; but the stalwart islanders, on the arrival of Sir Thomas Staines in 1814, were alarmed at the sight of a cow; while they very intelligently admired a little black terrier, to them an entirely novel sight. "I know that it is a dog," said Edward Young, naïvely, "I have read of such things."

The experiment of this plantation in the Pacific derives a peculiar interest from the fact that the soil and climate of the island—the entire physical environment of the human germ there planted—was nearly the same as that of other islands; while yet that germ remained long undisturbed, and multiplied with hardly any interference of other blood. For twenty years, its very existence was unknown to the world. For sixty years, the strain remained almost absolutely the same as at the first landing upon Pitcairn's Island. It was as if a scientific man had planned and directed this novel experiment in stirpiculture. As a preliminary to pointing out certain little-noticed features of this experiment, it may be necessary to remind the reader of certain points in its history.

The mutiny of the *Bounty* occurred in April, 1789, after its crew had indulged in half a year's intercourse with the kindly Tahitians. The fugitive company, twenty-seven in number—nine white men, six Polynesian men, and twelve Polynesian women—reached Pitcairn's Island, an uninhabited rock in the South Pacific, late in the same year. Here they lived peaceably until 1791, when mortal quarrels for the possession of the women commenced. There were massacres for two years, when (October, 1793, according to the statement quoted by Sir John Barrow) all of the men were killed except four whites; ten of the women surviving. The women preferred the whites, and took part with them in destroying their own countrymen. From 1793 until the close of the century, when John Adams was left the sole surviving mutineer upon the island, they lived promiscuously with the men, "frequently changing their abode from one house to another" (Barrow). M'Koy died in 1798; in 1799, Quintal perished by the hands of Adams and Young; in 1800, Young died, and left John Adams, then thirty-six years of age, the last man upon Pitcairn's Island.

This year marked a new era in the history of the island. Adams then, according to the later testimony of the islanders, reformed his character and his conduct. The conversion was, as far as we can learn, not less genuine than sudden. He made himself the guardian and teacher of this community of women and children; he introduced the rites of the Church of England among his flock; and when the lads attained the age of twenty, and the girls of eighteen, he solemnized marriages between them. The social transformation was complete. There was never a more innocent, orderly, and virtuous community than this one speedily became. Almost in an instant the turbid solution changed into the clear crystallization of a blameless social life.

Pitcairn's Island held its secret until the grandchildren of the first colonists began to appear. Then—in 1808—Captain Folger of Nantucket discovered its strange history. In 1814, Staines and Pipon, of the Royal Navy, visited it and described its innocence and its rapid growth. Beechey found Pitcairn's Island an uncontaminated paradise in 1825. No foreigner, indeed, was admitted to its settlement until the years between 1823 and 1828, when three Englishmen of good character were permitted to make their homes there. After about a year's residence they married; and their descendants mingled with the Island race. In March, 1830, Captain Waldegrave found the colony numbering seventy-nine souls. Its blood, however, was still the same as at the outset; and they presented for study the strangest phenomena, the most curious material for physiological research and speculation.

The more noticeable points of this case, as we are able to educe them by comparison of the separate accounts, written by no scientific hands, we may now state as follows:

1. The members of the Pitcairn's Island community were related more closely to each other than those of any other community, of equal age and number, of which we have any authentic account. All were descended from a few pairs; the children of Adam and Eve could hardly have bred "in and in" more closely. It is much to be regretted that we have not the genealogical record of each individual in this community. But we have sufficient evidence, 2, of the stability of the cross between the English and the Polynesian race. Could we attain all the facts of the case (an undertaking which we commend to Mr. Darwin—Rev. E. H. Nobbs, of Norfolk Island, could furnish records of parentage and of birth), we are confident that they would throw much light upon the still-vexed questions relating to hybridity. Certain it is that the union of the two has produced a cross that is both remarkably healthy and fertile in itself. We have found no evidence that would explain this fertility, as happens in a large class of hybrids, by the fact of union with the parent stocks.

3. The dominance of the Saxon nature over the savage was illustrated in Pitcairn's Island in some novel ways. That the Englishmen, who induced the islandmen to accompany them into their exile as friends, should have converted them soon into slaves, and finally succeeded in destroying them all, is what we might have expected from our knowledge of the comparative prepotency of the races. Nor is it surprising that the Tahitian women, in the strife of which they were the cause, should have sided with the stronger and more desirable whites. But that nine Englishmen, sexually balanced against eighteen Polynesian men and women, should have impressed their own language and religion upon the descendants of this unequal ancestry, and so much of what was best in their own intellectual and physical character that visitors to the island found the grandchildren of the colony, in spite of their savage dress and surroundings, much more English than Tahitian in character, is a result for which we may elsewhere look in vain among the records of human descent.

4. The elimination, in their seclusion from the competitive struggles of the world, of what we may call the defensive forces of character was strikingly shown in a later period of the Pitcairn's Islanders' history. In 1832, an adventurer, named Joshua Hill, landed upon the island, pretending to come from England as its appointed ruler. He had neither credentials nor commission; yet he was able to establish a most cruel and oppressive rule over this hitherto happy community. He expelled the three Englishmen who had lately come there—among them Mr. Nobbs, who, since the death of John Adams, the reformed mutineer, in 1829, had been the valued pastor and teacher of the little community. It was one man against a hundred; and by force of cunning the single rascal won an easy supremacy. We know that he flogged and beat the white inhabitants at his will; how much further his brutalities went we are not informed; but it was six years before the British Government, in 1838, interposed and removed this wretched old man, the Island incubus. His career might well serve for the text of a discourse upon the helplessness of innocence.

The whites now returned to Pitcairn's Island, and years of uninterrupted prosperity and growth followed. But the community found itself at last too large for the little island, but four square miles in extent, that formed its home. In 1856, after much debate, the people emigrated *en masse* to Norfolk Island, three thousand miles to the west of Pitcairn's; and there they still remain, excepting two families, who, driven by an insufferable home-sickness, have returned to repeople Pitcairn's Island.

Enough has now been said to indicate the unique nature of this self-determined experiment in human descent. A novel character has appeared as the result. The Norfolk Islanders of to-day are still nearly the same people as when they left Pitcairn's Island. They have increased in number to three hundred; but there have been few marriages among them save with members of their own community. They possess the physical characters of their English and Tahitian ancestry in almost equal part; they have the same light-olive complexion, the slightly flattened nose and full lips, and the elastic and vigorous physique which we have observed among the half-breeds of the Northern Pacific Islands. On the other hand, they have a more than monastic ignorance of the world, and a considerably more than English delicacy of conscience. Sir John Barrow relates that one of the girls having incautiously refused a lover, and relented, languished for years before she could consent to break her vow not to marry him. This weighty case was submitted to a sort of naval court of love, composed of Captain Beechey's officers, who encouraged the girl in vain to act according to her inclination in the matter. Another mental characteristic of this community was lack of humor among its members. The Pitcairn's Islanders were unable to jest or to perceive the point of a joke, and considered that they had been trifled with on discovering that strangers had used words to them in any other than their literal meanings. The same deficient sensibility may be observed in other small

and carefully trained communities in the same part of the world, as among the children of the missionaries in many of the Pacific stations. But if the Pitcairners did not understand wit, they always avoided scandal-monging.

Captain Bligh's book is an attempt to exonerate himself from the charge, well proved by all other accounts of the mutiny, of brutality toward his crew. We should say unexampled brutality but for the constant reports in the daily papers, which show too clearly that the cruel treatment of sailors, at least in the merchant service, is still as frequent and shameful as in the time of Bligh. The landsman knows little of the amount and character of this cruelty. Sir John Barrow's book is the most valuable for the student of the history of Pitcairn's Island. He gives some important facts which Lady Belcher, with a squeamishness that is rather American than English, has omitted ; as where she neglects to tell us that twelve Tahitian women were of the party that landed upon Pitcairn's Island. In her book we notice, too, an occasional inaccuracy in the statement of dates, as in those assigned to the landing of the second colonists ; and there is a slip in her criticism of a Polynesian prefix wrongly used in the name "Otaheite." The prefix *O* does not have in the Polynesian languages, as Lady Belcher says it has, the force of the genitive : it has a peculiar significance which we do not here expound, and is known as the "demonstrative particle." But we cannot expect Lady Belcher to be familiar with the niceties of the grammar of Tahiti. Her work, as a whole, is the most important upon this subject, as it is the only one that brings the history of the colony down to a recent date ; and we can commend it as very interesting reading.

Le Mouvement Socialiste et l'Économie Politique. Par H. Dameth. (Paris, 1869.)—The author of this short work was at one time a socialist, and, as his conversion was the work of his intelligence and not of enthusiasm, he is able to explain in a perfectly lucid manner both his former views and those he now holds. The importance of his subject cannot be denied. It would be more agreeable to avoid thinking of so complicated a question as this of labor, but it presses on for a solution, and what ignorance and fanaticism are capable of making of it this last year has shown. M. Dameth's book is a *résumé* of a course of lectures delivered by him at Lyons, under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce and of the *Société d'Economie Politique* of that city. He himself is the Professor of Political Economy at the Academy of Geneva. His book contains less than one hundred and fifty pages, a brief compendium of which we will try to set before our readers.

According to M. Dameth's analysis, socialism as a theory is, in the first place, a criticism of the existing social order, which convinces the socialist that the rich live at the expense of the poor. To this it is answered that inequality of conditions rises normally and justly from the inequality of forces and the services rendered to society, and from the inequality of the power of saving and preserving. This inequality of conditions, so far from entailing the exploitation of labor by capital, is rather profitable to all as the principle of the formation and preservation of capital, the instrument of general production. The inequality of conditions which arises from legal privileges contrary to the common right, on account of their being established for the advantage of certain social classes or special interests, is, however, a factitious aggrandizement of this natural inequality. The socialist says, "If this inequality is once established, the exploitation necessarily follows." "No," says the political economist, "the fortunes which are amassed take nothing from the poor ; on the contrary, contact with them is more beneficial for the latter than the contact with poverty. As to the abuses, they are to be seen in poverty as well as in opulence. The workman can waste his salary as well as the capitalist his profits. Moreover, fortune surely comes to the most deserving and most economical."

In the second place, the general principles of reform which are advanced by socialism pretend to be the result of the modern democratic spirit. Political economy denies this. Modern democracy has only one valid definition—the reign of right. But the root of all rights is personal liberty. True democracy is, then, the antipodes of despotism, even if it be exercised in the name of the people. Now socialism bases all its reforms on this sort of despotism. Not believing in the natural harmony of interests, it seeks to rectify them by the force of authority ; it demands that the law of supply and demand should be replaced by arbitrary tariffs, to the advantage of some and to the harm of others. It wishes to absorb everything into the hands of the state ; in short, it sacrifices real equality, that of common rights and personal liberty, to the absolute equality of different parts ; it suppresses all individual merit and responsibility.

Socialism bases itself on these two propositions : First, all social suffering is caused by that inequality of conditions which arises from the mutual antagonism of interests. Second, this antagonism can only be destroyed by the complete solidarization of interests ; that is to say, the absorption of the particular by the general interest.

Finally, M. Dameth remarks that the history of Communism, showing its existence in Greece and Rome, among the Jews and at the foundation of Christianity, proves satisfactorily how ancient and deep-rooted a theory it is. Judging from its recent manifestations, the observer might suppose it to be only of modern growth ; in fact, however, it has been for many ages the steady foe of individual development, the unrelenting enemy of the chief means of civilization.

Pioneer Biography. Sketches of the Lives of some of the Early Settlers of Butler County, Ohio. By James McBride, of Hamilton. Vol. II. (Cincinnati : Robert Clarke & Co.)—This well-printed and carefully edited volume will prove helpful to any student of American history for the period included between the years 1790 and 1812. The most interesting of the thirteen biographies it contains are those which relate to the memorable defeat of St. Clair, in November, 1791, and the subsequent victorious campaign of Gen. Wayne, whose men, "it may be said, fought in the last battle of the Revolutionary struggle." This able soldier held the strictly military view of the proper mode of dealing with the Indians, and it was a view which had its justification at that time in the fact that the Indians were encouraged in their hostilities by the British, and therefore were not fit subjects for negotiation calculated for the savage character when left to its own counsels, or for such progress in the settlement of the country as makes resistance madness and clearly madness. "About this time [spring of 1793]," it is stated in the notice of Isaac Paxton, "General Wayne received a letter from the secretary of war, proposing the appointment of commissioners to treat with the Indians ; to which the General replied, that 'he desired to be present at the convention, with *twenty-five hundred of his commissioners, with not a Quaker among them*,' and added, that if such was the case he felt confident an honorable peace would be the result." The Quaker commissioner may very well appear on the scene when the odds are thirty-nine million to three hundred thousand against the red man, and when, shift his camp as he may, he finds in the morning that the railroad surveyor and the miner have run their lines through it overnight. Humanity towards the Indians in these circumstances, though the plainest duty, is no longer a merit in us, since to make war on them is as cowardly as it is cruel. Nevertheless, it is a moral progress we have made in this matter, and part of the same that has rendered flogging in the army obsolete, and abolished slavery. Wayne's quartermaster could write to the military storekeeper at Pittsburg : "Please send down some whip-cord for cats ; they have no cats to whip the men with."

Colonel Matthew Hueston having been born near Mercersburg, Pa., gives his biographer an excuse for mentioning the origin of a more famous character :

"About three miles in a northwest direction from Mercersburg, there is a wild, romantic gorge in the Cove Mountain. Within this gorge, the old road leads up through a narrow secluded cove or glen, encircled on every side by high and rugged mountains. Here, at the foot of a toilsome ascent in the road, which the old traders called 'The Stony Battery,' some sixty years ago, stood two log-cabins, in one of which a Scotchman of the name of Buchanan dwelt, and in the other had a small store, where he drove a profitable traffic with the Indian traders and frontiermen who came down the mountain pass ; exchanging with them powder, salt, iron, firearms, sugar, blankets, and cloths for the furs and peltries of the hunters and trappers, and the 'old Monongahela whiskey' of the backwoodsmen.

"The old Scotch trader had a son, named James, born here, and cradled amid these wild scenes of nature and the rude din of frontier life. The father prospered in trade, and after a few years removed into the town of Mercersburg, where he assumed a higher rank in business. He opened a respectable store, and was a justice of the peace. He sent his son James to Dickinson College, Carlisle, where he graduated in 1809. He then studied law, and commenced the practice in Lancaster, Pa. We afterwards find him among the most accomplished, eloquent, and distinguished members of the United States Senate, Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, and, in 1857, President of the United States."

NEW AUTUMN BOOKS.

HURD & HOUGHTON,

13 ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK,

THE RIVERSIDE PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,

Will publish this week,

I.

PICTURES OF TRAVEL IN SWEDEN, among the Hartz Mountains, and in Switzerland; with a Visit at Charles Dickens's House. By Hans Christian Andersen. In 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, $1 75.

This volume completes the series of Andersen's Writings (10 volumes, $18 75) issued by arrangement with the author.

II.

THE LAST KNIGHT: A Romance Garland. From the German of Anastasius Grün. Translated, with Notes, by John O. Sargent. In 1 vol. 4to, $2 50.

"The Last Knight" is a series of ballads founded on incidents in the life of the Emperor Maximilian I., and forming a national poem which has given the author his chief and deserved celebrity.

III.

THE FABLES OF PILPAY. Copiously illustrated. In 1 vol. 16mo, $1 50.

This edition of Pilpay's Fables, the first issued in America, is uniform with Hurd & Houghton's edition of Æsop.

The ancient and widespread popularity of these Hindû stories will ensure them a cordial reception in their new dress. Fresh attention has been called of late to the remarkable character of these Fables, and the difference between these and Æsop's is in favor of the former, so far as good story-telling is concerned. The engravings were executed by the eminent engraver on wood, Alexander Anderson.

THE SAME. Large-paper edition, one hundred copies only, printed on hand-press, cloth extra. (Nearly ready.)

IV.

STORIES FROM OLD ENGLISH POETRY. By Abby Sage Richardson. Illustrated. 1 vol. 16mo, $1 50.

The stories have been told anew from the most famous and most beautiful of the classic dramas and poems in the English language. Shakespeare, Chaucer, Spenser, and other lesser poets have been drawn from, and there could be no more delightful introduction to the wealth of early English literature than is here given.

V.

FOUR, AND WHAT THEY DID. By Helen C. Weeks, author of "Ainslee," "Grandpa's House," and "White and Red." With Illustrations. In 1 vol. 16mo, $1 25.

Mrs. Weeks needs no introduction to those acquainted with the Ainslee Stories as one of the brightest, most entertaining, and most natural of writers for the young. These stories have their scenes laid chiefly in the West, and will be found very successful in catching the spirit of child-life on the prairies and in new settlements.

VI.

POPULAR EDITION OF MOTHER GOOSE'S Melodies for Children; or, Songs for the Nursery. A complete revised edition, with an account of the Goose or Vergoose Family. Illustrated by eighteen full-page illustrations. By Henry L. Stephens; ten pages of music, by Charles Moulton; and twelve smaller illustrations, by Gaston Fay, In 1 vol. 8vo. Price, in cloth, $1 75.

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL. Remember that if a lamp filled with Pratt's Astral Oil is upset and broken, the contents will not explode or take fire. Remember, also, that it is not only the safest oil, but gives the best light. It costs but little more than the dangerous oils, and is safe, reliable, and good.

PETERS ON CHOLERA.

NOTES ON THE

ORIGIN, NATURE, PREVENTION,

AND

TREATMENT OF THE ASIATIC CHOLERA.

BY JOHN C. PETERS, M.D.

Second edition. With an Appendix. 12mo, cloth, $1 50.

D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher,

23 Murray Street and 27 Warren Street.

☞ Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price.

ARUNDEL SOCIETY.

This Society was founded in 1848, for promoting the knowledge of Art by copying and publishing

IMPORTANT WORKS OF ANCIENT MASTERS.

Its publications are beautifully executed

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHS,

Fac-similes of the originals, both in color and drawing, and are manufactured under the superintendence of well-known artists. The following are among the

MOST POPULAR SUBJECTS.

CHRIST AND MARY MAGDALENE IN THE GARDEN. From a fresco by Fra Angelico, in the Convent of St. Mark, at Florence. Size, 15x8½ inches. Price $6 25.

THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS. From a fresco by Pietro Perugino, at Cetta Della Pieve. Size, 22x18½ inches. Price $13 75.

ST. PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON. From a fresco by Raffaelle, in the Stanza of the Vatican. Size, 28x19 inches. Price $12 50.

THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN. From a fresco by Fra Angelico, in the Convent of St. Mark, at Florence. Size, 18x19 inches. Price $10.

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD. From a fresco by Fra Bartolomeo, now placed in the Convent of St. Mark, at Florence. Size, 11x16½ inches. Price $8.

THE ADORATION OF THE LAMB. From the centre-panel of the Altar Piece painted by the brothers Van Eyck, in the Cathedral of St. Bavon, at Ghent. Size, 26x15½ inches. Price $15 75.

The sizes above-given are the actual sizes of each picture, all of them being mounted on a heavy white cardboard, so that when framed the white border can either be left as a margin, or not, at pleasure.

Any of the above pictures will be securely packed, free of charge, and sent by express, on receipt of advertised price.

POTT & AMERY,

Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue, New York.

SLAVE SONGS OF THE UNITED STATES.

A Unique Collection of Original Melodies—words and music—obtained among the negroes of the South; preceded by an account of these Songs, and an Essay on the Negro Dialect, as observed at Port Royal, by Prof. W. F. Allen, of the University of Wisconsin. Cloth, 8vo, price $1 50.

Sent post-paid on receipt of price. Address

Publisher of "THE NATION,"

Box 6732, New York City.

JUST ISSUED.

PRICED CATALOGUE OF RARE

AND

VALUABLE BOOKS

Relating to Shakespeare and the Drama, American History, Biography, Poetry, etc., for sale by

T. H. MORRELL (Agent),

78 Nassau Street, New York,

(Between Fulton and John Streets.)

☞ Catalogue sent free on application.

LONDON BOOKS.

PRICED CATALOGUE, No. 27,

OF

RARE,

STANDARD,

AND

VALUABLE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN BOOKS,

Now ready and will be sent free of charge to any address.

A fine lot of ENGRAVINGS just opened.

A. DENHAM & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF ENGLISH AND FOREIGN BOOKS,

17 MURRAY STREET

(Near Broadway), New York.

THE "NATION" ABROAD.

Subscriptions and Advertisements for the *Nation* are received in Europe by the following

AGENTS:

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE COLONIES: George Street, 30 Cornhill, E.C., London.

FRANCE: Bowles Brothers & Co., 12 Rue de la Paix, Paris.

SWITZERLAND: Vérésoff & Garrigues, Place Bel-Air, Geneva.

ITALY: Furse Brothers & Co., 9 Piazza di Spagna, Rome.

THE NATION PRESS.

The Proprietors of THE NATION PRESS give notice that they have established a Book, Pamphlet, Job, and Newspaper Printing-Office in this City, and are prepared to execute at moderate prices, for cash, the best of work in any and all of these branches.

For BOOKS they will furnish Electrotype or Stereotype Plates, as desired, and will guaranty unusual accuracy in their preparation.

J. ROSS & CO., 27 Rose St., New York.

GAZZAM'S TREATISE

ON THE

BANKRUPT LAW.

SECOND EDITION JUST OUT.

For sale at all Law-Book Stores.

BOOK-BUYERS.

Send for Catalogue of INTERESTING, USEFUL, and SCARCE BOOKS added to the Stock in hand of

FRANCIS EMMINS,

80 Nassau Street, New York.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1871.

The Week.

THE Ringtroubles were brought into Court on Thursday last, before Judge Barnard, by a motion on the part of a Mr. Foley, an enraged taxpayer and a member of the Committee of Seventy, for an injunction to restrain the Mayor, Comptroller, and others from issuing any more bonds or paying any more money to certain classes of claimants with whom the Ring is suspected of collusion. It was alleged in the argument that the Ring, having last year procured from the Legislature an act limiting the taxation to two per cent. on the valuation of that year, or, in other words, a sum not exceeding twenty-six millions of dollars, for the State tax, the interest on the debt, and for the City Government, had used the whole of this sum for the expenses of the city government alone, and were raising the rest by the issuing of bonds. This is, in the rough, Mr. Foley's case, and on it Judge Barnard granted a temporary injunction, with an order to show cause why it should not be made permanent, to be argued on Monday last. There was something, we confess, to us very discouraging in the joy with which the Judge's action was received by the newspapers. The order was almost a matter of course, and yet the *Times* and *Tribune* both received it with rejoicing, and almost hailed Barnard as our deliverer. Nothing could better illustrate the distance at which we still stand from anything like radical reform, and from a just conception of the nature of the evils which afflict us, than this readiness on the part even of the champions of reform to make a Moses of any scamp, however notorious, who offers to turn good for a brief period and betray his fellows. There has been no more obedient and serviceable tool of the Ring than Judge Barnard, and he has already, on one occasion, within four years, gulled a good many respectable people into the belief that he had really quarrelled with his masters, and was willing to serve the State against them, and under cover of this pretence he came very near securing for himself exclusively the most enormous judicial powers ever conferred upon a single man. We do not say that he is now not going to do right or that he has not really determined to break with the Ring, but we do say that, if the friends of reform have no other dependence than Barnard's repentance, they might as well abandon their task.

The case came on again for argument on Monday, when the Ring was represented by a great array of counsel; but, while the proceedings were pending, the news ran through court and town that a cruel misfortune had overtaken one of its principal members. On that day the committee, composed jointly of Common Councilmen and leading citizens, lately appointed to examine the city finances, were to inspect the Comptroller's accounts, but on Sunday evening, while the faithful watchman at the City Hall was absent at supper, what should Satan do but put somebody up to breaking into Mr. Connolly's office and carrying off a portion of his vouchers? When Mayor Hall received this information, he seemed to have come to the conclusion that the game was up, and he wrote a pathetic letter to the Comptroller, telling him, in substance, that this action on the part of Satan had clearly put an end to his (the Comptroller's) usefulness, and that, as he had no power to remove him, and as it would take a long time to try him on regular charges before the Court of Common Pleas, as the law provides, he would thank him to resign "magnanimously." This modest request from his old confederate the *World* backed up by a furious editorial article, threatening Connolly with something horrid, as well as we could make out, in the nature of physical suffering, in case he had not complied before Tuesday night. At that date, however, Connolly had informed the Mayor that he should abide the issue of the trial; and it was announced that Tweed thought the Mayor's action "most extraordinary." The situation was complicated by the confirmation of the news received from Washington, that Mrs. Connolly had been putting a million and a half into Government bonds, which seemed to indicate that his outside troubles had invaded Connolly's peaceful home.

At this writing it is difficult to say how the affair will end, or even how it stands. The general impression is that Sweeny has determined to throw Tweed and Connolly overboard, and that Hall has reached the same conclusion. His letter to Connolly on Monday shows, at all events, that the Ring is broken, the mutual confidence of the members destroyed, and that the members may now be pursued singly. What should, or can, be done to them, we do not know, but the belief which we expressed last week and the week before, that a violent death is the only penalty which they would really fear, and which the *Tribune* twisted in a muddleheaded way into a ridiculous "suggestion that they would be the better of being hanged to a lamp-post," still remains unchanged. We believe that all attempts to make them "disgorge," as it is called, or to inflict on them any punishment which they really dread, will be futile. The *Evening Post* controverts our assertion that they fear nothing but a violent death, and says we must have been thinking of "ancient Rome or of modern Paris, rather than of New York," when we made it. We do not mind admitting, since the *Post* has so nearly hit the mark, that the city we really had in our minds was ancient Thebes, the municipal abuses in which were corrected, in the way we have indicated, by an eminent jurist named Lynch, who flourished about 3,000 B.C., but all knowledge of whom—such is fame—is now confined to a few Egyptologists. And that the *Tribune* and the *Evening Post* should never have heard of him nor of his procedure is not unnatural in citizens of a country in which no wrong is righted except by sentence of the courts, and in which Egyptological research is still rare. We do not say that Hall and his associates now fear "assassination" or have reason to fear it, and we do not recommend that they be threatened with it, as a great many sensible men think they ought to be; but we do maintain that things have reached such a pass in this city, both socially and politically, that with no other penalty can such knaves be threatened effectively. It is not in the power of any of those who are now pursuing the Ring to take from these men anything which they greatly value. We may depend upon it that their ill-gotten fortunes are by this time thoroughly secured, and that nothing that has happened or is likely to happen will deprive them of the society of anybody for whose society they care. When the *Post* says, therefore, that they fear "political and pecuniary and social ruin," it is about the same as if it said they feared the day of judgment or a collapse of the sun.

Whatever the termination of the affair, the results which have already been achieved entitle the *New York Times* to the hearty thanks of every man in the community. There is no instance in the history of journalism of an assault so successful and so courageous and determined by a single newspaper upon so great an evil, and it gives us an idea of what the press might accomplish in driving knaves out of politics, if it were united and untrammelled by party obligations.

Although the nomination for the Presidency will not be settled till next winter in Washington, the sounds of preparation begin to be heard already all over the land. It is safe to say that the whole machinery of the Administration is now busily engaged in making the President's chances of renomination as strong as possible, and, on the other hand, those who are opposed to his renomination are by no means idle either. We last week made a feeble and inadequate

attempt to give a summary of the edifying, not to say pious, letter in which Senator Conkling gave in his adhesion to Grant, and his contempt for offices and other spoils. It has since then drawn forth a reply from a well-known Republican politician of this city, Mr. B. F. Mudgett, who talks in a very different vein, and far from treating Mr. Conkling as what his letter seemed to indicate that he was—a Christian patriot—rails at him most unmercifully. What he says is, in substance, that Mr. Conkling has been the firm and steady supporter of corrupt office-seekers in this State, and the opponent of honest ones. He opposed General Merritt's confirmation as naval officer of this port; he advocated the confirmation of James Kelly as postmaster, though he was fresh from working hard for Andrew Johnson, and—Mr. Mudgett might have added—did not know how to spell. The heaviest charge of all is, however, that he brought about the appointment of Mr. Thomas Murphy—vulgarly known as "Tom Murphy"—as collector of this port, and he gives an account of Tom's "record" which we believe to be substantially correct, and which makes his appearance in his present position of extraordinary emolument, responsibility, and patronage one of the strangest events in the history of the Administration. In fact, knowing General Grant's zeal for civil-service reform, we long tried to believe that Tom Murphy, of the Custom-house, was not the bad and notorious old Tom who had so long figured in the politics of this State, but a new and upright Tom, whom the President had discovered, and who was destined to purify the Custom-house and cover the somewhat obscure and tarnished name of Murphy with glory.

It seems, however, that there is no mistake about it, and that Collector Tom Murphy, who is "reforming the civil service," and "infusing economy and efficiency into the collection of the revenue" at this port, is really the Tom Murphy who, during the war, made so much money out of army contracts; who voted with the Democrats in the State Senate in 1866, against the resolution requesting the United States senators to pass the Civil Rights Bill over Johnson's veto; who voted also against a similar request with regard to the extension of equal suffrage to the District of Columbia; who voted with the Tammany Ring for the passage of our present charter; who put the Tax Commission into the hands of Tammany for a share in the patronage, which he got; who was one of Tweed's Commissioners in the "Broadway Widening" swindle, and was by him put on the Tammany School Board; and who, in 1866, supported Hoffman and the Democratic ticket by money and vote, and was therefore repeatedly excluded from Republican Conventions as a "traitor"—which, we are sorry to say, is with Republican Conventions rather a worse thing than a rogue. This is what Mr. Mudgett tells of this eminent man who has been employed by General Grant to collect the revenue of this port; but who is now "reorganizing the party in this city," and using Government offices to prepare the right sort of delegation to the Presidential Convention, and is probably as corrupt a politician as ever wrapped himself in the American flag. His views about the Civil Service Commission and "the constitutional difficulty" would doubtless be very amusing, if they were known.

The two important September elections have been carried, as was expected, by the Republicans. In California, Mr. Booth's majority is between six and seven thousand, which is about two thousand larger than anybody had been anticipating. This result gives the Republicans all three Congressmen, and ensures a Republican successor to Mr. Cole in the Senate, and is the more important from a party point of view because, of the twenty-four Senators who are to retire shortly, the places of some four or five of the Republicans will, in all probability, be filled by Democrats. The Republicans are right, therefore, to fire salutes, and perhaps they do well to set it down as a "triumph for the Administration." So far as can be seen at this distance, the corrupt administration of Governor Haight, the belief in Mr. Booth's honesty, and the new votes of the negroes—a fourth of whom, or about 500, are said to have voted with the Democrats—were what effected the change. The platforms of the parties were all but identical, the Democrats "accepting the Amendments," and the Republicans denouncing the Chinamen. "The contest between the naked issues of Republicanism and Democracy" is, therefore, not so plainly visible as the party press asserts. Still, the gain, whether for the Administration or not, is probably a substantial Republican gain, and will, for the immediate future, affect all the Pacific States and Territories. The negro vote, for example, is as good for next year as for this; and the Republicans will, in view of the approaching Presidential election, be sufficiently on their good behavior to keep the recollection of Democratic maladministration fresh in the public mind. That they will do well to walk carefully in this respect, the success of the "Taxpayers'" candidates in San Francisco sufficiently shows. For the present, at all events, California is out of the list of doubtful States. One reason for thinking that she is likely to remain so is the fact that the Democrats, in this last canvass, had the fatuity to let Mr. S. S. Cox, of this city, attempt the defence of the New York City and County Ring. This before men, some of whom at least remember how San Francisco managed her thieves twenty years ago, and who recollect that one of our Ring judges found it convenient to leave the city at about the time the last vigilance committee began operations.

In Maine the contest was very lukewarm, so much so that the Democratic candidate for the governorship sent a privy circular into every town, to some one of the faithful, telling him that the Republicans were apathetic, and that if the Democrats were secretly warned to get quietly to the polls, they could carry the State. The vote was nevertheless light, though the Republican majority is larger than that of last year. The Democratic gains were made in the ship-building districts, in some of the smaller towns, and in Portland, where the Democratic candidate resides and is popular. The election is without significance, except that its result will naturally have an encouraging effect on the Republicans of Ohio and Pennsylvania. In these States there is some hard work doing, and the probabilities are in favor of a heavy Republican majority in Ohio, and a majority in Pennsylvania. Everywhere it is true, as it has been for the past ten years, that the Democratic party is without able guidance, and that, South and North, wherever it is not divided, it is united in a policy which the country at large condemns. It gives no sign that the Republicans may not, if they choose, indulge themselves next year in the luxury of as good a candidate as they like. It will not require much "availability," nor all the labors and toils of the office-holders, from Mr. Tom Murphy and Colonel J. W. Forney down, nor anything else but an honest platform and a good man on it, to beat either a New Departure Democrat or a Democrat who will not depart afresh.

The Attorney-General, to whom the constitutional difficulty encountered by the Civil Service Commission was referred, has given an opinion on it, in which he reaches somewhat the same conclusion as that set forth by the *Nation* some weeks ago, though in a roundabout way. His decision is, that the appointments now vested in the courts and heads of departments may be transferred by Congress to the President, and the President may confine his appointments to a class selected by a competitive test prescribed by an Examining Board. But the test is only to "inform the conscience of the appointing power, and cannot be made legally conclusive on that power against its own judgment and will." Under this ruling, therefore, Congress may, if it pleases, give the President all the appointments, and he may, if he pleases, appoint none who have not submitted to a competitive test. If this be sound law, there is not a single qualification now required by statute of Government officers, whether civil or military, which the President or heads of departments may not dispense. They may dispense with the giving of bonds, with the test-oaths, and with citizenship, and may disregard sex or age, for in none of these points can Congress do more than "inform the conscience" of the appointing officer. It is a pity the question cannot in some way be brought before the Su-

preme Court; at present, our friends the politicians seem, to use one of the old war phrases, to have "got it just where they want it."

There may be found on the editorial page of the last number of *Harper's Weekly* an excellent specimen of the earlier stage of the dry-rot which is playing so much havoc with our political and commercial morality all over the country, and which has even made no inconsiderable inroads among our religious organizations. A Massachusetts Republican "writes to the editor, regretting some remarks in the *Weekly* on General Butler," and says:

"The point is not that General Butler is a man of strictest principle and rectitude in every respect, but is he not a man of consistency in the main—for ten years at least—of patriotism, of ability, of loyalty, and of a certain amount of political honesty, if that is not a solecism or Hibernicism?"

The simplicity with which this Republican describes his own disease is very amusing. What is wrong with him is that "the point is not" what it ought to be, and his account of it is very like a man's defending himself against a charge of obliquity of vision by saying that his eyes simply saw in a different way from other people's. This, however, as we have said, is the disease in its earlier stages, and in a patient of unusually good constitution and habits. Among less promising subjects—say the average voter of this city—it assumes a much more virulent form, though the symptoms and the remedy are essentially the same. Our Irish fellow-citizen here is suffering from exactly the same complaint as our "Massachusetts Republican," when he says, "The point is not, is Connolly honest, or has he stolen the public money, but, is he a man of fidelity to the party, to the Catholic faith, and a friend to the poor man's rights on the Sabbath and the liquor question?" In fact, "the point" varies with the voters' training and habits and interests, so that as we get down in the socials trata we can readily bring about a dialogue of this sort:

"Do you know that your candidate has served a term in the penitentiary, and only got out under a pardon last spring?" "Well, an' what if he was? Is it anny bisniss o' yours, or mine aither, where he spint last winthur? An' if the Guvurnur pardoned him, shure he had good raysons for it, and plenty of 'em, I'll go bail. Many a poor fellow gets into throuble the same way, but it isn't for the likes o' you to be throwin' it in his teeth. Sure we all go to the pinitintiary now an' agin. Me candidate, as ye call 'im, nivir turned his back on a friend, anyhow, an' nivir refused a poor man a glass o' whiskey or a bucket o' good coal, and that's why I'm goin' to vote for 'im."

As long as these "abominable principles" are held in Massachusetts, and find expression in these "abominable avowals," it is useless to expect any great striving for purity in less advanced communities.

The French National Assembly has had another excited and protracted discussion, like most others ending in a triumph of the Right. M. Ravinel's motion for the return of the Assembly and the Government to Paris having been referred to a committee, was there rejected, and a substitute adopted, recommending Versailles as the seat of both, and that a permanent seat, if we may judge from our meagre Cable despatches. The reporter of the committee's bill, M. Cézanne, declared its object to be decentralization, and cited the example of the United States and Russia, the capitals of which were not New York—fortunately enough—and Moscow. It was violently combated by Louis Blanc and others of the Left, who declared that Paris, ceasing to be the capital of the nation, would become the capital of riots—like New York. A compromise providing for the continuance of the Assembly at Versailles and the removal of the Ministers to Paris was opposed by the Government—undoubtedly from reasons of everyday expediency—and rejected, whereupon the committee's bill, after several days' debate, was adopted, "as finally amended." What the final amendments were, or what was the attitude of the Executive towards the main question, we are not told. It is, however, very probable that President Thiers was opposed both to a speedy return to Paris and to declaring Versailles the new capital of France, preferring, as in many other cases—and wisely so—a provisional state of affairs, to which the final settlement of the all-overshadowing question as to what is to be the future constitution and government of France would put a natural end.

Almost since the very beginning of his activity as Chief of the Executive, M. Thiers has lived in constant disagreement, at least in regard to most questions of more than temporary interest, with the majority of the Assembly which at Bordeaux placed him at the head of affairs. The prospect of its taking a recess for about two months, as is expected, must therefore be not a little gratifying to him, almost as gratifying as the evacuation by the Germans of the forts north and east of Paris and of the adjoining departments, which is actually to take place within the next few days. Relieved of the presence of the two hostile camps, the versatile old statesman will be in a condition to give a wider scope to his wonderful energy, both in promoting the internal reorganization of the country and partially re-establishing its prestige abroad, and thus gradually to dispose the French and Europe to see, as a Parisian pun has it, *la France entière* (*en Thiers*). Negotiations are also reported as being carried on with the plenipotentiaries of Germany for the complete evacuation of the whole of France, of course in the narrowed sense of this word. And rough and harsh as M. Thiers has of late shown himself to his adversaries in the parliamentary arena, he has certainly betrayed no lack of patience and blandness in his dealings with the foreign enemy, towards whom an attitude of proud superiority would have been fatally out of place. And as he fêted General Manteuffel, so he now fêtes Chevalier Nigra, the representative of Italy, though the relations between that country and France are far from being satisfactory. How M. Thiers is going to deal with those vanquished foes, the men and women of the Commune, of whom five more—Rossel and four *pétroleuses*—have been condemned to death, is still to be seen.

The meeting of the Emperors of Germany and Austro-Hungary at Salzburg has taken place, and the two monarchs are reported to have parted "warm friends." This assertion ought, perhaps, to be taken *cum grano*, but there can hardly be any doubt that the new interview has strengthened and developed the friendly understanding between the two empires which was attained by their leading statesmen at Gastein, though no formal treaty seems to have been concluded at either place. It is equally certain that the Roumanian question—that is, the repudiation by the Bucharest legislature of the guarantee given by it to the railway bonds of Strousberg & Co. (the Company being mostly Prussian), and probably the anti-German attitude of Roumania in general—formed one of the international topics considered at Gastein and Salzburg, and one of those which could not be disposed of without seriously reviewing the policy of Russia in the East, as well as her relations to Austria. Another topic was the somewhat threatening attitude of France towards Italy—or rather the possibility of France relapsing into her chauvinistic proclivities, as soon as she is freed from the German incubus, and the main result of the negotiations is thus stated by the well "inspired" *Neue Preussische Zeitung*: "Austria and Germany, repudiating aggressive ideas, will be closely united to repel aggression." That is to say, Germany guarantees the integrity of Austria, including her more and more re-Polonized Galicia, against encroachments on the part of the Czar, and Austria promises to help the speculators on the Spree to their money in Roumania, and to stand by the German Empire in case of a new French war—by preventing Russia from joining France. How this pro-German external policy of Count Beust can be made to agree with the anti-German internal policy pursued at the same time by his emperor's Cisleithanian Cabinet, a not distant future must show. Strange to say, however, both are alike directed against Russia; and the French eagerly scan the signs of diplomacy, to find out how soon the Government of St. Petersburg must be provoked into an alliance, defensive and offensive, with the Government of Versailles. An approaching interview of Gortchâkoff with Thiers at Lausanne is talked of. The Russian communist conspiracy trial is drawing to a close. The revelations are shocking, the sentences pronounced accordingly rigorous.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE RENOMINATION.

THERE is a general and a very widespread impression, which we believe to be well-founded, that the whole machinery of administration is busily employed just now in—to express the idea roughly—making General Grant's chances of renomination as good as possible; that is to say, such favors as the Executive has to bestow it bestows on men who will, in some way or other, help to send Grant delegates to the nominating convention next year; such favors as it is in its power to withdraw, it withdraws from persons now enjoying them who will not undertake in some way to contribute to this result; and all Federal officers have been given to understand that to contribute to this result is, if not the very first, all but the first of their duties. It is quite true that the same state of things has had to be witnessed in the last years of a great many other Presidential terms; and many other Presidents besides General Grant have sought to secure their renomination by the use of their patronage. The peculiarity of General Grant's case is, however, that no other President has ever wielded such enormous patronage, and that no other President was ever before counted on so strongly for hostility to that peculiar form of corruption which consists in the wholesale use of patronage for personal and party ends. The hopes of civil-service reform which were excited when he came into power did not survive his first year of office, and it is only this year that he has made a languid attempt to take the matter up by handing it over to the consideration of a commission, whose labors, let the members be ever so zealous, could not possibly withdraw the Government officials from the political arena before the next Presidential campaign. There are, of course, a good many excuses to be made, and very strong ones, for a President who, in the present state of politics, fails to carry out any such reform as this. To carry it out thoroughly, legislation is necessary, and he cannot legislate. But one thing a President who has the reform at heart can always do, and that is, come as near it as possible in dealing with all matters within his discretion. He can, in making his appointments, select, if not the best men, at least the best men "inside politics"; and if he cannot make them work with a single eye to the public good, he can make the public good their chief concern, and do something to remove the impression which lies at the root of all civil-service difficulty—that Government officers are the servants of the party in power, and not of the nation at large. Consequently, even if General Grant had brought about no formal change in the manner of appointing or promoting or removing officers, he might still have abundantly displayed his zeal in the cause by the character of the politicians he placed in important positions, and by the mode in which he made them do their work. It would, for instance, be both safe and fair to judge any President by the management of the New York Custom-house, the great channel through which so large a proportion of the public revenue flows into the Treasury. Judged by this, however, General Grant stands about as low, with regard to civil-service reform, as any of his predecessors. Nay, we doubt very much whether any President has ever put it into the hands of a politician of as mean an order as the one who now presides over it; or whether it has been ever more openly and systematically worked, not simply for party, but for personal ends—for his own renomination is to the President a personal end.

When we remember that what is going on in the New York Custom-house is going on in greater or less degree in all the custom-houses, assessors' and collectors' offices, and post-offices in the country; and that in addition to this the peculiar position in which the whole of the Southern States have been placed towards the Executive by the Force Bill, furnishes to unscrupulous partisans perhaps the most potent instrument for influencing elections ever established in a free country; and that the man who wields it is himself a candidate for re-election, we get some idea of the tremendous strain which our political system is at this moment undergoing, and will continue to undergo for a year to come. It is casting no marked imputation on General Grant's honesty to say that he ought not to be entrusted with any such power. If any man could be entrusted with such power, it is certain that the history of every nation on the globe would have been totally different. If it is an insult to say that he is unfit for its exercise, the constitutions of the United States and of all states are nothing but a string of insults to everybody charged with the duty of executing them. The very best answer he could make to the charge of abusing it is that he is human.

The operations which precede the formal work of the nominating convention are generally so quiet, and so well concealed from the public gaze, that the real strength of candidates with the politicians is as little known to the general public as the points and condition of race-horses to the great world outside betting circles. But the hum of preparation already begins to make itself heard, and the probabilities are that the harder the work done in official circles to make things safe, the more rapidly will hostility to the Presidential renomination develop itself outside these circles. The mere spectacle of the perfect working of the machinery has a highly irritating effect on rivals, malcontents, and disappointed persons, which is sure to produce irregular outbursts of opposition long before the day fixed for the regular encounter arrives. In Mr. Greeley's formal declaration of war against the practice of renomination, made in an article in the *Galaxy*, and transferred to the *Tribune*, and which has been foreshadowed by many of his utterances during his late tour in the West, we have an expression of what many are now thinking, and what a great many will before long begin to say—namely, that the strain of such a ponderous machine as a President preparing for his own renomination is one to which our political fabric cannot any longer be safely subjected. Either he must not be eligible for renomination, or the means of "working for it" must be taken from him. Mr. Greeley thinks he should be declared ineligible, and cites a host of authorities and analogies in favor of his position, for which there is, undoubtedly, a great deal to be said.

But making the President ineligible for renomination would, after all, not meet the great political evil of the day, and would not give us a real civil-service reform. It is true that it would destroy whatever portion of those evils comes from mere Presidential love of power; but love of power on the part of officers is not what most afflicts this commonwealth, but love of money. The President, in trying to remain in the White House for a second term, is influenced, doubtless, by a strong and, though not always noble, certainly not an ignoble passion; but it is a passion from which there is in our day little to fear. The large army of subordinates who are used to enable him to gratify it work for the most part under the influence of a base, practical, and thoroughly ignoble love of gain; and it is from their cheating, and stealing, and idling, and reducing everything connected with the administration of the government to a question of money, and their habit of estimating everything political in dollars and cents, that our political system is most endangered.

Now, these vices would be neither abolished nor checked by confining Presidents to one term of office. Nay, it is not impossible that the restriction, if not accompanied by any process of purification in the lower branches of the public service, would simply result in crowding into four years the bargaining, jobbing, and peculating which are now spread over eight. A President elected for one term would take office under precisely the same obligations to working politicians as a President elected as now for one term, with a chance of two, and he would have to discharge them in precisely the same way—that is, by giving the chiefs large chances of making money, and letting them provide for the small fry in the usual manner. The fact that the President was not a candidate for re-election would, perhaps, prevent him from exacting anything like active exertions to secure the nomination for anybody else, and would, perhaps, make officials, towards the close of his term, indifferent to his wishes. But it would not prevent an officer using his influence to secure *somebody's* nomination. Moreover, the very fact that an officer knew that his chances of holding office longer than four years were small, or that he had none, would, if he had the making of money in view in taking office, and wished to help his friends to make money, impel him into resorting with double vigor to those improper practices, whatever they are, which now constitute the scandals and disgraces of our civil service. In other words, the eligibility of the President for renomination is not at the bottom of the existing corruption, but our

purblind persistence in furnishing him, ready to his hand, and insisting on his using, a body of corrupt and characterless tools, who, were he as pure as the snow, would do much to drag him down to their level, and whom indeed the best man cannot use without debasement. Does any man suppose, for instance, that President Grant can sit in council with Collector Tom Murphy at Long Branch, day by day, over the best means of working the party organization for the benefit of his Administration, without having his political virtue sapped, nay, his very notions of patriotism and public duty obscured?

There is only one way out of this great muddle, and that is, to make the civil service an instrument which a base man cannot use for his personal advantage. If you leave the politicians no places to give away, and deprive them of all power of endangering any man's bread, except for misconduct, a President's desire for re-election would work no more injury to the State than the desire of any candidate to be elected for one term. The rarity with which Presidents have been re-elected shows that there is no injurious tendency in that direction in the minds of the people, and that, work as a man may, a second term is never likely to be anything but the reward of great and striking services; and it would certainly seem hardly politic to take away from the highest officer of the Government the most splendid, and, with a reformed civil service, the most admirable, of all incentives to good administration, even if Mr. Lincoln's case did not reveal the danger of being bound to change at the end of four years. It may sometimes be safe to swap horses when crossing the stream, but who would register a vow to swap horses regularly every year, no matter where he found himself, or what other horse offered?

THE NEW WAR-CLOUD IN EUROPE.

The course things are taking in France, though not exactly unexpected, is apparently contributing to the production of a complication in European politics which, a year ago, nobody looked for. Most people, and ourselves among the number, clearly overestimated the extent of the material loss inflicted on her by the late struggle. We did not suppose that it was possible to make such a display of recuperative force as she has made in the rapidity with which she has been paying off the German indemnity. But we certainly see no reason to revise any of the opinions we have expressed during the past year as to the depth and extent of the moral evils which first made the war possible, and then led to its failure. In fact, the events of every day confirm the impression that it is not in the power of legislation to build France up again, and that it is very doubtful whether this generation will see the work done, or even begun. To most of those who look at French politics uninfluenced by a sentimental liking for Frenchmen, or a sentimental dislike of Germans, there was at the close of the war only one way of restoring France to her old position, and that was a diligent cultivation of the arts of peace, and, as necessary to this, a diligent cultivation of the spirit of peace. It is not from war, but from readiness for war, and constant thinking and talking of war, that civilization suffers most, and that liberty has most to fear; and the best test of the effect of the war on French morals and politics would, most people felt, be furnished by its effect on the French disposition to fight. If the effect of it was either to disgust Frenchmen with soldiering—which was hardly to be expected—or to convince them that the surest road to military supremacy was through education, decentralization, and digging, and delving, and weaving, and spinning, which it was not unreasonable to expect—there could be little doubt of the greatness and glory of the French future.

Now it turns out, as most people fancied, that the Liberal party—that is, the party which has the greatest career opened to it—is, or is to be, a fighting party. It appears that the rallying-cry is to be "Vengeance," and its policy busy preparation for a renewal of the war with Germany. The army, so far from being reduced, is to be enlarged and improved, and the whole thoughts and energy and intellect turned once more, perhaps for half a century, into military channels. Now, this is exactly what happened after Waterloo; and it is not unsafe to conclude that we are about to witness a period in French history by no means unlike that which has elapsed since 1815. That is to say, the government of the day, whatever its form, having the sense of responsibility which usually comes from the actual possession of power, will perhaps be trying to keep the peace, and the opposition, whatever its creed, will be trying to hound it on into hostilities—the hated foe being this time Germany instead of England. The popular poets will be war poets, the popular writers and orators men who show how easy it is to cross the Rhine, and wipe out in the streets of Berlin the insults of 1871. Every government, too, will be tempted into pandering to this feeling by glorification of the army, by the culture of the military spirit, by the subordination of the civil power to the military power, by sternly opposing all administrative chances which seem likely to render the nation less easily handled as a military machine. Gambetta, who has made his appearance once more in the Assembly, and is a fair representative of the thought of all that portion of the French Republicans who are not Socialists, already treats all reforms as, in the main, means of preparing the country to fight the Prussians, and get back Alsace and Lorraine. It is easy to see what the effect of this on the work of reorganizing the Government will be, and how certainly each successive régime will be tempted into strengthening itself, as every régime has been tempted in times past, by threats of war, or preparations for war.

The probable influence of this state of the French mind on European politics already begins to be revealed. France is not strong enough to threaten Germany single-handed, but she is strong enough to be worth taking into alliance by any power which sees reason to fear or hate Germany; and her own feelings and condition already prompt her to offer herself for such an alliance. There were probably few incidents of the war which astonished French politicians so much as the apparent indifference of other powers to the fate which was overtaking her during the autumn of 1870. Some of the more enthusiastic counted on the gratitude of England; but all counted on the fear and jealousy of both England and Russia driving them into hostility to Prussia. England kept out of the fray, however, on what appears to be a well-settled policy of non-intervention; but for the acquiescence of Russia in the German triumphs there seemed, at the time M. Thiers was making his diplomatic tour, no way of accounting, except the personal friendship of the Czar for Frederick William and his dislike of republicanism. It is quite certain that his assurances that he would not meddle removed a mortal load from Bismarck's mind, and released a very large body of troops for operations in France which would, in the absence of such assurances, have been detained as a corps of observation on the eastern Prussian frontier.

It now turns out, however, that Sedan is playing in the Russian mind very much the same part that Sadowa played in the French mind in 1866. The policy of non-intervention begins to be felt at St. Petersburg to have been a mistake, owing to two things—one, the apparent determination of Austria to become what Andrew Johnson would call the "Moses" of the Slaves, and the other, the alliance of Austria and Germany for the regulation of Eastern affairs, beginning with the administration of some wholesome correction to the Roumanians for the sudden and utterly unjustifiable repudiation of a debt. Austria is flattering the Poles and Bohemians to the top of their bent, and there is already talk of the formal coronation of Francis Joseph as king of the three kingdoms of Poland, Bohemia, and Hungary; and the late meeting of the two Emperors at Ischl, and of their ministers at Gastein, although there are dozens of stories about its result, and all of them inaccurate, appears to have certainly ended in a determination to act together in all matters relating to Eastern Europe. There is, in consequence of all this, openly expressed indignation at St. Petersburg, and the official and non-official press has begun openly to abuse Prussia; and although it never does to attach much importance to stories of military movements making their appearance at the same time with stories of diplomatic coolnesses, there prevails at this moment throughout Europe a widespread belief that preparations are going on in Russia, if not also in Germany, for the great struggle which will finally and absolutely settle what the Franco-Prussian war only half-settled—in whose hands the ruling influence on European affairs during the next century is to be lodged. The overthrow of France simply removed one competitor from the field, but France was not a competitor whose chance any sound

judge considered strong. The stationariness of her population for the last forty years, the decline in her moral force, the increasing difficulties in the way of establishing a regular government, and the widespread political failure of the class known as the "Latin races," in which she occupied the foremost place, have, since 1861 at least, destroyed nearly all confidence in her future. Her downfall in 1870, therefore, surprised the best observers only by its suddenness. The war raised Germany to the first rank, indeed we may say to the foremost position, among the European powers; but, great as her successes were, they did not wholly remove from her path what we may call the Russian shadow which has rested on it ever since 1815, and which perhaps did more than anything else during long years to blight the hopes of German liberals. It did more than anything else to cheat the German people of the fruits of the great uprising of 1813; and for the next fifty years from no source probably did the paltry, God-denying despotism of the petty German courts derive so strong a support as from St. Petersburg. It was in vain, however, that German liberals tried to persuade France and England and Prussia that the best bulwark they could possibly erect against the Russian aggressiveness, which was the bugbear of European politicians during the whole of the Emperor Nicholas's reign, would be the union of Germany. That union has at last been brought about, strange to say, with the acquiescence, if not the connivance, of Russia, and its first and most natural result is what the German liberals predicted—the assumption by Germany of the right to control the course of events in Eastern Europe. With the appearance on the scene of the new German Empire, the extension of Russian territory south of the Danube becomes, as we ventured to point out a year ago, simply impossible, and Russian weight in the decision of what is called the "Eastern Question" a thing of the past. All the elements which in our day go to constitute political strength—education, mechanical skill, mental and moral vigor, social solidity, the influence of great traditions, the habit of discipline and self-sacrifice, and, last of all, numbers—Germany possesses in a higher degree than any other power in Christendom, except Russia, and it is only in numbers that Russia comes anywhere near her. If we had to doubt which of the two powers would, during the next two centuries at least, play the greater part on the stage of events, it would be to doubt the superiority of civilization over barbarism; and although we must admit that, within her present limits, Poland excluded, Russia has certainly nothing to fear from Germany, it is no less certain that without the consent of Germany she can secure no accession of territory on her southern borders. In other words, it begins to seem as if Russia must either surrender her fanatical hopes of two centuries, or engage in a desperate trial of strength with by far the most formidable rival she has ever encountered. The combination of France and England to check her progress in the Black Sea looks like child's play in the presence of the obstacle which now confronts her on the Danube.

That such a situation as this should be accepted with equanimity by Russia is not to be expected; we might as well "bid the main flood bate his usual height"; and that she should see in French exasperation the providential means of escape from it is most natural; and that so much combustible material should be accumulated without finally producing a conflagration, is hardly to be expected, for the pretensions of the opposing forces are of a nature that scarcely admit of abatement. The spectacle of France assisting Russia, and preventing the restoration of Poland, and of Poles fighting fiercely under the banner of Austria for the recovery of their lost nationality, would be one of the strangest spectacles in history, though hardly stranger to any one familiar with the politics of the last half-century than that of Germany in arms under a single chief, resisting Russian dictation.

A POLITICAL WATERING-PLACE.

Our first acquaintance with Long Branch was made through an engraving in one of our illustrated contemporaries, and certainly our eyes have seldom rested on a more animated and attractive scene than the beach as there depicted. A long reach of sand, bounded on one side by tall cliffs, scaled here and there by commodious stairways, and on the other by the ocean, which broke on it in three ranks of well-drilled "combers," was covered by a crowd of persons of all ages and both sexes, dressed in the height of fashion. The men were all at least six feet high; a great majority shaved their chins, and wore moustaches and neat side-whiskers; while those who retained the full beard wore eye-glasses. Their clothes were of various cuts, but there was none of it which was not costly. We were struck, too, by the tallness of the women, and the extreme richness of their clothing, but not nearly so much so as by the behavior of the children. Every little girl was well-dressed, and was playing with a little boy, also well-dressed, at some game peculiarly adapted to the seaside; and every gentleman—and there were a great many—was lavishing attentions on one or more ladies. A line of text informed us that this was the state of things "at noon," and a more elegant, refined, and lively state of things nobody could wish to see. How so many men got away from their business, and who were their tailors, were questions the most careless observer could hardly help asking himself; but the high character of the journal which described it all made the answer plain enough. There evidently were sides of life in the neighborhood of New York with which we were not familiar.

We have since then waited by the beach many a noon for this fashionable throng to come down and delight our eyes. We have watched the stairways in vain for the crowds of tall young women, with the trim waists, the high-heeled boots, the pretty ankles, the mass of trimmings, and the heavy chignons, who were to be attended by the tall cavaliers, with round hats, cut-away coats, canes, and eye-glasses, and to lounge past us, happy and affluent, and totally indifferent to that curse of American life, business—but we have never seen them. They may have flitted off to Newport, or Saratoga, or Sharon, or Cape May. All we know is that at Long Branch they are not, either at noon or any other time. The beach, in fact, is never crowded; the few ladies one sees on it are hard-worked Jersey wives and daughters, who have come in on excursion trains to get a whiff of salt air, and are plunging through the deep sand, followed either by elderly "providers" carrying shawls and dinner-bags, out of whom care and toil have long ago taken all tendency to flirtation, or else by jolly young farmers or store-boys, whose clothes fit them like sentry-boxes, and whose gambols with the girls call up no reminiscences either of ball-room or opera-box. Even the ocean does not behave as we were led to expect. It frets, and foams, and roars, but it does it irregularly and spasmodically, and often viciously. The breakers in the picture must have been exhibited only once, for the artist's special benefit. The "cliff," too, is disappointing to a reader of illustrated journals. Instead of being a hundred feet high, it is only about fifteen. Instead of being composed of savage rocks, it consists of red Jersey gravel, which the rains wash down, and the ocean year by year eats away. You may go down it by the ladder, but, if active and eager, you can jump down, and the boys occasionally descend on what Frenchmen call their "*séant*"—a useful and proper term, for which there is no English equivalent.

And yet Long Branch is an interesting and instructive summer resort, and we warn all students of human nature that he who thinks he knows New York, and has not seen Long Branch, deceives himself. In all other watering-places with which we are acquainted, the New York element is diluted by a dash of Boston, or Philadelphia, or Baltimore, or some other city. At Long Branch it is pure. Not that Long Branch, by any means, gives one an idea of what is best in New York life, but it gives us a side of New York life with which no other city has anything to compare, and gives it in a state of extraordinary condensation. Partly owing to its nearness to the city, and partly to the goodness of the means of communication, it has become within three or four years the chosen resort of a class which rules New York politically, which is found nowhere but in New York, and which discovers few or no points of contact with the inhabitants of any other place. It is a class, too, which in any other "summer resort" would be tolerably uncomfortable, but which in going to Long Branch carries its power and privilege and dignity and standards of morals and manners with it. Its life is not on the beach, but on the plateau above, and in the long row of monster hotels which for three miles line the promenade. You may wander at almost any hour of the day along the sands, and see none of those who figure prominently in Long Branch life. The only sign of their existence one gets down there is a glimpse of the liveried hats of their lacqueys, as they shoot along the promenade above.

If one wants to know in what lies the ability by which the political class in New York raise themselves above the rank of common thieves and pimps, and makes their protracted existence possible even in a community of the lowest morals, he cannot consider himself well-informed on that point without going down on one of the boats which now connect the place with the city. He will there see that their claim on the forbear-

ance of society lies in their remarkable skill in transportation. The Company which owns the boats is a concern absolutely without credit. Few persons would take one of its shares as a gift, much less let it have goods on credit. We believe the precautions taken by those who deal with it to secure payment before delivery are remarkable illustrations of human foresight and ingenuity. The president is the most notorious and lewdest swindler of a lewd and swindling age. But he clearly knows what travellers need. How he came to know, it would be hard to say. It is not the result of experience, for his own wants in his early days were few and simple. Nevertheless, he starts punctually; his waiters are clean, well-dressed, attentive; his fare is good and cheap; and he has given up to the dining the most commodious room on board, where one can sit at table as one goes down the bay and look out on shore and sea, and feel the fresh breezes blow, and enjoy the swift rush of the boat through the water. His officers are gorgeously dressed in the costume, as near as may be, of lord-high-admirals. We doubt whether the nautical experience of these "commanders" or "captains" has been varied or extensive; indeed, if we were to make a rough guess in the matter, we should say that their earliest lessons in navigation were received in moments snatched from the duty of mixing drinks for thirsty passengers. But the waters of the bay, between the Battery and Sandy Hook, are well known; the channel, thanks to the Government of our Union, is clearly marked out; and, with the aid of an intelligent pilot and engineer, the higher dignitaries of the ship are left free to adorn the decks and mingle with the passengers in social intercourse. There is music, too, dispensed by a brass band. The musicians are strong, healthy men, and the passengers are strong and healthy, too, so that the strains are seldom either sweet or low, and the whole is headed by what we learn from the advertisements is a "virtuoso," who plays solos on the cornet-a-piston. The boat is roomy and well-ordered throughout. One has to walk with averted eyes past the capacious barber's shop to prevent a young colored man dashing out and whisking him with a broom from head to foot. More wonderful than all, in the train between Sandy Hook and Long Branch, nobody ever wants a seat. We have enquired in vain for an instance. Let the crowd be never so great—and it is sometimes very great—there are empty places. This is a strange story to tell to the American traveller, but it is true.

The company which goes down, and which it is well to observe on the boat before it scatters into the hotels and cottages, would be considered by a Bostonian or Philadelphian "promiscuous." In reality, however, it is homogeneous to an extraordinary degree. It is very seldom that one meets in the United States with six or seven hundred persons whose tastes, habits, ideals, and aspirations are so very like. He would, for instance, probably nowhere on this continent—not even in Montana or New Mexico—find a crowd in which birth or education furnished so little claim to distinction. In that crowded saloon a Revolutionary grandfather would go for nothing; Lowell or Longfellow, Prescott or Macaulay, would be strange or unfamiliar names, which, if they attracted attention at all, would probably be attributed to gentlemen in the dry-goods business. This is partly due to the strong predominance of citizens of German extraction and of the Jewish persuasion, with whom surnames only recently came into use, and whose tastes are not literary, and partly to the fact that the American element is drawn almost entirely from the class known as "sporting," which is usually made up of persons who have never taken kindly to schooling. When the Young American, fresh from his pious country home, sits down on the boat and watches them, he finds himself in the presence of some strange phenomena. For instance, he has probably come up to New York with the notion that not only was gambling sinful and disreputable, but that the keeping of a gambling-house was a criminal and infamous mode of getting a living, and he probably supposes that gambling-house keepers avoid observation, and only take the air under cover of night. Let him take his place by the gangway of the *Pilgrim Father*, however, any afternoon he pleases in summer, and he will see a jolly-looking, bright-eyed man, with the early corpulence and the pasty complexion that come of late hours and want of exercise, but with a sensual jaw and fat, white hands, glittering with diamonds, saunter on board, in the full light of the afternoon sun, observed of all and courting observation. The crowd falls back respectfully before him as he enters the ship; dozens of voices hail him "Jack" from various parts of the deck and bid him welcome; and dozens of well-dressed passengers rush up to talk to him, the younger ones evidently gratified by a nod from him. He is clearly a great man, and he is clearly, if we may use a vulgar illustration, on his own dunghill. The waiters are all bows and smiles; as he lounges towards the office the "captain" obsequiously and eagerly opens the door to let him fling in his stylish bag. When he seats himself in a cool place, a noisy circle gathers round him, and he every minute has to answer questions, decide controversies, or give his confirmation to a good joke or story before the real laughing over it—and such laughing—can begin. After he has composed himself he orders champagne, and it flows bottle after bottle, with the addition of a small piece of lemon in each glass, a mixture which to us was new, and which we—perhaps wrongly—ascribed to an attempt on the part of New York politicians to preserve in the conviviality of the New World some trace, or tradition, or reminiscence, of the common domestic whiskey-punch from which the Irish ancestors of a great many of them had drawn strength to support "six hundred years of wrong." The Young American from the pious home will probably be surprised to hear that Jack, who sits there in his velvet coat, with his gorgeous shirt-front studded with diamonds, with diamonds in his wristbands, with one of his flabby legs crossed over the other, and elevating into view a tiny, tight patent-leather boot, is the keeper of a notorious gambling-house, well known to the police; that his political influence is enormous; that that easy, indifferent, self-assured manner of his comes from the same sense of superiority to the law which, in fact, gave it to the Montmorencis and Howards two centuries ago; that, in short, he is one of the aristocrats of our new civilization; that the group which surrounds him is largely made up of the men to whom the New York church members commit every year the collection and outlay of their taxes, the education of their children, the care of their prisoners and of their sick and poor, and the administration of their justice to high and low. That Jack should not think meanly of himself our pious youth will the better understand when we tell him that in the group there, under his eyes, quaffing the champagne, we see Republican politicians, hot for the rights of man, and who, though in this part of their life they are cheek-by-jowl with Jack, the New York gambler, in another part of it, a twelvemonth hence, will be found hobnobbing with Sumner and Phillips, or taking a whiff of humanitarian theology in the Boston Music Hall; that in Jack's house, in the winter season, judges of the Supreme Court of the State of New York may almost every night be found; and that it is only a few months since his jovial name appeared attached to a birthday congratulation, addressed to the lewd President of the Company, side by side with that of a prominent member of a prominent Congregational church. If our youth will come down with us to Long Branch, too, he will find that, next to the President of the Company, Jack is the leading local magnate, the patron of local improvements and local amusements, whom all persons interested in the growth of the place love and honor. President Fisk, however, holds the first place in influence and distinction. His team of six horses, and his gorgeous coach filled with frail beauties, carefully selected, are perhaps the most prominent objects on the promenade on fine afternoons. To the outside world he is a Jeremy Diddler of luxurious habits, but to the Long Branch world, and, above all, to the local *valetaille*—the great army of cooks, waiters, coachmen, expressmen, brakemen, chambermaids—he is "Colonel Fisk," a gentleman of "fine talents and dignified manners," who spends his money like a prince. We have wondered, on seeing the country people who came up on the excursion crowding into the hotel, their children clinging to their hands, to get a peep into the great man's suite of apartments, or collected in groups to stare at him on fine afternoons, as he saunters along the shore leading a lady of the half-world by the hand, what sort of notion the young people would carry back to the farmhouses of the great problem of success in life, and of the ends of striving, in this busy American world.

It is, after all, however, the selection of Long Branch as a summer retreat by President Grant, and not its selection by the city gamblers and politicians, which has of late given it most of its fame in the rest of the Union; but it must be said for him that he contributes nothing to the brilliancy of its seasons. The plateau on which his cottage stands is cut off by a creek or inlet from that on which the hotels stand and the visitors swarm; and if the Outs would let the Ins alone, his summer would be as quiet and his breezes as pure as any weary man could desire. The lesson of the great gold panic of two years ago has apparently not been lost on him, for the high dignitaries of the Narragansett S. S. Co., we suspect, enjoy little of his company, and have few opportunities of giving him advice as to the best manner of "tiding the country over" the hard times. But Black Care sits behind him in his light wagon, nevertheless, for he seldom closes his avenue gate without seeing half-a-dozen office-seekers' hacks hitched to some portion of his premises, and half-a-dozen

gentlemen waiting in his piazza, to let him know what disposition should be made of that Hoboken tidewaitership or Oshkosh post-office, if he means to save the country and the party from going to the dogs. Some of them come, literally, from the ends of the earth, for there is no corner of this vast continent in which the destinies of humanity may not be favorably affected by the use of one or two posts worth about twelve hundred dollars a year, or in which there is not some patriot who is frantically struggling to uphold the flag in the midst of a band of demoniacal copperheads and rebels, whom it will only need a very little encouragement from the Chief Magistrate to enable him to cow and disperse. Nobody can think of his long "conferences"—this is what they call their talks—with them without pitying him; and yet it is hard for anybody who ever admired him to see him go past in his wagon, brown, fat, and grim, without bearing him a grudge. For, no matter what we may think of his administration, the Grant over whom we threw up our caps in April, 1865, has vanished into history. The silent soldier whose struggles on a hundred fields so many millions watched with sleepless, hungry eyes, and whom so many of us feasted as a hero, exists no more. Struggle against the feeling as we may, the gentleman who has trotted past us, though he looks like a man whom any of us would be glad to have by his side on a desperate day, when our business was to stand or die, is after all no longer the Grant of our dreams and songs, but a middle-aged politician on whom the cares of state hang heavily, and its paltriest cares heaviest of all. The shining fame of Vicksburg and Chattanooga and Richmond can, of course, never die out; but it is only the student who will hereafter see it. It has no rays for the work of "reorganizing the party in this city," or lighting every hungry adventurer to his proper share of custom-house spoil. In this we are all wronged—and not we of this generation only, but our children and our children's children.

But "we will not think of themes like these." A few steps bring us down to the beach, where the high bank shuts out all sights and sounds of the base and busy world behind, and we are in the presence of the ocean, and one may say alone with the ocean, as one is on few parts of the American coast. As to Long Branch, the ocean is indeed immense, and savage, and loud resounding. The beat of the surf on ever so many straight miles of beach, roars like distant thunder, and as the fog rolls up from the east it fills the mind with a vague reminiscence of "that immortal sea which brought us hither," and on which all of us, assessors and collectors, standard-bearers, champions, and committees on resolutions, will one day drift to the repose which no custom-house can ever give.

Correspondence.

MR. BOUTWELL AND THE NEW LOAN.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: At the risk of being deemed officious, I beg to assure you of the very high estimation in which I hold your article, entitled "The Bottom of the Great City Difficulty." It is the first time I have ever seen in print a recognition of the fallacy which is the underlying cause of the failure, partial or complete, which has attended, and will ever attend, all attempts to administer the affairs of cities upon so-called Democratic or Republican political principles. Universal suffrage applied to business is nonsense, as we have found to our cost, and we shall never fully emancipate ourselves from the vulgar tyranny which oppresses us till we fully appreciate the fact.

May I be allowed to say a word upon another subject, which touches upon my own special vocation? In the same number of your paper, you strike off with, I think, a keen insight into character, some of your objections to the "Honorable the Secretary of the Treasury," as a man, and manager of the national finances. I agree with you in every position except that taken in your number four; if in it you mean to state that the Government could not raise $1,500,000,000 at 5 per cent. In my opinion, the Secretary ought long since to have placed his $500,000,000 Five per cent. loan. His failure to do so is owing to two blunders, both due to his want of knowledge and capacity as a Minister of Finance; first, as you state, "to his failure to make any efforts for a return to specie payments"—not understanding that the one thing that is now alone required to place our national credit in the foremost rank is the honest redemption of Government promises; next, to his misconception as to the times and circumstances which would justify a popular appeal to the masses for money. In trying to imitate Jay Cooke, who imitated Louis Napoleon, he simply exhibited the parrot's power, heedless alike of the absence or the presence of the elements which made the originals successful.

The experience of the world should have taught him, that to place loans at a low rate of interest in the calm, sober times of peace, when capital is accumulated at the great monetary centres, and not diffused and stagnant in the hands of the million, as it is when industries and commerce are paralyzed by war or civil commotions, has always required the intervention of old, experienced, wealthy bankers, whose initiative has uniformly been necessary to the inspiration of confidence in the host of smaller dealers and capitalists who become the final distributors of the loan. To appoint, as the Secretary did, great numbers of the lesser banks and bankers and brokers his agents, and to appeal to the public at the same time, was only an effort to make water run up-hill; he was forced at last to throw himself bodily into the arms of Jay Cooke, making the best terms he could—and they were pretty good terms for Jay Cooke.

As to his 4 and 4½ per cent. bonds, if, instead of coercing and threatening the banks to induce them to exchange 6 per cent. securities for 4 or 4½ per cent. new bonds, he had offered them a just and fair equivalent in the reduction of taxation, he could have made an exchange for the whole amount of 6 per cents now held by the banks.—Very respectfully,

J. L. Worth.

New York, Sept. 9, 1871.

Notes.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard have in preparation attractive editions of "Reynard the Fox," from the Low German original, and of "Robinson Crusoe," "The Pilgrim's Progress," and "Gulliver"; also, Dean Alford's "New Testament Commentary for English Readers," and "Greek Testament"; "Types and Pens," by a practical proof-reader; two more of Madame Schwarz's novels; and "The Baron von Adelstein," by Francis H. Underwood.——Three works by Henri Taine will shortly be published by Messrs. Holt & Williams, viz., his "English Literature," translated by H. Van Laun; "Philosophy of Greek Art," translated by John Durand; and "On Intelligence," translated by T. D. Haye. They have also in preparation a new library edition of Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria"; Aytoun and Martin's "Poems and Ballads of Goethe"; "The Sakuntala," from the Sanskrit of Kalidasa, with an introduction by Prof. Whitney; and "The Mystery of Orcival," from the French.——Nearly uniform with the "red-line" editions of Longfellow, Tennyson, and Whittier which are published by Messrs. Osgood & Co. will be Messrs. Appletons' red-line edition of Bryant. The difference will be in the size of type, which in the Bryant will be larger than in the others. The same firm announce a cheaper edition—price six dollars—of "Dana's Household Book of Poetry," still probably the best work of its kind; an illustrated reprint of Captain Burton's adaptation of "Vikram and the Vampire; or, Tales of Hindoo Deviltry"—a book which we hope will be given to many thousand boys this Christmas; and a medical book which may be of use to the unmedical reader—namely, "Emergencies, and how to Treat Them," which aims to tell what should be done for the treatment, among other things, of accidents and cases of poisoning.

—For some time past the Boston *Journal* has been publishing a series of papers written by an old-time politician, of a better school than a large school of the politicians of to-day, in which he has given a mass of recollections which it would be worth while for some publisher to gather into a book. Setting aside the question of the success of the book as a business venture, it would be worth while to have it for the purpose of bringing home to the imaginations of this generation the aspect of politics thirty and forty and fifty years ago. Many a man shed tears in the street when the news came, in 1844, that New York had gone Democratic, and Polk had beaten Clay—Harry Clay, the Mill-Boy of the Slashes, the Sage of Ashland. This writer of whom we speak gives, by the bye, a good account of the scene in the old *Courier* office, we believe it was, in Boston, when the express came from Albany to the jubilant Whigs that New York had gone for Polk. It is difficult to see how Mr. B. F. Hallett could have survived his joy on that occasion. There would not be many tears shed next fall, we imagine, by either Democrats or Republicans, over the defeat of either of the candidates. And though we have Gen. Banks still, and Mr. H. C. Deming, and others of their kin, the Pograms of these days produce, we take it, nothing like the effect which eloquence such as the late Mr. Burlingame's, for instance, was safe to produce twenty-five years ago; and they themselves appear to know it ever since the "hole in the sky" and

other impeachment oratory. So, too, of the personal following and personal magnetism of political leaders—the Henry Clays, Daniel Websters, Stephen A. Douglases, and Martin Van Burens of our ante-rebellion days. We do not repeat them, and this though the country is full of successful generals of deserved reputation. A party might to-day venture to throw away the "availability" doctrine with far less fear of imperilling its success than the politicians could have felt in the more immature years of a quarter or a half century ago.

—Our readers deserve protection against Mr. A. B. Way, of Alliance, Ohio, as much as the readers of the religious journals of that State, so we make no apology for printing what the secular press would call "a first-class notice" of that person, from the pen of Mr. F. M. Green, also of Alliance. Under the general heading of "A. B. Way—Beware of Him," Mr. Green gives notice "to the churches of Christ everywhere, and to Christian people generally, that the above-mentioned person is utterly unworthy of your confidence as a man or a Christian. During the past year, to go back no further, his conduct has been most ungodly." Although he had been for some years a resident of Alliance, and a preacher among the disciples of Christ in Stark and adjoining counties, the grand jury of Stark nevertheless found it necessary last June to indict Mr. Way for forgery. Mr. Way admitted that he had been concerned in some forgeries; but he immediately left the neighborhood, and it is the fact that his whereabouts cannot be ascertained, and the further fact that when he mentioned the forgeries he "signified his intention to go to preaching again," which makes it desirable that the public should be warned against him. Mr. Green prescribes for him a kind of treatment which it might be well to apply to Mr. Butler's Baptist friend, the Rev. Dr. Marvin, of Boston, and certain others of the same city whom we could name if it were necessary: "Let the brethren everywhere pray that he may yet be saved, but in no-wise countenance him." We should hope not. Still, in justice to Mr. Way, it should be remembered by everybody who has any of his "paper" that it is not stated that he is unsound on any point of doctrine.

—Mr. Kinsley Twining, of Cambridge, Mass., appears to be a clergyman of a different variety from that exemplified by the Rev. Dr. Marvin. He takes occasion to read the latter a sharp lecture on his recent advocacy of Butler—an advocacy which must be characterized as very profligate or else a piece of ignorance which is highly culpable in a man who has charged himself with the daily business of teaching men and women how, by righteousness of life, they may attain the blessedness of an eternity in the presence of a just God. Mr. Twining sends Mr. Marvin, through the Boston *Advertiser*, a letter which may or may not do him good, but which is at all events profitable for general instruction and reproof, and is capable of doing good in other places as well as in Boston. He begins by rebuking Dr. Marvin for venturing to pledge "the Christian men of Massachusetts" to support the candidacy of such a person as Butler, for such a reason as that, if he were elected, he would "enforce the prohibitory law." This, says Mr. Twining, is to pledge the Christians of Massachusetts to an immoral position. "What I complain of," he says, "is that you should have so low an opinion of the Christian public as to suppose that, for the sake of this one purely prudential consideration, they are willing to give their suffrages for a man who, whatever he may be in himself, stands before the public as a man unfit to be trusted." "You are a friend of reform," he goes on; "so am I; but reform in one direction is not to be carried on by the sacrifice of all that is good in other respects. . . Social reform," he goes on, "implies always a wide growth of character. Other virtues must be kept moving *pari passu* with those of temperance. You cannot conquer drunkenness while conscience is left to crumble in other respects. You must sustain the morals, the religion, the civilization of the people, otherwise there will be no basis to uphold and support their temperance. You come forward with some leading question of the moment, and elevate it not only to a great but to an exclusive importance. You make it the main question, and because your man is supposed to be sound on the main question of the moment, you expect us to condone his unsoundness on other matters which are not main questions of the moment, for the one simple reason [here is a point well put] that they are main questions for all time. If you can discover a more demoralizing course of action than this, I can only say that I hope you will not see reason for pledging Christian people to support it." Here is another saying, worthy to be accepted in all the churches and newspaper offices: "There is no virtue in this world that is worthy of the name, and fit to be trusted, except that which is embodied in good men." He closes as follows (and as Mr. Green, of Alliance, says, "Christian papers please copy"): "I do not set a lower estimate than others on the ravages of intemperance, but the corruption of a people's civil and political conscience is something far more to be dreaded. At such a time as this, prohibitory laws and everything else pertaining to social virtue would seem to depend on the issue of the question whether there remains enough of love of honesty and of the fear of God in the people to rise against questionable and doubtful politicians, and fill their once honorable offices with men of sound, broad, and known integrity. Can you inflict a severer blow on the temperance cause than to give it at such a time an attitude of indifference to this momentous subject? At a time when so many of what you might call 'the world's people' are making a brave and noble battle to save the nation from civil and political corruption, it would, indeed, be hard should they be deserted in the fray by their natural allies in the Christian church. They might then, perhaps, be pardoned some railing against such shepherds, should ministers of the Gospel go about corrupting their flocks with that devil's plea, 'A knave who will execute the law, rather than a Christian who will not.'"

—For some reason not stated, but probably because the religious factions in Ireland make so much more political trouble than anywhere else in the civilized world, the English census authorities, who ask Englishmen and Scotchmen no questions about their creed, are careful to ascertain the strength of the various denominations in Ireland. From the last census we take the following figures, which have a special interest for the people of the United States, who, up to the year 1871, have received from the British Islands immigrants to the great number of 3,857,850—a population greater than that which framed the Constitution, and established itself a nation. The whole number of inhabitants in Ireland, April 3, 1871, was 5,402,759. Of these, we may say—speaking roundly—that three-quarters return themselves, or are returned, as Roman Catholics, while the fourth quarter is composed of Anglicans (683,295), Presbyterians (503,461), Methodists (41,815), Independents (4,485), Friends (3,834), persons who are classed as "of various other Christian persuasions" (19,035), and Jews, who number only 258. The class belonging to "other Christian persuasions" is the only class which has increased since 1861, and in that class the Census Commissioners include mendicants, temporary lodgers, and travellers. The percentage of increase in their case is but slight, however, amounting only to one and twenty-six hundredths. In every other class there has been a decrease, the percentage being as follows: Among the Roman Catholics it has amounted to a little more than eight; among the members of the once Established Church, about one and a half; among the various dissenting bodies, very nearly four. The 258 Jews of 1861 had, by 1871, decreased more than thirty-four per cent. In one of the four provinces the Anglicans and Protestants outnumber the Roman Catholic; Ulster has of the latter not quite nine hundred thousand (894,525), and of the former 935,873.

—The siege of Paris was, first and last, full of romances, and among them the adventures of the Venus of Milo, as disclosed in the *Journal Officiel* by M. Théophile Gautier, must be reckoned not least interesting. This statue—the one art-treasure, as M. Gautier says, of which every European museum envied France the possession; the goddess which the Parisians were determined should not become a *Prussienne*—had the honor of being singled out for removal from the Louvre, though the building was protected against all ordinary casualties. With a happy unconsciousness of what was to follow the surrender, and anxious to conceal the inimitable antique only from Prussian confiscation or destruction, the guardians of the Venus carefully deposited it in a secret receptacle in the Prefecture of Police, well swathed, encased in an iron chest, and hidden by a double wall of masonry. This building naturally fell under the torch of the Commune in its last hours, and the statue was almost miraculously preserved amid the ruins by a stream of water which bathed the enclosure. The damp to which the figure had been exposed, however, caused a separation of the upper and lower portions at their joining, when it appeared that the former, at the last setting up, had been tilted forward, out of its original position, by means of wedges. According to the *Academy*, this discovery favors the discarded "interpretation of the figure as victress at the Judgment of Paris," inasmuch as "a more erect attitude of the body would be more consonant with the action of holding aloft the apple, and would do away with the necessity of supposing a weight sustained by the arms to account for and balance the forward stoop."

—The now abundant French publications relating to the war include the following titles of more than average interest: Delaunay's "Histoire de la Campagne de France;" Auguste Deschamp's "Histoire de la Chute de l'Empire"; Virmaitre's "La Commune à Paris"; "Documents pour l'Histoire Contemporaine"; General Chanzy's "La Deuxième Armée

de la Loire," with which may be compared "Mémoires sur l'Armée de Chanzy"; and General Faidherbe's "Campagne de l'Armée du Nord en 1870–71." The pamphlet which stands fourth on the list contains a despatch from Drouyn de Lhuys to Count Goltz, the Prussian Minister to Paris, dated Vichy, August 3, 1866. This is probably the first French document on record touching the claims of France for compensation after the territorial aggrandizement of Prussia by the war with Austria. It shows that Napoleon's secretary of foreign affairs was completely deceived as to the willingness of the Berlin Cabinet to make the compensations in question, having been led by Benedetti to suppose that Bismarck, to whom the matter had been broached early in July, recognized the justice of the claim, and only sought a plausible mode of satisfying it. The snub which these great expectations received when the claims were formally presented by Benedetti immediately on the King's return to Berlin, might have opened the Emperor's eyes to the decay of French diplomacy.

—General Chanzy's narrative is said to be rather dry reading, and it would be difficult, indeed, to be eloquent over the deeds of the Second Army of the Loire and be strictly truthful in describing its rout. Its commander, as may be imagined, has set himself to write a panegyric in place of history; but as this is not just what France needs, and as some Frenchmen have the sense to perceive it, the work has not escaped criticism—that of the *Constitutionnel* being perhaps as frank as any:

"In my view," says the writer, Jules Richard, "there is one thing worse than surrender, and that is the unwillingness to confess the surrender. A people that has not known how to conquer, should at least understand how to play the rôle of the vanquished, and one of the greatest proofs of the demoralization of the French lies in the very fact that they cannot look their misfortune in the face and draw a lesson from it. At this moment there is not in all France a small shopkeeper or mechanic who is not convinced that the war might have been continued and King William's moustache burnt off him. . . And then the history of France and especially of the Republic has been so strangely written that the French cannot be blamed for being ignorant of their former defeats. The historians have told them that they were always victorious. It has been justly remarked that our generals understood not a word of geography; as justly might it be asserted that our statesmen understand nothing of history. . . If M. Thiers would deserve well of his fatherland, . . let him order of some worthy man—for instance, of Col. Stoffel—a small popular work with the title: 'What Prussia did after Jena?' Let this book be printed at the public expense and given to all school-children who have earned a prize or a promotion. That would be better than for ever repeating: 'Honor is saved.' No; honor is not saved. No, there is no solace for our misfortune; no, we are not only beaten, but ingloriously beaten to boot."

—Gen. Faidherbe, a more enthusiastic friend and admirer of Gambetta than is General Chanzy, might be expected accordingly to be somewhat more unscrupulous in his version of history, by which French victories are to appear the inevitable results of French fighting. He has, however, reckoned without his host, inasmuch as Gen. Von Goeben, his opponent in the North, still lives, and has, in the *Militär Wochenblatt*, vanquished him a second time in a very summary manner. Von Goeben selects but one of Faidherbe's misrepresentations, that relating to the battles before Bapaume, on the 2d and 3d of January. After setting forth the weakness of the German forces, and the importance of avoiding any engagement which should endanger the reduction of Péronne, then in progress, he shows that the two French army corps only succeeded in capturing the villages held as outposts by the German Eighth Army Corps, and could neither shake nor outflank its main positions. When they retired to their fortresses on the 4th, they had suffered an admitted loss of 53 officers and 2,056 men, a number of officers, together with 500 men, having been captured unwounded. The German corps, on the other hand, lost but 47 officers and 996 men, in killed, wounded, and missing, and 128 horses; and Péronne capitulated on the 10th. Faidherbe, seeking to prove the cowardice of his adversaries, adduces an order of Gen. Von Goeben, directing the troop commanders to point out to him the officers who had fled from the fight at Bapaume, that he might have them cashiered. A neater turn to a falsehood is seldom given than this one receives. The order in question, says Von Goeben, was actually Faidherbe's own, but by mistake was telegraphed to an English journal in Von Goeben's name, while, at the same time, the French journals were publishing the original order properly credited to the "victor" at Bapaume.

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE.*

THE general public will, perhaps, be more pleased with this poem than the particular public professing the Browning cultus. But it is perfectly Browningesque in all its essential features; and it is at the same time rather easier of comprehension than most of its author's works, so that it may well enough, while gratifying the disciples, serve as a kind of initiatory exercise for the profane, and so please and profit more persons than could reasonably be expected to like a new poem by Mr. Browning. The writing of it appears to have been a task imposed upon him by a lady, the Countess Cowper, to whom he dedicates the volume. This he does, by the way, with a compliment so florid as, perhaps, will make some readers a little uneasy at the outset. "If I mention the simple truth," he says, "that this poem absolutely owes its existence to you—who not only suggested, but imposed on me as a task, what has proved the most delightful of May-month amusements—I shall seem honest, indeed, but hardly prudent; for how good and beautiful ought such a poem to be! Euripides might fear little" [the poem is a sort of paraphrase, with comments, of the "Alcestis" of Euripides]—"Euripides might fear little; but I also have an interest in the performance; and what wonder if I beg you to suffer that it make, in another and far easier sense, its nearest possible approach to those Greek qualities of goodness and beauty, by laying itself gratefully at your feet?" The poetical and chivalric Elizabethan compliment, which had only to be beautifully paid, and which the complimented person must live up to as well as he could, it being none of the poet's lookout to do more than make a noble invention, undoubtedly was a fine thing in its way. Whether it can be made to breathe our more prosaic atmosphere—or our differently poetic atmosphere—and wear an air of less than very dubious sincerity of admiration, seems doubtful. Passing on to the poem, however, we find that the task laid upon the poet would seem to have been to tell the story of Alcestis in something like the way—not to be irreverent—in which Thackeray tells the story of the life led by Ivanhoe, after Rowena had led him to the altar. It is a way with which Mr. Browning is familiar. Being primarily a psychologist, of a subtlety that makes him almost a demonstrator of morbid psychology, he is always pleased to take a story where ninety-nine story-tellers out of a hundred would leave it, or have left it, and to turn it over and over and over, and peer into it, and lay bare all the intricate filaments of motive which, whether or not they often are at the bottom of action, reveal themselves to the eye trained in introspective contemplation. Supposing that he was compelled to choose for the exercise of his peculiar gift some one of the Greek writers of antiquity, doubtless Mr. Browning made his best choice when he took Euripides—

> "Our Euripides the Human.
> With his droppings of warm tears,"

as he is called by Mrs. Browning in her unpleasant manner. With the religious struggles of the elder poet, the modern one, who is fond of brooding over spiritual things and spinning theories more or less satisfactory, doubtless sympathizes. And that arbitrary treatment of the legends he works in which is characteristic of Euripides; his habit of long and irrelevant philosophizing suggested only by the matters in hand, and not growing out of it; his subtilizing dialogue—even further wrong than his bandying of frigid proverbial wisdom from interlocutor to interlocutor—all this probably brings him closer to Mr. Browning's heart than either of his great forerunners. On the other hand, as is hinted by Mrs. Browning's praise of Euripides, his system of depending for tragical effect on the pity and other purely human emotions of his hearers, rather than of setting before them some severer, more moralizing type of loftiness or beauty, doubtless fits him better for presentation to the modern reader. To tell the story of the weak-souled, selfish Admetus of Euripides—not of the hospitable Admetus whose flocks Apollo herded, and whom the god learned to love, and whom the hero, Hercules, made comrade and friend; and the story of the Alcestis who perceives all her husband's selfishness, and knows the full extent of her self-sacrifice—not of the Alcestis who, in the early fable, with its happy end, is the simple type of tender and dutiful wifely affection and cheerful self-surrender—to tell the later and sophisticated form of the legend as Euripides told it, and then to add to this twice-told tale a suggested version of it, differing from both the others, and which is got by

> ". . . . Sounding in the soul,"

after the regular Browning method,

> "To depths below the deepest, reaching good
> In evil, that makes evil good again"—

this is what Mr. Browning here does. And as we have said, it is done in his well-known interesting way—a way which seems to us, we confess, very much more interesting than poetical; and more interesting at first than afterwards, when it has become tedious; and when it has been seen

* "Balaustion's Adventure. Including a Transcript from Euripides. By Robert Browning." Boston; James R. Osgood & Co., 1871.

to be acute to excess; and when, were it not for the author's thoughtfulness, and especially for the obscurity of style in which he clothes his involution of thought, it would be manifestly seen to be in its essence nearly as enervating morally and intellectually to those who are fondest of it, as it is fatiguing to those who care least for it.

For use in the frame-work which he makes for the setting of his "transcript of Euripides," Mr. Browning invents a young Greek girl, a Rhodian, whom also he christens, giving her the name Balaustion, which means the wild-pomegranate-flower, and which is given her for the reasons, good enough, whether or not particularly cogent, which are herein set forth:

". . . . Here she stands,
Balaustion! Strangers greet the lyric girl!
Euripides? Babai! what a word there 'scaped
Your teeth's enclosure, quoth my grandsire's song!
Why, fast as snow in Thrace, the voyage through,
Has she been falling thick in flakes of him!
Frequent as figs at Kaunos, Kaunians said.
Balaustion, stand forth and confirm my speech!
Now it was some whole passion of a play;
Now, peradventure, but a honey-drop
That slipt its comb i' the chorus. If there rose
A star, before I could determine steer
Southward or northward—if a cloud surprised
Heaven, ere I fairly hollaed 'Furl the sail!'—
She had at finger's end both cloud and star;
Some thought that perched there, tame and tuneable,
Fitted with wings; and still, as off it flew,
'So sang Euripides,' she said, 'so sang
The meteoric poet of air and sea,
Planets and the pale populace of heaven,
The mind of man, and all that's made to soar!'
And so, although she has some other name,
We only call her Wild-pomegranate-flower,
Balaustion; since, where'er the red bloom burns
I' the dull dark verdure of the bounteous tree,
Dethroning, in the Rosy Isle, the rose,
You shall find food, drink, odor, all at once;
Cool leaves to bind about an aching brow,
And, never much away, the nightingale."

Balaustion, the daughter of a Rhodian father and an Athenian mother, is an enthusiast in her love for Athens, and a worshipping admirer of Euripides, whose poetry, as we have seen, she knows by heart. When Nicias has made his disastrous campaign against the Syracusans, and the allies of Athens are deserting her, the Rhodians also go over to Sparta; but Balaustion, she tells us,

"Never disloyal to the life and light
Of the whole world worth calling world at all,"

beseeches her countrymen not to desert the Athenians, and so far prevails as to induce some of her kinsmen to fly from Rhodes to Kaunos, where they take ship for Athens. A storm drives them from their course far to the westward, and, when the storm is over, they find hanging on their quarter a Locrian pirate. Pulling hard, they make a port which turns out to be the island port of Syracuse.

"Even Ortugia's self—oh, luckless we!
For here was Sicily and Syracuse:
We ran upon the lion from the wolf."

A Syracusan galley boards them, and orders them out of the harbor, the commander having heard the girl singing—

"That song of ours which saved at Salamis,"

and suspecting from the word of Æschylus that the ship's company were for Athens, and against the League. The Rhodians turn to go:

". . . . And we were just about
To turn and face the foe, as some tired bird
Barbarians pelt at, drive with shouts away
From shelter in what rocks, however rude,
She makes for, to escape the kindled eye,
Split beak, crook'd claw, o' the creature, cormorant,
Or ossifrage, that, hardly baffled, hangs
Afloat i' the foam, to take her if she turn.
So were we at destruction's very edge,
When those o' the galley, as they had discussed
A point, a question raised by somebody,
A matter mooted in a moment—'Wait!'
Cried they (and wait we did, you may be sure),
'That song was veritable Aischulos,
Familiar to the mouth of man and boy,
Old glory: how about Euripides?
The newer and not yet so famous bard,
He that was born upon the battle-day
While that song and the salpinx sounded him
Into the world, first sound, at Salamis—
Might you know any of his verses too?'
Now, some one of the gods inspired this speech."

Balaustion, as the Captain has already informed us, and as he now tells the Syracusans, is perfectly at home in Euripides, and offers to give them "the main of a whole play, from first to last"—even the play of Alcestis, which not only is excellent for "its beauty and the way it makes you weep," but also has much honor for Syracuse's own god, Hercules—or, rather, Heracles, for in spelling his Greek names Mr. Browning forsakes English, except in the case of Syracuse. The Syracusans make holiday on hearing this announcement, and Balaustion, being set upon the steps of the Temple of Hercules, paraphrases the tragedy, to the great joy of all her auditors, for—

". . . . Greeks are Greeks, and hearts are hearts,
And poetry is power"—

except, indeed, one auditor—

". . . . A brisk little somebody,
Critic and whippersnapper, in a rage
To set things right—"

whom, however, as the public is satisfied, and as Balaustion does not care for him, nobody need mind much in the general joy.

Balaustion soon disappears from the scene, and is married at Athens to a youth whom her talents have charmed, or, rather, she soon becomes Mr. Browning, if, indeed, she ever was anything else; and the play is related according to the plan that we have described, the text of Euripides being in many passages closely followed, and in many cases the translation being a free paraphrase, with a large infusion of the modern poet. The resultant poem is not to our mind a pleasing one—not so pleasing as many of the similar poems which, in the skilful, and acute, and sometimes profound writings of its distinguished author, so well answer the end of engaging us in an elaborate analysis of mental processes, and so imperfectly answer the end of delighting us. It is less pleasing than they, because in it Mr. Browning appears to us as violating what we may call the sacredness that should hedge about a great poem. He might better have been subtle and profound over creations of his own, as he so well and easily knows how to be, and have left alone, untouched by familiar and altering hands, the story which, as Euripides told it, has now for two thousand years and more been among the treasures of mankind. Still he has a plea in justification, which he thus makes:

". . . . 'Tis the poet speaks:
But if I, too, should try and speak at times,
Leading your love to where my love, perchance,
Climbed earlier, found a nest before you knew—
Why, bear with the poor climber, for love's sake!
Look at Baccheion's beauty opposite,
The temple with the pillars at the porch!
See you not something beside masonry?
What if my words wind in and out the stone
As yonder ivy, the god's parasite?
Though they leap all the way the pillar leads,
Festoon about the marble, foot to frieze,
And serpentiningly enrich the roof,
Toy with some few bees and a bird or two—
What then? The column holds the cornice up!"

For the rest, we may remark, for the information of some of our readers, that the "Kaunian painter strong as Herakles," of whom Mr. Browning speaks as having painted the picture of Hercules wrestling with Death, the life of Alcestis being the prize, is Mr. F. Leighton. The demigod is in the act of forcing Death to his knees, and Death, who is not represented as a skeleton, but clothed with shrunken and livid flesh, glares balefully from beneath his hood at his victorious adversary.

ALEXANDER JAMES DALLAS.*

It is a sort of fashion in this country to speak of the history of the early part of this century—we might, perhaps, say of the first third of it—as wanting in picturesque and even in substantial interest. And we do not except from the years to which this summary judgment is meted out those of the War of 1812. The present generation concerns itself little with the doubtful successes on land of that conflict, and not much more with its brilliant achievements on the ocean, and not at all with its inglorious result—a peace haughtily vouchsafed to us by England, without a single wrong redressed which was the pretext of hostilities, and with a material curtailment of the ancient rights of our fishermen. That period is just at the awkward distance from us which has neither the personal interest of the events of our own days, nor the dignity and romance of times remote enough for the imagination to make their facts the materials for its enchantments. Probably the period of the Rebellion of Forty-five excited no particular emotion in the minds of the men of "Sixty Years Since," before Scott had thrown the witchery of his genius about it. Indeed, it was not a particularly interesting time—of dull men and of events without great results, relieved only by that madcap expedition. Our "Seventy Years Since"—which Scott should have made the second title of Waverley, as his story lay seventy years before its publication—was a much more pregnant time than that, and its interest much truer, as being the youthful season when the nation was passing from the gristle of colonial infancy into the bone and sinew of the full manhood of the present day.

* "Life and Writings of Alexander James Dallas. By his Son, George Mifflin Dallas." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

The gentleman whose Life and Works come up in review before us to-day belonged entirely to that forming period of our national life. For near thirty years he was a prominent person before the public of his time, and well known by reputation to all its members. In common with more eminent contemporaries, the long night of forgetfulness had settled down over his name, and few persons under forty probably attached much, if any, idea to it when it was brought to their notice by this publication. It was, therefore, a natural and filial piety that prompted the late Mr. George M. Dallas and his daughter to furnish this memorial and to secure such share of remembrance for him as he can be shown to deserve. The Life is well-written, and in good taste. Nothing more is claimed for its subject than is fairly made out in his favor, and the circumstance that it is comprised within the modest limits of less than a hundred and fifty pages will procure for it many more readers than if it had been spread over four times as many. The biographer has set a good example to all his tribe in the moderation of his statements, and in knowing when he had said enough. The rest of the handsome volume is filled up with poetical writings of Mr. Dallas, and letters to and from political friends. We have not been able to give these *addenda* the attention which would justify an opinion about them; but it is always well done to collect fugitive writings of this kind, which often are of material use to the writer of the history of the period, and who might miss them in their state of dispersion. The volume has also the excellent virtue of a good index, the want of which in a biographical and historical work a writer in the last *North American Review* judiciously suggests should be made a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment.

Mr. Dallas was descended from a good Scotch family, well connected in England, of which his son has the good taste to say very little, much less than is apt to be said in American biography, with less provocation to such vanities. By marriage he was nearly connected with the Byron family, his sister having—as we understand almost the only obscure sentence in the book—married the uncle of the poet and the father of his successor, the late lord. Mr. Robert Dallas, who had the good taste to discern the merit of "Childe Harold," and who was the immediate cause of Byron's publishing it instead of the "Hints from Horace," and to whom he made a present of the "Corsair," we take to have been Mr. Dallas's elder brother, though he says nothing of these circumstances. He was the author of some long-forgotten novels, and a valuable contributor to the biography of Lord Byron published after the poet's death. A good many of the earlier letters of Byron's in "Moore's Life," were written to him. Alexander Dallas was born in 1759, in Jamaica, whither his father had emigrated to practise his profession of medicine, but was brought home to England, in childhood, for education. At the school at Kensington, where he went, he had the distinction of being noticed for his proficiency and promise by two no less illustrious persons than Dr. Franklin and Dr. Johnson, the latter of whom made him a present of a set of the "Rambler." His father dying while he was yet a lad, leaving his estate much embarrassed, he was early obliged to provide for himself. Beginning to study law, he had to resort to a merchant's counting-room for immediate support. Finally, however, at twenty-one, provided, by way of outfit, with a wife of sixteen, and three thousand dollars, he came to America to seek his fortune, and established himself in Philadelphia. His life, though a successful, was not an eventful one. Supporting himself for two years as a clerk in the office of the commissioner for settling the accounts of the Quartermaster's and Commissary Departments—left in confusion at the peace of 1783—he was then admitted to the bar, where he soon acquired a respectable practice, which afterwards grew into a large one.

He was commendably industrious in whatever employments offered themselves to his hand. Amongst others, it seems he was at one time engaged in the superintendence of our ancient friend, the delight of our childhood, the *Columbian Magazine*, in whose pages we made our first (and only) acquaintance with extracts from the epic strains of Dr. Dwight and the patriotic prolusions of the lighter muse of Colonel Humphreys. A more permanent and more valuable fruit of his industry is to be found in the four volumes of "Reports of Cases in the Pennsylvania Courts before and after the Revolution," known to the profession as "Dallas's Reports," and, we believe, the pioneers of the long array of American Reports which, clothed in "congenial calf," look down from the shelves of law libraries. At the constitution of the State government of Pennsylvania, Mr. Dallas was appointed Secretary of the Commonwealth, which office he held for nearly ten years. During this period he accompanied Governor Mifflin, as his aide-de-camp, on the armed expedition for the suppression of the Whiskey Insurrection, of which his letters here given contain a lively and picturesque description—quite the best that we remember to have seen. During these early years of his career he took an active part in the establishment of the theatre in Philadelphia, in the face of a strong opposition, almost as powerful as that which arrested and held to bail the actors in a "Moral Lecture," entitled the "School for Scandal," in Boston a few years later. He had had the good fortune to see Garrick in the last years of his histrionic life, and was to the end of his own life a devoted lover of the drama, resorting habitually to the playhouse for relaxation after serious work.

Mr. Dallas came forward in life at the time when the passions of men were still running high after the storms of the Revolution, and it was a doubtful problem on what rock they might wreck the newly-launched nation. The impulse which our struggle and our success had given to revolutionary ideas in Europe reacted on America, and helped to heighten and deepen the excitement of men's minds. When this effervescence crystallized into the shapes of the Federal and Democratic parties, Mr. Dallas gravitated to the latter. During the administration of Washington, and especially during its second term, he was one of the cabal consisting of Fréneau, Bache, Callender, Duane, McKean, Gallatin, and others who carried on the bitterest and most malignant warfare against the President and his measures. Washington was known in their meetings only as Montezuma, and the attacks on the character of Mr. Lincoln at the beginning of his administration were not more diabolically virulent than those aimed at Washington in the papers inspired by this clique. He himself characterized them only too mildly in calling them "outrages on common decency." He was accused—among other things, of which assassination was one—of want of military capacity and personal courage, charged with imbecility of character and pecuniary dishonesty, and of wearing "the mask of patriotism to conceal the foulest designs against the liberties of the people!" These men, being able as well as unscrupulous, helped very materially in the downfall of the Federal party, assisted, indeed, by its own divisions and jealousies at the close of the administration of John Adams, and they brought on the country the accession of Jefferson. From that event dates the dynasty of slavery disguised as Democracy, and the succession of misfortunes and disgraces that attended its reign, and which at last could be broken up only by the bloodiest civil war of modern times.

Mr. Dallas received from Mr. Jefferson the lucrative office of District Attorney for Pennsylvania, which was particularly adapted to his wishes, as it was consistent with the practice of his profession, in which he had taken a high rank. He was not ambitious of political promotion, and seriously reluctant to undertake the office of Secretary of the Treasury in 1814, a time when the finances of the country were in an almost hopeless state of entanglement, in consequence of the war of 1812, and the mischievous policy which preceded and led to it. In this post he did good service in regulating the treasury, providing a tariff for revenue, and a national bank as the agent for its collection, custody, and distribution. Having accomplished this work he resigned his office, and returned to the practice of his profession, the profits of which, previously to his going into the Cabinet, amounted to the great sum, for those days, of $20,000 a year, equivalent, probably, to at least three times that amount now. We presume, however, that a good proportion of this income was derived from his fees as District Attorney. He recovered his practice at once, but did not live long to follow it, as he was taken suddenly ill while arguing a case at Trenton, and died almost immediately on reaching his house in Philadelphia, January 16, 1817. Mr. Dallas is described as a man of eminently good looks, engaging manners, and agreeable conversation, domestic in his habits, and of a cheerful and hospitable temper. Time had probably softened the strength of the disapprobation of his earlier political course felt by the eminent Federalists who formed so distinguished a portion of Philadelphia society, though it was never entirely obliterated. But, on the morrow of his death, the editor of a leading Federal paper, we presume Mr. Robert Walsh, bore this testimony to his character while repeating his own disapprobation of Mr. Dallas's public conduct: "As a husband, a parent, and a friend, he was confessedly most amiable and exemplary. But it was by the sweet amenity of his disposition, his open hospitality, and the general courtesy of his deportment that he conciliated, even in the worst times of party contention, so large a portion of the community, that his death has now covered as with a pall the spirits of the city." His son judged wisely in rounding his narrative of Mr Dallas's life with these words of a political opponent, so well calculated to leave a kindly impression of his character on the reader's mind. The book well merits a place in public libraries and the collections of individuals who are curious in American history and biography.

PATTERSON'S "MAGYARS."*

THERE are few countries in the world abounding in more varied and attractive features, both in geographical and ethnological respects, than Hungary; and few have been made subjects of more exhaustive study by English travellers than that realm which, in the wider sense of its name, includes Transylvania, Croatia, Slavonia, and the Military Frontier-land. The three best English works on the subject are Paget's "Hungary and Transylvania," which embraces almost the entire geographical ground, and presents a faithful picture of Hungarian life in the interesting period of national reawakening which preceded the struggle of 1848–1849; Boner's "Transylvania," which very fully describes that south-eastern division of the domain of "the Crown of St. Stephen," by far the most picturesque of all its constituent parts; and the book before us, which is not a description of the checkered country in its entirety or of its main geographical division—Hungary proper—and of the polyglot multitude of people inhabiting it, but a special study on its central nationality—the Magyars—its central regions, which that nationality chiefly occupies, and the institutions introduced, gradually developed, often fought for, and lately revindicated by that nationality. Mr. Patterson has, it is true, no little to say about the Slavic populations of the country—Slovacks in the northwest, Ruthenians in the northeast, Serbs and Croats along the southern border; about its more sporadic inhabitants, such as Germans, Jews, Armenians, and Gypsies; and a great deal about Transylvania and its Saxons and Wallachs, or Roumans; but he speaks of all these only in their necessary connections with his main topic, the Magyars. Thus the character of the Slovack or Ruthenian is but incidentally touched upon; that of their languages entirely ignored; and the romantic valleys, peaks, forests, and mountain lakes of the Carpathian regions they occupy—the themes of many another traveller—left wholly undescribed; while everything peculiarly Magyar is dwelt upon at full length and—let us add—with profound knowledge, the fruit of repeated and protracted sojourns in the country, of a perfect familiarity with the Magyar language, and of conscientious research and enquiry.

In spite of the comparative narrowness of the subject, and in spite of the mass of foreign terms and phrases—especially Magyar—with which his descriptions are overloaded, Mr. Patterson's book will be found highly interesting from beginning to end, though the general reader, as the author himself remarks, "may perhaps complain of having so much politics forced upon him"—a complaint thus correctly met: "But a book on Hungary which contained no political discussions would be like a critique on the play of *Hamlet* which took no notice of the madness of its hero." There is some irony in this, such as may not entirely please the Hungarian readers of the work—and it has found many—but Mr. Patterson is far from insinuating that, because the Magyar mind is too exclusively absorbed with politics, Magyar politics is something like the dreams and the talk of a madman. This would be an assertion such as not even Katkoff, in the *Moscow News*, or Rieger, in a meeting of Czech Panslavists, would venture to assert in our day. Nor does he, on the other hand, enter too much into details concerning political affairs and men; for it is not so much the questions themselves as the way in which the Maygars in general are inclined to look at them, and to deal with them, that he is bent on illustrating. The main points of the political situation, however, he to makes quite clear, beginning with an introductory statement, which we will endeavor to condense.

Austro-Hungary, as constituted in 1867, consists of two closely allied and equally sovereign monarchies, of which one is the Kingdom of Hungary, and the other the Empire of Austria or Cisleithania (from the Leitha, a small frontier stream). In wealth, population, and civilization, the latter or western half is decidedly superior. It is, however, both geographically and nationally less compact, stretching, as it does, from the shores of the Lake of Constance to the frontiers of Bessarabia, and being inhabited by populations differing more widely in degrees of civilization than those of the eastern half, and bound together by fewer ties of material and ideal interests. The Hungarian division alone has a common history reaching back for several centuries. Besides, the centre of gravity of the Magyars, the dominant nationality in the Hungarian kingdom, falls within the bounds of the united empire, whereas that of the Germans, the dominant nationality in Cisleithania, falls without those bounds. The lesser compactness of the Cisleithan half is reflected in the composition of its sovereign legislature, the Reichsrath. The main branch of that assembly is composed of the representatives of the several provinces, or "crown-lands"—kingdoms, duchies, marquisates, etc.—elected by their respective diets. The diet of the Kingdom of Bohemia sends fifty-four deputies; that of the Marquisate of Moravia, twenty-two; that of the Archduchy of Lower Austria, eighteen; that of Upper Austria, ten; and so on to the smallest crown-land. In the eastern half there is no such complicated arrangement. The Hungarian diet is at once Reichsrath and provincial assembly for the whole of Hungary and Transylvania; the only portion of the Hungarian realm endowed with a separate legislature and internal autonomy being the small allied kingdom of Croatia and Slavonia. The two sovereign parliaments, viz., the Austrian Reichsrath and the Hungarian Diet, exercise their control over common government by means of "Delegations." At every annual session each parliament selects an equal number of its members to form a delegation, which has the power of granting or refusing the supplies demanded by the common ministry—that is, for the army and the diplomatic service. The two delegations sit alternately in Vienna and Pesth, deliberating separately, communicating through written messages, and meeting together only in case of protracted disagreement between their respective majorities, and only in order to vote by joint ballot, without debate. Considering everything, it is evident that the balance of advantages in the union of the two monarchies is slightly in favor of Hungary, and that its chances of escaping dismemberment are greater than those of Cisleithania.

Of the manifold nationalities which inhabit Hungary—about fifteen millions in all, if we take that geographical name in its widest sense—the Magyars are the leading, not merely on account of their numbers, they alone numbering about six millions, while no other singly reaches half that number, except we reckon the various Slavic populations collectively—but because they occupy the central, the most fertile, and most accessible portions of the country; because they include the bulk of the educated and wealthy classes, having constantly attracted and absorbed the ablest and most ambitious of their neighbors; and chiefly because they have formed the state, ruled it, kept it together, and made its history, from the times of Arpád, who invaded it ten centuries ago, to those of Kossuth, Deák, and Andrássy. "The only non-Aryan nation that has been subjected to the discipline of Latin Christianity, and, in a modified form, to that of the feudal system," they present a mixture of national features partly Oriental and partly European, which, in their *ensemble*, have rarely failed to please the foreign observer, but some of which have frequently enough exposed the hospitable masters of "Felix....Hungaria, cui dona data sunt varia," to more or less deserved censure and ridicule. In analyzing and depicting these various traits—occasionally after Hungarian humorists—Mr. Patterson is very successful, and most so when describing the Magyar peasant, as well as some peculiarly Magyar characters, now gradually vanishing from the scene, such as the old "county assessor" or country squire—formerly an important political personage—or the rural dandy and outlaw. In these descriptions he is often very amusing, but even in the chapters devoted to such serious, apparently dry topics as the "Great Hungarian Plain," the "Reforms of 1848 and 1866," "The Nationalities," "Hungarian Protestantism," or "The Hungarian Language," he never ceases entirely to be entertaining. He often intersperses his own delineations with quotations from Magyar writers. He thus completes his picture of the great central plain by translating in prose Petöfi's poem, entitled "Little Cumania"—a part of that plain—from which we extract the following:

"It is burning midsummer; the sun climbs upward; his beams, like flame-rain, flood the wilderness with a scorching deluge. . . . . The wilderness is around me, a wide, long wilderness; I, too, see far away, even thither where the down-bending sky melts together with the earth.

"Across rich meadows passes the road; there the herd repose; the heat is sultry, nor do they now feed from the fat pasture. By the side of the hurdle-fence slumbers the herdsman on his outstretched mantle; his dogs, too, are lazy, nor even look after the traveller.

"Here, on the level ground, creeps along a water-course, nor does a wave of it move; only then does it splash when, perchance, some fishing-bird strikes it with its wing. Its channel is of fair sand; one can look right down to its yellow bed, on the parti-colored troop of sluggish leeches and nimble insects.

"Beside its brim, among the dark-green rushes, here and there a crane extends its neck; among them the mother of the storklings strikes her long beak into the water, gives a great gulp, and then raises her head and gazes daintily around; on the banks of the stream unnumbered peewits utter wailing cries.

"There stands sadly a great *ágas;* once it might have been a well-crane; beside it is the trough, but broken down and overgrown with moss. As it were in a trance, this well-crane gazes on the distant mirage; I know not why it should gaze thereon; to be sure it hath seen the like often enough already.

* "The Magyars: their Country and Institutions. By Arthur J. Patterson, Foreign Member of the Kisfaludy Society. With Maps." Two volumes. London: Smith, Elder & Co. (New York: Scribner, Welford & Co.) 1869.

"There is the mirage on the edge of the horizon; failing aught else it raises on high a worn-out, old wayside inn, and holds it above the earth. Meanwhile, the pasture has become scantier, at last all trace of it vanishes; yellow sandhills rise, which the whirlwind builds up and throws down.

"At long distances single farmhouses appear, with ricks and stacks; above them caws the crow, here and there a surly watch-dog makes his rounds. A multitude of ploughed fields stretch irregularly around; above them the blessed wheat droops, the heavy grain draws down the ears.

"Amidst the green wheat open red poppies and blue cornflowers, with here and there a wild-rose, like some bleeding star. Evening draws nigh, the white clouds grow golden: beautiful clouds! every one of them moves above us like a fairy tale.

"At last behold the town—in its midst the church with its great solemn tower; at the end of the street stand in a confused group the windmills with their broad vanes. How I love to stand before the windmills! I watch their vanes as they turn unceasingly their somersaults."

Books for Girls. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and others.—*Little Sunshine's Holiday: A Picture from Life.* By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1871.)—Remembering the two books which Mrs. Craik has already translated from the French for the benefit of young girls, we should not have taken the responsibility of promising the special readers for whom her new series is undertaken any very great amusement from her selections. Her own work is rather better than Madame De Witt's, having the sort of human interest which always attaches to what she does. But pride, even when it is what Mrs. Craik calls her own "solemn and thankful pride" in the fact that she has "written books for twenty-four years" and had them translated into many languages, is always pretty sure to go before a fall of some kind—and we can but think that although she "has a little girl of her own," she has fallen into an error concerning her ability to amuse children. As she herself says somewhat unfortunately in her prefatory address, that "requires first that utmost art, *ars celare artem*," and even at her best Mrs. Craik was never an artist, but only a woman who, very much in love with love, wrote not unpleasantly about it. "Little Sunshine's Holiday" grown-up people may take some pleasure in, smiling now with and at the writer of it; but the little folks, so far as our experience goes, find it decidedly dull. Sunny's own goodness it is possible to put up with, but her mamma's ponderous pride and gratitude over it are something very funny. One dislikes to be too ill-naturedly amused by it, either, since it is rather hard to say whether it is Sunny or Sunny's mamma—whom the reader is evidently expected to identify with Mrs. Craik herself—who is really the most pleasantly childish. Goodness of heart is a quality which is likely to remain with her even if she steadily persists in writing didactic love stories for twenty-five years to come. And her pride in having a "little girl" and a "papa" for her, all to herself, is a by no means disagreeable foible. Still, one could wish her a little more reticent over her domestic bliss, and a trifle more modest about her abilities to do all sorts of what one might call domestic literary business. Her opening address to mothers and daughters is really the most objectionable part of her book—which, though we must consider it a failure as far as it is intended for children, is not bad as an unconscious study of the effects which attaining to wifehood and maternity after a lifetime spent in pondering over their possible blessedness, may produce in a woman too essentially womanly and good-hearted to be carried away by the prevailing manias of her sex.

Shoemakers' Village. By Henry Holbeach. (New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1871.)—This is a very clever and interesting, but not particularly suggestive study of character and manners in an English village. The author, who, on the title-page of another of his works, describes himself as a "student of life and philosophy," gives us, in the present story, some unique and altogether pleasant results of his studies in the first direction, but has added hardly enough "philosophy" to enable us to see that he had in view any other end than that of amusing his readers and himself by the exercise of his unmistakable artistic talent. But to amuse without offending is a result so seldom attained by "students of life" that Mr. Holbeach very fairly deserves to be congratulated on having so successfully achieved it. His book is almost plotless, and yet is a story; his characters are very vividly painted, very closely analyzed, and yet develop into nothing which is not very fully implied in almost their first presentation to the reader; there is hardly enough incident in the whole volume to furnish a chapter of the ordinary sensation novel, and the *dénouement* is sudden, unexpected, and, we should add, disagreeable, if the enjoyment we derived from the work had not been so entirely emotionless. Why Mr. Holbeach should cold-bloodedly choose to drown in a mud-puddle so innocent, charming, and lifelike a creature as Cherry White, and, in doing so, deprive his work of any semblance of a moral or a purpose, is perhaps more surprising than actively displeasing. With plenty of artistic ability, he seems to be really more of a student than an artist, and to be lacking in the instinct of completeness. But his sketches, even when they present low and sordid natures, but particularly when they describe his "child-woman," Cherry, show either very close observation or unusual delicacy of intuition, and make his plotless, motiveless story very well worth reading.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Agassiz (Elizabeth C. and Alex.), Seaside Studies in Natural History, 2d ed.	(J. R Osgood & Co.)	
Aldornere: a Pennsylvanian Idyll	(John Penington & Son)	
Ames (Mrs. M. C.), Eirene: a Woman's Right, swd	(G. P. Putnam & Sons)	$0 75
Andersen (H. C.), Pictures of Travel	(Hurd & Houghton)	1 75
Appletons' Hand-Book of American Travel, Western Tour	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Black (W.), A Daughter of Heth, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	50
Bryant (W. C.), Homer's Odyssey, translated, Vol. I.	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	5 00
Bulwer-Lytton (Sir E.), King Arthur: a Poem	(Harper & Bros.)	
Combe (Dr. A.), The Management of Infancy	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Dickens (C.), Martin Chuzzlewit	" "	75
Elder (Dr. W.), Questions of the Day, Economic and Social	(H. C. Baird)	3 00
Essex Institute Historical Collections, Vol. XI., Part 1, swd	(Salem)	
Fables of Pilpay	(Hurd & Houghton)	1 50
Grün (A.), The Last Knight	" "	2 50
Hamilton (Dr. J. H.), Parker's Exercises in English Composition	(Oakley, Mason & Co.)	1 00

THE GREAT CENTENNIAL EDITION OF SCOTT'S NOVELS.

Just Published by

PORTER & COATES

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.

Illustrated with Fine Steel-plate Engravings.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A NEW "CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL" Edition, prepared with great care, printed on fine paper, illustrated with more than one hundred illustrations, on steel and wood, by the most celebrated English and Scottish artists, bound in a new and appropriate style of fine cloth, with emblematic stamps, and fac-simile of the celebrated author's autograph in gold on the side. Complete with all the author's latest introductions, notes, and revisions. In 23 vols. crown 8vo.

All the merits to be desired in a good copy of "Waverley Novels" we claim to be obtained in the PORTER & COATES Edition. For convenience of size, beauty of paper, typography, legibility of type, elegance of illustrations, copiousness of notes, neatness and compactness of appearance, in short, for completeness and desirability in every respect, no edition in the market surpasses it.

We therefore advise every reader, every head of the family—1st. To buy a set of "Waverley Novels. 2d. To get a thoroughly good edition, so that you need never have to purchase another. 3d. To examine "Porter & Coates's Centennial" edition, and buy it in preference to any other.

The Centennial edition is published in 23 vols. crown 8vo, fine cloth, emblematically and neatly stamped in gold. Price $35. The same in half-calf, gilt and marbled edges, $70.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY JOHN FORSTER.

Fifth English Edition. Illustrated with Portraits and numerous Engravings on Wood.

2 vols. small 8vo, cloth, $7 50.

Imported in quantities and for sale by

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.,

BOSTON.

THE PROPRIETORS of an influential weekly publication in New York will pay a good salary for either a part or the whole of the services of an experienced writer on political economy and finance.

Address, for two weeks, "FINANCE," care Publisher of THE NATION.

WANTED—A Teacher of Mathematics and Natural Science in the Willoughby Collegiate Institute, Willoughby, O. Apply at once, in person if if possible, to L. O. LEE, Principal.

Will be Published on the 16th.

CIRCULATION, 130,000 copies.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR OCTOBER, 1871.

CONTENTS:

DOLORES.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—"The Fishers in their Boats, mending their Nets with murmurous Song and Noise." "'Steady, thou freshening Breeze,' her dark Eyes say." "Ye may not bring her from that rocky Coast, the stranded Ship."

NEW YORK CITY POST-OFFICE.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Collecting Letters. The old Post-Office at 29 William Street. Old Post-Office in Garden Street. Colonel Dodd. Ruins of Merchants' Exchange, Wall Street. The Rotunda, City Hall Park. New York Post Office in the Dutch Church. The Rat-ification. Interior of the Post Office in the Dutch Church. The Ladies' Window. Postmaster's Office. Delivering Letters.

THE YALE COLLEGE EXPEDITION OF 1870.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—First Trip: near the Forks of the Platte. "Bad Lands" (Mauvaises Terres), on Black Fork. March over the "Bad Lands." Indian Graves. Second Trip: Wyoming, Nebraska, and Colorado. Snakes. The petrified Turtle. A Prairie Fire. Third Trip: Wyoming, Utah, and Colorado. A great Scare.

REINDEER, DOGS, AND SNOW-SHOES.—Siberian Travel and Exploration. (Concluded.)
ILLUSTRATIONS.—View in Markova. Korak Yourt. Korak Beau. Korak Belle. Samulka in Summer Costume. Capturing the Walrus. The Wade beached by the Ice. Dismantling the Wreck. Headquarters at Markova, Northeastern Siberia. Ivan Ermechkoff. Down the Anadyr. Oochostika.

BORDER REMINISCENCES. By Randolph B. Marcy, U.S.A.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—General Up-to-Snuff. "Would ye like fur to jine th' Army, Miss H——?" "Halt thar!" "No, yer don't!"

TEDDY'S TRIUMPH.

DOWN THE EASTERN SHORE. By Bayard Taylor.

HANNAH JANE. By Petroleum V. Nasby.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—"At her Old Home in Piketon, Parson Avery made us One." "When they all crowd around me, stately Dames and brilliant Belles." "She made herself most willingly a household Drudge and Slave." "I was her Altar, and her love the Sacrificial Flame."

THE AMERICAN BARON. By the Author of "The Dodge Club," etc.
Chapter XXX. A Desperate Plan.
Chapter XXXI. Discovered.
Chapter XXXII. Under Arrest.
Chapter XXXIII. The Demon Wife
ILLUSTRATIONS.—"He held his pistol close to the Head, and fired." "What did you come for?" "For her." Under Guard.

THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

POSTAGE STAMPS AND THEIR ORIGIN.
With ninety-nine Illustrations.

FAINT HEART.

A BABY BROOK.

BY-GONE CELEBRITIES OF BOND STREET, London. By R. H. Horne.

ANNE FURNESS. By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," etc.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.

EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD.

EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

Each number of Harper's Magazine contains from fifty to one hundred per cent. more matter than a single Number of any other monthly periodical in the world.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

Magazine, One Copy for One Year.....$4 00
Weekly, One Copy for One Year..... 4 00
Bazar One Copy for One Year..... 4 00

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, for one year, $10; or any two for $7.

NOW READY.

PARIS UNDER THE COMMUNE;
OR,
THE SEVENTY-THREE DAYS OF THE SECOND SIEGE.

With upwards of 100 Illustrations, Sketches taken on the spot, Portraits from the Original Photographs, and Beautiful Map of Paris, showing the Damaged and Burnt Localities,
Etc., etc., etc.

BY JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A.

Square crown 8vo, attractively bound in cloth extra, gilt top, $4.

To the law-abiding and English-speaking races, the great drama of the Commune must be intensely interesting—a drama not without its moral—and one that the French people believe, in their optimism, has been played on their soil for the benefit of the human race. Be it so! And maythe scenes enacted upon the theatre of Paris prove of benefit to all—for the *dénouement* has been terrible enough, and the whole most costly. The illustrations in the work include views of all prominent localities, Palaces and Monuments, Portraits of Eminent Communists, Generals, and Statesmen; Sketches on the spot of contemporaneous events, etc., etc., rendering it of great interest to the general reader, as well as of Permanent Historical value.

Early orders solicited from the Trade.

Copies sent by mail to any address on the receipt of the price.

SCRIBNER, WELFORD & CO.,
654 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

MAGAZINE, *WEEKLY*, *BAZAR*,

$4 PER YEAR EACH.

$10 a Year for the Three.

$7 for any Two.

An Extra Copy of either gratis for every five Subscribers at $4 each in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE sent by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

THE "NATION" ABROAD.

Subscriptions and Advertisements for the *Nation* are received in Europe by the following

AGENTS:

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE COLONIES: George Street, 30 Cornhill, E.C., London.

FRANCE: Bowles Brothers & Co., 12 Rue de la Paix, Paris.

SWITZERLAND: Vérésoff & Garrigues, Place Bel-Air, Geneva.

ITALY: Furse Brothers & Co., 9 Piazza di Spagna, Rome.

BOOK-BUYERS.

Send for Catalogue of INTERESTING, USEFUL, and SCARCE BOOKS added to the Stock in hand of

FRANCIS EMMINS,
80 Nassau Street, New York.

YALE AND HARVARD USE
WHITNEY'S GERMAN COURSE,
OTTO'S FRENCH COURSE.

HOLT & WILLIAMS,
PUBLISHERS,
No. 25 Bond Street, New York.

The Publishers issue a very large assortment of works in the same department.

☞ A Descriptive Catalogue will be sent gratis to any one referring to this advertisement.

FRANCE AND HEREDITARY MONARCHY.

BY HON. JOHN BIGELOW.

8vo, muslin, price $1 25.

CONTENTS:

CHAPTER I.

The Secondary French Revolution of 1871—Why the Thiers Dynasty is Resisted.

CHAPTER II.

The Transmission of Executive Power by Inheritance a Failure in France.

CHAPTER III.

The Transmission of Executive Power by Inheritance in England—Is it a Success?

CHAPTER IV.

Choice of Sovereigns by Popular Election—Its Results in America.

CHAPTER V.

The Advantages of Popular over Hereditary Sovereignty in France.

Copies sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by

CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO.,
654 Broadway, New York.

JUST ISSUED.

PRICED CATALOGUE OF RARE AND VALUABLE BOOKS

Relating to Shakespeare and the Drama, American History, Biography, Poetry, etc., for sale by

T. H. MORRELL (Agent),
78 Nassau Street, New York,
(Between Fulton and John Streets.)

☞ Catalogue sent free on application.

GAZZAM'S TREATISE
ON THE
BANKRUPT LAW.
SECOND EDITION JUST OUT.

For sale at all Law-Book Stores.

HENRY K. VAN SICLEN,
BIBLIOPOLE,
133 NASSAU STREET,
Catalogues sent on application.

Special attention given to orders by letter.

NOW READY.

New Edition of Mrs. Ames's Popular Story (at last complete),

EIRENE: "A WOMAN'S RIGHT."

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY MRS. M. C. AMES.

8vo, paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1 25.

A part of this work was published in "Putnam's Magazine."

The New York "Independent" said of the early chapters: "Here is at last something that promises to be a genuine American novel, racy of the soil, and yet of such high universal interest as to claim adoption into the general literature of the English language." The "Evening Post" said that "the sketch of Busyville has never been exceeded as a description of life in a New England town."

ALSO READY

for the readers of "Putnam's Magazine," the Supplement to the number for November, 1870, containing the concluding chapters of Eirene. 8vo, paper, 35 cents.

I.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Earliest Period to A.D. 1871. With special reference to the Progress of the People in Civilization, Literature, and the Arts. By B. J. Lossing. Small 8vo With three Maps. Cloth extra, $2 50; half-calf, $4 50; School edition, $2 25. Specimen copies of this edition sent to teachers for examination on receipt of half the advertised price.

This comprehensive volume is intended for popular use and the family library, as well as for students. It claims to be more complete in its records of political events in British history than any other volume of its size—while it aims particularly to trace the progress of society in all that relates to Domestic Life, to Practical Improvements, and to Literature, Science, and Art.

II.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN P. Kennedy, author of "Swallow Barn," etc., late Secretary of the Navy, etc. Edited by H. T. Tuckerman. In 1 vol. 12mo, $2.

III.

STIMULANTS AND NARCOTICS, Medically, Philosophically, and Morally Considered. By George M. Beard, M.D. 12mo, paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cts.

IV.

THOMAS CAMPBELL'S POETICAL WORKS. First complete edition, with a copious Life of Campbell (100 pages). By Epes Sargent. With Portrait. 12mo, pp. 479, cloth extra, $2; extra gilt edges, $2 50; half-calf, $4; being the first volume of the new Knickerbocker Edition of Standard Poets.

NEW EDITION OF

I.

TILL THE DOCTOR COMES, AND HOW TO Help Him. By George H. Pope, M.D. Revised, with Additions, by a New York Physician. A Popular Guide in all cases of Accident and Sudden Illness. 12mo, paper, 30 cents; cloth, 60 cents.

"A most valuable little manual."
"A perfect gem."
"Should have a place in every household."

II.

THE LIFE OF MADAME DE STAEL. By Amely Bölte. Translated from the German. 12mo, cloth, $1 50.

"Worthy a place in every library, and will be generally read."—Auburn Advertiser.

"A valuable contribution to literature."—Cincinnati Chronicle.

III.

CORTES AND THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. By Arthur Helps, author of "Spanish Conquests in America," "Friends in Council," etc. Two vols. in one, 12mo, $2; half-calf, $4.

"One of the most romantic and fascinating pages in history."—Toledo Index.

For sale by all Booksellers, and sent prepaid on receipt of price, by

G. P. PUTNAM & SONS,

Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street.

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL. Pratt's Astral Oil is used in all families where a perfectly safe and reliable article is appreciated. The "American Agriculturist" says: "We would not use any other oil, if it cost $5 per gall."

LATEST PUBLICATIONS

OF

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.,

BOSTON.

LECTURES ON THE STUDY AND PRACtice of the Law. Delivered in the Law School of Harvard University. By Emory Washburn, LL.D. Crown 8vo, cloth, $2.

TREATISE ON THE CONSTITUTIONAL Limitations which rest upon the Legislative Power of the States of the American Union. By Thomas M. Cooley, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Michigan. With considerable Additions, giving the Results of Recent Cases. Second Edition. 8vo, sheep, $7 50.

UNITED STATES DIGEST of the Decisions of the Courts of Common Law and Admiralty in the United States. Vol. XXVIII. Royal 8vo, $6 50.

UNITED STATES STATUTES AT LARGE. Vol. XVI. Comprising the Statutes passed by the Forty-first Congress. Royal 8vo, $6 50.

REDFIELD AND BIGELOW'S LEADING and Select American Cases in the Law of Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes, and Checks; arranged according to subjects. With Notes and References. By Isaac F. Redfield and M. M. Bigelow. 8vo, $7 50.

DE GEX, MACNAGHTEN, AND GORDON'S Reports. Vol. I. 8vo, $5.

MACNAGHTEN AND GORDON'S REports. 3 vols. 8vo, $15.

HOUSE OF LORDS CASES. 1846–65. 11 vols. 8vo, $65.

SPON'S DICTIONARY

OF

ENGINEERING,

CIVIL, MECHANICAL, MILITARY, AND NAVAL,

With Technical Terms, in French, German, Italian, and Spanish.

EDITED BY OLIVER BYRNE.

Now publishing, in numbers at 50 cents each.

Fifty-four numbers now ready.

Supplied in divisions of twelve parts each, in cloth binding, at $5 each.

ALSO,

Two volumes now completed, containing parts 1 to 48, in fine half-calf, at $10 per volume.

D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher,

23 Murray Street and 27 Warren Street.

LONDON BOOKS.

PRICED CATALOGUE, No. 27,

OF

RARE,

STANDARD,

AND

VALUABLE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN BOOKS,

Now ready and will be sent free of charge to any address.

A fine lot of ENGRAVINGS just opened.

A. DENHAM & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF ENGLISH AND FOREIGN BOOKS,

17 MURRAY STREET

(Near Broadway), New York.

WOOLWORTH, AINSWORTH & CO.,

51, 53 & 55 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

111 STATE STREET, CHICAGO,

Have just Published,

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT:

Its Officers and their Duties.

BY RANSOM H. GILLET,

Solicitor and Register in the U. S. Treasury, and Solicitor for the United States in the Court of Claims.

12mo, cloth, 444 pp., $2.

"Its object is to enable the rising generation to understand the structure of our Government, what officers are employed in its practical operation, and their general duties. Such knowledge will be highly useful to all, and especially to the American citizen when giving direction to our public affairs."

For sale by all Booksellers, or mailed on receipt of price.

THE FOURTH THOUSAND.

DR. McCOSH'S LECTURES.

CHRISTIANITY AND POSITIVISM.

A Series of Lectures to the Times. By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., President of Princeton College.

12mo, $1 75.

☞ Sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of the price. Published by

ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS,

530 Broadway, N. Y.

DR. McCOSH'S OTHER WORKS.

1. The Method of Divine Government, 8vo $2 50.
2. Typical Forms. 8vo, $2 50.
3. Intuitions of the Mind. 8vo, $3.
4. Defence of Fundamental Truth. $3.
5. Logic. $1 50.

CASSELL'S POPULAR EDUCATOR.

COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES.

PRICE, $15.

"We have gone over its pages with sentiments of real wonder. We know no work like it. It has occupied and filled up a field of education vast and most important to the community."—Dublin University Magazine.

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN,

596 Broadway, New York.

In one vol. 16mo, limp cloth, $1.

GILMAN'S FIRST STEPS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

"Mr. Gilman has prepared a valuable work. I do not know where an equal amount of valuable literary information combined with judicious criticism can be found in so brief a space."—From Homer B. Sprague, Principal of Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.

THE RIVERSIDE PRESS, Cambridge.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1871.

The Week.

THE history of the municipal imbroglio here during the week has been highly interesting. When we last went to press, Connolly, the Comptroller, finding from Hall's demand that he should resign that the other confederates were preparing to throw him overboard, refused to be made a scapegoat, or, in the lofty language of the City Hall, "a vicarious sacrifice"; and, reminding the Mayor that all that he had done he (the Mayor) had sanctioned, he announced his determination to stay where he was, Hall at the same time acknowledging that he had no power to remove him. Connolly then consulted his old friend and patron, Mr. Havemeyer, as to what he should do next, and this gentleman recommended him, while holding on to the office to avoid the "vicarious sacrifice" aforesaid, to appoint a deputy possessing the public confidence, and not suspected of complicity with the Ring, and give him possession of the office and papers. In this way he would, if guilty of malfeasance, make the best atonement in his power to the outraged community; if not guilty, he would best help to satisfy the public mind, or bring the real offenders to justice. This advice Connolly took, a provision in the Ring charter—which they inserted to enable Connolly to go to Europe this summer—enabling him not only to appoint a deputy for a fixed period, but to clothe him with all his own powers. Mr. A. H. Green, who was for many years Comptroller of the Central Park in its best days, and in whom the public has full confidence, was then installed as deputy until February next, one month after the meeting of the Legislature, and the office and its contents handed over to him. He had it strongly guarded through Sunday and Sunday night, to prevent Satan repeating his attempt on the vouchers; and all is now ready for a thorough exposure, supposing that there has, during the last fortnight, been no foul play with the books and papers.

When Hall, the Mayor, received information of Connolly's move, he must have been a good deal troubled in mind, as it showed that the "vicarious sacrifice" plan had totally miscarried. A worse thing than Connolly's staying in the office had happened. Connolly himself would probably not turn State's evidence, and might, perhaps, be trusted not to supply documentary proofs of Hall's complicity in his misdeeds. Had he transferred the office to another tool of the Ring, too, all might still be well; but the letting in of an outsider, an honest man, and one selected by the reformers who had been so long thundering at the gates, had in it the seeds of a tremendous disaster, and had to be promptly met. Accordingly, he invented the theory that the appointment of a deputy, with full powers, was equivalent to a resignation, or a "relinquishment of his office," and he, accordingly, to make assurance doubly sure, removed him, which the unhappy man had, three or four days previously, declared he had no power to do. The expedient was clearly desperate, but so was the case. In his place he put General McClellan, who has no special fitness for it. There has been a good deal of "engineering" in the Comptroller's office, but it has been neither civil nor military, and the General is not supposed to possess any special knowledge of accounts and of law, which is what the person who is to hold the office during the next five months needs above all things; but he has, as might have been expected, refused.

There have been two great defalcations—or rather two great defalcations have come to light—during the week in the Federal service, one that of Major Hodges, a Washington paymaster, to the amount of half a million dollars, and the other that of John W. Norton, the assistant-postmaster in this city. Hodges's shortcomings began six or seven years go, and were due to the old cause—unsuccessful stock speculations—and they have at last been revealed by his own confession—a very painful story. There is now an acrimonious controversy going on between the Paymaster's Department and the Treasury, as to which is to blame for his not having been found out sooner, each being naturally anxious to shift the responsibility on to the other. It appears that the United States Treasurer, General Spinner, in 1866, wrote a letter to the Paymaster-General, declaring if each paymaster were instructed to report to the Treasury the balance remaining to his credit at the end of each week, designating the place of such deposit, "the present system" (by which paymasters kept their accounts with the Treasury) "might be made to work safely." The Paymaster-General accordingly did issue a circular giving the required instructions, and the paymasters did make their reports to the Treasury accordingly. It now turns out, however, that the Treasury officials have not been in the habit of examining the reports, or comparing them with the balances reported by the sub-treasurers or other depositaries. The Paymaster-General maintains that, had they done so, they would have discovered Hodges's defalcations long ago; the Treasury, on the other hand, declares that the comparison of the reports would have furnished no check, first, because the balance on deposit would always be less than the balance reported by the paymaster by the amount of his outstanding checks; and, secondly, because a dishonest paymaster would always make his report tally with the report of the depositary of his funds; and they add that it is taking a mean advantage of the Treasurer to cite now against him his letter of 1866. The case, however, appears to be tolerably plain. The Treasurer recommended, in 1866, as "safe" to the Paymaster-General a check on the paymasters which the Paymaster-General at once adopted, and the execution of which was, on its face, to be committed to the Treasury. The Treasurer, however, appears to have paid no attention to it, although of his own devising, on the ground that, even if he had used it, frauds might still be committed, which is an argument of greater or less force against the use of all checks whatever, and resembles strikingly that of the sentinel who, being caught sleeping at his post, defended himself by saying that even if he had been awake he could not have seen a thing. The duty of the Treasurer was to have tried his invention, and as soon as he had found out that he was mistaken as to its "safety," to have reported the fact to the Paymaster-General, and it was the duty of both Treasurer and Paymaster-General then to have gone to work and, between them, have devised some check or other which would have rendered it impossible for a paymaster to conceal such frauds as Hodges's for so many years. We observe that an attempt is made also to cast some of the blame on Andrew Johnson, Hodges's frauds having begun during his administration. The amount of wickedness for which that old reprobate is said to be responsible increases daily, and we wish he could be brought to justice. We should not be surprised to hear that he was the primary cause of Hall and Connolly.

The Norton defalcation in the Post Office is not so serious, though it is no trifle—one hundred and fifty thousand dollars or thereabouts, all of which, however, is likely to be made good, owing to the efforts of his bondsmen, among whom Horace Greeley figures, and his own surrender of his property. What has become of the money nobody knows, apparently not even he himself; it has probably, as is the way with money, vanished into the "ewigkeit." Hodges, being a military man, and liable to trial by court-martial, will undoubtedly be punished heavily for his crime, and is now in close confinement, and Norton, we venture to predict, will not, particularly as there will be no loss; and he is now riding about like any other citizen. Many a civil functionary of the Government has, during the last twenty years, misappropriated its funds, but we have yet to hear of one who was brought to justice for doing so. If anybody knows of such a case, we shall be glad if he will send us an account of it. In fact, the practice of the Government seems to be to treat the embezzlement of its money as the contraction of a debt, the non-payment of which involves the loss of the debtor's

place, but nothing more. In 1859, the postmaster of this city embezzled two hundred thousand dollars, and went quietly to Havana till the affair blew over. On his return in 1867, he was entertained at dinner here by a large number of old friends and admirers, including the Chief-Justice of the Superior Court.

The *World* has discovered that a bad Federal official, in Washington, has been making free with the public money, and its condition since justifies the gravest apprehensions of its friends. Its heart is nearly broken. Every little while it bursts into uncontrollable fits of weeping, and despairs of the country. And Connolly, the Comptroller, it thinks, is a very indelicate person to stay in his office, for Judge Barnard has said in public, from the bench, that Connolly's office has been mismanaged. As for Mr. Tweed, and Mr. Sweeny, and Mr. Hall, it thinks "the present charter is badly constructed as an administrative machine." And this from a paper which might be the foremost representative of its party in this country.

There is no sign, as yet, that the fight in this State between the two wings of the Republican party is going to come to an end, and each side works industriously to befog the public mind, and we imagine with a good deal of success. The plain English of it all would seem to be that one committee has captured Mr. Greeley with his desire for office, and his perhaps stronger desire that the party should recognize his great services to it, and with him covers some most undoubted Tammany Republicanism and rascality. On the other side is the Tom Murphy crew, loaded down with Tom himself, and for a screen they have Grant, for whose renomination they are "working" hard. Behind these two city antagonists range themselves in the State at large the Fenton faction and the Conkling faction — the Fenton-Greeley men being anti-Grant, and the Conkling-Murphy men loudly for him. The countrymen are probably safe for Greeley, but the fight will be hard, and how to advise any one to take sides we confess we do not know. We do not know that the renomination of Grant is of vital importance; we do not know that Mr. Murphy's crew and Mr. Conkling are any worse than Mr. Greeley's crew of very badly mixed Republicans with Mr. Fenton behind them. One would far rather be even a Massachusetts Republican, even at this rather disgraceful crisis, than a New York one. There an honest man has an easy duty to his State, at all events, however impossible of performance he may find his duty to his party. Here to know what to do one finds practically impossible. Mr. Conkling, we see, that quiet man, "no brawler," did not carry the election for delegate in his own district, so what does he do but march off with his followers and organize another meeting, and we shall have him at Syracuse "contesting," and making row enough for half a dozen Donnybrooks.

We observe that the Cincinnati *Commercial* has been calling attention to the case of Mr. Tom Murphy, of this Custom-house, and says a number of unpleasant things of him which are true, and which we have already laid before our readers. The New York *Tribune* also returns to him, and adds something to our stock of knowledge of him. Since the war he has been in open and constant affiliation with the Ring in this city, and the effect, on the minds of decent people, of his appointment to the collectorship of the port, in place of a New York merchant, Mr. Moses Grinnell, was well expressed by Mr. William E. Dodge in his testimony before the Congressional Investigating Committee last winter. No man in this community stands higher than Mr. Dodge, and here is what he said:

"The fact that the Administration was represented here by such a venal, corrupt machine as the Custom-house has taken the heart out of all the German Republicans. I scarcely know an intelligent Republican who voted at the last election in New York. The whole conduct of things has been on that basis, and just as long as all offices under the Government are political gifts, just so long we shall get worse and worse, and go to the dogs. The appointment of Mr. Murphy was considered extraordinary. I know nothing against him, except that he is a man without any experience, and actually without any position here; probably the last man that would have been thought of by any merchant. Knowing that he knew nothing about it, and was kept there for political purposes, the merchants have kept away, and felt as if it would hurt their self-respect to meddle with the matter."

The President does not need the report or advice of any Civil Service Commission to do a little civil-service reform on his own account. He ought to begin with Murphy, who is a public scandal and disgrace. *Harper's Weekly* says there can be no reform except through party organization. So say we; but any party which undertakes to reform must be itself pure—certainly purer than the Republican party in this city. To go before the Tammany Democrats as a purifying agency with Tom Murphy and his Custom-house on our backs, is perfectly ridiculous.

Butler is at last frightening the Massachusetts Republicans. His platform performances were not very alarming, but, besides lying and blackguarding, he has been busily at work seeing to the election of delegates to the Worcester Convention, and now announces that of 204 already elected, he has secured 104, "all thoroughgoing, out-spoken men"; and he declares that he is sure of the nomination, "unless there are tricks, frauds, and conspiracies against him." His progress has certainly been sufficiently great to cause the retirement of Mr. Jewell, and to force the managers to get Senators Sumner and Wilson to come out declaring that they would rather not see him nominated. This declaration could not have been extracted from either of these gentlemen in 1868, when Butler was beginning his career in Massachusetts politics. Mr. Sumner then refused to say a word against him, Mr. Boutwell spoke in his behalf, and the Republican Committee helped him to the best of its ability. If there be justice in heaven, they ought now to have Butler for Governor, whether they want him or not. No community or party has a right to train up an animal of that sort, and let him loose on the country at large, and then complain of his doing a little tearing and rending around the old homestead. To have a notorious "liar and blackguard" for chief magistrate of their State would be a fit and logical conclusion, and the only fit and logical conclusion, to the course of the party and its press towards this man for the last five years. We observe that the Rev. Kinsley Twining has been obliged to give the Reverend Doctor Marvin another castigation on Butler's account in the Boston *Advertiser*. If Mr. Twining thinks he can hammer the elements of morals into a Butlerite temperance editor and "minister of the Gospel," we, as experts, tell him he is mistaken. The work for Christian men to do in Doctor Marvin's case is not to try to convert him, but, if he has a church, and young people are attending it, to try and get them to leave it. The old folks, who have for years shared his worship of unclean idols, may be left to their fate.

The names have been announced of the lawyers who will act as counsel for the United States before the Geneva arbitrators. They are Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, and William M. Meredith, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Cushing has long been known as one of the ablest lawyers in the country, and though his old-time political enemies—we believe he has none now—used to believe that he was good enough, or bad enough, as a lawyer to make him exceedingly bad as a statesman, they will not be disposed to deny that the interests of the United States are likely to be safe in his hands. He has very well outlived the old rancors of the days when he "Tylerized," and the later days when he was for "the Constitution as it is" and the Fugitive Slave Law, and against the negro. Partly this is due to his likeable personal qualities, partly to respect for his abilities, and partly to the fact that, strict Democrat as he had been after leaving the Whigs, he did not, at the outbreak of the rebellion, put himself on the side of the secessionists. By the bar, Mr. Cushing—who was, perhaps, as able an Attorney-General as the United States has had—is esteemed as among the first half-dozen lawyers in the country. He has served repeatedly in the Massachusetts Legislature, in Congress, on the bench of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, and in the Cabinet. He is now seventy-one years old. Of Mr. Meredith less is known. He is reputed a man of brilliant abilities, which, however, owing to his impaired health, have not of late been in conspicuous exercise. He is rather an older man than Mr. Cushing, having been called to the bar as long ago as 1817, when Mr.

Cushing was a sophomore in Harvard. It looks as if, from first to last, the English negotiations business were to be a very creditable chapter in the history of the State Department.

Wall Street has again attracted something like its former share of the public thought and attention. Very much to the disgust of the merchants and of the unwary believers in the Syndicate, some of the speculative fraternity have borrowed the bulk of the gold at the disposal of the mercantile community, and refuse to lend it except at very high rates. As many of the large bond dealers and others believed that the reported negotiation of the new five per cent. loan for cash would tend to lower the premium on gold, they have, in the language of Wall Street, sold short, or sold what they have not got, and have to pay heavy rates for borrowing it. The men who get up combinations for such purposes have been often denounced in these columns. It is at best but a disreputable business. But it is rather amusing to see the exaggerated promptitude with which spontaneous indignation overwhelms these guilty wretches so soon as their tricks affect injuriously certain privileged interests, certain exceptional persons. It is safe to say that, up to the present time, this gold clique has not to any material extent interfered with the legitimate operations of commerce, and their operations, combined with the natural tendency of the market, have scarcely sufficed to advance the premium two per cent. from the lowest prices of last month. But if we are to believe the inspired financial columns of many journals, another Black Friday is in immediate prospect, and already a judge has instructed the Grand Jury to enquire into these usurious performances. It is impossible to foretell what a certain class of manipulators in Wall Street may not do. But so far the outcry about the gold conspiracy is somewhat suspicious, and a trifle premature.

The reckless bank management to which we have in vain sought to direct attention for several months past is at last producing results that make the situation intelligible even to the unthinking. Never have the banks been so expanded as they are now, yet scarcely ever have they done business upon so small a reserve. A very slight outward drain of coin or greenbacks, such as would be perfectly natural at this season of the year, would suffice in one week to force contraction upon the banks to an extent productive of the severest financial complications. There are three interests that now control the banks of this city—the Treasury with the Syndicate, the great negotiators of railroad loans, and the great speculative cliques, chiefly consisting of the directors, trustees, and officers of leading railroad lines. All these interests have required that money should be easy, and easy it has been, but at an expense to the safety of the financial and commercial community which has not yet been calculated. And with all the easy money market, the three great interests controlling it are virtually failures. The Secretary of the Treasury has announced that he will redeem a large amount of five-twenty bonds at par in gold, yet the bonds are selling in this market at below that price. In Europe a large amount of the new five per cents are reported to have been subscribed for at par in excess of the sum offered, but the bonds are to-day selling at a discount in every European market. The great railroad loan agents fill the press with column after column of displayed advertisements and editorial comments, announcing the startling rapidity with which their bonds are being bought; yet it is notorious that these bonds are openly offered for sale by private holders at a price from five to ten per cent. below the quoted prices, without finding takers. The railroad stocks owned by the cliques, in spite of puffing, and watering, and manipulating of every description, are beginning to decline sharply, and are keeping the steadily diminishing number of Wall Street operators in a state of great anxiety.

General business is active, but irregular and a little unsettled. Country trade is good, but somewhat spasmodic. Produce of almost every description has been firmer, though fluctuating. Cotton is higher, the receipts of the season so far confirming the least favorable reports of the growing crop. Breadstuffs are firm, under unquestionable deficiencies in European harvests, and not too brilliant reports of our own Prices would perhaps have advanced still higher were it not for the scarcity of vessels to carry the produce abroad. Real estate dull and unsettled. Coal is moderately firm, with only a slight reduction of wages at last settling-day.

On Wednesday, September 13—so the Cable informed us on the same date—the President of the French Republic sent a long message to the National Assembly, in which he told the now "constituent" legislators of France that they had well earned—by what, we are not told—the right to go home and rest themselves, leaving to him the pleasant duty of "incessantly working for the reorganization of the country." To this, which may be all correct, the same authority adds the following curious piece of information: "He frankly asks the deputies to ascertain from their constituents at home whether the country wishes for reconstruction, based on the glorious traditions of a thousand years, or for the abandonment of the ship of state to a torrent leading to an unknown future—in brief, whether the people want a monarchy or a republic." Now, this is rather neatly and poetically expressed, and may possibly contain a sensible suggestion as to the best way of employing the legislative recess; but we doubt the whole story. M. Thiers has been, since his election as Chief of the Executive in February last, the passionate champion, not of a speedy reorganization on the basis of monarchical traditions—which, in modern France, are unfortunately of three antagonistic kinds, Bourbonistic, Napoleonic, and Orleanistic—but of an attempt to lift up fallen France, the victim of all kinds of "glorious traditions," by the combined efforts of all parties, and by a fair trial of her provisional institutions—that is, the Republican *status quo*. Not a word in all preceding reports hints at the likelihood or possibility of M. Thiers veering around so abruptly, and so coolly breaking his repeatedly plighted promise not to betray the Republic. On the contrary, we find that, but a few days ago, he, on the occasion of solemn congratulations, expressed the hope that, "with the moral and material recovery of the country, its present form of government would become a peaceful and glorious reality." Whether prompted mainly by motives of wise patriotism or of personal ambition, M. Thiers means to be, for a time, at least, President of the French Republic.

On the same day, the Assembly adopted a bill providing for the prorogation of its sessions from the 17th of September to the 4th of December. During this recess, a Committee of Control, consisting of twenty-five deputies, is to supervise the action of the Government. It is composed of eleven members of the Right, eight of the Left, and six "Moderates" (of the Centre?), a composition which must well enough suit the Government, and may have been the result of a new parliamentary compromise suggested by it. Altogether, M. Thiers does not seem at all inclined to apply his famous constitutional maxim, "The king reigns, but governs not," to his own position as chief of the state, in which he exercises his functions "under the authority of the Assembly," and is responsible to it no less than his ministers. Thus we see him personally urging in committee the adoption of the new treaty concluded by MM. Rémusat and Pouyer-Quertier with Count Arnim, according to which, in compensation for special customs privileges to be granted by France to the provinces lately torn from her, the Germans bind themselves immediately to evacuate the departments of Aisne, Aube, Côte d'Or, and Jura, and to reduce their army of occupation to fifty thousand men. Yielding to M. Thiers's arguments, the committee reported favorably on the treaty, and in time for the Assembly to decide on it in the last hour before the prorogation. It was adopted against a very small minority, but, unfortunately, with some alterations in the text which, according to the last despatches, the plenipotentiaries of Germany refuse to accept. Should they finally yield, then M. Thiers would, at the opening of what we may call his new term, be able to announce to the country a series of acts of deliverance surpassing anything that could reasonably be expected, even before the insurrection of Paris completed the prostration and disorganization of vanquished France. The gradual disarmament of the National Guard in pursuance of the late law passed by the Assembly, is said to be progressing satisfactorily, even in Lyons.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

THE solution of the problem how to govern great cities, and notably this city, which we proposed three weeks ago—namely, the adoption in legislation of the theory that a modern city is not a political community, but a joint-stock association—has brought us a considerable number of communications, mostly laudatory. A similar plan—of which, however, we had never heard before—was urged on the attention of the last Constitutional Convention by Mr. Charles Moran, of this city, whose conclusions are much the same as ours, though reached by a somewhat different process. Our plan has, however, been made the subject of adverse criticism by the New York *World* and the *Staats-Zeitung*—whose editor, Mr. Ottendorfer, is playing a prominent and distinguished part in the attempt at reform which we are now witnessing. We are unable to quote in full what they say, but in summing up the argument of the *Staats-Zeitung*, which is substantially the same as the principal argument of the *World*, we think we shall give a fair idea of it. It pronounces the *Nation's* plan "unpractical, dangerous, and pernicious," for the following reasons:

It rests upon an erroneous idea of the nature and function of municipal government, as well as on a misconception of the forces of human nature, as displayed in political life. It is a deplorable error to suppose that the only interest the citizens of New York have in the conduct of their municipal affairs consists in an upright and economic administration of the property of the city. There are many other riches besides taxable property whose acquisition, distribution, and enjoyment to a great extent depend on the way in which the city's affairs are managed, and in which non-taxpayers have as deep and lively an interest as the wealthiest; and to shut them out from all share in this management would be to deprive them of the opportunity of making their influence felt on the development of business life, of social relations, and of the thousand expressions of citizen life. To make up for this privation by pointing them to the field of national and State politics, would be what the preacher does when he consoles his flock for this world's hardships by directing their thoughts on future bliss—a course which exactly suits despots and the supporters of despotism, inasmuch as it causes an abandonment of attempts to make this life tolerable; and just so would their sense of freedom and their pleasure in public life, and even their understanding for it, be weakened, if our citizens were not permitted to test their interests and sharpen their insight into the development of those relations with which they are in daily contact, and whose development in great measure belongs in the domain of municipal government. The basis of our institutions lies in free municipal government, without which these are merely an edifice of phrases. Nor can New York be declared an exception, and that what is applicable to her need not be applied to other parts of the country. To her a not inconsiderable portion of the population of the whole country brings a part of its life, and she stands in many respects the model upon which the eyes of the whole Union are turned. The *Nation's* plan would convert her citizens into a horde of nomads in the pursuit of gain, and the poison they would thus imbibe would not only dull their self-consciousness as free citizens, and make them incapable of performing their duties as members of a free state, but would have the same lamentable effect on the character of the people at large, aided by the present desire for centralization. Still, in the present circumstances, the *Nation's* plan is likely to find adherents. Some features of it might be advantageously borrowed. The writer then propounds the plan of having a board of auditors, with no power to make appointments or give contracts, and chosen not only by direct taxpayers, but, if you please, by taxpayers in proportion to the amount of taxes they pay; and without whose approval no money could be paid from the city treasury. This would leave uninjured the self-consciousness and feeling of responsibility of the citizens.

The *World* also takes the ground that our plan implies "a narrow and inadequate view of municipal life"; but, as might have been expected, takes itself a narrower view of municipal life than its German contemporary, and merely mentions the schools, the public health, the water supply, and the police as matters with which a city government must deal, but in which residents, though not house-owners, have just as much interest as house-owners. Now, we think we can honestly say that our ideal municipal life is as picturesque and rich as anybody's. There is really hardly any limit to the extent to which human comfort and culture might be promoted by such a municipality as New York might be were men other than they are, and the times other than they are; that is, we have as yet only a faint notion of the extent to which a million of intelligent, and virtuous, and industrious men and women, living in the same city, might contribute to the general happiness by co-operative well-doing. We grant, too, that in striving at reform of any kind, it does not do to take too despondent a view of the possibilities of the case, and that no striving can be very profitable in the long run which is not inspired by a really high aim. Our ideal ought to be as high and broad as the facts will bear, but no higher or broader. We may, indeed, strain the facts, but if we break loose from them and kick them off the platform, we cease to be politicians, and become poets or sentimentalists, or crack-brained blatherskites, as our mental powers shall determine.

Antiquity and the Middle Ages have bequeathed to the modern world a set of notions about the value of the city as a political community which the facts of ancient and mediæval experience fully justified. But the free and successful municipalities of the ancient and mediæval world were all small, and their citizens were united by bonds of race, religion, and corporation, the strength of which we cannot even understand, and to which we would never submit. Moreover, their population, if it increased at all, increased very slowly, and almost wholly by births within the walls. Accessions from without were discouraged and rarely came. Better materials for a political community could not exist, and they were cemented into a strong and harmonious unity by constant danger from without. In short, the males were all soldiers, who constantly and frequently saw active service in the field together. Moreover, not only were they well fitted to manage their own affairs, but they *had* to manage them. Either the inhabitants were undisputed possessors of the sovereignty, or the general government was incompetent to afford them protection, and was intent on robbing them, or was too far removed, owing to the imperfection of means of communication, to supervise their affairs, or have any competent judgment about them. Whenever extraordinary circumstances, as in the case of ancient Rome, either made great additions to the population, or destroyed its homogeneousness, the municipality lost its political character wholly, and became merely an administrative machine. Nevertheless, the histories of Athens, and Thebes, and Sparta, and Florence, and Bruges, and Ghent, and Strasburg were so splendid and picturesque, and did so much for civilization and liberty, and contributed so many valuable political ideas to the common stock, that it is not wonderful that they should not only have made a powerful impression on the imagination of literary men, and poets, and artists, but have furnished a model on which political thinkers in our time are constantly dwelling, and which they are intent on reproducing. Their hopes have been enormously stimulated, too, by the reaction against the theologian's low view of human nature which set in after the French Revolution, rapidly took possession of the civilized world, and has finally in our day developed into a sort of mania, which is spreading among the working-classes, and if not checked will seriously endanger civilization itself. The theologians would have it that men were constantly inclining to do evil, and were naturally selfish and deceitful; the modern humanitarian will have it that nothing but the vileness and oppressiveness of existing social and political institutions hinders people from constantly doing good; and that, if you only arrange society properly, everybody will go out and work like a beaver, or as much as is good for him, in order to share his earnings with his neighbors; and that crimes are caused mainly by the existence of police and jails. To persons who look at the world in this way, of course nothing seems easier than to build up and carry on a well-ordered municipality. Call the people together, ask them what they want, and do what they tell you, and you have forthwith a beautiful city, in which the administrative machinery goes like clockwork, and "none but the best men" are elected to office.

Now, the reason why the city government problem in our time presents so many difficulties, and the reason why the ancient and mediæval experience is of little or no use to us, is that there has been a great

change in the state of facts, and this change in the facts renders necessary a corresponding change in our theories and our aims, and gives a slightly poetical character—we do not say this contemptuously—to such speculations as those of the *Staats-Zeitung*. Your municipal life, in our day, no matter what your ideal may be, must be what the circumstances of modern society and the existing condition of human nature will permit it to be; and though you may try ever so much by new charters, amendments to charters, popular uprisings, and "Citizens' Associations," and "Reform Councils," to make it something else, and something better, you will not succeed. You will find yourself for ever rolling the stone up the hill, and seeing it regularly roll down after you have got it to the top.

In the first place, all successful municipal self-government of which we have any knowledge has been carried on by small, homogeneous communities, animated by a very strong sense of fellowship and identity of interest. This is true of the Greek cities, of the mediæval cities, of the English cities, and of the New England and other American towns. In all these the voters have not only been united by the closest of all ties, those created by community of race, religion, and history; but their numbers have been sufficiently small to make mutual acquaintance possible, and give tremendous force to public opinion. We are now trying to apply this same system to the government of enormous masses of men, gathered, under the influence of steam travel, from all parts of the world, differing widely in race, language, manners, traditions, religion, and resembling the municipalities of the literary men and the poets in nothing except condensation of a great number of dwellings on a small space of ground. But not only are they not held together by the ties we have named; not only does the city not stand to them in the place of country and religion, as it did to the ancient Greeks; not only is there nothing among them to exercise the cohesive force of the mediæval guild or the New England church, but they are actually pulverized, to a degree never witnessed in the history of the human race, by the individualism and impatience of routine, and monotony, and control which both our government and education have, for the last century, been steadily fostering. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the house of every New-Yorker is constantly for sale, and his trunk packed, and that you could not annoy him more than by attempting to regulate his conduct by a standard not of his own making. This is true of the householders; but outside the householders there is a vast and, let us add, ignorant boarding-house, tenement-house, and hotel population, whose attachment to the place or to their neighbors is still weaker, and who feel little more responsibility for this city than for Boston or Philadelphia, being, on the whole, nearly as likely to live next year in any one of these as in the others.

When you set yourself to work to devise a local government for such a community, the first thing to be done—its heterogeneousness being one of the elements of the problem which we cannot get rid of—is to look for the fact, whatever it be, that creates a feeling of community of interest strong enough to produce common action among the largest portion of the population. If New York were peopled exclusively by Irishmen, that fact would be community of race and religion; if it were peopled exclusively by Germans, it would be community of language and race and social usages; if it were American, it would be community of religion and political habits and traditions; but, being peopled by contributions from all nations, the only fact which creates, in the midst of this confused mass, a real municipality, is the fact of common liability to direct taxation. This liability does create among a large body of the inhabitants of our large cities a strong feeling of community of interest; in New York, nothing else does; and on this fact, therefore, and on nothing else that we know of, can we build up a respectable municipal government. If we were to try for a hundred years to build one upon the basis of mere numbers, as now—no matter what our ideal might be—we should never construct anything better than a board of four or five hardened cheats, like the gang whom we are trying to drive out. It is not in human nature, not even in cultivated human nature, to care much what becomes of other people's money, and you will never persuade such a population as our non-taxpayers—or, what is the same thing for our purpose, those who think themselves non-taxpayers—that the money which is raised for the government of this city is not other people's money.

Here we come to the question which the *World* has raised, whether this common liability to direct taxation is a respectable basis for a municipal government? It seems to think not; but we know of none more so. It is, in fact, a very large part of the basis of all government. No government has ever been long good which did not consider the citizen mainly as a taxpayer, and no man was ever a good citizen who did not make the collection and the disposition of the taxes his chief political concern. The manner of raising and spending revenue for public purposes plays, in short, the same part in national life which the getting and spending of income plays in individual life, and the former exercises much the same influence on national character as the latter on individual character. As Burke has well said, "The revenue of the state is the state. In fact, all depends on it, whether for support or reformation. . . . Through the revenue alone can the body politic ever act in its true genius and character, and therefore it will display just as much of its collective virtue, and as much of that virtue which may characterize those who move it, and are, as it were, its life and guiding principle, as it is possessed of a just revenue." We spoke in our former article of creating the municipality of New York out of house-owners, which supplied the *World* with a sneer at the suggestion of a municipal government "based on real estate"; but we used the term house-owners as merely a synonym for taxpayers, for few others in New York now pay direct taxes. But the collection of direct taxes from as large a number of persons as possible, say all householders and occupants of floors—that is, making the municipality include as large a proportion of the population as possible, would be an essential feature of our plan; for it does, in fact, rest on the theory that all persons in this city, not reached by direct taxation, do constitute, to all intents and purposes, a true proletariat, and do exercise the same pernicious influence on politics, and would, if allowed to take as large a share in the free government of any state in the world as they take in the government of this city, ruin that government utterly in a very short space of time. If the same proportion, for instance, of the population of the United States should ever come to be exempt from the tax-gatherer's direct application for money, the overthrow of free institutions on this continent would not be far off, no matter how picturesque our political ideal might be. As to the practicability of our scheme, there cannot be anything so very hopeless about it when the *Staats-Zeitung* would be prepared to set up a board of audit elected by taxpayers empowered to stop all excessive expenditures. We should be content, for the present, and as a stepping-stone to something better, with Mr. Charles Nordhoff's plan of a responsible mayor, elected on a general ticket; or with a personal representation charter, such as we have ourselves advocated, which would enable us to thrust a few honest men in among the thieves to let us know what they were about; but we believe the final solution of the problem to be municipalities composed of taxpayers and none others, with limited and strictly non-political powers. That will come sooner or later; and we must say we hardly think it necessary to show that the municipal life of New York, if the city were governed by such a body as its taxpayers, would not suffer in richness or largeness by the exclusion of the barbarous hordes of adventurers who give Tweed and Connolly their strength, and who will, we believe, enable both these scoundrels to defy the law.

Practically, at this moment, the taxes are voted, and the men who are to expend them appointed, by persons who either do not pay them, or who fancy they do not, which, for practical purposes, is about the same thing. The cost of paving a street, for instance, though paid entirely by the persons living on it, is in practice fixed, and the workmen selected, by a parcel of grogshop-keepers in distant wards. There are numerous streets in this city—all the streets which are really kept in good order—the sweeping and watering of which, and the watching at night, are provided for by voluntary contributions from the inhabitants of them, although they pay heavy taxes to the municipality for rendering the same services, which, however, the municipality does not render. A government of taxpayers, limited in its functions to paving, lighting, cleansing, to sanitary police, and compelled to discharge these duties properly, whatever the present objections to it on constitutional

grounds, has nothing in it contrary to the genius of American institutions. It would subject nobody to laws he had not helped to make, while it would deliver a great body of persons from the payment of taxes which they have not voted. It would commit municipal concerns to the charge of the persons really interested in them, and would thus bring about what, under the theory that the city is a political community which every resident has a natural right to manage, can never be brought about—its delivery from politics. The *World* thinks our comparison of the city to a railroad company unfortunate, because so many railroads are badly managed; but what does it think would be the management of our railroads if every man who took a ride on one in the course of the year was entitled to vote at elections of its directors? Moreover, it has to be remembered that stockholders do not pass their lives in the trains. If they did, we should have better accommodation. The idea of making directors ride on the cowcatcher as a safeguard against accidents is barbarous, but it touches the root of the difficulty in all cases of mismanagement of corporations.

MR. GLADSTONE'S UNPOPULARITY.

Mr. Gladstone has appeared in the provinces, as is the custom of the English ministers during the Parliamentary recess, and is engaged in giving a series of popular explanations of his doings and his policy to country audiences, who draw them out by one device or another. He is, no doubt, glad to get away from the capital, and get into contact with the public of the North, who look on him with a good deal more indulgence and admiration than that of London, and with whom he has far more points of contact and of sympathy. For there has grown up within the last thirty, and more particularly within the last twenty years, a difference between London and the Northern provinces, of very great importance in English politics, but of which few foreigners are aware. Mr. Gladstone touched upon it lightly the other day in his address to his son's constituents at Whitby, when he spoke of the striking contrast in the criticisms of himself and his administration by the London press and by that of the great towns of the North. The fact is, though London continues to be the social and commercial and official capital of England, Manchester has become the political capital—that is, the city which prepares and puts in circulation the prevailing opinion of the English people on all the great questions of the day; and we are only reproducing a fact familiar to all observers of English politics, as well as to English politicians, when we say that one gets a much better idea by reading the Manchester *Examiner* or *Guardian* of the course English sentiment is running, or likely to run, on any given question, than by reading the *Times* or any other London paper which professes—as the best London papers do not—to express public opinion, rather than help to form it by criticism. To take a familiar and recent instance: The Greek massacres, a year ago, excited the most tremendous indignation in London, owing to the fact that two of the victims were well connected and well known in London society; and, if the London press had been allowed to have its way, Athens would have been occupied, and Greece scoured by English gendarmerie. The press of the North, however, took the matter comparatively coolly, showing that, lamentable as the tragedy was, there was no real disposition on the part of the English people to treat it as a great political event, and accordingly the Government confined itself to a protest, and a hitherto barren demand for enquiry. It would, of course, be absurd to say that the London papers do not possess enormous influence, and do not form, on the whole, by far the ablest portion of the British press. What we mean is, that when there comes on one of those crises, so common in English politics, in which class-feeling is roused on one side or the other, it is far safer to take the opinion of Northern editors as to what the final issue will be than that of those of the metropolis.

This distinction between London and the provinces, too, is likely to increase rather than diminish, as the aristocratic hold on the Government grows weaker. Its growth has been remarkably illustrated in the history of the last session of Parliament, and especially by that most important incident of it—the solution of the question of the abolition of purchase in the army, by cancelling the royal warrant which legalized the practice. The purchase system was emphatically a London question—that is, the question of the plutocratic and aristocratic classes, who make London their headquarters, and who, through their enormous social influence, exercised through a thousand channels, color, if not mould, the political sentiment of the city. The desperate opposition made to the measure in the House of Commons by the set of men facetiously called "the colonels" in the English papers—that is, military men and their friends and relatives—had the support and sympathy of London society, though the change was too plainly a much-needed reform to meet with disfavor from the London press. But then the London press shared, more or less, the hostility excited in London society by the revolutionary temper displayed by the ministry in pressing it, and was, consequently, by no means disposed to view with the favor or indifference of the Northern press the thoroughly revolutionary process by which Mr. Gladstone made his way out of the difficulty. We say revolutionary process, because, although the cancelling of the royal warrant was in itself perfectly legitimate, cancelling it by way of evading a decision of Parliament, after Parliament had been formally applied to for a decision, was undoubtedly revolutionary, particularly when, as Mr. Gladstone acknowledged, it was done in obedience to what he considered a higher authority than Parliament—"public opinion." There was a very unpleasant resemblance, in all this, to Louis Napoleon's plan of appealing to the people by a plébiscite whenever he disagreed with the legislature; the London press and London society saw it, and were very savage over it; but the provinces have either looked on calmly or exultingly.

In London, too, there is no question, Mr. Gladstone has declined in popularity. He has given mortal offence, on various points, to the public of the clubs and the drawing-rooms. He has struck, or threatens to strike, heavy blows at the influence of wealth and rank on politics, and has diffused great uneasiness through English "society," properly so called, by a certain exaltation of temper which makes it a little difficult for an average Englishman to form an opinion as to what he will do next. His reforms, whether planned, attempted, or executed, are all of a very radical kind, and strike deeper into the soil of English prejudices and habits than anything which has preceded them. It is no wonder that their author should be acquiring in the eyes of a portion of the English public the reputation of being a "dangerous man"—about the worst thing which, in the eyes of Englishmen, can be said of a politician.

Mr. Gladstone, too, has reached that point of progress in a radical direction to which every radical reformer comes sooner or later, and over which none but men of great resolution and clear-headedness pass in safety. It is the point at which weaker "champions" either go crazy and plunge into maniacal excesses, or run away into obscurity in sheer fright over their own doings. He has passed one measure, the abolition of the Irish Church, which, whatever may be said as to the difference in the circumstances of the two cases, leaves the English Church establishment no stronger hold on life than is furnished by the habitual English respect for vested interests. He has, however, struck a heavy blow at this respect by the way in which he has got rid of purchase in the army. Not only has he abolished it without the consent of Parliament, but he has imposed on Parliament the alternative of compensating those who now hold commissions, and have $50,000,000 invested in them, or letting it alone. He has passed an educational system which, whatever its faults, bids fair to democratize the country districts of the South, or, in other words, to overthrow conservatism in its last strongholds, and he has made and announces his intention of repeating a vigorous attempt to introduce the ballot at elections. It is not possible for any man to do these things in a country like England, close on the heels of a measure establishing all but universal suffrage, and at a period of great social ferment, without exciting both extravagant expectations on one side, and fierce hostility on the other, and, if Mr. Gladstone keeps his head during the coming two years, he will do better than most initiators of great revolutions.

He has, too, a vein of sentiment, not to say sentimentality, in his composition which Englishmen of all classes are apt to find very irritating. If he were not an educated man, he would probably have

been a blatherskite. It is not that he takes a very lofty or romantic view of his duty—Englishmen are familiar enough with that, and there is, probably, no country in which characters like Bayard's, or Sydney's, or Outram's, or Havelock's have more admirers; and it is not that he is swayed in his political course by sentimental considerations, because the same thing may be said of Mr. Bright, who, however much he may be disliked, has never excited the irritated hostility with which Mr. Gladstone is regarded. But Mr. Bright is not, and never has been, a party politician, liking power and place, and working hard for it, and he has always been able to clothe his sentiment in a fiery and majestic eloquence, to which, great an orator as he is, Mr. Gladstone can lay no claim. Accordingly, Mr. Bright, who used to be called a demagogue by the conservative papers, is now called a "tribune," while Mr. Gladstone, who began his career as a "statesman," is closing it as a "demagogue" or "canting demagogue." The reason is—and we believe this is true of every parliamentary country, and as true of America as of England—that suspicion or distrust of men in power is not only a necessary feature of party politics, but becomes at last a habit of the national mind. Incessant watchfulness and incessant criticism on the part of the public are, in fact, essential conditions of the successful working of constitutional governments; consequently, all claims to confidence or support put forward by a politician which do not admit of examination by ordinary tests, are apt to be treated by a considerable portion of the public as pieces of imposture, and resented accordingly. Professions, or suggestions, or assumptions of superior purity of motive, or superior disinterestedness, or superior piety, when produced in defense of a policy or measure by its authors, are apt to be, and, we think, on the whole rightly, received with popular incredulity. We doubt, for instance, if any public man has, even in this country, succeeded in covering up very serious defects or shortcomings in his political course, or strengthening any new position, or retaining his hold on power, by "getting religion," or offering any other easily-made indication of a superior condition of heart. Mr. Gladstone, whom we believe to be as single-minded and pure-hearted a man as lives, and who, we have no doubt, does carry into politics a higher class of motives than usually animates politicians, doubtless suffers from a state of things the effects of which are, on the whole, good. People will hear a man telling them, or letting them understand, that he thinks himself holier than most of them; but if he gives, or seems to give, this as a reason why they should make him or keep him First Lord of the Treasury, Senator, or Governor, they are apt to laugh, become profane, and finally hostile.

MERCANTILE CLAIMS UNDER THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON—MR. RUSSELL GURNEY.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

LONDON, Sept. 7.

YOUR readers may have seen an article in the *Times* which proclaimed in a tone of well-deserved though of rather full-flavored eulogy the merits of the eminent persons who have undertaken to deal in behalf of England with what are popularly called the "*Alabama* claims." An unfortunate omission made the leader of less interest to Americans than it might otherwise have been, for the writer, while heaping deserved praise on the Lord Chief-Justice and Sir Roundell Palmer, who will never be seen on the other side of the Atlantic, omitted to notice the position and character, both of which well deserve attention, of the commissioner on whose labors the practical success of the Treaty of Washington will in a great measure depend, and who must shortly become personally known to all the leading statesmen and lawyers of America. This gentleman is Mr. Russell Gurney, the Recorder of London, and the English commissioner for the final settlement of all claims under the treaty, made either by Englishmen or Americans, which do not arise from the acts of the *Alabama* or of ships of the same character. The true reason, it may be suspected, why Mr. Russell Gurney's name did not appear in the list of worthies enumerated by the *Times*, is that nine out of ten of the English public fancy that the treaty deals wholly with the *Alabama* claims, and have not the least conception that some of its most important provisions have reference to claims of a totally different character. This delusion may appear absurd enough to Americans, but of its existence there is not the least doubt, and it led the *Times* not to notice the one person about whom Americans would naturally care to know something. As Mr. Russell Gurney occupies a peculiar position, and his appointment is in some respects highly characteristic of the present state of English politics, your readers will perhaps allow me to supply them with the information which they will not obtain from our leading newspaper.

Mr. Russell Gurney is Recorder of London. The recordership itself is one of those anomalous positions which could not exist anywhere but in England. The recorder is appointed, not by the Government, but by the city authorities, and is, in this point of view, a merely local judge, standing in theory in the same position as the recorder or judge of any of the numerous local courts which are to be found in different English boroughs. But the greatness of London, combined with the intricate provisions of the acts constituting what is known to lawyers as "the Central Criminal Court," and to everybody else as the "Old Bailey," has placed the Recorder of London in a very peculiar position. Though looked at in one point of view he is a local judge, looked at in another he stands in a situation very nearly equal to that occupied by the judges of the superior courts, many of whose functions he, as a matter of fact, discharges. The city of London is a mass of anomalies, and, as foes would say, of abuses, but it must be admitted that they have appointed to the recordership eminent persons, well fitted to fill a judicial office, and that no appointment has ever given more satisfaction, either to the legal profession or to the public, than that of the present recorder. It is no exaggeration to say that he is, as well from knowledge of law as for the admirable conduct of his court, among the five or six best of the English judges, and in every respect markedly superior to some of those who occupy the highest posts on the common-law bench. It is, in fact, generally believed, though I am not able to guarantee the truth of the rumor, that Mr. Russell Gurney might, had he chosen, have passed from the recordership to the bench, but preferred to remain in his present sphere. Such a preference is perfectly intelligible. The emoluments of the recordership are not much less than those of a judgeship. The social status of the Recorder of London is hardly inferior to that of a judge, and a recorder has one great though very curious advantage not possessed by his brothers on the bench. He can, without sacrificing his recordership, be a member of Parliament, and this advantage is one of which Mr. Russell Gurney has for some years made practical use.

The fact that a man can hold a high judicial position, and still retain his connection with politics, is, according to modern ideas, in the strictest sense anomalous. But, like some other English anomalies, it has worked well, and both the public and Mr. Russell Gurney himself have gained much from the peculiarity of his situation. It is hardly worth while to say that his judicial character has been in no way influenced by his political sympathies, for the same, it is to be hoped, might be said of any English lawyer who should in any way find his judicial duties and political feelings come into conflict. But it is worth remarking that his character as a judge has had a very favorable influence on his political career. Many lawyers have found it perfectly easy to be impartial and just when on the bench, but have seemed to dismiss their sense of justice and equity the moment they have divested themselves of their robes, and certainly some of the least scrupulous party leaders have been peers who, while unscrupulous as partisans, have exercised judicial functions with universal admiration. The Recorder of London has never, whilst in the House of Commons, forgotten the virtues of a judge. His many friends feel, and his foes, if he has any, admit, that his distinguishing characteristic is a high sense of justice. He is known to be a strict adherent of the Conservative party, but no one can point to a single expression used by him, in or out of Parliament, unbecoming judicial moderation. Moreover, though in a party sense a Conservative, he has, influenced no doubt by the love of justice, become associated with the promotion of reforms some of which would seem most naturally to come from a Liberal of rather an advanced type. He, for instance, two years ago, protected, by a short and efficient act, the funds of trades-unions from embezzlement and misappropriation, and during the last session was the main instrument in giving some slight protection to the property of married women. The Married Women's Property Act, as actually passed, does not go very far in the way of reform, but the bill as originally drawn, before its provisions were altered by the House of Lords, carried out almost all that the most ardent advocates of a woman's right to her own property demand. This measure had, of course, nothing to do with female franchise, but, unless I am much mistaken, the Recorder is one of those Conservatives, of whom there is a considerable body with us, who have supported the claims of women to vote upon the laws by which they are ruled.

A gentleman thus conspicuous as well by his Conservative sympathies and connections as by his sympathy with all measures calculated to remove practical injustice, naturally possesses a weight with Liberals and Conservatives alike which could not be obtained by any mere partisan, and this weight is greatly increased through the respect universally entertained for him as a lawyer and as a judge. Hence men of all parties are inclined to refer to his arbitration all those important questions for the decision of which even politicians feel other qualities are wanted than mere zeal for party. Thus some years ago, when the suppression of the riots in Jamaica made an enquiry into the steps taken by Governor Eyre absolutely essential, the Liberal Government, then in power, appointed the Recorder one of the Commissioners for carrying out this difficult investigation, and the appointment was, we believe, universally approved. So again, now that the great thing desired is the fair settlement of all disputes between us and America, the Government have most naturally turned to Mr. Russell Gurney for aid. To the Ministry itself the appointment is creditable, and is another instance of the care with which—whatever their faults in other respects—they have conducted the American negotiations. But it must, in fairness, be added that, if the appointment is creditable to the Government, the acceptance of it is a proof of the patriotism and public zeal which have always distinguished the Recorder. The work in which he will be engaged will necessarily be intricate, wearisome, and difficult to bring to a satisfactory termination. It is, further, labor which cannot lead to any result so showy, or which will attract so much popular attention, as the conclusion of what are called the *Alabama* claims; nor is it easy to see how, in the situation of Mr. Russell Gurney, the work can lead to any adequate reward. His reputation is fully made, and his position is one which could not be exchanged with advantage for many of the posts in the gift of an English administration. The work in this case must be its own reward, and that, to a person of a patriotic spirit, may, it is hoped, be a considerable recompense. Mr. Russell Gurney and his colleagues have an opportunity of finally closing a whole body of claims which, whether well founded or not, have, no doubt, done much to keep alive ill-will between two countries which ought never to have been brought into a position of antagonism. The spirit with which both the American and English Governments have carried on the recent negotiations gives every reason to suppose that the Commissioners will succeed in giving satisfaction to all men of common sense and common fairness on both sides the Atlantic. The one wish prevalent in England is to have all fair grounds of dispute removed. This wish is shared both by the people and the Government, and the Ministry could have given no greater proof of the fairness of their intentions than by appointing as Commissioner a man who, though an opponent of the Government, is the fairest and most judicially-minded member of the House of Commons.

THE PERSONAL GOVERNMENT OF THIERS.

PARIS, August 30, 1871.

I HAVE never believed much in what M. Thiers has chosen to call "the compact of Bordeaux," not only because I do not believe in a hybrid government, which is at once a republic without republicans and a monarchy without a monarch; but also because, knowing M. Thiers, I was convinced that he would never remain within the bounds of his own contract. There is a certain continuity in the development of every human character. Read the "History of the French Revolution" by Thiers, his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," his speeches in 1840, when he was ready to wage war against the whole of Europe, all his pamphlets, all his essays, and you will see running through everything an innate love of force and, under a semblance of liberalism, a real instinct of despotism. It was Thiers who made a god of Napoleon the First, and, if he was not the prime minister of Napoleon the Third, it was because Napoleon the Third would never condescend to employ him. In 1849, Thiers already wanted, as he does now, to be the President of the French Republic; he and Prince Louis were rivals. A Belgian diplomatist of great eminence once asked the Prince, who had then become an Emperor, "Why don't you employ Thiers?" "I shall have him," was the reply, "whenever I choose." However, by a strange antipathy which was remarkable in a man so much devoid of human passions, Napoleon the Third never offered the ministry to Thiers. When Ollivier became premier, M. Thiers thought that he would soon become his successor. He invited all his friends to join what was then called the "liberal Empire," expecting for himself that the feeble hands of Émile Ollivier would soon drop into his the reins of government. But the fatal war with Germany disturbed all his calculations. Thiers opposed the war not as unjust or immoral, but merely because France was not ready, nor strong enough. This opposition to the war, founded simply on expediency, was enough to convince the country of M. Thiers's wisdom, and twenty-nine departments elected him as a deputy. He has ever since considered himself more as the representative of the nation than as the servant of the Assembly. One of his prefects told me two days ago, after having uttered all sorts of complaints against the Chamber: "I consider myself as the prefect of M. Thiers, not as the prefect of the Assembly." "Very well," said I, "but is not M. Thiers himself the delegate of the Assembly?" "Not in the least; M. Thiers is the first political man of the country." This will give you an idea of the actual condition of things: every agent of the executive is ready to ignore the existence of a Chamber which has chosen M. Thiers as the chief of the executive power.

There is such a tendency in the French mind towards personal government that many people are quite ready to forget the existence of the Assembly and to look upon M. Thiers as a providential man, *un homme nécessaire*, who ought to be trusted with all the essential attributes of sovereignty, and, more than that, who ought never to be resisted even legally: whose will ought for the moment to concentrate and to embody the wills of all Frenchmen. M. Thiers himself believes sincerely the same thing; he allows himself and is allowed by his clients to repeat every day that he has saved France from the horrors of external war and of civil war, of the invasion and of the Commune; he is the savior of France and of society. He considers his campaign against Paris as one of the greatest triumphs of past and modern ages; he looks upon the lamentable peace at Frankfort with admiration. Why should he bear the control of seven hundred gentlemen, who are merely squires, merchants, proprietors, magistrates, country gentlemen? Do they understand war better than he does? They thought it necessary to disarm the National Guards where they are not yet disarmed; what right have they to do this if he thinks that there must still be battalions of citizen-soldiers? To be sure, all the *mobiles* have been disarmed, the Nationals of Paris have been, but must we not have in Lyons, as at Bordeaux and some other places, a civic force to defend the threatened Republic? General Chanzy, who is a real soldier, does not believe in the citizen-soldiers; in fact, he shows in his report that he believes them to be neither good soldiers nor good citizens; but General Chanzy has no right to interfere with the plans of the Government. M. Thiers, and M. Thiers only, knows when it will be time to disarm the Federals of Lyons; and so he informed the Assembly. For the second time he accused the Chamber of want of courage; he did not disguise his contempt for the majority, and did his very best to disgrace the only legal power that remains in France. His want of dignity was only equalled by his want of patriotism; for what can be less patriotic than to diminish the authority and the prestige of a sovereign assembly which was elected by France in the hour of her greatest peril? M. Thiers behaved like an "enfant terrible" who breaks his own toys, and the "terribleness" of a second childhood is far worse than that of the first.

The Chamber, offended as it was, did not, however, take him at his word; it did not accept the resignation which he contemptuously offered; even then, it accepted a compromise. But this time it did not quite look like a whipped spaniel at the feet of its master. The Chamber compromised once more in the interest of the country, but everybody said that this was the supreme sacrifice which it made to the senile vanity of its leader. The day before, there was a great chance of the Rivet proposition being adopted; all parties were ready to accept the "prorogation" of M. Thiers for three years. After the *conjugal* scene of Thursday, the members of the majority felt less inclined to give M. Thiers so long a lease of power. The report on the Rivet proposition was read on Monday before the Chamber. M. Vitet, the reporter and well-known writer, is a personal friend of M. Thiers of long standing; but throughout his report there was a spirit of distrust of M. Thiers; the rights of the Chambers are vindicated, and its constituent powers asserted, though M. Thiers had given all his agents the signal for an agitation with a view to dissolution. There is no doubt that had the powers of M. Thiers been extended for three years, the prestige of the present Chamber would at once have vanished, the dissolution would have soon been pronounced, and new elections would have taken place for a Constituent Assembly. As Montalembert once told me; "In France, it is better to ask not *for* whom the electors vote, but *under* whom they vote." Under M. Thiers, the elections would, without doubt, have been what I can only call *Thiersian;* and the first act of the new Chamber would have been to name M. Thiers President of the Republic for his lifetime.

Before this letter reaches you, you will have long known the termination

of the present crisis. At the present moment everything is uncertain. If the Chamber votes the prorogation on the terms of M. Vitet, that is, *sine die*, leaving M. Thiers's powers dependent on a vote of the Assembly, M. Thiers will only have gained a name for another name, and in reality his power will be morally diminished, even if the Chamber condescends to express once more its confidence in the "illustrious statesman who has rendered such services to the country." This phrase has been now so much used that there is no longer any meaning left in it. It seems likely to me—but even conjecture is unsafe when passion rules, not reason—that at the last moment the quarrel of M. Thiers and of the Assembly will again end in some sort of compromise. Thiers will once more threaten to resign, he will once more try the powers of his subtle and fluent eloquence, the Chamber will once more be tempted to show its magnanimity, the wire-pullers will work in the bureaux, in the lobbies, in the political clubs of Versailles; and, after a week's confusion, we shall have a President of the Republic without a republic. The Radicals who now support M. Thiers will attack him as soon as he has a regular title; the Monarchists will remind him every day that he is only President of a provisional republic; he will be obliged to do all the dirty work which he has left undone so long, to transport and execute the Communist leaders, to disarm the National Guards, to levy the new taxes, to negotiate with M. d'Arnim, just arrived at Versailles, not the most amiable of negotiators. With less personal ambition and more sincerity of purpose, M. Thiers could have made for himself a far better position. Meanwhile the country looks with amazement on these scenes at Versailles, and hardly understands their meaning. "If this is parliamentary government, give me something else." Such is already the sentiment of many quiet and good citizens. And it must be confessed that if this *was* parliamentary government, such a government would not be desirable. But it is not: it is only a hypocritical personal government, without organized parties having avowed platforms or desires, without constitutional restraints, without sufficient checks in the press or in the manifestations of public opinion by means of public meetings—the Chamber is a convention which has abdicated virtually into the hands of one man.

Notes.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. announce the completion of seven volumes of their revised edition of Chambers's Encyclopædia.——The illustrated holiday books announced by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. are all new editions of the publications of this house, except the collection of poetry for the young, selected, edited, and furnished with an introductory essay, by John G. Whittier, and called "Child Life"; and "Edwin Booth in Twelve Dramatic Characters," which will consist of a biographical and critical sketch of the actor by William Winter, and portraits in costume, from life, by W. J. Hennessy, engraved by W. J. Linton—a quarto volume. The rest of the list embraces Longfellow's Poems, in one volume; a red-line edition of Bret Harte's Poems; also, his "Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches"—a large quarto; Charles Dudley Warner's "My Summer in a Garden"—small quarto; Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtime Fireside Stories"; and Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's humorous "Coupon Bonds, and Other Stories." From among the illustrated juvenile works we name these two: Mrs. A. M. Diaz's "William Henry and His Friends," already well known to the readers of *Our Young Folks*, and "How to Do It," a behavior-book, by Rev. Edward E. Hale. Two new books for the young, by Mrs. Stowe, are announced, without titles.——After a suspension of eight years, Mr. Geo. P. Philes revives the *Philobiblion*, with Mr. J. W. Bouton for publisher. It is to appear on the 15th of each month, in quarto form, making a volume of 500 pages annually, handsomely printed. The subscription is four dollars. Its descriptive title is "A Monthly Bibliographical and Literary Journal, containing Critical Notices of and Extracts from Rare, Curious, and Valuable Old Books." Current literature, however, is to receive a share of attention in the shape of announcements of new publications, summary notices of them, and literary and personal gossip. New works in the German, Dutch, French, Italian, and Spanish languages will receive especial attention. The first number will be issued October 15.——There was a printer's error in our last number, which was too amusing to have passed unnoticed, and hardly needs correction. Mr. Alexander James Dallas's "poetical" writings were spoken of on p. 180, when "political" writings were, of course, the only kind he indulged in.——Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co. will republish in book form the serial novel by Mrs. Stowe that has been appearing in the *Christian Union*: "My Wife and I; or, Harry Henderson's History."

—Professor D. H. Mahan, who committed suicide on Saturday last, by throwing himself into the Hudson from a steamboat, was born in this city in 1802, and at the age of eighteen was appointed a cadet at West Point. In 1824 he graduated at the head of his class, and ever since then, except when he was under orders in Europe studying in the military school at Metz—1827–1830—he has been a teacher in the Academy there. For more than forty years, then, he had been engaged in teaching, and the officers of the army now living are very few who were not as boys under his excellent instruction. At first he was Acting Assistant-Professor, then Assistant-Professor of Mathemathics, and at the time of his death held the chair of Military and Civil Engineering and the Science of War. It is stated, we do not know whether on good authority, that it was the recommendation of the Board of Visitors that he be retired from the chair which he had filled so long and with such honor and usefulness, which brought on the despondency which caused him to destroy himself. Prof. Mahan was the author of several text-books, the most widely useful of which has probably been his "Elementary Treatise of Civil Engineering," first published thirty-three years ago. All his works, however, are authoritative, all being in the line of his daily labors. Outside of his work he may be said to have written little or nothing; we have known of nothing written by him which was further from the absorbing subject of his thoughts than a few articles in defence of his beloved Academy, contributed to this journal, and a few valuable contributions, of more general interest, which last summer, while the Franco-German war was raging, he made to the columns of the *Army and Navy Journal* and to our own. His death will be regretted in many circles, for he was a faithful student and much-respected instructor, a master in his profession, and recognized as such both at home and abroad.

—The late war in Europe still furnishes more English publications of interest than any other topic; and of these the best is, perhaps, the translation of Colonel W. Rüstow's "War for the Rhine Provinces: its Political and Military History," of which Vol. I. is out. Captain Hozier's "Franco-Prussian War" has reached the third division of its first volume. Among works or compilations by newspaper correspondents are found Sir Randal H. Roberts's "Modern War; or, The Campaigns of the First Prussian Army, 1870–71," of which not much praise can be spoken; and Nathan Sheppard's "Shut Up in Paris," which, for reading once, will compare favorably with any diary yet published. Percy's "Account of the Kemble Family" is the only noteworthy one of recent biographies. Mr. Joseph Sandall has compiled "Memoranda of Art and Artists, Anecdotal and Biographical." Mr. Edmund Sharpe's "Account of the Churches Visited during the Lincoln Excursion of the Archæological Association, August, 1871," may be named in connection with Mr. Charles L. Eastlake's forthcoming "History of the Gothic Revival" in England. Robert Cowie's "Shetland, Descriptive and Historical," contains, besides notices of the inhabitants, a topographical description, with a map and illustrations. Mr. Ascott R. Hope has partly invented and partly adapted "Stories of French School Life," in which he appears to have retained his knack of being entertaining, as when writing of English school-boy life. Mr. W. H. Corfield's admirable "Digest of Facts Relating to the Treatment of Sewage," we are glad to observe, has reached a second edition. Two pamphlets entitled "The River Plate as a Field for Emigration," and "Emigration to the River Plate," are probably contributions towards the solution of the pauper problem of England, but may be worth consulting by adventurous persons not destitute and not English.

—The indefatigable Dr. William Smith has recently added a new volume to his valuable "Student's" series, which, we venture to say, will prove as useful as any of its predecessors. This is an edition of Hallam's "Middle Ages"—not an abridgment, he is careful to tell us, but a revision which undertakes to incorporate in the text whatever is essential in the supplementary notes, giving the student the first views of the author, with the reasons for them, but omitting views and arguments which he had been led to abandon, as well as such notes and discussions as seemed less adapted to the use of college classes than of historical enquirers—who of course must have the complete work. Besides this, there is very little omitted, and there are even serviceable additions, in the shape of lists of sovereigns, genealogical tables, and original documents (as Magna Charta and the Constitutions of Clarendon), to say nothing of passages from recent works like Maine's "Ancient Law," Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire," Freeman's "Norman Conquest," and Stubbs's "Select Charters." It is, we understand, to be reprinted by the Harpers, with the rest of this series of books. While the "Student's Middle Ages" is peculiarly adapted for general

class use (though it omits some notes which would be serviceable, we should think, even for this purpose), for special students and classes Professor Stubbs's selection of "Documents Illustrative of English History" (Macmillan) is without doubt the most admirable provision yet made. It contains a very large number of excerpts from charters, statutes, writs, and other documents, reaching down to the time of Edward I. The introductory sketch of general constitutional history, and that of the several reigns, as well as the numerous brief discussions and explanations—coming as they do from the first authority upon these subjects—would make of themselves a volume of no small value.

—The Paris "Ligue de l'Enseignement" has recently published a report composed by M. Jean Macé, the well-known popular writer. The labors of this body were interrupted by the war, but only to be renewed in a field better prepared for them, if the obvious lesson of the war can only be properly brought home to the French mind. It is the only body we know of that offers to apply to the present ailment of France a remedy, if not efficacious for all things, at least indispensable, urgent, and second to no other. The remarkable feature of the report is the hearty recognition of a kindred organization newly started in Germany, with Schulze-Delitzsch at its head, called "Der Gesellschaft für Verbreitung von Volksbildung"—a sign, by the way, that cultivated Germans are not satisfied with the present state of public instruction, and, even after Sedan, do not find a pretext for inaction in Renan's saying, that it was not the common school but the university which conquered at Sadowa. M. Macé translates the Society's appeal for support, and adds this significant paragraph: "They may do cursing elsewhere who choose. The last word of this report shall be greeting and welcome to the Society founded in Germany, and may its example be a sharp goad to our French association. Let us bear in mind our obligation to maintain creditably our place in the great alliance which is preparing in the bosom of all civilized nations, among all men who have undertaken to fight the common enemy of the human race—ignorance."

—Berlin is getting to be uncomfortable as a great city, not only because its growth has come upon it so suddenly as to find it unprepared, but because, as the capital of the new Empire, it is almost certain to have its rate of growth increased beyond its power to make provision for it. It is now the fourteenth city in the world in population, and, omitting Constantinople, the third in Europe, having distanced both Vienna and St. Petersburg. Eighty years ago, at the time of the French Revolution, while Paris already had 800,000 inhabitants, Berlin had but little over 120,000. The subsequent progress of the latter city has been as follows: in 1817, its population numbered 188,000; in 1831, 230,000; in 1841, 330,000; in 1851, 430,000; in 1861, 547,000; in 1864, 632,000; according to the census of 1867, 702,000. It thus appears that since 1851 the population has increased at a rate that would double it in about twenty-six years; but it is highly probable that it will reach 860,000 some time before 1877, when it may fall little short of a million. The census presently to be taken, in place of that omitted last December on account of the war, will show by how much 800,000 has been exceeded, and what the new order of things in Germany may be expected to do for its chief city. It is noticeable that Berlin has expanded pretty equally on all sides, while the lack of house-room has been seriously felt for the past five years. Its manufactures, which have had an enormous development of late, furnish a steady attraction to the people of the rural districts, and were the accommodations adequate the inward-setting tide would be far greater than it is.

—The *Unità Cattolica* of Turin has been congratulating its readers and Catholics generally that this year the 15th of August had been celebrated religiously in France for the first time since the fall of Bonaparte. It endeavors to show that this national holyday was instituted by Louis XIII., by royal ordinance of February 10, 1638, in order to place France under the protection of the Virgin; and that the first Napoleon and after him the Third had transformed it into a festival of the dynasty, from which it now happily reverts (by the *déchéance* of Badinguet) to its original and pious purpose. A correspondent of the Milan *Perseveranza*, disgusted by this falsification of history, as well as by the coolness with which the part played by the priests themselves in "perverting" the holyday of King Louis is concealed, and struck also by the meanness of abusing Napoleon III. in the hour of his misfortune after having worshipped him for so many years, gives the true history of the festival, with the aid of certain pungent extracts from Count d'Haussonville's "L'Église Romaine et le Premier Empire." The Concordat of 1813 having been ratified August 15, the French bishops were exceedingly desirous of commemorating in a single festival the birth and the marriage of the Emperor. Petitions were easily got up in all the dioceses of France and forwarded to the Minister of Public Worship, asking permission to dedicate chapels to the saint for whom the chief of state had been named. Bishop Osmond, at Nancy, urged the youth of every parish to form pious associations in the name of this great saint; and his success would have been quite gratifying had he not encountered this little difficulty: that he was obliged to mention the saint's name in the service of the day, whereas nobody in Lorraine had ever heard of him. To the everlasting disgrace of Nancy, not a book could the bishop find in all its libraries containing the legend of Saint Napoleon; for even the Roman martyrology made no mention of him. Bishop Osmond then applied to the Minister of Public Worship at Paris, but M. Portalis being equally nonplussed, resort was had to the Cardinal-legate Caprara, Archbishop of Milan, who in turn addressed himself to the Holy See. How the name at last got inserted in the calendar is thus told by the author mentioned above;

"Thanks to the efforts of the indefatigable representative of the sovereign pontiff, there at last appeared at the tail of the decree which instituted the Emperor's festival, on the 15th of August, the legend of the saint thenceforth so dear, but on the very eve so profoundly unknown, to the whole French episcopate. This document, drawn from the martyrologies and from ancient writers, instructed all France, till then completely ignorant of it, that 'under the Emperors Diocletian and Maximian, during the cruel persecution which they decreed against the disciples of Jesus Christ, a considerable number of courageous confessors had suffered martyrdom in the city of Alexandria, in Egypt. Among these was found a *Neopolis* or *Neopolas*, a Greek name which, according to the mode of pronunciation introduced into Italy in the Middle Ages, had been gradually transformed into *Napoleo*, and finally into the Italian *Napoleone*.'"

—If one sought for evidence of the Italians having recovered their reputation with the rest of Europe, he would find abundance of it in the sensitiveness of the Germans to that respectable (though, as we certainly believe, mistaken) body of opinion south of the Alps which was opposed to them during the late war. The debate is still going on in spite of the marked change of feeling in Italy toward France, and of the triumphant vindication of the German cause by the domestic exposure of its enemies. Possibly the Germans are suffering somewhat just now from the flattery of their self-esteem which was almost inevitable on the part of their friends; and they may occasionally wound the *amour propre* of other nations by presuming too much on virtues which, after all, are chiefly remarkable in comparison with French defects. The respective morality of different peoples is one of the most difficult facts to establish, and one which requires an amount of experience and a power to discriminate seldom combined. The *Kölnische Zeitung* and the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* have lately been treading rather heavily on the corns of the Italians, and have led a leading journal of the peninsula to retort that, whatever may be said of the Italian Parliament as a garrulous, dilatory, and inefficient legislature, or of Italian parties as being no parties at all, but cliques and factions, or of the effects of Catholicism upon the Italian character, this much may be affirmed on the other side: (1) Public morality in Italy is either greater or not less than in any other state in Europe; (2) the social conditions of Italy are not the most but the least spoiled of all European societies; (3) public sentiment in regard to the duties which bind the statesman to his country has been shown to be more rigid in Italy than anywhere else; (4) the morality of the Chamber of Deputies is rather superior than inferior to that of the English Commons, "if by superior morality is understood, as commonly, the removal from business speculations of a greater number of the members who compose it"; (5) no Italian statesman, though unpaid as a deputy, and very much underpaid as a minister, has ever abused his position to enrich himself or for his other advantage, or, if he was poor before, has not remained so; (6) no Italian statesman would, if his house had been burned down, even if it were his only one, have permitted the Assembly, after so many public calamities, to vote him, the first thing, the sum necessary to rebuild it; (7) and finally, the pensioning of the victorious generals which took place in Germany, and seemed just and praiseworthy, would have been rejected in Italy not only by the sentiment of civilians, but by the very persons selected for pensions. Will some American statesman take up this record and determine from it whether the United States or Italy outranks the other in public morality?

LANFREY'S NAPOLEON I.*

THE most characteristic feature of M. Lanfrey's work, striking the reader at almost every page, is his earnest desire to write history and

* "The History of Napoleon the First. By P. Lanfrey." Vol. I. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1871.

nothing but history. This is to bestow unusual praise upon a French historian, frequently called upon by his subject to pass judgment, not only upon certain prominent individuals, but also upon the people at large. M. Lanfrey, in fact, never avoids an opportunity that offers itself naturally of calling to account the *grande nation* for what it has sinned in doing and in omitting to do. A deep-rooted and glowing patriotism gives warmth and life to his picture; but his patriotism is not wedded to vanity, and, therefore, it renders him desirous of making his country profit by the lessons taught by its former follies and wickedness. In order to do this, the Frenchman has throughout to be subordinated to the historian, whose opinion upon events which concern the whole civilized world must be based on other elements than merely the interests of his own country. He is not satisfied with pointing out what a worse than worthless compensation for her moral degradation the military glory and boundless conquests of the first Bonaparte have been to France; he condemns with equal severity the wrong committed upon the other nations of Europe by the man who knew "only forces but no principles in politics," and by the people who suffered themselves, with exultation, to be chained, because they could trample the rest of Europe under their feet.

The whole book constitutes one continuous lesson, which it would be well for the French to study with all the earnestness they are capable of. And the lesson is rendered the more impressive because it is chiefly conveyed in a simple statement of facts, although the author indulges occasionally somewhat too much in moralizing commentaries which hardly any sound mind stands in need of, inasmuch as the facts speak only too loudly for themselves. It must, however, not be forgotten that M. Lanfrey addresses himself in the first place to the French, and that as to them the lesson has hitherto been preached to deaf ears, or else we should not have witnessed the terrible disasters which France has so lately undergone; in spite of which one cannot cease hoping that sufficient vitality remains in a nation capable of producing historians who remorselessly tear away the last shred of the glittering veils with which the drunken vanity and appalling frivolity of the people are trying to cover the national cancer—historians, on the whole, remarkably successful in finding out the real roots of the evil. A few examples, selected almost at random, will serve to prove that this is not saying too much of M. Lanfrey. Speaking of the character which Bonaparte gave to his first campaign in Italy, he calls it "a crisis at once decisive and fatal for our national character and our political liberties" (p. 89). A few pages further on he says: "They [these details] have the merit of showing how little seriousness there was at this epoch (1796) in a nation whose principal fault has ever been a want of seriousness" (p. 95). On page 105: "In the dispute got up with the Grand-Duke [of Tuscany], as in the 'open quarrel' with Venice, everything was fictitious and imaginary, except our own cupidity." On page 129: "But our very wrongs towards them [the Venetians] were set down as their blame, and became the occasion of new machinations against the Republic."

Notwithstanding the candor and scrupulous conscientiousness with which M. Lanfrey has endeavored to perform his task, there is perceptible throughout his work a strong bias against Bonaparte, with which he entered upon his researches, convinced beforehand that he should find it fully justified. The facts on the whole amply bearing out the presumption, this preconceived bias has gone on slowly but steadily increasing, so that the coloring of the picture is everywhere a shade too deep, and now and then even just reminds one of artificial stage-light. Very likely the actual contemplation of the Second Empire, the worse copy of the bad original, had something to do with that. But be this as it may, the coloring as well as the perspective are just inexact enough to suggest frequently a desire to temper M. Lanfrey's views by comparing them with the statements of other writers, though one never suspects him of the slightest intention to mislead. Unfortunately, the author has done everything to render such a control difficult, for in spite of ample quotations—giving, however, only the title of the book, without mentioning the volume and page where the statement may be found, or the date, in case the quotation is from a letter—he very often neglects to cite his authority, or he adduces such scanty testimony that it cannot be received as sufficient proof. Thus, for instance, speaking of the capture of Toulon, in 1793, he says: "A multitude, struck with despair and beside themselves with terror, rushed to the ships to escape republican vengeance. *More than fifteen thousand inhabitants* thus abandoned their homes." Now, Lauvergne, in his "Histoire du Département du Var," speaks only of 4,000 who sought refuge on the ships, and we do not know whence M. Lanfrey's statement is derived. This, however—and many similar cases might be cited—is of comparatively little importance. But it is of the greatest interest to be thoroughly informed about the relations between Bonaparte and the Robespierres, and it is certainly not enough to refute the opinions of several of the most eminent historians by mere mention that the Robespierres once called Bonaparte "their man."

The exceptionable consequences of this tendency to present his conclusions in too positive a manner, without furnishing the reader with adequate proofs, are aggravated by an otherwise very praiseworthy desire to be brief. Occasionally it happens that M. Lanfrey falls into both errors of judgment with regard to the same question, and the result is an at least seeming perversion of the historical truth, in striking contrast with the rigid honesty of the author. Thus the reader could not help inferring from M. Lanfrey's representations that Bonaparte had the good-will of Barras to thank almost exclusively for the highly important part he was allowed to play on the 13th Vendémiaire. It is mentioned that Doulcet de Pontécoulant, member of the Committee of Public Safety and the head of the military department, caused Bonaparte to be attached to the Topographical Office; but there is no word of intimation that the young general had, in fact, for three months already been the military oracle of the Committee. It is true, he had incurred the displeasure of Letourneur, Pontécoulant's successor, and his name had been struck off the list of officers in active service, but his influence had attained to such a degree that, in the danger threatening the Convention from the insurrection of the sections, his name could not but occur first to everybody, though Barras—owing to the services rendered by him on the 9th Thermidor—was chosen commander-in chief of the troops in Paris in place of the weak Menou. Barras's proposal that they should give him Bonaparte as his lieutenant, would have appeared in quite another light if M. Lanfrey had devoted a page or two more to Bonaparte's agency in the management of military affairs while he was the adviser of Pontécoulant. These details are, besides, of such importance that they certainly ought not to be omitted in any history of Napoleon. He was the author of the plan to assign, in Spain, the principal part to the western army in Guipuscoa and Biscaya instead of to the eastern army in Catalonia. To this radical change in the plan of the campaign it was due that the French arms were crowned with such success, that the treaty of peace was signed by Barthélemy and Yriarte on the 22d of July. This it was that Bonaparte had been striving for with all his gigantic energy, in order to have the Italian army reinforced, of which he confidently expected soon to take command.

Wherever Bonaparte is not directly and personally concerned, omissions of facts of the highest importance are still more frequent, and sometimes of a really striking character. A whole chapter is devoted to "Campo Formio," but the fourteen secret articles which, in some respects, are undoubtedly the most essential part of the treaty, are merely mentioned in two lines (p. 249). Still more remarkable is it that in the conditions of the preliminaries of Leoben the cession of the limits which had been accorded "by the constitutional laws of the Republic," and the guaranty of "the integrity of the Empire," are entirely left out. M. Lanfrey is usually not slow to point out whenever and wherever Bonaparte has played a double part. How could he fail to perceive the utter incompatibility of these two conditions and the bold and base intentions which prompted Bonaparte to incorporate them into the treaty? He need not even have had recourse to the history of the Congress of Rastadt to have his eyes opened to the glaring and all-important incompatibility of the demand and the promise. The Directory themselves wrote on the 19th of May, 1797: "Le principe est modifié dans les préliminaires mêmes par le consentement qu'ils énoncent à la cession des évêchés de Liége et de Bâle, à celles qui nous ont été faites par des traités, à celles qui résultent des décrets de la Convention Nationale; ce qui nous assurerait Aix-la-Chapelle, Mayence, Worms, Spire et la plus grande partie de ce qui est entre Moselle et Rhin." That is quite correct; but how was it, then, about "the integrity of the Empire"?

Most of the many similar omissions are evidently due to M. Lanfrey's intention to confine himself in his work as strictly as possible to what its title purports to narrate—the history of Napoleon. But he often forgets that full justice cannot be done to such a man if the history of the times be not included in the history of his life to a larger extent than depends on his *immediate* connection with events. And this again is unquestionably in some degree attributable to the before-mentioned preconceived bias of the author against Napoleon. He is so intently bent upon exposing to the world in utter nakedness the moral worthlessness of the modern Cæsar, that in the hot pursuit of this one object he is not able to fix his eyes with due attention on what is to the right and to the left of his way.

The grasp of his mind is, however, powerful, wide, and philosophical enough to form an estimate of the man as well as of his times which is in the main entirely correct. He pretends that there is nothing enigmatical in either, and that he understands them both, and the conclusion he has come to about the relation between the man and the times is summed up in these words: "From his character and his ideas, and especially from the aim he had in view, Napoleon seems to belong to another age. Again, the more closely we study his life, the more plainly we shall see that the only part of his work which has survived him is precisely that which he borrowed from the genius of his time. The rest is purely phenomenal." To this purely phenomenal remainder the author has done the fullest justice. He readily and amply pays his tribute to the extraordinary genius of the man, though the book does not bear him out in the assertion: "I feel myself free alike from the prepossessions of hatred and the superstition of enthusiasm."

The principal charge which must be brought against the author is, perhaps, his failure to consult the German writers of note on this period. In our age, no real scholar can be dispensed with reading all the principal works extant on the subject of which he is going to treat, no matter in what language they are written. The French historians, like most other French scholars, are very slow to learn that they cannot be allowed to form an exception to the general rule. When they have made up their minds to learn other languages, and to make good use of their knowledge, they will be quite astonished to see how many German authors have written several of the most momentous chapters in the history of France with an impartiality and a thoroughness to which they themselves attained only many years later. If M. Lanfrey could not himself consult the archives in Berlin and Vienna—the latter, by the way, are likely to give us some day, when they have been unreservedly opened to the student, a much deeper insight into several of Bonaparte's transactions than we at present have—he ought, at least, to have informed himself about what others have dug out from their hidden treasures. Had he done that, he would not have been guilty of many of the omissions above alluded to, for many events, the importance of which he has completely failed to perceive, would have appeared to him in quite a new light. And, besides, he would not have supposed himself presenting a novel view of certain events when, in fact, he but restates what was amply proved by others long ago. Any man conversant with German historical literature, for instance, will hardly be able to suppress a smile on reading such a statement as this: "The reprisal which his (Bonaparte's) policy provoked on the part of Venice has always (!) been made to appear as the principle and motive of his conduct, instead of being merely its consequence. The preliminaries of Leoben, for example, have always (!) appeared to have been prepared and justified by the *pâques véronaises*, whereas in reality Bonaparte had fully made up his mind to sacrifice the Venetian states long before he had the shadow of complaint against the Venetian seigniory" (p. 184).

MILLER'S "SONGS OF THE SIERRAS."*

THE best poem in Mr. Miller's small volume is the first one, which bears the title of "Arizonian." The hero of it is a miner, perhaps a miner in Arizona, who comes from his gold-hunting back into civilization, where he meets a "squire," who apparently gives him a night's lodging, and to whom, in the morning, he tells his story. Long ago, twenty years ago or more, he had fallen in love with a girl who would not, or could not, marry him till he had made his fortune, and sent him away to seek it. In the mining country he found an Indian girl whom he made his mistress, and lived with long. But one day he tells her of his earlier love, and on her speaking somewhat in scorn of that personage, he being out of temper with her and himself, because the last few days have been worse than usual in the yield of gold, tells her that his first love is far dearer to him than she. Upon this she walks out of the cabin to the river, to drown herself perhaps, perhaps only to let herself be drowned. He watches her, and as he watches he sees that one of the sudden and tremendous storms of that region has come up during his quarrel with the girl, and is on the point to break, and that in a moment the river gorge will be flooded with a resistless torrent. She, he knows, has an Indian's eye for the signs of change in the sky; still as the blackness descends, he shouts to her in warning, and calls her to come back. It is too late, however; and in the morning he finds her body far down the stream. It is suggested rather than said by the poet that this crazes the gold-hunter, if indeed we may not say that there is a suggestion of his having always been touched with madness. He gathers up his gold after he has buried the dead girl, and turns his face to the east, with the determination of finding the girl whom he had first loved, and with the insane expectation of finding her just as she was when he left her, the same hair, and cheeks, and eyes. At the same time that he pictures her unchanged in face, he is aware, too, that for twenty years, which he imagines her to have found long and full of sorrow, she has been awaiting his return to her. Arrived at the village, he sees her, and eagerly accosts her as she is drawing water in the square, and calls her by her name. Then he learns that it is her daughter that he sees, and not she, and, learning it, he returns despairing to the gold country. It is on his way thither that he meets the "squire" of the poem. There is something in Mr. Miller's way of telling this story that is really good. He manages the principal personage very well, letting him reveal very naturally, as he relates the events, and in the very necessity that he feels to narrate them, his madness, and his crime, and his consciousness of guilt, and his anxiety to persuade himself and others that he did not commit any crime, and is not to be blamed for cruel treatment of the Indian girl, and for conniving at her death, and letting her go to it because he had tired of her, and had come to hate her. It is the man himself who reveals all this, and not Mr. Miller who relates it, and the poet herein shows good dramatic power. It is a well-conceived poem.

It is well conceived, and, also, some of the details are successful. When the girl, in her passion of jealousy and her sure perception that her lover's heart is no longer hers, that she is alone, desolate, goes down to the water, she sees of a sudden the very embodiment of his falsity, and feels the savage impulse of revenge and the instinctive prompting of just hatred. She gratifies it too:

> "Then a great green snake slid into the river,
> Glistening, green, and with eyes of fire;
> Quick, double-handed she seized a boulder,
> And cast it with all the fury of passion,
> As with lifted head it went curving across,
> Swift darting its tongue like a fierce desire,
> Curving and curving, lifting higher and higher,
> Bent and beautiful as a river moss;
> Then, smitten, it turned, bent, broken and doubled,
> And lick'd, red-tongued, like a forked fire,
> And sank, and the troubled waters bubbled,
> And then swept on in their old swift fashion."

The passage strikes us as worthy of respect for its imaginatively-used realism. For its surface Swinburnism, and the "boulder," and two or three other matters, we have nothing to say. Indeed, we confess our opinion that it is easier to say too much for such things than too much against them, and hold that in the rare cases where such offences are accompanied by anything good, there is apt to be too much mercy for the offender. Having made a good poem gives one surely the poorest of titles to spoil it or deface it. But faulty as it is, there seems to us, in the passage we have quoted, as well as in the poem from which we take it, something excellent.

We cannot say as much for the rest of the volume. Bitterly bad, indeed, is what it is necessary to call it if one would be accurately descriptive, for the other poems have all the faults of "Arizonian," and none, or next to none, of its merits, and have besides abundant faults of their own; and are not only, as poems, sad affairs, but, as giving distinct and strong indications of the moral notions and the taste and the power of thought which Mr. Miller bring to his works—as revealing his admirations and his aspirations, they should be sufficiently discouraging to his friends. Unless, indeed, Mr. Miller is very young; and has a long time to live. It is late now for any one, already of mature years, who is to do anything of value, to be taking for his exemplar—we were going to say Byron; it is truer, however, to say that Mr. Miller's exemplar is that half-Byron which Byron used to put into his Lauras and Manfreds, and which even he himself, and when he was not so very old either, had begun to turn upon; as may be seen in the "Don Juan"—a poem which for that reason may be called moral with as much correctness, on the whole, as is shown in stigmatizing it for immorality. "The pageant of his bleeding heart" Byron had some excuse for displaying, for, in the first place, it was something of a heart, and, in the next place, there can be no doubt that, tumultuous as it was, and uncomprehensive as was the brain which accompanied it, both were representative, and throbbed in unison with their age, which was in revolt, and which found in Byron's poetry a harmonious voice for its discord. The individual in revolt, however, can hardly expect much grace or sufferance if his rebellion is real, nor much disposition on the part of his acquaintances to believe it real. To talk as in this following passage, for example, is now forbidden, and equally forbidden whether one feels so, or only pretends to feel so. Good manners, if nothing else, require of young Ercles a decent self-restraint. Ercles in this case is a young man named Don Carlos, who is

* "Songs of the Sierras. By Joaquin Miller." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

in love with a young lady called Ina; or rather he is a young man with whom Ina is in love, and who no longer loves Ina. On the contrary, he hates her, and all her sex because of her, and has taken to the woods and mountains, and the society of rough and melancholy men. Ina wished to marry him, but he had no money, and she therefore decided that he must wait and be her second husband, she meanwhile marrying a very rich, aged man, and securing the estate for Don Carlos's future use. He is very much offended, not at the lady's business-like turn of mind, and her notions of business morality, but at her not taking him as he stood, and, as we have said, goes into the mountains among the rough hunters, and there with them he rails at women, and expresses his wild individuality, in language like this that follows. He wishes to get "fame":

"LAMONTE.

But would you dare the curse of man and—

DON CARLOS.

Dare!
I'd dare the curses of the sceptred kings!
I'd build a pyramid of the whitest skulls,
And step therefrom unto the spotted moon,
And thence to stars, thence to the central suns;
Then with one grand and mighty leap would land
Unhinder'd on the shores of the gods of old,
And, sword in hand, unbared and unabash'd,
Would stand forth in the presence of the God
Of gods; there, on the jewêll'd inner-side
The walls of heaven, carve with a Damascus
Steel, highest up, a grand and titled name
That time nor tide could touch or tarnish ever.
Yea, anything on earth, in hell, or heaven,
Rather than lie a nameless clod forgot,
Letting stern Time in triumph forward tramp
Above my tombless and neglected dust."

The last lines have much the sound of the drunkenest drama of the time of Greene and Nash, but the whole passage and the whole poem are equally bad, though most of it is more distinctively puerile and less bedlamite than these particular lines.

The author's style and versification are almost everywhere as faulty as here, and faulty with the same faults. Fustian in diction, an innocence of metrical art, and a child's or barbarian's delight in staring ornamentation and tricks of cheap conjuring, are its principal marks. And his incidents are apt to be as melodramatic as in this "Ina," and, we suspect, as false to the facts of the life he deals with, and as faithful to a very unformed and vulgar taste. What, for instance, are we to say to the taste, and what are we to think of the nature of the man who takes such a person as Kit Carson—perfectly well known as a man of great simplicity, modesty, steadfastness, and courage—and makes him leave the woman he loved to burn to death in a prairie on fire, while he escaped on her horse? Most people will here imagine that the poet can have little in common with the old pioneer if this is the best he can do in the way of describing him, and that we are to wait a while yet for the man who is to sing truly and worthily, not of the "serapes," and "sombreros," and "gold-mounted revolvers" of the Rocky Mountains, but of the men who inhabit there. Throughout the book, indeed, there is a tone which gives one the thought that a little less noise about various good things in the manly character would be reassuring.

It is the "sombreros," and "serapes," and "gulches," we suppose, and the other Californian and Arizonian properties, which have caused our English friends to find in Mr. Miller a truly American poet. He is Mr. William Rossetti's latest discovery. We trust, however, that we have no monopoly of ignorance, and presumption, and taste for Byronism. In other climes, also, there have been Firmilians, and men need not be born in California to have the will in excess of the understanding, and the understanding ill-informed. There are people of all nationalities whom a pinch more brains and a trifle more of diffidence would not hurt.

SOME POPULARIZED SCIENCE.*

MR. PROCTOR and Professor Tyndall occupy a somewhat peculiar attitude toward the world of culture. They represent that small but increasing class of strictly scientific men who, not content with being scientific, aim also to be popular writers and teachers—"to extend sympathy for science beyond the limits of the scientific public." With many of the most conservative men of science, in England and elsewhere, this attempt finds no very cordial favor. It must be admitted, indeed, that there is a certain degree of incompatibility between the principa aims which Messrs. Tyndall and Proctor have in view. The force which they devote to popularizing science, to illustrating its obscure and to simplifying its complex enquiries for the benefit of untrained minds, must be in part withdrawn from the points of attack to which the strict investigator professes to confine his attention. Their own accepted doctrine of the conversion of forces will apprise them that they can gain popularity and produce an immediate effect only by some diversion, even though it be the slightest, of energies which might otherwise be given to original enquiry. The dilemma suggests a not dissimilar alternative in morals. It would seem as if the doctrine of the conversion of forces had been intimated in the Scriptural warning that one "cannot serve God and Mammon"—a warning which not only scientific but literary conservatives, the "violent illiberals," of whom John Ruskin claims to be one—would be pleased to apply to these gentlemen who serve both science and the patrons of the circulating libraries. And it is the fact that the most devoted and successful investigators of nature have found, as they probably always will find, that he who creates the most in science will have the least time to spend in popularizing science. Mr. Darwin's later writings may seem at first to imply an exception to this rule. But until his dicusssion of "The Descent of Man" appeared, he had not produced a single popular book, and his great work upon "The Origin of Species," a work which contains the text and substance of his entire speculations, is one that has had a scientific rather than a popular audience. Not more than one in ten, we are convinced, of those who have become intelligently interested in the views which it presented, have read the book itself. It is through the means of the countless volumes of criticism, commentary, and popular science consequent upon its publication, that his mastering thought has become so widely known. The tradition still holds that the scientific worker should be something of a recluse, and that he who discovers should leave to others the work of explaining his discoveries to the public.

From this point of view, it is not surprising that many men of science should look somewhat superciliously upon those lively gentlemen who, for a consideration, detail the latest discoveries of science in the daily newspapers, or display the darkness of cosmical space to an admiring audience of cockneys in the lecture-room. The rigid scientist dislikes to have the mysteries of physical investigation made a "drawing" sensation. We do not know how to describe his feeling otherwise than paradoxically, by calling it a reasonable prejudice. It is surely not quite unreasonable that he should regard the lecturer or essayist who promptly converts his latest scientific investigation into fame and money as offending somewhat against the dignity of the scientific spirit. This conviction the rigid scientist does not fail to express with an energy proportionate to his sensitiveness and to his pugnacity. In consequence, the scientific man who transgresses the scientific prescription in seeking popularity rather than fame, requires to be a person of somewhat aggressive temperament. Like Messrs. Tyndall and Proctor, he must be capable of maintaining a controversy. For there is nearly as much difference among scientific men respecting scientific orthodoxy as there is respecting religious orthodoxy among the theologians. The scientific man finds, indeed, his first enemy in the ignorant or bigoted man. But he finds an enemy hardly less dear in his scientific brother.

Of these rancors little flavor is evident in the volumes before us. Neither author is lacking in pugnacity; but Prof. Tyndall tells us that in preparing for publication the papers which make up the present volume he "has endeavored to exclude everything that could cause needless irritation." Mr. Proctor is a born combatant, as readers of his communications published in *Nature* and in the scientific periodicals know; and he has perhaps even less respect for the formalities of science and of theology than Prof. Tyndall has; yet he has given us a volume temperate in tone. He is unpleasing only when—as is sometimes the case with Prof. Tyndall—he becomes, we might say, painfully and unnecessarily clear. It is almost a relief to find an occasional shade of obscurity in his explanations.

There is no lack of boldness in the expression of either writer. Prof. Tyndall tells us that the essence of the hypothesis of natural evolution is "that not alone the exquisite and wonderful mechanism of the human body, but that the human mind itself—emotion, intellect, will, and all their phenomena—were once latent in a fiery cloud"; and intimates that "at the present moment all our philosophy, all our poetry, all our science, and all our art—Plato, Shakespeare, Newton, and Raphael—are potential in the fires of the sun. . . . . Let us steady ourselves in front of the hypothesis, and, dismissing all terror and excitement from our minds, let us look firmly into it with the hard, sharp eye of intellect alone. . . .

* "Light Science for Leisure Hours: A Series of Familiar Essays on Scientific Subjects. By Richard A. Proctor, B.A. (Camb., F.R.A.S." 12mo, pp. 343. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Fragments of Science for Unscientific People: A Series of Detached Essays, Lectures, and Reviews. By John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S." 12mo, pp. 422. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Let us hearken to those who wisely support it, and to those who wisely oppose it; and let us tolerate those, and they are many, who foolishly try to do either of those things. The only thing out of place is dogmatism on either side."

In this commendable spirit is the light science of the present volumes treated. This spirit, and the thorough work that forms their substance, are a sufficient answer, we think, to that conservatism prevalent in scientific circles, of which we have endeavored to explain the attitude. Mr. Proctor and Prof. Tyndall are no triflers; they are men of large scientific ability and attainment. That they possess, in addition to those endowments, the ability to please popular audiences, is not a sufficient ground for the somewhat petulant criticism that has been directed against them in British scientific circles. Happily, we can enjoy these volumes without disturbance by the *susurrus* of hypercritical discontent which is not inaudible in those circles.

Prof. Tyndall's book is based upon two controlling ideas. The first is, that science is destined to furnish the mastering forces of modern intellectual life. The second is an idea that is rather intimated than expressed—that theological prepossessions must eventually give way to the progress of scientific thought. But Prof. Tyndall does not conceal his antagonism to that teaching which assigns the second place, either in authority or in dignity, to science. The sentiment of this antagonism is ever present in his writings; while it is courteously expressed, and will be likely to repel only those who decline argument upon the tendencies of modern science, Prof. Tyndall enters upon discussions which, however they may be related to science, would seem out of keeping among scientific essays from any other pen than his own. He gives us "Thoughts on Prayer and on Natural Law," and on "Miracles and Special Providences," and while he makes their discussions interesting, he succeeds in treating them in an uncontroversial tone. The most important lectures in this volume, however, are those on the "Scientific Use of the Imagination," on "Dust and Disease," and on the "Structure and Light of the Sky." Prof. Tyndall's themes are in general those of near interest; he prefers to deal with visible dust and sky rather than with remote phenomena, though many of these are discussed in the present volume. It need hardly be said that he brings new observation and new thought to whatever subject he treats. In the lecture upon "Dust and Disease" we notice a shortcoming that is rare in Prof. Tyndall's writings—a limited acquaintance with previous investigation in the given line of enquiry. The speculations here advanced in relation to the origin of disease in microscopic germs borne by the atmosphere have been familiar for years to medical science.

The lecture upon the "Scientific Use of the Imagination," delivered a year ago at Liverpool, has called forth some unfavorable comment in British scientific journals. We think that the central idea of the discourse has hardly been appreciated at its proper value. That beyond all processes of induction in scientific discovery there is a power of insight which finally discloses the new fact; and that this power bears a higher value, as a factor in the mental equipment of the investigator, than scientific men of the inductive school are generally willing to admit, is the proposition for which Professor Tyndall, we think justly, contends. This philosophy of discovery, as reversionary in its character, and seeming to threaten a return to the vague and speculative methods of pre-scientific times, is one that is especially unacceptable to the English followers of the Baconian method. Yet, in this age of re-statements, this view, which is entertained with more confidence by the German than by the British mind, seems to be pretty well established as a correction to the inductive theory. There is little danger, now that the habit of toilsome induction is established among investigators, that valuable minds will be misled into the by-ways of a too exclusively deductive method.

Mr. Proctor's book is composed of articles shorter and more miscellaneous in character than those that make up Professor Tyndall's. They are reprinted from London magazines and newspapers, and are well written in point of style. Both of these works are thoroughly well adapted to their purpose of making science entertaining.

An Illustrated Natural History of British Butterflies. By Edward Newman. 8vo, pp. 175.—*An Illustrated Natural History of British Moths.* By Edward Newman. 8vo, pp. 486. (London: Wm. Tweedie. 1869.)—These two works, by a veteran in British entomology, are, in their typography, illustrations, and literary style, admirably adapted for a popular history of British butterflies and moths. The volume on butterflies is complete, while the second volume (on moths) comprises only the larger species; the minute forms belonging to the snout moths, the leaf rolling species, and the tineids, numbering as many as the larger moths, are not described. Each species mentioned, however, is well figured on wood, and, in many cases, cuts are given of the under side of the insect, or of rare varieties. The great value of these books, however, consists in the life-histories or accounts of the metamorphoses of these interesting insects, with full descriptions, drawn from nature, of the caterpillars, but few being copied from other works. On this account they will, for many years to come, be of especial value to the American student, even far advanced in the study of the lepidoptera. But, even for the beginner in the study of insects, for the boy of fifteen, with a fondness for beasts and flowers in general, in whom we wish to inspire an absorbing love of a special branch of natural history to occupy his summer vacations, and fill up his winter evenings, we know of no better books. Were there more figures of the caterpillars, especially of the moths, of which there is not one drawn, our opinion of these works would be still more favorable. The introductory remarks on the anatomy and metamorphosis of lepidoptera, the modes of obtaining and rearing caterpillars, and other matters of interest to the beginner, are clear and attractive in their style, and will afford pleasant reading to any one. We might criticise some points of expression, and occasionally find fault with the anatomical portion of the work, some of which the student who advances beyond the information here afforded will have to unlearn, but the general excellence disarms criticism.

The Young Mechanic. Containing directions for the use of all kinds of tools, and for the construction of steam-engines and mechanical models, including the art of turning in wood and metal. By the Author of "The Lathe and its Uses." From the English edition, with corrections, etc. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.)—The explicitness of the title precludes the necessity of our saying more of this little book than that it does not fall behind its pretensions, and that it may be recommended without reserve to parents whose children show aptitude for mechanics. Its directions are simple and perspicuous, by one who evidently knows how to do what he describes; and, if careful adherence to them could be ensured, it is probable that a much greater number of boyish experiments in carpentry and joinery would bear fruit and determine future training than now do for want of just this discipline. There is one article of Rousseau's system of education which has never been and is never likely to be impugned, and that is, that every child should be taught a trade, in the English sense of a manual art. In these days, when everybody is eager to abandon the patient and laborious (often inherited) ways to competence or a decent livelihood in favor of speculative pursuits, it becomes a duty to the young to make them not only (like Émile) independent and superior to reverses, but superior to the omnipresent temptations to be superficial, dishonest, and money-making. An apprenticeship at the bench and at the lathe will do more than preaching to render them so.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Beard (Dr. G. M.), Stimulants and Narcotics, swd.	(G. P. Putnam & Sons) $1 50
Behind the Veil; a Tale, swd.	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 75
Biographical Sketch of Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan	(Cath. Pub. Society)
Brightly (F. C.), Leading Cases on the Law of Elections	(Kay & Bro.)
Brockett (Dr. L. P.), Paris Under the Commune, swd.	(H. S. Goodspeed & Co.) 75
Celebration of the 150th Anniversary of Leicester, Mass., swd.	(Cambridge)
Cocke (W. A.), Common and Civil Law Practice in U. S. Courts	(Baker, Voorhis & Co.) 4 00
Cook (F. C.), The Holy Bible [and Speaker's Commentary], Vol I., Part I., Genesis—Exodus	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Fitch (Rev. E. T.), Sermons Preached at Yale College	(Judd & White)
Hale (Rev. E. E.), How to Do It	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 50
Hay (J.), Castilian Days	" " 2 00
Higginson (T. W.), Atlantic Essays	" " 2 00
Hodge (Rev. C.), Systematic Theology	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Hudson (Rev. H. N.), Plays of Shakespeare, for the Use of Schools	(Ginn Brothers) 2 50
Illustrirte Kriegs-Chronik, Parts 23 and 24, swd.	(B. Westermann & Co.)
Leighton (J.), Paris Under the Commune	(Scribner, Welford & Co.)
Lossing (B. J.), History of England	(G. P. Putnam & Sons) 2 50
Löwenthal (Dr. E. J.), Die Bedeutung des Deutsch-Französischen Krieges, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)
Lever (C.), Con Cregan, swd.	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 75
Miller (C. H.), Songs of the Sierras	(Roberts Bros.) 1 50
Morgan (L. H.), Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity of the Human Family	(Smithsonian Institution)
Monteith (A. H.), French, German, etc., without a Master.	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 2 00
Moore (Mrs. J. F.), Losses and Gains; a Tale	(Henry Hoyt)
Muloch (D. M.), Agatha's Husband	(Harper & Bros.) 1 50
Palgrave (F. T.), Life of Sir Walter Scott	(Porter & Coates)
Perch (P.), Dukesborough Tales	(Turnbull Brothers) 1 50
Ram (J.), Science of Legal Judgment	(Baker, Voorhis & Co.) 5 00
Reynolds (G. W. M.), Mysteries of the Court of London, swd.	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 00
Richardson (Mrs. A. S.), Stories from Old English Poetry	(Hurd & Houghton) 1 50
Sand (Mme.) A Rolling Stone, swd.	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 50
Stoddard (R. H.), The Book of the East, and Other Poems	" " 1 50
Stephens (Mrs. A. S.), Palaces and Prisons	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 50
The Clyffards of Clyffe: a Tale	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
The Member from Paris: a Tale	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 25
Washburn (Prof. E.), Lectures on the Study and Practice of the Law	(Little, Brown & Co.)
Watertown (G.) Hibernia: Showing How Pat Rules America.	(American News Co.) 50
Weeks (Mrs. H. C.), Four, and What They Did	(Hurd & Houghton)

NOW READY.

A COMPANION WORK TO PERCY'S RELIQUES. Privately Reprinted on superior ribbed paper, in the Modern Antique Style, with the whole of the forty-five very curious Plates, in beautiful facsimile.

A COLLECTION OF

OLD BALLADS,

Corrected from the Best and Most Ancient Copies.

WITH INTRODUCTION,

Historical, Critical, or Humorous. Illustrated with Copperplates.

1723—5.

The extreme rarity of this work has led to the present undertaking as a means of bringing these most interesting and coveted volumes within the reach of the curious and the antiquarian.

The demand for them is so much greater than the supply that copies, when sold by public auction, realize from 10 to 12 guineas.

If any portion of our literature be more generally interesting than another, it is "Ancient Ballad Lore." How many events, historical and domestic, do we owe the knowledge of to this source! Battles have been fought and heroes immortalized in its expressive and inspiring strains; and the sports, pastimes, manners, customs, and traditions of our forefathers have received from it some of their most important and curious illustrations. Scholars, critics, and antiquaries have rendered good service to literature by snatching from oblivion those precious relics of legendary poetry which would have been lost to posterity but for their well-directed labors of love. They have made us familiar with the thoughts, sympathies, and language of our ancestors. We follow them to the tournament, the border foray, the public hostelrie, and the domestic hearth. We glow with their martial spirit and revel in their rude festivities!

250 copies, small 8vo.....$10 00
50 copies on Large Paper, to range with Bp. Percy's Ballads, at 18 00

Orders received by

J. W. BOUTON,

706 Broadway, New York.

REID'S CRUIKSHANK CATALOGUE.

Only 61 copies left of those allotted to America or otherwise.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF THE

WORKS OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,

Etchings, Woodcuts, Lithographs, and Glyphographs. With a list of books illustrated by him. Compiled for the collections of Mr. Thomas Morson, Mr. Edmund S. Maskelyne, and Mr. Edwin Truman. By George W. Reid, Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. With an Essay on his Genius and Works by Edward Bell, M.A., and 313 Illustrations. 3 vols. 4to, large paper, India proof Impression of the Plates, half-morocco, gilt top, $110. The same, 3 vols. 4to, small paper, $90.

ALSO, A FEW COPIES OF

MR. CRUIKSHANK'S LATEST PRODUCTIONS:

I.

THE DEMON OF THE BLOOD-RED REpublic (*i.e.*, Commune); or, The Infernal Fiend. Designed and Etched by Geo. Cruikshank. Printed on a folio sheet, colored, 75 cents.
One of the most vigorous and characteristic efforts of this celebrated artist.

II.

CHRISTIAN PASSING THROUGH THE Valley of the Shadow of Death. Oblong 4to sheet, colored, $1 50; plain impression, $1.

Imported and for sale by

J. W. BOUTON, 706 Broadway, N. Y.

AMERICANA. A Catalogue of a Recent Importation of Rare Books on American History may be had on application to

GEORGE TAWSE, Bookseller,
2 Dey Street, New York.

Immediately, in One Volume 8vo, pp. 406.

HISTORICAL ESSAYS.

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M.A.,

Hon. D.C.L., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.

CONTENTS:

The Mythical and Romantic Elements in Early English History.
The Continuity of English History.
The Relations between the Crowns of England and Scotland.
St. Thomas of Canterbury and His Biographers.
The Life of Edward the Third.
The Holy Roman Empire.
The Franks and the Gauls.
The Early Sieges of Paris.
Frederick the First, King of Italy.
The Emperor Frederick the Second.
Charles the Bold.
Presidential Government.

NOW READY.

THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

BY P. LANFREY.

Vol. 1, 8vo, cloth, $3 50.

"One of the most striking pieces of historical composition of which France, rich as she is in that order, has its boast. Assuredly, M. Lanfrey's book is important not merely for the illustration which it supplies of pure theories of government, but for the light which it throws on the character of what is in so many ways, even now in its hour of confusion, the most important power in Modern Europe."—Pall Mall Gazette.

MACMILLAN & CO.,

38 Bleecker Street, New York.

NOW READY:

THE CATHOLIC WORLD,

FOR OCTOBER.

CONTENTS:

I. CHRISTIANITY AND POSITIVISM.
II. EVENING CLOUDS.
III. THE HOUSE OF YORKE. CHAP. XIV.
IV. A CONVERT.
V. THE LIQUEFACTION OF THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS.
VI. LUCAS GARCIA.
VII. EGYPTIAN CIVILIZATION ACCORDING TO THE MOST RECENT DISCOVERIES.
VIII. A WEEK AT LAKE GEORGE.
IX. THE ELEMENTS OF OUR NATIONALITY.
X. OUR LADY OF LOURDES.
XI. THE RIOT OF THE TWELFTH.
XII. THE PLACE VENDOME AND LA ROQUETTE.
XIII. NEW PUBLICATIONS, ETC.

Single Copies, 50 cents; $5 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY

(LAWRENCE KEHOE, Gen. Agent),

9 Warren Street, New York.

GINN BROTHERS,

PUBLISHERS,

3 Beacon Street, Boston.

ALLEN'S LATIN GRAMMAR. Prepared by W. F. and J. H. Allen. 12mo. 148 pages, with Index. $1 25.
Recommended by Harvard College as indicating the amount required for admission.
ALLEN'S LATIN LESSONS. 12mo. 134 pages. $1 25.
ALLEN'S LATIN READER. 12mo. 518 pages. $2 50.
ALLEN'S LATIN PRIMER. $1 25.
ALLEN'S LATIN COMPOSITION. By F. W. Allen. 107 pages. $1 25.
CRAIK'S ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE. Illustrated. $1 75.
GOODWIN'S GREEK GRAMMAR. By William W. Goodwin, Ph.D., Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. $1 50.
GOODWIN'S GREEK READER. Consisting of Extracts from Xenophon, Plato, Herodotus, and Thucydides; being a full equivalent for the seven books of the Anabasis, now required for admission at Harvard. With Maps, Notes, References to Goodwin's Greek Grammar, and Parallel References to Crosby's and Hadley's Grammars. Edited by Professor W. W. Goodwin of Harvard College, and J. H. Allen, Cambridge. $2.
HUDSON'S SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE. Containing "As You Like It," "The two parts of Henry IV." "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Cæsar," "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," selected and prepared for use in Schools, Clubs, Classes, and Families. With Introductions and Notes. By Rev. Henry N. Hudson. $2 50.
HUDSON'S SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE. (2d Series.) Containing "The Tempest," "King Richard the Third." "The Winter's Tale," "King Lear," "King Henry the Fifth," "Macbeth," "Antony and Cleopatra." $2 50.
LEIGHTON'S GREEK LESSONS. Prepared to accompany Goodwin's Greek Grammar. By R. F. Leighton, Master of Melrose High School. $1 25.
MADVIG'S LATIN GRAMMAR. $3.
OUR WORLD; or, First Lessons in Geography. 94 cents.
THE LATIN VERB. By C. H. Parkhurst. 50 cents.

IN PRESS.

SHAKESPEARE; His Life, Art, and Characters. With a Historical Sketch of the Origin and Growth of the Drama in England. By H. N. Hudson.

MESSRS. GEO. ROUTLEDGE & SONS

HAVE NOW READY

New Editions of

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL'S WORKS.

I.

THE REIGN OF LAW.

Essays on Divine Government. By the

DUKE OF ARGYLL.

With Numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, $2.

"This is a very great book; great because, while treating of the most profound subject of human thought, it can be read with comfort by those whom Mr. Lincoln called plain people."—The Round Table.

II.

PRIMEVAL MAN.

An Examination of some Recent Speculations.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

16mo, cloth, $1 50.

"This volume is perhaps the most clear, graceful, pointed, and precise piece of ethical reasoning published for a quarter of a century. The book is worthy a place in every library as skilfully popularizing science, and yet sacrificing nothing either of its dignity or of its usefulness."—London Nonconformist.

For sale by all booksellers, or will be mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,

416 Broome Street, New York.

NEW EDITION OF

AUDUBON'S BIRDS AND QUADRUPEDS OF AMERICA,

Now publishing in Monthly Volumes, at $20 a volume, in Library Binding.

These magnificent works have always been and are now acknowledged standards on all questions relating to the Birds and Animals of this country, and should form a part of every valuable public and private library. They will ever remain monuments to the energy and ability of their author.

The plates are all carefully colored by hand, from copies given by Audubon himself, and by some of the same artists who originally colored them under his direction.

These drawings are interspersed through the volumes in their appropriate places, and represent upward of 1,400 birds and animals in action, together with the plants and trees most frequented by them.

Circulars giving further information on application.

Competent agents wanted to canvass for the books.

Published by

GEORGE R. LOCKWOOD,

812 Broadway, New York.

NEW YORK CHURCH BOOK STORE.

THE PSALTER AND CANTICLES; Pointed for Singing, according to the use of Trinity Parish, New York. 18mo, paper boards, 30 cents; or in cloth boards, sprinkled edges, 40 cents.

THE INCARNATION AND PRINCIPLES OF Evidence. A Theological Essay. By Richard Holt Hutton, M.A., with an Introduction by Samuel Osgood, D D. 18mo, cloth, 60 cents.

COMFORTING THOUGHTS FOR THE WEAK and Weary. Brief Meditations on Passages of Scripture, selected from the Works of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth. 12mo, cloth, extra, $1 25.

THE DAY OF TROUBLE. Plain Words for the Suffering and Sorrowful. Selected from the Writings of the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie. 12mo, cloth, extra, $1 25.

EIGHT YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF MOthers' Meetings. By Mrs. Goodwin Hatchard. 12mo, red edges, $1 50.

THE INTROIT-PSALMS FOR SUNDAYS and Holy Days, as Prescribed by the First Prayer Book of Edward Sixth. Set to Original Chants for Congregational Use. By J. H. Cornell. Small 4to, cloth, $1 50.

NEW BOOKS

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES, ETC.

THE RAINBOW STORIES: For Summer Days and Winter Nights. $1 50.

SHORT CHAPTERS ON NATURAL HISTory. 75 cents.

THE DAY-STAR: or, A Gospel Story for the Little Ones. Illustrated. $1 25.

CARRIE WILLIAMS AND HER SCHOLARS. $1.

EMILY MILLMAN. The Little Sunbeam of the Farm House. $1.

THE HAPPY VILLAGE, and How it Became so. $1.

IN THE PRESS.

BY MRS. MARSHALL.

Millicent Leigh. Brothers and Sisters.
Helen's Diary. Old Gateway.
Violet Douglass. Hetty's Resolve.

POTT, YOUNG & CO.

(LATE POTT & AMERY),

Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue, New York.

CRITICAL AND SOCIAL ESSAYS. Reprinted from THE NATION, and in some measure supplying the place of the first two volumes of the paper, now somewhat scarce. Price $1 50. Address, Publisher of THE NATION, Box 6732, N. Y.

BOOK-BUYERS.

Send for Catalogue of INTERESTING, USEFUL, and SCARCE BOOKS added to the Stock in hand of

FRANCIS EMMINS,

80 Nassau Street, New York.

PRIVATE SECRETARYSHIP, or similar employment, wanted by a young man of intellectual ability and liberal education; a good linguist, and also fair stenographer; no objection to leaving New York or travelling; can give good references. Address A. S., P. O. Box 1,722, N. Y.

AN EDUCATED GENTLEMAN, of pleasing address and successful experience, desires a position as agent for some first-class publishing house. He is prepared to introduce works to public assemblies, and has a peculiar faculty for interesting children. He expects a fair salary, with liberal percentage on extraordinary sales, and is willing to make a trial engagement for the month of October. Address

ROLLIN STONE,

Office of The Nation.

HURD & HOUGHTON,

13 ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK,

THE RIVERSIDE PRESS, CAMBRIDGE,

Will publish on Saturday. September 23,

THE CLOCKMAKER: Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, of Slickville. By Hon. Thomas Chandler Haliburton. With illustrations by F. O. C. Darley. In 1 vol. 16mo, uniform with the Riverside Classics. $1 25.

The celebrity of this humorous work has induced the publishers to reprint it. Aside from the Yankee vernacular, the book justly won its wide repute by the shrewd mother-wit, the capital story-telling, and sound philosophy contained in it.

THE JUDGE'S PETS. Story of a Family and its Dumb Animals. By E. Johnson. Illustrated by E. B. Bensell. In 1 vol. 16mo, $1 25.

These are stories of the veritable pets of a veritable family, and as the incidents are taken with strict regard to their truth, so the pictures of the family and their life are told with a simplicity and freedom from ostentatious writing which will commend the book to all cultivated readers.

LITTLE-FOLK SONGS. By Alexina B. White. With twenty-five illustrations by Lucy Gibbons Morse, M. L. Stone, and M. A. Hallock. In 1 vol. 4to, $1 25.

This little volume of original poetry has the elements of a pure domestic literature—melody, vivacity, incident, and affectionate playfulness, which ought to render it a charm in every refined household.

LIFE OF THE REV. JOHN McVICKAR, S.T.D. By Rev. W. A. McVickar. With a portrait. In 1 vol. crown 8vo, $2.

Dr. McVickar's position in New York society, and his relations to Columbia College, will render this volume of great interest to a large circle of readers. The record embraces his foreign travel and intercourse with eminent men of letters.

☞ Any of the above sent by mail on receipt of the prices annexed.

CASSELL'S POPULAR EDUCATOR.

COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES.

PRICE, $15.

"We have gone over its pages with sentiments of real wonder. We know no work like it. It has occupied and filled up a field of education vast and most important to the community."—Dublin University Magazine.

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN,

596 Broadway, New York.

THE "EDWARDS PLACE" SCHOOL FOR BOYS,

at Stockbridge, Mass., offers superior advantages. For Circulars, address

F. HOFFMANN, or J. REID, Jr.

E. A. GIBBENS' SCHOOL FOR BOYS,

CORNER OF

FORTY-SECOND STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE,

WILL REOPEN SEPT. 18, 1871.

Pupils prepared for Classical and Mathematical Honors in Harvard University.

MRS. ROBERTS and Miss WALKER will reopen their French and English Day School for young ladies, No. 148 Madison Ave., on Wednesday, September 20. Arrangements will be made, when desired, by which pupils under 12 can prepare their lessons in school under the care of a teacher.

S. A. FARRAND'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS, No. 1,400 Broadway, corner of 39th Street. Re-opens September 25. Number of Pupils Limited. This School is so organized that each boy receives all the personal attention he may need. The teachers have time enough to explain the difficulties each scholar meets with, and great pains are taken to teach him how to study. This is done so thoroughly that he needs no help at home. The development and growth of character in each pupil is carefully watched and directed.

MRS. COLTON'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND MISSES, at Middletown, Conn., re-opens Wednesday, Sept. 30, 1871. A few pupils only desired, to be educated with and as her own daughters. Refers to Bishop Williams, Pres. Cummings, Dr. Bacon, Prof. Hadley, Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson, Chancellor Crosby, A. S. Hatch, or J. C. Havemeyer, Esq.

"AMER. SCHOOL INST."

FOUNDED 1855.

Is a reliable and practical Educational Bureau—
To aid those who want well-qualified Teachers,
To represent Teachers who seek positions;
To give parents information of good Schools;
To sell, rent, and exchange School properties.

Sixteen years have proved it efficient in securing "the right Teacher for the right place."

J. W. SCHERMERHORN, A.M., Actuary,

14 Bond Street, New York.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF CAPTAIN JOHN Brown. Edited by Richard D. Webb. The best ever written. With photograph showing the face without the beard. Price $1 50. Address, Publisher of THE NATION, Box 6732, N. Y.

ARCHER & PANCOAST M'F'G CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

GAS FIXTURES,

LAMPS, CHANDELIERS, BRACKETS, ETC.

of every description.

Manufactory and Warerooms:

NOS. 70, 72, AND 74 WOOSTER STREET,

(Between Broome and Spring Street),

NEW YORK.

Careful attention will be given to the Furnishing of Churches, Public Halls, Private Residences, etc., and Designs for special purposes will be submitted when required.

N. B.—The Broadway cars pass our warerooms in going down-town.

THE NATION PRESS.

The Proprietors of THE NATION PRESS give notice that they have established a Book, Pamphlet, Job, and Newspaper Printing-Office in this City, and are prepared to execute at moderate prices, for cash, the best of work in any and all of these branches.

For BOOKS they will furnish Electrotype or Stereotype Plates, as desired, and will guaranty unusual accuracy in their preparation.

J. ROSS & CO., 27 Rose St., New York.

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL. Do not endanger your lives and property, by burning unsafe oil, when Pratt's Astral Oil may be had at moderate price, and is entirely free from any dangerous qualities. Over 100,000 families, who now use it, can testify to its perfect safety, reliability, and purity.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1871.

The Week.

THE contest with the Tammany peculators has on the surface slackened during the week, and there is no question that they have in some degree recovered their courage, and are by no means in that "dread of social, financial, and political ruin" which the *Evening Post* ascribes to them. Finding that the only bad effect of the Barnard injunction has been Mr. Green's installation in the Comptroller's office, and that they are still untouched in body or estate, Tweed has grown very bold, and is reported to have declared, in reply to the talk of arresting him, that no Justice would dare to order it, and no jail was strong enough to hold him; and Hall has stuck out a placard in the City Hall, announcing, in reply to talk of his resigning, that he means to stay where he is for the term for which he was elected, that is, till January, 1872. The main source of their confidence is, however, what most people guessed it would be—the elections in November. They doubtless feel, and with a good deal of reason, that it is only the respectable classes that are incensed against them, that "the people" are still on their side, and that they will have large majorities at the polls. We know of nothing that militates strongly against this theory—keeping in view the enormous power of fraudulent voting which the Ring have in reserve—except the revolt of the Germans. We doubt if Tweed's hold on the "Democratic masses" is otherwise seriously shaken. He still appears in public, and delivers speeches in the canvass.

In the meantime, the person who stole Connolly's vouchers has been discovered to be Haggerty, the faithful janitor of the New Court-House, a young, flashy, political ruffian of the Tammany school, a Pennsylvanian by birth. He appears in court glittering with diamonds, and is interesting as a good specimen of the kind of man into whose hands the work of government is passing in these parts. In prosecuting him and his wife, however, the reformers are coming on their first difficulties. The District Attorney, though we know nothing against him, could not have been District Attorney without the Ring's nomination and consent, and the question now arises, Will he act with energy against his old friends? The question derives additional interest from the fact that he has refused to allow counsel employed by the Committee of Seventy to be associated with him. That Committee and the Joint Committee are hard at work examining accounts and, it is hoped and believed, accumulating proofs. The Union League Club has also met, and preambled and resolved, but Judge Barrett rather disturbed the peace and equanimity of the occasion by asking them whether they were ready to raise $200,000, and go to the polls, we presume, armed, and see that there was no fraudulent voting As "a voice" says at meetings, "That's the talk." If preambles and resolutions could shake the Ring, Tweed would now be putting new bottoms into old chairs for a living in some distant land.

The great event of the week, and the one which perhaps promises as much as anything that has happened for the purification of all politics, has been the final crushing of the Honorable Tom Murphy, Collector of this port. We have recently expressed ourselves freely about Tom, but by no means for the first time. Last year, when his nomination was before the Senate (July 7, 1870), we introduced him to our readers as "strong for the Andrew Johnson party at the time of the Philadelphia Convention, shaky in his business reputation, and an out-and-out politician of the kind that is noisiest in conventions," and also "as a politician of the politicians, enriched through Government contracts, possessing that peculiar reputation which consists in being generally believed capable of participation in any job," and added "that by no means savory charges were made against him under this head already"; and we called his appointment "a monstrous abuse of a great trust," and the bestowal "of one of the most valuable and responsible offices in the United States on a hack politician, unfit for any trust." We should have liked to use still stronger language, but, not having proper proofs in our possession to support it, we forbore. All the party papers kept silent, or approved, believing, we suppose, as in Butler's case, that the man would prove "useful," or would mend his manners. Murphy himself never even pretended that he went into the Custom-house in the interest of the revenue. He was put there because Senator Conkling persuaded General Grant that he would convert the Custom-house into a good political machine, would "build up the party" in this city, and serve the purposes of the Administration when its turn came. He has impudently pretended that he collected revenue at less cost than Mr. Grinnell, having done a little hocus-pocussing with the figures, after the fashion of Mr. Columbus Delano; but Mr. Grinnell forced the Treasury to confess that his showing was fallacious.

His day of reckoning has come at last. Mr. Olcott, who served with honor and fidelity as an agent of the War Department during the war, came upon traces of frauds on Murphy's part in the supply of hats for the troops, put detectives on his track, got his hats examined by competent men in the business, found that in every case they fell below the Government standard, and were of the worst quality, and got proofs of other iniquities on Tom's part, which caused the War Department to order a preliminary enquiry before a board of civilians in this city. Whereupon Tom went to his friend, Mr. Murray, at that time United States Marshal in this district—it is Mr. Murray himself who tells the amazing story in the columns of the *Tribune*—and told him in tears that the War Department was after him for his rascality; and by Murray's advice, or with his conniving, bribed the detectives who were getting up the case against him, bribed the principal witnesses not to appear, got the army standard hat stolen, and an old hat like his own substituted for it, and then went brazen-faced before the Commission and stood the investigation; but all he got was a verdict of "not proven," with the significant *obiter dictum*, that the loss of such hats as were rejected fell not on him, but on the contractor. When this story was brought up by Mr. Olcott in the *Tribune*, he had the audacity to reply, as men of his kind do reply, first, by assailing his accuser, and by citing passages in which the *Tribune* had once spoken well of him, and finally by bragging, through many falsehoods and evasions, of his devotion to the Republican party. His undeniable appearance in "real estate speculations" with Tweed, Connolly, Hall, and Sweeny, he defended by the plea that these were all citizens, and he himself is a citizen, and that all citizens have a right to combine to deal in real estate. The verdict of "not proven" he paraded as a conclusive vindication, and enjoyed during one night a sense of guilty security. The appearance of Murray on Monday, however, with the whole damning tale of infamy, virtually closed the case. It now remains for General Grant to do his duty. To the *Tribune* for dragging this man into the light of day, the community owes its hearty thanks. It is a service of precisely the same kind, and, considering the position the culprit occupies, perhaps of a higher order than that the *Times* has rendered in attacking the Ring; for Murphy belongs, we repeat, to the class which has furnished Tweed, Connolly, and Hall—a class of greedy adventurers, without conscience, or honor, or shame, or decency, or patriotism, or fear of God or of devil, or any strong spring of action, except love of money, and who go into politics and repeat the party war-cries for the same reason that other men pick locks and forge bills—to avoid honest labor, fill their bellies with rich food, and adorn their bodies with rich clothing. We hope the Republican press will see to it that the President gets no peace till this particular rascal is relegated to private life.

The Pennsylvania canvass is proceeding somewhat languidly throughout the State, but in Philadelphia it has suddenly sprung up into a condition of fierce activity. We called attention in June to a movement set on foot to exercise some control over the nominations made by political managers, under the theory that if a sufficient body

of independent voters could be organized to hold the balance of power between the two great parties, much could be done to check the recklessness with which unfit men are nominated for responsible positions, and forced into office under the pressure of party discipline. This movement has been by no means abandoned, and last week it threw the political world of Philadelphia into a hubbub by coming forward with a kind of eclectic ticket, mostly composed of the best names selected from among the regular party nominees, and two or three new ones of high character where the party candidates on both sides were considered objectionable. So far as we have the means of judging, this ticket is composed of good men, and its success would not cause regret to any one who regards good government as more important than momentary partisan triumph. We are not near enough to the scene of action to speak with positiveness about local questions, but we observe that the movement has the approbation and sympathy of such men as Horace Binney and Alexander Henry, and that it is received with shrieks and bawls by the thoroughgoing, thick-and-thin party organs; and both of these symptoms, we think, will commend it to the favor of honest men everywhere.

When General Logan was struck with panic fear at the prospect of an aristocracy of office-holders, to be created by a civil-service reform, he was too much agitated to recognize the existence of that other aristocracy which, fortunately for us, is so rapidly coming to grief in New York. The really dangerous aristocracy of this country consists of men like Tweed and Sweeny, the ringmasters of politics, who possess the undefinable power to secure "regular nominations" for themselves or their friends whenever they choose to. Few things in political psychology are more curious than the superstition with which well-meaning and otherwise intelligent people regard the "regular" nominations of their party. The iconoclast who bolts, and who refuses to support an improper candidate simply because he is unfit, is looked upon by many people, who are popularly supposed to have brains and hearts as little better than an infidel. It is this superstition which makes the power of the "men inside politics," and they use it adroitly and audaciously. Without it, Tweed would have remained a bankrupt chair maker, and General Butler would now be practising law. No community is free from these men, and Philadelphia is ridden by them as completely as New York or the Essex District. The movement above alluded to is an effort to show the people how to emancipate themselves, and in this view its success would be a cause of congratulation to the country at large.

Various theories find favor as explanatory of the course of the Massachusetts senators and of the extraordinary muddle in which the Republicans there find themselves this fall. One theory sets out with the assumption that at the bottom of the senators' reticence and of the General's volubility and impudence is the primary fact that the Administration supports Butler. The strongest confirmation of this theory is, that Collector Russell is understood to be an accomplice of Butler's in the raid which the latter is making on the regular party leaders. And the reason given for the Administration favoring Butler is, briefly, that the President is determined to be renominated if he can; that the Massachusetts file-leaders are to a great extent under the influence of Mr. Sumner and his friends; that Mr. Sumner is opposed to General Grant's renomination; that therefore the Administration lends what aid it can to such an outlaw as Butler, who is quite willing to "smash the party" as at present constituted, and who has strength with the rank and file and some strength outside the party. It is no very violent assumption which represents the President as eager for a renomination. Political intriguers like Morton, Forney, Cameron, Murphy, and Conkling are not among his intimate advisers for nothing. But the Administration's interference is certainly, so far as appears, not active, though that the Administration is certainly not hostile to Butler is evident from the fact that so subservient a Republican politician as Collector Russell ventures to be, at the very least, a neutral in a fight between Butler and all the recognized "war-horses," and "wheel-horses," and "men inside politics." The reticence of the senators as regards Butler, and their putting their condemnation of him on the tenable ground that he is "breaking up the party," the theory we have spoken of would explain by saying that they do not like to give Butler the opportunity of saying that they oppose Grant, as it may be early yet to say that with safety. On the other hand, Butler has to thank them for having said so little and spoken so guardedly. But, however his action may affect the war-horses and wheel-horses and all the men who have managed the cut-and-dried Republican politics of Massachusetts, and however little one may find, on examining his secret heart, whether Butler swallows them or they him, the duty of all honest men remains clear nevertheless, and that is to oppose Butler, his works and ways, from this time till death removes him from the scene.

There is a popular hymn, one line of which,

"We are living, we are dwelling, in a grand and awful time,"

is receiving some comical illustrations from the existing condition of politics. The Republican Collector of the port of New York, appointed by General Grant, has just been shown by the New York *Tribune*, of all papers in the world, to be a swindling army contractor, and the Republican State Convention is to be torn by two factions, each led on by one of the United States senators, for both of whom the public entertains a mixture of suspicion and contempt. At the same time, the greatest furnishers of Democratic majorities New York or any other State has ever produced are being pursued as criminals by brother Democrats, on charges of forgery, fraud, and embezzlement of public funds. In Massachusetts the spectacle is even more awful. There, a doctor of divinity is preaching the duty of Christians to elect great rascals to high public office, provided they will promote the cause of teetotalism, and this for the benefit of a candidate who not only swears, lies, and cheats, but drinks intoxicating liquors. This same candidate, whom nobody would believe on his oath, has, however, succeeded in securing nearly half the delegates to the nominating convention of the party of morality, and has spread consternation through its ranks. To crown all, Wendell Phillips has proclaimed his preference for a drinking governor who will support prohibition, to an abstaining governor who will not, for which evil behavior one of his fondest admirers, Mr. T. W. Higginson, severely rebukes him, and, of all places in the world, in the *Woman's Journal*. Looking on these things, it is difficult to epress the belief that we are on the eve of a cataclysm.

The first great strike having for its object the shortening of the hours of labor, that is, securing ten hours' pay for nine hours' work, is now in progress among the iron-workers in Newcastle-on-Tyne, in England, and, thus far, with every appearance of success for the strikers, although the employers are among the greatest English capitalists, one of them being Sir William Armstrong, of cannon celebrity. The amounts of money subscribed on both sides have been enormous, and the cause of the struggle, far from being confined to England, has extended over the whole Continent, the opposing forces meeting in Denmark, Belgium, Germany, and France, as well as at home. The masters have in vain mported laborers by hundreds not only from these countries, but from all parts of Great Britain; the new-comers no sooner reach Newcastle than they are either intimidated or cajoled into breaking their contracts and going home, the strikers paying their expenses. What is, perhaps, most peculiar about the matter is that, although only one trade—the engineers—is engaged in the strike, subscriptions and support are coming in from various others. And this is the first time in which English employers have been baffled in their attempts to overcome the workmen by the aid of foreign recruits, an indication, doubtless, and a strong one, of the growing power and discipline of the International Association. The demand for the reduction of the hours of labor may be reasonable enough—in some trades it certainly is—but both parties are perfectly conscious that a far more serious question than this is raised by the struggle, viz., who is to control the conduct of the great branches of industry—the employers or the workmen? The capitalists say, and with great truth, that the operations of trade are now too delicate, the competition too close, and the market too wide, to make it possible to carry on the leading manufactures except under single and irresponsible heads; that, if the execution of great orders, requiring a long space of time, vast outlay of money, and close calculation of details, is to be constantly

exposed to interruption for one reason or another at the hands of large bodies of men, ignorant on most points, but especially ignorant of the condition of the market, the employers might as well give up. This feeling is so widespread in England, and has so much foundation in fact, that very serious apprehensions begin to be felt as to the industrial future of the country. Some trades are already growing sickly under the influence of working-class combinations, and others are on the point of extinction. The worst of it is that the workingmen show little desire or intention of building up anything better on the ruins of the existing order of things.

The French have just been having a scandal of a good deal of interest, both political and social, and which will probably lead to the complete retirement from public life, and even from the bar and Academy, of a man who has played no inconsiderable part in the history of France during the last twenty years—M. Jules Favre. M. Favre, although he was a leader in the long struggle against the Empire, beginning in 1852 and ending last year, and by far the ablest member of his party, became an object of the fiercest hostility to the Reds as soon as he took a place in the Government of the National Defence, and showed a leaning to moderate courses. This hostility, of course, became intensified during the war of the Commune, and foul stories of Favre's private life, set afloat during the siege by Millière, one of the Communist chiefs, and himself a notorious debauchee, furnished a potent means of inflaming the populace against the Versailles Government, of which Favre was a member. Favre, for nearly thirty years, but in the strictest seclusion, lived with another man's wife, by whom he had several children, and to whom he appears to have been tenderly attached. In registering the birth of one of his children at the Mairie, as the French law requires, he committed the indiscretion, owing to the presence of his little girl, ten years old, of declaring that he and her mother were married, or, in other words, committed legal perjury. Of all this Millière got hold, and added to it a terrible accusation, apparently of his own invention, that a man named Odiot was the real father of some of M. Favre's reputed children, and that, after having induced him to make a will in their favor, Favre had poisoned him in order to secure the property himself. Millière was shot by the troops at the fall of the city, but before his death he had communicated the particulars of his accusation to one Laluyé, once an intimate friend, but then a bitter enemy, of Favre. Laluyé was arrested soon after for complicity in the doings of the Commune, and he forthwith published it far and near that Favre had used his authority, as a member of the Government, to have him seized and put out of the way in order to close his mouth. This charge it was impossible for a man in Favre's position to pass by in silence. He accordingly prosecuted Laluyé for libel, and successfully vindicated himself from all charges except that of having made a false declaration before the mayor. This he confessed in open court in a pathetic speech, frequently interrupted by tears, telling without reserve the whole history of his unfortunate attachment. It is not often that such a scene is witnessed in a court of justice, and it is not often that so brilliant a career has so pitiful, we might almost say so paltry, a close. The story throws some light, however, on the causes of the sorry figure cut by Favre in his negotiations with Bismarck. Laluyé was convicted, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a heavy fine, but he has none the less ruined his enemy, who passes from the stage, old and broken in spirit.

The message sent by President Thiers to the National Assembly a few days before its self-prorogation is a document less terrible by far than some former eulogists of the old statesman, this side of the Atlantic, have declared it to be, judging by a sensational passage sent us by the Cable reporters. It does contain the phrase referred to, but in a form considerably differing from that in which it was telegraphically reported. M. Thiers does not treacherously contrast a "reconstruction based on the glorious traditions of a thousand years" with "the abandonment of the ship of state to a torrent leading to an unknown future," but he speaks of the necessity of determining whether the country is to be constituted "in accordance with the tradition of the past, the glorious tradition of a thousand years, or whether, abandoning itself to the torrent which in the present day precipitates human society towards an unknown future, it is to put on a new form, and thus peacefully pursue its noble destiny." The whole context shows that this implies no recommendation in favor of the older of "the two forms of government which, at the present time, divide all nations." Whether France, "the object of the passionate attention of the whole universe, is to be a republic or a monarchy," is with him an extraordinary problem, which can be approached only with patriotic feeling, and solved only after a due study of the country's will, and sincere endeavors "to revive, or modify if necessary, its tradition." The cold reception which the message met with on the part of the Assembly, and the political calm which has prevailed since its publication, sufficiently prove, besides, that there was nothing in it which the Right could hail, or the Left denounce, as an indication that the President of the French Republic was ready to hoist the flag of royalism.

Among the most urgent tasks before the Government, M. Thiers mentions the composition of a normal budget, the completion of the army reorganization, and the conclusion of negotiations which shall place the commercial system of France upon fixed bases. Having yielded to the wish of the Assembly in regard to the proposed additional *décime* on all taxes, the Government—if the latest reports be true—is now also disposed to cling less firmly to its own protective policy as to the tariff, and the renewal of the commercial treaty concluded with England in 1860 has been made a subject of discussion with Lord Lyons. The fate of the lately concluded partial "customs treaty" with Germany in reference to Alsace and Lorraine is hourly expected to be favorably decided by the Cabinet of Berlin, before which the amendments affixed to it by the French Assembly have been laid by Count Arnim, the German negotiator. Its ratification would be followed by the evacuation by the Germans of four departments—Aisne, Aube, Côte d'Or, and Jura—in addition to the seven already evacuated in consequence of partial payments of the war indemnity—Eure, Seine-Inférieure, Somme, and Seine (with the Paris forts), Seine-et-Oise, Seine-et-Marne, and Oise. Another negotiation is being carried on for the evacuation of Doubs and Haute-Saône, Thiers promising, it is said, to pay within a very short time the fourth half-milliard, falling due on the 1st of May, 1872. The disarmament of the National Guards has nowhere met with effective opposition. The pacification of Algeria also is progressing satisfactorily. Rochefort has been condemned to deportation to a penal colony for life. The conduct of Rossel, on his trial, has elicited both sympathy and admiration. Neither he nor Lullier nor Ferré is expected to be executed.

The "Ministerial Rescript" addressed a few weeks ago by the Bavarian Minister of Worship and Instruction, Von Lutz, to the Archbishop of Munich, shows that the new Cabinet of King Louis has decided on an uncompromising stand against the encroachments of the Ultramontane hierarchy. Von Lutz speaks now in a much bolder tone than he ever assumed as a member of the divided Bray Ministry. He handles the Bavarian episcopacy almost without gloves when reminding it of the glaring inconsistency and illegal daring evinced in its attempting to impose upon the civil spheres of the kingdom, without the royal *placet*, doctrines which, before their promulgation by the Council of Rome, it had itself strenuously opposed as incompatible with the institutions of modern states. So presumptuous a disregard of the laws he declares to be the more reprehensible the higher the source from which it proceeds. Refuting the argument of the bishops, that their proceedings are in violation of a constitutional provision which ought never to have been decreed, he says: "Whoever would venture to proceed thus within the sphere of the penal law might easily find sufficient leisure in the solitude of a prison to fathom the untenableness of his theories"—which is plain talk, indeed, and fully explains the rage with which the document has been received by the clerical and reactionary press.

THINGS FOR ALL REPUBLICANS TO CONSIDER.

If people generally, and especially people who are interested in political progress, could be got to believe that the government of a country is the natural product of the state of the society in which it exists, or, as De Maistre expresses it, that it is the manners which make the government, and not the government which makes the manners, we should be saved an enormous amount of misdirected efforts at reform. Villains do not take possession of the reins of authority in any civilized community, in our day, until a state of things has been prepared which makes it easy for them to seize them and keep them. We took the liberty of pointing this out a year ago, when a good many enthusiastic people here were trying to saddle Louis Napoleon with the responsibility both of his own career and of all the misfortunes which it brought on France, and to let the French people off as the innocent victims of a tyrant. He became what he became, and did what he did, because the French were what they were. Providence does not rain tyrants or peculators on any people; he lets them earn them through vices of their own; and when they have earned them, he sees that they are surely and justly paid.

We say this by way of preface to a few words of explanation which we shall now venture to offer to the Republican party throughout the country on the condition of things in this city, and which we are most anxious should not be taken as in any wise discouraging or throwing cold water on the attempts which are being made at this moment to overthrow the band of charlatans and adventurers who have taken possession of the government of New York. No matter what the cause of Tweed's, Hall's, Sweeny's, and Connolly's rise, it is the first duty of every decent citizen to do what in him lies to get rid of them and bring them to justice; and we doubt if any improvement can be suggested in the means which are now being employed for that end. The address of the Committee of Seventy shows that its members take a thoroughly sound and just view of the situation, and are under the influence of no illusions, great or small, as to the nature of the work they have in hand. Moreover, we do not share the impatience so freely expressed over the slowness and deliberateness of their procedure. Nothing could be more disastrous than a false step; and, in dealing with such a problem as is now before us, any hasty step would be very likely to be false. That problem is a mixed one, partly legal and partly moral. The thieves have made the law—so low has this great State sunk—not only under which they do their thieving, but under which they have to be pursued and punished; and he who follows them must follow them with cautious feet, if he would not work a failure of justice, and thus utterly destroy the popular faith in the possibility of overthrowing them at all, the smallness and weakness of which is already one of the greatest obstacles with which the friends of reform have to contend.

The work of overthrowing them naturally and inevitably falls to the lot of the people of this city and State. The people of other cities and States, deeply interested as they are in the process, can only look on. But on the questions, the great and all-important questions—Who is to succeed these scoundrels? Are they to have successors of their own kind? Is New York corruption a cancer which, no matter how often excised, is sure to come back again and again, and prey on the vitals of American government and society; or is it a disease which can be made to yield to tonics and alteratives?—on these questions, the people of the whole country, and especially the members of the Republican party, are entitled to their say, and, as we believe, must say it if we are to have any change for the better.

And now let us be frank about the facts. Frankness on the part of the Republican press would, we believe, help to save us, if saved we can be, and without frankness there can be no salvation. We declare, without hesitation, that were the respectable daily press thoroughly frank and independent, it would not be possible for our politics to get into their present condition. It would not be possible for the knaves—who are, after all, only a handful—to stand their ground in public life if public indignation could be concentrated on them through the newspapers, or if editors aspired to a nobler function than that of hashing and seasoning and warming-over the cant of conventions and political hacks. What the New York *Times* has done in this city against Tammany is a splendid example of what fortitude, persistence, and unpurchasable determination and integrity can do against any gang of scoundrels, however securely entrenched. The course of the *Times*, on the other hand, with regard to Murphy and his Custom-house, is another and hardly less striking illustration of the way in which the press fails to do its whole duty, and in which it so often, after brilliantly carrying one or two important outworks, declines to assail the main citadel, and leaves the public in the lurch. For there exists in this republic the strange and perhaps unprecedented spectacle of a government elected by the people, and responsible to the people, collecting and spending an enormous revenue, employing a vast army of functionaries subject to its absolute will and discretion, and practically holding in its hand the issues of war and peace, and yet, to all intents and purposes, exempt from honest criticism. The attacks of the Democratic press on the present Administration we do not call honest criticism—nobody else considers them so. They are the perfunctory fault-finding of an office-seeking opposition, and not the judgment of men whose first consideration is that the country be well served, no matter who serves it. Of what is called the "Administration press," with three or four honorable exceptions, we shall only say that, much ability and honesty as there is to be found in its ranks, we know of nothing to which the attitude of its conductors towards the Administration can be so fitly compared as Paul de Cassagnac's support of the Empire in the columns of the *Pays*. They observe the same tomblike silence on all its faults and indiscretions, the same careful avoidance even of allusions that might seem likely to create doubts as to the supreme wisdom and goodness of the Executive and its agents, the same obsequious and almost oriental alacrity in twisting the commonest occurrences of the day into proofs and illustrations of the foresight, sagacity, and purity of the chief magistrate; and one already begins to find in the phraseology of some of them the very flavor of the adulation which the worthy Paul used to compose on his way down to his office from the Empress's boudoir.

Tammany corruption in this city and State is only part and parcel of the general corruption and debasement, or, as the recent address of the Committee of Seventy truly says, of a corruption which has laid hold of commerce, of the bench, the bar, the ballot-box, the press, of rich and poor, high and low. Those who are not actually engaged in it wink at it, or are no longer shocked by it, if they do not laugh over it. Tammany could not exist and rule if for the last ten years the country districts had not regularly sent to Albany Republican legislators whom the knaves from this city never found any difficulty in bribing; or if there had not been judges on the bench who decided as it directed; or if there had not been a bar too timid or too selfish to rise up against judicial iniquity; or if the rich men of New York had not been more occupied about escaping their full contribution to the plunder than about protecting the rights of their less fortunate neighbors. Tweed would never have the audacity he has if he had not been flattered and caressed by millionaires who call themselves gentlemen, and Christians, and patriots. Why, at that shameful display of his booty which the scoundrel made the other day at his daughter's wedding, in the "gorgeous mansion" which, in the principal street of this great Christian city, divides the passenger's attention with another no less "gorgeous mansion" of a noted abortionist, there were among the presents costly gifts from men standing in the front rank of our commerce, in no social or business relations with him, but who did not hesitate in this manner to buy the robber's forbearance for themselves, careless of what became of the rest of the community. And is it not fresh in everybody's mind how, within two short months, Judge Hilton, who but a little while ago stepped down from the bench, and is now the confidential adviser of the greatest merchant in New York, and whom the *Evening Post* talks of as a reformer, after acting in conjunction with these men for a year, coolly spent an evening persuading the editor of a religious paper that the members of the Ring were respectable persons who had grown rich by "speculating in real estate"? Is it not fresh, too, in everybody's recollection that when Connolly, the Comptroller, who has been for three years engaged in frauds and embezzlements, found that his deliberate and unlawful refusal to publish his accounts for a whole year was rousing public attention and likely to lead to scrutiny, and wanted to get himself whitewashed,

and his delinquency covered up, he went, not to Tombs lawyers or brother politicians, but to four or five of the leading bankers and merchants of New York, and that they did what he wanted not only without hesitation, but with alacrity? If we had the whole Ring arraigned at the bar of a criminal court to-morrow, they might, and perhaps would, truly say that they were amazed at their own moderation; and we confess, knowing what we know, and seeing what we see, that we are amazed at it too, and yet our knowledge is small, and our range of observation limited.

And now, what we want country Republicans to understand is that the Administration, so far from contributing to the work of purification in this city and State, contributes to the work of corruption. We want them to understand that its leading representative here, the Collector, through whose hands there passes nearly $200,000,000 of the national revenue every year, is a politician of precisely the same class as Tweed and Hall and Connolly, and is of like antecedents, and has been and is concerned with them in those "real estate speculations," the nature of which, after all that has happened, we do not need to explain. We want them to understand that this Custom-house is a machine of the same nature, and managed on precisely the same principles, as the city government, as managed by Tweed; and that Murphy differs from Tweed simply in being less able and successful; and that the Custom-house being what it is, Republican indignation here, *as Republican*, over the Tammany frauds moves honest and candid men to mingled tears and laughter. We pointed out distinctly a year ago, when Murphy was appointed, the kind of man he was. We had not then the proofs which the New York *Tribune*, to its honor, has now furnished—and the withholding of which when his nomination was before the Senate was as inexcusable as it is incomprehensible—of his rascalities during the war. But we had no hesitation in treating his appointment to such a place, as a substitute for a respectable New York merchant, as one more proof that General Grant had delivered himself over to evil counsellors, and had forsaken the sure ways in which those who supported his election, and eulogized the first year of his Administration as heartily as we did, hoped to see him walk to the end. We are not concerned whether he is renominated or not, and, if we were, do not flatter ourselves that we could affect the result one way or the other; but we most earnestly hope that that great mass of honest men of which the Republican party is in the main composed, will consider seriously, and even solemnly, whether they are prepared to have the abominable system under which men like Murphy find their way into the chief offices of the nation, and can be made useful by a civilized government, sustained for four years longer. We say "solemnly," because we believe that, as Senator Trumbull said, speaking of it the other day at Chicago, if it continues, "we do not know what the result will be in the future." It cannot go on long without ruin. There is no arrangement in the moral order of the universe for the existence of a great and free people ruled by thieves and adventurers and charlatans; and we would most earnestly ask those who are so fond of boasting of the existence of a fountain of "enthusiasm" in their breasts, and so fond of tapping it for mean men and mean things, to draw from it even one little burst of faith in the saving power of honesty and truthfulness.

MUNICIPAL CÆSARISM.

The plan of governing nations by high-sounding phrases which was introduced by the first French Revolutionists, and of whose melancholy failure we are all witnesses, came across the Atlantic at a very early period, and, having got a safe lodgment in the brains of the Jeffersonian Democracy, it made its way into most of the State constitutions, and notably into that of New York in 1846. It has not done the mischief here which it did in France, because it has had to work among a people thoroughly trained in politics, and inheritors of strong traditions, and of a singularly practical, businesslike turn of mind. In France, it found the soil cleared of all obstacles to its action. Habits, traditions, usages, institutions, had all been swept away, and the people who were to build up the new state were destitute of the smallest knowledge of the machinery of government, and, indeed, so unskilled in all affairs that no delusion was too wild for them. Foremost among these phrases, and perhaps the most mischievous of them all, was the phrase, "Trust the People"—meaning by "people," as we have more than once explained, a metaphysical entity, of extraordinary wisdom and capacity, a sort of abstraction composed of all the virtues and powers of the most virtuous and capable men of the community, but wholly unlike any body of live men hitherto seen on earth. The first result of the supremacy of the phrase was that "the people" demanded so much trust that no trust was left for anybody else. It was impossible to compose a government they could depend on, whether one man or many. No French legislature could be trusted to legislate with the presence of "the people" in the gallery to watch the proceedings, and turn the legislators out of the house when they ceased to do right. No army could be trusted to fight or keep order; "the people" had to go armed, and do the fighting themselves. No court could be trusted to administer justice; litigants had to content themselves with "the justice of the people." The power of this phrase on the French imagination, great as it was in 1793, has been growing steadily stronger ever since, and, perhaps, never produced such extraordinary effects as in the late war of the Commune. The daily overthrow of generals and dictators, the weekly substitution of one supreme committee for another, the furious hostility to courts of law, and the profound faith in the ability of large crowds in the streets not only to decide knotty questions of government, but to provide suitors and criminals with a competent tribunal, were all the offspring of the old Revolutionary idea that, while nearly all individual men were knaves or traitors, men in large bodies could not do wrong. The saddest result of all, however, has been the creation in the French mind of that hostility to constitutions, or apparent incapacity to conceive of an organic law binding the majority to do or refrain from doing certain things at all times, in which now lies, as all thoughtful Frenchmen acknowledge, the greatest difficulty in the way of setting up a stable government. M. Laboulaye has recently made it the subject of deep lamentation in correspondence with friends in this country. A constitution—like, indeed, all laws—is neither more nor less than a solemn expression on the part of a community of its unwillingness to "trust the people," or rather the entity called by that name by demagogues, and its determination to bind it to respect the rights of those who happen to differ with it—that is, of minorities.

In this country, the phrase operated to take away nearly all power from governors, mayors, and other high executive officers, and distribute it among a crowd of elective functionaries, each of them responsible only to "the people," and finally to destroy the independence of the judiciary, which the Anglo-Saxon race had spent five centuries in carefully building up, and which was, perhaps, the noblest contribution to politics made by the modern world. Everybody, in short, had to "trust the people," and the people would trust nobody. Things began from that moment steadily to decline—corruption spread, the character of public men deteriorated, and the sense of responsibility was fatally weakened; and when we began to look about for "the people," in order to complain to it and get it to set things to rights, we were shown into a room with half-a-dozen cunning-looking gentlemen in shabby black clothes, who told us their name was Caucus, and that if we had anything particular to say to the people, we could send it through them.

For it was not to be supposed that there were no demagogues ready to turn this phrasemongering to their own account. In fact, there is no form of government which demagogues enjoy more than government by phrases. They hate facts above all things, and delight in words, and as soon as any people gives up, or shows signs of giving up, respect for facts in its politics, they swarm into the forum, each man with a bag of phrases of his own, whose beauty he extols to the skies. In ignorant communities, it is not very long before somebody's phrase catches the popular eye, and he forthwith is clothed in purple and fine linen, and lives on the fat of the land. Louis Napoleon was the lucky man whose speeches took the French fancy, and he was rewarded with eighteen years of champagne, satin sofas, and fast horses, during every day of which he expressed, in some way, his deep "trust in the people." He was the chosen of "the people," and the servant of "the people," and he, towards the close, showed himself hardly will-

ing to permit legislation in any way but by "plébiscite"—or appeal to the people. In his title, drawn up by himself, he admitted that he owed his throne in some degree to "the grace of God"; but this agency would have been insufficient without a popular vote ("la volonté nationale"). Since his dethronement, he has fiercely denounced the new government for not trusting the people. In New York, Tweed and Hall have played exactly the same game. If you asked either of those worthies to what he had owed his success in politics, he would tell you it was his "trust in the people"; if you asked him on what he relied to extricate him from his present difficulties, he would say, "the people." The fact is that they have managed to get the confidence of the people in an extraordinary degree, and if they do not succeed in obtaining a vindication from the people in November next, either their power has greatly fallen off, or the New York "people" has greatly changed.

These things are worth considering, because the problem of city government will probably undergo at the hands of the next Legislature a more careful consideration than it has ever met with before. Both parties are preparing for it, with the consciousness that great social, commercial, and political interests will be affected by their action, and that the eyes of the nation are upon them; and if the country districts send up their best men, and not gangs of thieves, we shall probably have at Albany, what we have not had for many a year, discussions, if not legislation, of which the State may be proud. But if we are to avoid another tremendous mistake, the problem must be fairly stated, without suppressions or evasions, and, with a view to this, there ought to be the fullest debate between now and the 1st of January. It is, of course, hard to take one's attention away from the attempt to bring the City Hall thieves to justice; but if there is not some careful preparation of the expected new charter, done by our best men, the result of all our labors will be that we shall simply find ourselves saddled two years hence with a new set of thieves, claiming, like the present ones, to be the agents of "the people." We are the more solicitous on this account because there are signs that all is not going well. There is no paper which has more—perhaps none which has so much—influence on any constructive effort in city politics as the *Evening Post*, and none which is better entitled to it. It is, therefore, somewhat alarming to see how loosely it has been talking about what is to be done next, how greatly it is under the influence of French ideas, and how large a part phrases play in its discussions. It has of late been advocating a plan, which has a great deal to be said for it, and which we have ourselves advocated on the ground that it would be more likely than any other to solve the great problem of making "respectable citizens attend to their political duties"—viz., the concentration in the hands of the Mayor of the greater portion of the powers of government, including the appointment of all subordinate officers. This has the merit of simplicity, and of uniting all responsibility on a single head, and would certainly be a great improvement on what we have now, and might, if we had a few good Mayors, be a stepping-stone to something better, by restoring public opinion to a healthy condition, and reviving the courage and public spirit of the more respectable citizens. But it is a plan, considered as a permanency, opposed to all the political traditions and soundest usages of American polity, and savors rather of Gambetta or Rouher than of a New York publicist, for it is neither more nor less than a proposal to get out of our difficulties by setting up a short-term Cæsar—responsible, of course, to "the people," like all Cæsars, but none the less a Cæsar for all that; and thus accustoming us, and, indeed, teaching us, to rely on that canker of democracy, personal government, and arming that government with one of the most corrupt and corrupting instruments of government in existence, a civil service without training, or fixity, or respectable traditions. Such a plan, advocated with sober-mindedness, and with a full perception of its dangers, has, as we have said, its merits, but advocated with French phrases, and accompanied by denunciations of any scheme of giving the taxpayers any control of the city expenditures as "treason to the republic" (one of the regular Gallic phrases, and about the equivalent to sacrilege in the sixth degree or loose notions on the federal headship of Adam), it makes one feel as if we were still in very troubled waters, and likely to remain there.

It cannot be too carefully remembered, that while a Cæsarship would probably work well the first year, as it always does, it would create an extraordinarily tempting prize to the ordinary New York politicians—a prize such as has never been offered them, second only to the Presidency of the United States in value. The appointment of the officials who are to collect and spend the revenues of this city, and enforce its ordinances, is indeed "a big thing," the like of which is not to be found anywhere else; and there would be an amount of "working" done for it such as has never been seen, and it would be done in the ordinary way, not by currying favor with William E. Dodge, and William A. Booth, and Bishop Potter, and Dr. Adams, but by making large promises to the same class of politicians who have raised Wood, and Tweed, and Hall, and Connolly to power; and by these arts one of the Tweed and Hall tribe would assuredly get it sooner or later, unless New York human nature underwent a change such as human nature is not known to have undergone within historic times. Having got it, he would "take care of his friends" in the usual way, and would lay his wires to secure his renomination in the usual way, and he would probably secure it. Then there would be the usual denunciations by the newspapers, the usual lamentations over the way "the people" were "deceived" and "robbed," the usual threats of vigilance committees, and wonderings how Mayor Smith or Brown, whom we all used to see in his pew at church every Sunday, could be such a rascal; and in fifteen or twenty years some Mayor Smith or Brown would quarrel with a confederate O'Rourke or O'Toole, who would expose him; and we should then have indignation meetings, resolutions, and so on—but Smith or Brown would laugh, and either appeal to the people, or make it all right with the District Attorney, put his money into good hands, and go to Europe.

If there be any salvation for a community afflicted as this is, it lies—as the salvation of the Anglo-Saxon race has always lain—in the application to its politics of the sober, practical, business common-sense and self-restraint which govern its daily life. No change in the city government will be a lasting reform which does not make it a representative government elected on a general ticket; in which the representation is composed in some degree of persons chosen by taxpayers; and in which the amount of the taxes, and the disbursement of them, is controlled in the main by those who pay them. As long as the revenues of this city are, as the revenues of no other civilized community are, in the hands of persons who think that they contribute nothing to them, neither Moses nor the prophets could make a change for the better. This may have an unpleasant sound, but it is a fact. It may be "treason to the Republic"; but it will not do to treat it after the manner of the old lady who, having complained of so many of her townsmen not going to church, and having been shown that, while the population was 5,000, the churches would only hold 1,800, told her antagonist that "she wanted none of his infidel arguments."

QUEBEC.

I.

QUEBEC, September 22, 1871.

A TRAVELLER who combines a taste for the picturesque with a love of letters ought not, I suppose, to pass through "the most picturesque city in America" without making an attempt to commemorate his impressions. His first impression will certainly have been that Quebec is a city not in America, but in Europe. I came, some days since, by a dreary night-journey, to Point Levi, opposite the town, and as we rattled toward our goal in the faint raw dawn, and, already hungry for "effects," I began to consult the misty window-panes and descried through the glass, darkly, little but a huge monotony of most unstoried wilderness, I felt that the land would have much to do to take on the graces of antiquity. And, in fact, the feat is achieved with an almost magical suddenness. The Old World rises in the midst of the New in the manner of a change of scene on the stage. The St. Lawrence shines at your left, large as a harbor-mouth, gray with smoke and masts, and edged on its hither verge by a bustling water-side *faubourg* of unmistakably European coloring; and beyond it, over against you, on its rocky promontory, sits the ancient town, belted with its hoary wall and crowned with its granite citadel. A constant question, I find, at Quebec, is how the city would fare as a spectacle

if the imagination had not been bribed, as I may say, beforehand. The place, after all, is of America—American, yet it appeals to you so cunningly with its little stock of Old-World wares that you overlook its flaws and lapses, and swallow it whole. Fancy lent a willing hand the morning I arrived, and zealously retouched the picture. The very sky seemed to pile itself up in massive murkiness, *à l'Anglaise*, the light to filter down through an air which had forfeited its Yankee lucidity. You cross a ferry, disembark at the foot of the rock on unmistakably foreign soil, and then begin to climb into the city proper—the city *intra muros*. These walls, to the American vision, are of course the sovereign fact of Quebec; you take off your hat to them as you clatter through the gate. They are neither very high nor, after all, very hoary. Our clear American air is hostile to those mellow deposits and incrustations which enrich the historic masonry of Europe. Still, they are walls; till but a short time ago they quite encircled the town; they are garnished with little slits for musketry and big embrasures for cannon; they offer here and there to the strolling *bourgeoisie* a stretch of gray rampart; and they attest most agreeably that antique fact of the sturdy and definite personality of the town.

Before you reach the gates, however, you will have been reminded at a dozen points that you have come abroad. What is the essential difference of tone between American and European street-life? It seems something subtler and deeper than mere external accidents—than foreign architecture, than foreign pinks, and greens, and yellows plastering the house-fronts, than the names of the saints on the corners, than all the pleasant crookedness, and narrowness, and duskiness, the quaint economized spaces, the multifarious detail, the brown French faces, the ruddy English ones. It seems to be the general fact of detail itself—the hint in the air of a slow accidental accretion, in obedience to needs more timidly entertained and more sparingly gratified than our own. But, apart from the metaphysics of the question, Quebec is rich in the superficial graces of foreign towns. You can note the small, box-like houses in rugged stone or in stucco, each painted with uncompromising *naïveté* in some bright hue of the owner's fond choice; you note with joy, with envy, with momentary self-effacement, as a New Yorker, as a Bostonian, the innumerable calashes and cabs which contend for your selection; and you note, when you arrive at the hotel, that this is a blank and gloomy inn, of true provincial aspect, with slender promise of the "American plan." Perhaps, even, the clerk at the office will be gracious. I confess that, in my case, he was not, so that I was compelled to resort for lodging to a private house near by, where I enjoy a transitory glimpse of the *vie intime* of Quebec. I fancied, when I came in, that it would be a compensation for worse quarters to possess the little bit of picturesqueness I enjoy from my windows. Certain shabby Yankee sheds, indeed, encumber the foreground, but, like Dante, I will not relate of them. Beyond is a piece of garden, attached to nothing less than a convent of the cloistered nuns of St. Ursula. The convent chapel rises inside it, crowned with what seemed to me, in view of the circumstances, a real little *clocher de France*. The "circumstances," I confess, are simply a couple of stout French poplars. I call them French because, planted here by French hands, they thrive lustily and most notably Gallicize the landscape; while in our Yankee latitudes they decay utterly, as if unconscious of any picturesque commission. I do not say that the little convent belfry, roofed and coated as it is with quaint scales of tin, would, by itself, produce any very deep illusion; or that the whispering poplars, *per se*, would transport me to the Gallic mother-land; but poplars and belfry together constitute an "effect"—strike a musical note in the scale of the picturesque. I look fondly even at the little casements which command this prospect, for they too are an Old-World heritage. They open sidewise, in two wings, and are screwed together by that bothersome little iron handle over which we have fumbled so often in European inns.

If the windows tell of French dominion, of course larger matters testify with greater eloquence. A few days in a place so small as Quebec of course take the primal flavor from one's sensations; but when first I walked abroad I fancied myself back in a French sea-side town where I once spent a year, in common with a large number of economically disposed English. The French element offers the groundwork, and the English colony wears, for the most part, that half-genteel and migratory air which stamps the exiled and provincial British. They look as if they were still *en voyage*—still in search of low prices—the men in woollen shirts and Scotch bonnets; the ladies, we must suppose, with their choicer garments still in their trunks. Your very first steps will be likely to lead you to the market-place, which is a genuine bit of Europeanism. One side of it is occupied by a huge edifice of yellow stucco, with stone copings painted in blue, and a manner of *porte cochère*, leading into a veritable court—originally, I believe, a college of the early Jesuits, now a place of military stores. On the other stands the French cathedral, with an ample stone *façade*, a bulky stone tower, and a high-piled tin-scaled belfry—not architectural, of course, nor imposing, but with a certain gray maturity, and, as regards the belfry, a proper antique quaintness. Round about are shops and houses touching which, I think, it is no mere fancy that they might, as they stand, confine some dull *place* of France. The stalls and booths in the centre—tended by genuine peasants of tradition—brown-faced old Frenchwomen, with hard wrinkles and short petticoats, and white caps beneath their broad-brimmed hats, and more than one price, as I think you'll find—these, and the stationed *calèches* and *cabriolets*, complete a passably French picture. It is a proof of how nearly the old market-women resemble their originals across the sea that you very resentfully miss one or two of the proper features of the type—the *sabots* for the feet and the donkey for the load. Of course you go into the cathedral, and how forcibly that swing of the door, as you doff your hat in the cooler air, recalls the old tourist strayings and pryings beneath other skies! You find a big garish church, with a cold high light and a mild Renaissance promiscuity of stucco and gilding. It is, perhaps, a shade or so more sensibly Catholic than it would be with ourselves; but, in fine, it has pews and a boarded floor, and the few paintings are rather pale in their badness, and you are forced to admit that the Old-World tone which sustains itself so bravely elsewhere rather falters in its application to the heavy needs of ecclesiasticism.

Among the other lions of Quebec—notably in the Citadel—you find Protestant England supreme. A robust trooper of Her Majesty, with a pair of very tight trowsers and a very small cap, takes charge of you at the entrance of the fortifications, and conducts you through endless acres of belligerent masonry. I cannot speak of the place as an engineer, but only as a tourist, and the tourist is chiefly concerned with the view. This is altogether superb, and if Quebec is not the most picturesque city in America, this is no fault of its incomparable site. Perched on its mountain of rock, washed by a river as free and ample as an ocean-gulf, sweeping from its embattled crest a vast expanse of village-studded plain and surging highlands of nearer and further blue, single, beautiful, and strong, the warden of an imperial province—as it has managed from our scanty annals to snatch a past, you pray in the name of all that's handsome that it may have a future. I may add that, to the mind of the reflective tourist, these idle ramparts and silent courts present other visions than that of the mighty course of the river and its anchorage for navies. They evoke a shadowy image of that great English power, the arches of whose empire were once built strong on foreign soil: and as you stand upon these towering bastions and look abroad upon a land of alien speech, you seem to hear the echoed names of other strongholds and provinces—Gibraltar, Malta, India. Whether these arches are crumbling now, I do not pretend to say; but the last regular troops (in number lately much diminished) are just about to be withdrawn from Quebec, and in the private circles to which I have been admitted I hear sad forebodings of what society will lose by the departure of the "military." This single word is eloquent; it reveals a social order distinctly affiliated, in spite of remoteness, to that of which Miss Austen's novels are an early chronicle. Another opportunity for some such rich reflections as those I have hinted at is afforded you on the Plains of Abraham, to which you probably adjourn directly from the Citadel—another, but I am bound to say, in my opinion, a less inspiring one. A battle-field remains a battle-field, whatever may be done to it; but the scene of Wolfe's victory seems to me to have been profaned to within an inch, as I may say, of its immortality. An extremely meagre column, with an uncommonly neat inscription, however, ("Here died Wolfe, victorious,") struggles pitifully from the effacement cast upon its pure significance by the brutal granite mass of a bran-new prison rising hugely from the sacred level, as if it, forsooth, were the sole and proper monument of the heroic spirit exhaled there.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, September 15, 1871.

I BEGIN my correspondence afresh after a rather prolonged silence. Since I wrote to you the protracted session has brought itself to a conclusion, and we are now passing through the dead season of the year. The place of interest is occupied by the autumn manœuvres, in which we are endeavoring, though, of course, on a small scale, to follow the precedent set by Prussia. Some 40,000 men are going through the vicissitudes of a mimic campaign at the present moment; and, though a certain amount of ridi-

cule was cast upon the proceedings by a stampede in which the horses of the Life Guards employed their first evening of camp life, I fancy that the general result promises to be tolerably satisfactory. I must, however, defer what I may have to say upon that topic, assuming that I have anything to say, until my next letter. A couple of elections which have recently taken place suggest an important enquiry. In East Surrey, the death of Mr. Charles Buxton, a man of the highest character, and a steady and sensible Whig, caused a vacancy, which has been filled by the election of a certain Mr. Watney, member of a large firm of brewers, who promises to give silent but regular support to the Conservatives. The Liberal press have endeavored to find excuses for the disastrous defeat suffered on this occasion. They argued that Mr. Watney was elected not so much as Conservative but as a brewer, because Mr. Gladstone's Government had shown some disposition to interfere with the unlimited right of the British race to intoxicating drinks. The defeat, however, was significant, whether the rebuke administered to Mr. Gladstone was provoked by his inordinate devotion to sobriety or to Liberalism. It has been followed up by another Conservative success, on a smaller scale, at the remote borough of Truro. There the defeated candidate was Mr. Jenkins, author of the clever satire of "Ginx's Baby," who must, I suppose, be described as a sentimental Radical. He talks eloquent semi-socialism about restoring the land to the people, and is an enthusiast for the maintenance of the British Empire. The remedy for social evils, according to him, is to be found in transplanting our paupers to the boundless waste lands of the colonies; and, though I have small faith in his nostrum, there is no doubt that he propounds it with much power of language. He failed, however, to carry with him a sufficient number of the electors of Truro, though his defeat was partly owing to certain local squabbles, which need not be expounded. It is, of course, impossible to say how much weight is to be attributed to these minute considerations in one of the most out-of-the-way corners of England; but it seems probable that here, as in the more metropolitan constituency, the result indicates a considerable dissatisfaction of the Liberal party with its leaders. Indeed, the fact that such a dissatisfaction exists could be no secret, to whatever causes it may be due. The fact to which I called your attention some months ago is becoming daily more obvious —namely, that Mr. Gladstone's Government has no longer that weight of popular enthusiasm behind it by which it was originally brought into office. On the contrary, the Government is so much disliked that it is just possible that the dislike may take the form of a Conservative reaction. The policy of the Opposition next session will be to force on a dissolution, and in the new elections they hope to win a majority. If this expectation be realized, the result would be remarkable. It is thirty years since a Parliament has been elected in England with a nominally Conservative majority, though, to say the truth, the Liberalism has not been of a very violent type; and it would be strange if Mr. Gladstone, coming in with an unprecedented majority, as the result of a large extension of the franchise, should have succeeded in so speedily converting victory into defeat.

Although this case may never occur, the mischief already done to the party is remarkable. I am not about to attempt an examination of the causes to which it is owing that a session which opened with the greatest promises has been the most disastrous failure ever known. The Government were forced to throw overboard almost all the important reforms which they had promised, without even bringing them before the House of Lords. Of the only two measures which got further, the Army Bill was cruelly mutilated, and finally passed only by an unusual exercise of prerogative; and the Ballot Bill was rejected by the House of Lords, to the very small grief of the world in general. If you believe the writers of leading articles, the circumstances attending the end of these two measures have produced great indignation. According to Radicals, the people are about to demand that the House of Lords shall no longer be permitted to stop legislation imperatively demanded by public opinion. According to Conservatives, Mr. Gladstone's rash attack on the Constitution has roused the affection of the nation for its old institutions; and Hampden, and Russell, and various other eminently respectable people, who were not Conservatives, it is true, in their own day, turn in their graves at the bare name of prerogative. According to my observation, there is very little truth in either of these assertions. The ballot was a good old-fashioned cry, but nobody cared enough about it to be angry with the House of Lords for postponing its adoption. As for Mr. Gladstone's rehabilitation of the old-fashioned weapon of prerogative, it may have been wrong, and possibly the precedent may lead to rather summary exertions of power by future leaders of a parliamentary majority; but we are not likely to quarrel seriously with anybody who gets anything really done, even though he takes an unauthorized short cut to his object. For, to say the truth, what really disgusts thinking men as much as it disappoints the ordinary politician, is the increasing incapacity for work of our parliamentary machinery. Mr. Gladstone's tendency to over-complexity and refinement, his eagerness to satisfy everybody, which has ended in disgusting Radicals without conciliating Tories, and the vagaries of some of his colleagues, have undoubtedly made things worse than usual this session. But it would be unfair to put the failure down entirely to the personal peculiarities of the present ministry. Every year makes Parliament more unequal to the task which it endeavors to discharge. Not content with being the supreme power in the state, it insists on settling all manner of minute details, for which its constitution renders it totally unfit. A body of 658 members, with unlimited liberty of talk, and with forms expressly contrived so as to give the minority the power of obstructing as much as possible any measures with which it may disagree, undertakes not merely to settle the main outlines of national policy, but to frame the pettiest regulations, which might properly be left to ministers or even to the police; to settle all manner of private business, from the railway system of the country down to the enclosure of half-a-dozen acres of waste land; and, besides this, to hold general debates on personal grievances or on questions of foreign policy or constitutional law for the enlightenment of mankind. As business increases and multiplies, the multifarious nature of the occupations of Parliament, and the total want of any organization to enable it to deal satisfactorily with the task before it, become increasingly obvious; and when an opposition takes every advantage of the forms of the House to oppose the transaction of business, talks recklessly against time, raises frivolous difficulties at every step, or insists on discussing general principles apropos to every detail, its unfitness to deal with the vast accumulation of business becomes more glaringly obvious. Of course, a strong popular feeling on any subject may force a particular measure through Parliament, though it will probably be at the cost of other equally essential but less taking reforms. When, as in the present session, there is no matter which appeals very forcibly to the popular imagination—for army reform is rather a dry subject to others than those professionally interested—we come to the kind of deadlock which we have been recently witnessing.

Of course the evil I have noticed is more or less inherent in all systems of parliamentary government; but our own Parliament, which has not only become the supreme power in the state, but has absorbed into itself so much that belongs properly to the executive, and interferes so constantly even with the smaller details of administration, presents an extreme case of the evil. Mr. Mill and his followers are very anxious to secure a due representation of minorities: I have nothing particular to say against the general principle, but at present minorities seem to be so well protected in England, that any minority, however small, can by a little resolute action hinder all legislative action opposed to its views. There is, in short, unlimited power of obstruction, or rather a power limited only by the fear that some vehement outbreak of popular feeling may some day sweep away the obnoxious institution. But that fear is very remote in many cases, and meanwhile the wheels of our legislative machinery creak wearily and move very slowly on their axles. Some reform in the direction of improving the parliamentary capacities for business would be of infinitely more value than those on which far more eloquence is expended; but it is useless to say what shape it should take, as there is no present chance of any change being seriously proposed. We shall grumble a good deal at the accumulating arrears of work, and go on in our old style till some revolution, pacific or otherwise, clears them off with greater rapidity. Meanwhile politics are rather out of place at the present season, and I hope to dismiss them until the approach of the next session brings them once more before us.

Correspondence.

THE BARINGS AND THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The substitution of a new and unknown banking-house for one which has so long and so well served the diplomatic and consular service is not only an antic, but a most serious and injurious blunder on the part of the Administration—an injustice with two edges, of which the sharpest, by far, our Government has turned to itself. I have no means of knowing how Baring Bros. & Co. regard their deposition, but I know that in monetary circles in London there is a good deal of surprise at the injustice, and

wonder at the bad policy, which are at the bottom of it; and I hear that the Barings are very much annoyed.

Since my connection with the State Department, I have known numerous instances where the kindness and delicacy (beyond that of business men) of Baring Bros. & Co. have extricated the servants of the United States from serious discomfort and discredit. They made it a rule (which may have had its exception, but none to my knowledge) never to dishonor the draft of a known representative of the United States; and when, through the carelessness of the Treasury (as it twice happened in my own experience), the requisite authority to draw on the Barings was not forwarded by the Department, the drafts of the functionary were still honored, though sometimes to the loss of the bankers. I recall one case in which a United States Minister, having overdrawn his salary about £1,000, was suddenly replaced —which stopped his salary, of course—and died on his way home, leaving no estate responsible for his debt, which the bankers lost. It also happened to me once that, by the negligence of the Treasury, I was left for five months without authority to draw on it, during which time my drafts were honored by the Barings, at their own risk, and simply on account of my being an official of the United States. On another occasion, I had to negotiate for the benefit of my predecessor a draft for about $3,000, authority to make which had been given me by the Treasury, but of which no notice had been sent to the Barings, and the draft was negotiated and paid some time before they received the authority to pay from the Government. Courtesies of this kind live in the memory of any gentleman, and make those who blunder into our diplomatic or consular service regret, with the pain which participation in a great injustice causes, the ill-advised change in our financial agency.

But there is another than the sentimental side to the matter. Our representatives in distant parts, where exchange is not always the easiest thing in the world to arrange, will find a difference of some per cent. in the rate of negotiating drafts on a house as well known and highly honored as any in the world, and a house one does not even know the name of. Clews, Habicht & Co. means nothing on a bill in some parts of the world, and I have been where I might have starved for all their credit would have done for me. If our Government thinks that its credit is enough to carry a new banker in strange parts, it is greatly mistaken; the commercial world believes it to be very rich, but very mean and very indifferent to its credit, or that of its representatives. This new proof of its inconsiderateness will help the impression, and will *not* help our bonds in this market in the least, but, on the contrary, has already brought them a certain amount of disfavor, which Baring Bros. & Co. could, if they would, increase greatly.

If we want to encourage American finance, let us be logical, and make all our drafts negotiable at Washington, through American bankers located abroad. It is true we should have to lose fifty per cent. in discount, but we should have the consolation of keeping the business amongst ourselves (ignoring, for the sake of the *ratio ad absurdum*, that Mr. Sturges, of B. B. & Co., is a very good sample of American).—I am, Sir, yours truly,

W. J. Stillman.

London, Sept. 9, 1871.

Notes.

In copying lately from Messrs. Lee & Shepard's announcements, we reproduced an error in regard to a work by Mr. F. H. Underwood, of which the true title is "Cloud Pictures." It will contain four stories: "The Exile of von Adelstein's Soul;" "Topankalon;" "Herr Regenbogen's Concert:" "A Great-Organ Prelude." The last two have already appeared in print. Mr. Underwood, who is the author of a "Hand-Book of English Literature," has in preparation a companion volume of American Literature.——Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Sons will soon publish, in connection with foreign houses, a new and illustrated edition, in one volume quarto, of D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century," "Pictorial and Industrial Art," and "Health and its Conditions." Their own list of fall announcements comprises the following: "Gallery of Landscape Painters"—twenty-four steel engravings from the works of American artists of distinction; a new illustrated red-line edition of the poems of Thomas Hood; the Knickerbocker edition of poets, in large type, for the library; fifteen volumes of a standard "Historical Library"; a "Handbook Series"; and "Travels in the Caucasus," by Mr. Kennan, author of the agreeable work on "Tent Life in Siberia."——The firm of Sever, Francis & Co., of Boston and Cambridge, is dissolved, on account of the ill-health of Mr. Francis, and the Cambridge business of the old house will hereafter be carried on by Mr. Charles W. Sever, the senior partner, while the junior, Mr. John Allyn, will carry on its publishing business and its general Boston business at 21 Bromfield Street, Boston. Mr. Francis will retire with the good wishes of all frequenters of "The University Bookstore," his scholarship and taste having been of service to them in many ways.

—Every year, and, indeed, almost every season, one or two absurd predictions as to the weather or an enormous elemental phenomenon of some kind are set going by some irresponsible joker, who, attaching to them the name of the scientific man who is popularly believed to be the most profound in acquirements, secures for them at once insertion into all the papers, and gulls half the people in the country. The last case in point is the revival this summer of the old "tidal wave" story, and the prediction is fathered on Professor Agassiz, perhaps because he knows something about fish. The wave is due on the fifth of next month, and is to roll in on all the Atlantic coast a wall of water fifty feet high. We believe the northern limit of the devastation was not fixed, but that it was to reach as far south as New Orleans the following letter makes plain:

"New Orleans, La., Sept 9, 1871.

"*Professor C. G. Forshey:*

"Dear Sir: A widely extended impression prevails among the people of the Gulf and Atlantic coast, produced by a prediction, imputed to Prof. Agassiz, of a great tidal wave, or inundation of the coast from the sea.

"After some conversation with you, we ask on behalf of ourselves and many others we venture to represent, that you give us for publication your views as to the merits of the prediction, and, if convenient, your reasons, briefly expressed, for the views you entertain.

"We ask this favor, believing that such publication will tend to allay the public anxiety, from your reputation as a man of science.

"We have the honor to subscribe ourselves, very truly, your obedient servants."

This was signed by five gentlemen and published in the New Orleans *Times* with a letter from Professor Forshey, in which he denounces the "monstrous and cruel hoax" which has disturbed them, and defends the "illustrious philosopher" to whom it was attributed against the suspicion of originating it. He then proceeds to give them a few words of sense which it is a pity that they or anybody else of mature years, and living under a republican form of government, should need. There is need of them, however. From North Carolina a report comes that about Beaufort and along the neighboring coast preachers are warning people to flee from before the face of the angel of the Lord, and a revival in great force is going on in expectation of the "tidal wave." And the authorities of the Signal Office at Washington think it necessary to say that "no predictions in reference to the tidal wave so called" have been issued from that office, and that no such wave is by them expected.

—A Western correspondent thinks we should probably oblige others besides himself if we could furnish "some information about a French and an Italian periodical published in this country that will pay reading by people who appreciate the *Nation*." We regret that it is out of our power to comply with this request, for the reason that we are not acquainted with any such periodical, and that we do not believe any such exists. It would not be difficult to name a great number of organs representing nearly every European nationality (a Bohemian newspaper is the latest that has been brought to our attention), published in the United States, but there is no colony except the Germans which, either in numbers or in cultivation, is capable of sustaining the kind of journal we suppose our correspondent to intend. From the French in Louisiana something might have been expected worthy of their social position and length of settlement; but we have yet to meet with it. In this city, the leading newspaper, the *Courrier des États-Unis*, was obsequiously imperialist down to Sedan, and was unscrupulous enough to manufacture in its own office, during the war, fictitious Cable despatches purporting to come from a well-informed and trustworthy observer in Paris. The *Messager Franco-Américain* is more honest, but less readable. It is probably to Canada that we must look for the best fruit of Franco-American culture; and in fact, Messrs. Dawson Brothers publish in Montreal (the July number was the third) *La Revue Critique de Législation et de Jurisprudence du Canada*. We purpose to speak of this magazine critically hereafter; but it has an appearance of good promise, and the inference must not be drawn from its title that its scope is purely Canadian. There has been at least one article on the Civil Law of Louisiana, contributed by a jurist of that State, and more may doubtless be expected from this side of the line. We should say, from first impressions, that any reader of the *Nation* for whom the *Revue's* specialty has an interest would be repaid by

the reading of it. As for Italian journals, we know only the one which is published daily here, and which is but a very poor affair. Without being asked, we venture to recommend, as we have done already more than once, *O Novo Mundo*, the fortnightly illustrated Portuguese (Brazilian) newspaper, whose office is in the *Times* building. It has, by the way, entered upon its second year. Its editorial articles are numerous, thoughtful, enlightened, and in the best sense of the term religious. Any one who understands French and Italian, or even Latin, will find the Portuguese easy to acquire.

—We fear it must be conceded that the present abolition legislation in Brazil is not serious, nor meant to be serious. If the Emperor's heart were in it, it is difficult to explain why he should have left the country at so important a juncture, or why he should have allowed his ministers to offer so crude, impracticable, and dilatory a measure as that now under discussion. The only immediate emancipation entertained by it is for some 3,000 slaves belonging to the crown; all the rest is gradual, and will not be completed till the end of the century. Slaves born after the passage of the act are nominally free, but really in a condition of servitude for twenty or thirty years. Up to the age of eight, they are to be supported by their master, with a subvention from the state; from eight to twenty-one, the state itself will take them in charge and "educate" them, unless the master prefers to keep them, and let them "work for themselves," till their majority. This is a very paltry concession to the popular demand for abolition, and is so regarded by the public and the independent press of Brazil. There is a strong opposition manifested to the proposed rates of compensation to slave-owners, which may make itself felt in modifying the law as originally framed; but of the best that can be passed now we may predict with certainty that it will ere long be superseded by fresh legislation more responsive to the needs of the times and the fixed sentiment of the people. There will be one sign by which to recognize a scheme that is in earnest: it will embrace a land policy, of which the first article will be the taxation of real estate. This effected, slavery will not linger long. The great estates will have to be broken up, and thrown into the market, or relinquished to the Government, which can then both offer homesteads to immigrants, and find means to develop the empire by opening roads, and otherwise preparing the country for habitation. The Germans already settled in the southern provinces are hastening the adoption of such a policy, from which the slave oligarchy has nothing to expect but overthrow.

—Everybody has been laughing at Sir William Thomson's conjecture, recently laid before the British Association, that this planet may have originally been provided with living things by means of an aerolite thrown to us from some other planet already provided with life. It was not known whether the distinguished electrician was in jest or in earnest, but the laugh was as ready in either case. If he was joking, the joke was held to be a good one, as against those scientific men who now and again rejoice at finding the origin of life, and then, by-and-by, have it pointed out to them by the other scientific men and the clergy that what they have found is a form of life merely, and that life itself, in its essence, is as far from them as ever. If he was in earnest, the laugh was still against them, and also against him with them. The origin of life on the other planet was still to be explained, and an incandescent aerolite was thought to be a queer bearer for such a burden as Sir William had laid upon it. A correspondent, in a recent number of *Nature*, takes up the tale, informing the editor that Sir William Thomson will no doubt be gratified to hear that in a curious book, published some time since, and entitled "A Visit to My Discontented Cousin," his remarkable hypothesis regarding the origin of life on our earth is anticipated. The Discontented Cousin, having heard a discussion about a certain meteoric stone, goes home and, in a vision, the stone appears to him. The mass undergoes various changes, and soon organic dots appear, one of which showed signs of active life, for, after some wriggling, it rose to its microscopic legs, and confronted the dreamer with a self-confident mien. Conversation ensued. The meteoric man tells the story of his planet, beginning with a remark which goes some little way in establishing the doctrine of his and our community of origin: "We know all about you, old boy," he said, "and the British Association, and we don't think much of you, either." So the "British Ass.," it is probable, was not originally indebted to Sir William Thomson for such life as there was in his joke.

—One of the best specimens of modern legal literature of the Belgian type, interesting in itself and in the sharp contrast it affords to our own methods of study, will be found in a stout, handsomely printed pamphlet of pp. 288, viz.: "Concours Universitaire, 1869-70. Exposé du Système de la Législation civile sur les Droits dont les Étrangers jouissent en Belgique. Mémoire couronné, présenté par Hippolyte Lippens" (Ghent, 1871). This scholarly essay upon the legal relations of foreigners who reside in Belgium, is a very clear and orderly exhibition of the way in which such subjects are treated, exhaustively and analytically, in the schools of civil law. Starting out with a sketch of the condition of foreigners in very early times, it brings down the history to the French Revolution, showing the effect that event had upon their legal status under the civil code. Then, starting afresh with the law of Belgium, it goes carefully over the legislation and the judicial decisions on the subject—drawing, of course, largely on the contemporaneous and nearly uniform law of France, but pointing out the differences both in actual and in theoretical legal discussions of the question; next takes up in turn each of the subdivisions, the "acte de l'état civil," domicile, absence, marriage, divorce or limited separation, paternal and filial relation, adoption and guardianship, paternal power, minority, "tutelle" and emancipation, majority, interdiction, and "mise sous conseil judiciaire," and then passing into the broader rights of property, with all its qualifications of intestacy, of wills, of contracts, of marriage, and of imprisonment, it goes into particular details of processes and trial. The absence of "case law," with its easy display of wealth drawn from indexes and digests, is not more remarkable than the authority attributed to treatise writers, and the constant recurrence to the text of the civil code itself, as giving often its own best gloss on the subject-matter in hand. A treatise on the same subject in this country would be a very acceptable help to some of our claimants before the "*Alabama* Commission" at Geneva; but who would like to undertake to reconcile, even if he could collect, all the cases in all the courts of the Union and the States bearing on the rights and relations of foreigners in this country?

—Julian Schmidt addresses, through the *National-Zeitung*, an open letter to MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, the occasion being a sentence in the latest tale by these partners in authorship, called "Histoire d'un Sous-Maître," which originally appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In the number for December, 1870, the venerable schoolmaster of seventy, Jean Baptiste, is represented as saying to a younger friend that though popular education is the weightiest lever of human progress, "it is not enough to learn to read, write, and cipher decently; for a person can be well instructed and yet very stupid. That's an everyday observation. How comes it, for instance, that the Germans, who can every one of them read and write, are fighting against the French Republic, ushered in, as it is, in behalf of human rights—German rights as well as French? It comes of their bad training. Instead of imparting to them notions of freedom and justice, their heads are filled with ideas of revenge and mastery. With all their great science, these people are nevertheless extremely narrow, inasmuch as they suffer themselves to be butchered for traditions from the time of Clovis, in the interest of kings who make sport of them. Candidly, I prefer to this the ignorance of the French." Mr. Schmidt meets this charge against his countrymen of being slaves to historic renown by a very felicitous quotation from a former novel of Erckmann-Chatrian, in which a certain character explains how the soldiers of the Republic came at last to be soldiers of the Empire, "waging war to the knife on those who only asked for peace, as they themselves thought only of posts of honor, dignities, and riches, and forgetting all notion of human rights": "If you ask me how these things were possible, I answer you—It all came from the inordinate love of the French for glory." The Germans understood this very well when they asked of the Republic the same guaranties they would have required of the Empire. Peace without exactions would not have diminished one iota the chances of a future war; with the same madness, the French would have adopted the catch-word—"Revenge for Wörth!" "Revenge for Gravelotte!" "Revenge for Sedan!" And what sort of a Republic was there to deal with, after all?—"one whose legislature is two-thirds monarchist, and which is only kept from reverting into a monarchy because it cannot decide among the pretenders to the throne. And all these pretenders have promised their future subjects revenge for Wörth, and Gravelotte, and Sedan." Jean Baptiste hopes by means of a sort of catechism to instruct the French in their rights and duties. Mr. Schmidt suggests that special stress must be laid on the duties. He points out two modes of discipline by which the Prussians have their notions of duty sharpened—the universal military service, and (for the better classes) municipal office-holding. "They have served as privates, the young count beside the valet-de-chambre and the peasant's son: I call that democracy in the fulfilment of duty." And his final advice to the old schoolmaster is that his instruction be moral as well as intellectual; and that he warn

against lying especially, "holding up a lie to the child's soul as something indecent and to be repelled." It should be stated that the critic praises the general tendency of the "Story of a Sub-master," the sentiment in question being in fact the only one to which exception can be taken.

THE MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.

THE *Catholic World* is always too polemical for the general reader, and is quite as much so this month as commonly, but Fernan Caballero's "Lucas Garcia" is a story which would, no doubt, interest most of our readers. To be sure, it may better be waited for until it gets into book-form. Another article, "The Liquefaction of the Blood of Saint Januarius," is of a kind that many of our readers would be apt to pronounce rather disgusting, but it will please all violent Romanists, we suppose, and all violent Protestants. It goes at length into statistical tables as to the condition of the blood at various stages of its exhibition—as the time when it is "viscous and grumous"; the time when it becomes "jelly-like"; the time when it is very hard; the time when the outside portion of it remains hard, forming a sort of incarnate cup within the glass cup, while all the middle "moves about in quite a fluid condition"; the time, on the contrary, when a hard lump swims about in the centre of the cup; the time when it is fully liquefied and covered with froth. The miracle is by no means the wanton exhibition of supernatural power which the American Protestant is apt to believe it. "When vice is rife in the city, and especially when sins against religion abound," the displeasure of heaven is marked by the withholding of the miraculous liquefaction of the blood, which thus indicates the need of increased ardor in the performance of necessary religious duties. Again, it has on one occasion, at least, saved the city from destruction by earthquake and lava. In December, 1631, the Neapolitans in imminent danger of total destruction from Vesuvius, resolved to call on their patron saint, and the reliquary being borne forth from the cathedral by the archbishop, at the head of a great procession, had no sooner reached the square than a rift in the cloud of ashes overhanging the city let in the sun upon the tomblike darkness, which soon vanished wholly. Outside the city thousands had perished; within it, not a soul. It is added that, "ere the archbishop had descended from the altar, all were aware that an east wind had sprung up, and that the smoke and cinders and ashes were being blown away across the sea"; but the stopping of the lava streams is not to be thus accounted for. The statistical tables given by the author of this article are full and numerous, but not particularly intelligible. On the whole, we do not know as being anywhere accessible to the American reader of magazines a fuller account of this annual ceremony than is here offered. Nothing is left unrelated. Indeed, the *Catholic World*, as often as not, takes the line of presenting boldly the extreme positions of its faith. Doctor McCosh, for instance, has said recently, in substance, that it is difficult to conceive of an Œcumenical Council at Rome, or a Methodist Conference in Connecticut, or an Episcopal Convocation at Lambeth, fancying that it has the right to decide for or against the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton, or the doctrine of the conservation of force On this the editor remarks, that Doctor McCosh possesses "truth" only in a mutilated form, and wholly overlooks the fact that religion is the first science, and nothing can be true, scientifically or otherwise, that is contrary or unfavorable to it. There is plenty more of the same sort; "Our Lady of Lourdes," for instance, will be found as surprising to the American mind as the article on the liquefaction miracle, or this "Christianity and Positivism" from which we have just been quoting.

In "The Elements of our Nationality" there is some sensible advice to Irishmen in this country as to the help they should afford their fellow-countrymen. Not by Fenianism, the writer tells them, are they to assist their brethren, but by following the example of the Germans, who have organized a system of receiving German immigrants when they first arrive, and giving them advice, instruction, and assistance of great value to the new comer. Singularly enough, the Irish, all of whom spend money freely to enable their relatives to come over here, have never thought to supplement their individual exertions by organization in the interest of their countrymen as a body. The superior thrift, as well as the superior intelligence and education, of the German immigrant, make of him, however, a person who endorses himself, so to speak, to a far greater extent than the city-haunting Irish peasant, and whom, therefore, it is far safer to endorse and assist.

Another noticeable article in the *Catholic World* is on the riot of the twelfth of July, which is not treated of in a very satisfactory manner, though there is in it more of sense than of rancor and unfairness. But not much in the way of conciliation is to be expected from a writer who speaks of the Orangemen as representing "the party that in Ireland fought for a foreign invader and a chief of rebels against their own country, and were at once traitors to their king and nation." That is to say, they fought against James the Second, and for a cause which, were it to be fought for over again in this country next summer, instead of having been won for good and all a hundred and eighty ago, would be supported by thirty-odd millions of Americans, South and North, white and black. It is the belief on the part of many Americans that Roman Catholics do to a great extent hold views like those expressed in this article before us which causes them to distrust the Irish Catholics, and compels a reluctant sympathy with the bigoted Orangemen, who cannot be made to look foolish as long as Catholic writers supply for their insulting processions a background like this.

The *Galaxy* opens with a translation of an extremely interesting story by Turgeneff. It is one of his gloomiest and most tragical—a story to be shunned by those who have given up reading pathetic and mournful things, and even by some such as have not done so, but who will not read unrelieved tragedy. Still it is, as we say, very interesting as a study of character. The analysis is very searching, and we should say that its results are perfectly in accord with truth. It is a simply told story: Four young people, who have known each other as children, are, as it happens, brought together again in the first prime of their youth. They fall in love and become engaged to be married, but the young men go away, and their love—partly a poetic dream, partly passion, partly luxurious trifling—early fades and cools, and the girls are deserted. By-and-by Alexis writes to one of them; not to the one of them whom he had forsaken, but to her sister, Maria Alexandrovna. Why he writes he does not know, he says, though the reader sees why. And Alexis is not mistaken in the belief which he evidently half-cherishes that Maria will reply to him, and that soon her heart will be interested. We must not, however, tell the story on to its doubly tragical and ruinous catastrophe, though we might do so without interfering with its principal claims to attention, its psychological truthfulness, and its excellence of finished workmanship. It is a kind of reading that one may perhaps feel a reluctance to recommend. Still its ability at all events is not to be gainsaid, and its morbidness one may almost expect to find acting as its own antidote.

For a very different class of readers Mr. Edward Cropsey's account of the receivers of stolen goods in this city, their modes of operation, and their relations with the police and the thieves, is well adapted. Mr. E. A. Pollard's somewhat glowing tribute to the emancipated negro has more general interest. Mr. Pollard may not have had an opportunity to hear them, but we could tell him stories of negroes selling their votes and of negroes planning and executing elective frauds with a skill and effect that leave nothing to be desired. That the general aspect of the negro suffrage problem is not on the whole very discouraging must, however, we think, be admitted. His best friends are not at present his political flatterers, however, but the men and women who are educating his children. Doubtless it is true, too, that the mere experience of the cares of freedom, the habit he is acquiring of managing his own affairs, is an educational process of very high importance. And among the most hopeful signs of the times is the spectacle of the Virginian conservatives, and those of other States, welcoming the political assistance of the colored men. Nothing but good, we believe, is to be expected of this, and just here we are confident is to be found the most probable as well as the very best solution of the political and social troubles of the South. The prospects of that part of the country are certainly dark enough at present, and we shall probably see worse things there before we see better. It can hardly be expected, for example, that some one or two of the Southern States are not to pass through an experience of repudiation; and the men are not many who admit with Mr. Pollard, at least with the requisite unreserve and cheerfulness, that to take away the voting franchise from the negro is all but physically impossible; and if it were possible, would still be not desirable. But Mr. Pollard points out some things that are reassuring, his own conversion from the belief held by him ten years ago that the slave-trade ought to be revived being itself not without its significance. At all events, every word of sense on the subject is a clear gain.

For the rest, the *Galaxy* for October has an article by Mr. Greeley entitled "The One-Term Principle"; something by "Carl Benson" on "Popular Fallacies"; a little poem, of some prettiness, by Mr. William Winter; the "Scientific Miscellany"; and the notices of current literature, both English and German. These latter are neither numerous enough nor weighty enough, and, together with the scrappiness of the "Nebulæ" and the dolefulness of the humorous department, give the

magazine something of an air of shabbiness which is not diminished by its typographical appearance, outside and in. The illustration this month, which is a portrait of Mr. Anthony Trollope, is the best of the series in which it appears, and deserves an amount of commendation as regards its likeness to the original, and the quality of the engraving and printing, which could not be given to any of its predecessors. Upon Mr. Greeley's article we have already commented, and have shown, we think, its inadequacy. We may add that it marks so clearly Mr. Greeley's opinion as to the next Presidential canvass, and it is so clumsy in its method of connecting the question of civil-service reform with quite another question, that we fear it cannot be taken as committing Mr. Greeley to the support of the needed reformation. "Carl Benson's" "Popular Fallacies" is calculated to be of service to young writers who have had no opportunity of studying logic, and will have done more good than most magazine articles if it leads a certain number of editors, say, to an acquaintaince with Whately's little text-book, which it mentions.

In *Lippincott's Monthly* the magazine reader will find something worth reading in the "Baudelaire" of Miss Lucy Fountain, who, however, has been too much impressed by the poet, and makes of him a good deal more than he deserves. On Swinburne, and his degree of inferiority to his French idol, Miss Fountain makes a few brief remarks which are more indubitably close to perfectly just criticism, and altogether the essay is, as we have said, worth reading. Still better worth reading and very beautiful is the little story translated by Miss Agnes Irwin from the French of Gustave Droz. "Making an Omelette" is the title of it, and it is so charming and pure that it may well be regretted that M. Droz should have written some of the things which he has consented to write. It is so charming and so good in feeling that not only may it be regretted that M. Droz has disgraced himself in some of his stories and sketches, but it may be fully expected that he will write no more such, and that it was the exigencies of youthful authorship which compelled him at the beginning of his career to consult other tastes than his own. Besides these two articles, *Lippincott's* has some more of "Mr. Whymper's Scrambles Among the Alps," with the really excellent illustrations; a short sketch by Mr. Prentice Mulford, which sets forth very well the jocular barbarity with which the Californian regards the Chinaman, and which has a smack of the pioneer humor; the last of M. Donbavand's "Wild Ireland," and a book-notice or two, one of which is acrid enough to suggest apprehensions for the writer's health if he is going to continue in the profession. The October number of *Lippincott's* is at the usual average as regards the rest of its contents, and taken altogether is a good number of a magazine which, without pretentiousness, does a good deal of honest work. Typographically considered, it may be said to show respect for its public, and self-respect and good taste on the part of its publishers and printers, and this is more than can be said of some others of our magazines which have a greater reputation and make larger claims.

Counting out some poetry which need not delay any one, *Harper's* begins with a gossiping and amusing account of the old times of the post-office in New York. Think of General Bailey's holding the office of postmaster for twenty-five years, from Jefferson's time till Jackson's, with no thought of removal. We cannot have everything, however—though it is difficult to see why we might not have something like that—and those were the days when the Western mail used to be set across the river in a skiff from "Paulus Hook," now departed, and the Boston mail used to come in great state down the Bowery, drawn by four horses, while the driver, when he reached the place where now the Cooper Union stands, used to blow a horn, which could be heard for a mile or more, and notified the suburban farmers that he was coming. Then the citizens would walk out to see the mail-coach and the four blooded horses. There is usually something agreeable in recollections of this sort, and this paper is not an exception to the rule, and will be widely liked, as local knowledge of New York is widely spread.

Following this article are two others—both illustrated, and not illustrated very well, for Harper & Brothers believe in profusion of pictures rather than in excellence of them, and so no doubt do their audience—the one being about the Yale College Expedition of 1870 out in the Platte River Country; the other being the last of the papers of Siberian travel and adventure. Both will please. And some people will be pleased with an article with something new about "John Phœnix," by General R. B. Marcy—to some other palates it will be of too antiquated a flavor. It is the mess-room talk of an officer who has spent many years telling stories in frontier forts. Gossipy, too, is the "Bygone Celebrities of Bond Street," by the veteran Richard Horne, the author of the forgotten poem of "Orion," so much praised by Poe, and of multitudes of other things equally forgotten, and once for a little time a Bond Street celebrity himself. It has a good story or two to tell, though it must be confessed that they are not of a particularly exalted character. Still, it is worth while, if only for recollection and reflection, when next Miss Lydia Thompson's scanty raiment points the moral against us, to know the facts in regard to Lord Petersham's appearance at evening parties, when George the Fourth was king, in tights of a boiled-prawn color. We do better than that. The conquest of Ireland is a rapid summary of the history of English oppression and Irish division during six hundred years, told with correctness and spirit; "Down the Eastern Shore" is a description of Maryland east of the Chesapeake, well done by Mr. Bayard Taylor; "The American Baron" is lively as ever; the Editor's Easy Chair talks well of Scott; and for the rest of the October *Harper's*, a serious "poem," of good moral intention, by "P. V. Nasby," and a due allowance of love, science, "Editor's Drawer," and "Editor's Historical Record."

Dr. T. M. Coan, in *Scribner's Monthly*, makes a good article about the eruptions of Kilauea and Mauna Loa, the Hawaiian volcanoes, which have so often afforded the grandest spectacles of lava streams that the world has shown. It is well illustrated, and, indeed, *Scribner's* has lately done itself much credit by its illustrations, some of which, prepared abroad, have rarely, if ever, been equalled in our periodical literature; and some of which, prepared at home, will have the effect of stirring up publishers who hitherto have thought themselves beyond competition in this field. In the other details of its external appearance, *Scribner's* is to be praised; and it is no small matter in a magazine which is so emphatically a magazine for a wide circulation in families of the average kind, that it should do something in the way of educating the taste. It is announced to be the intention of its owners to make very shortly some changes which will be improvements. It will be enlarged, not only by the addition of some pages, but also by the removal of the "leads" which separate the lines so far at present; and thus more matter will be found in each page.

"Water, its Ways and Uses," is a discursive article, which, like Doctor Coan's, will please the boys, as will "Wilfrid Cumbermede." For the heads of the family there is a discussion on the question whether Adam was the first man? which has geology enough in it to make Doctor Justin Edwards turn over in his grave; a sensible article by Doctor Edward Spencer "On the Philosophy of Good Health" and "A Summer Trip to Newfoundland," which ought to send some vacation-seekers down there in coming summers. As for the young ladies of the family, they may very easily find love stories less pretty than that by Mrs. E. A. Walker; and they may easily find some far prettier and far pleasanter than that by Mr. Albert Webster, who ought to be able to see that he makes of his hero a detestable rascal. Some of the incidents have, however, a kind of freshness not usual in stories of this grade. The editorial departments are well filled, and the "etching" at the end is clever and spirited, though a little too severe on the old farmers of the New England town-meeting. After all, they did build the "school-housen," sourly as they used to grumble over the appropriations.

A better *Atlantic* has not been seen in a long time than this October number. The appearance of Mr. Atkinson's article, "Free Trade Revenue Reform," is an important event in the political world as well as the financial, and will undoubtedly affect legislation at Washington next winter. Nothing could show with more of forcible clearness that the country is taxed foolishly and wastefully. "To take a small portion of that which men seek as the end of their labor, rather than to impair the means whereby they gain their subsistence," is just the rule that every House of Representatives for the last twelve years has not proceeded upon.

Of the other prose articles in the *Atlantic*, "Kaweah's Run" we may safely recommend to all our readers as an admirable story of adventure. The lowness of tone is very effective; and it appears to be anything but merely artistic. We commend Kaweah's story particularly to all lovers of the horse, and, but that comparisons are odious, we would recommend readers of the *Atlantic* to compare this story with another one which also appeared in the *Atlantic*, some three years ago perhaps, and which, like this, was about a horse—a horse in a railroad-car. To apprehend the difference between the two in point of sincerity, in restraint, and in consequent true force, would be to have learned one lesson in good writing. Of Mr. Howells's essay and story in one, and of Mr. James's story, we need say nothing, except, perhaps, that neither is just nor so perfectly characteristic of its author as the former parts have been. "On an Old Latin Text-Book" is by Mr. T. W. Higginson, and besides some pleasant writing has some sensible remarks on the classicist side of the dispute between the scientific men and the others. We confess that, for our own part, we see

no reason why "culture" is not safe enough to admit of all its friends possessing their souls in peace. In this country especially, one can think of the Tweeds and Ashleys and Butlers themselves without too much perturbation when one is reminded of the rate at which colleges grow; and grow better with each twelve months, as well as larger and more numerous.

The poetry of the October *Atlantic* is by Mr. Harte, Mrs. Piatt, Mr. B. G. Hosmer, and Mr. Whittier. The last it would be wrong to praise as poetry merely: it brings one so near to the good and tender heart of a good man. No one will read it without renewed affection for the poet, and without being glad in the serenity of the closing years of his life—a serene close which he surely, of all men in the world, misnames in calling it "self-indulgent years."

> "The outflung heart of youth,
> The tumult of the truth,"

should at least not seem better than the peace which follows work well done, and the sight of which, well-enjoyed as well-earned, is an aid, and would be sufficient if it were the only one, which Mr. Whittier is now rendering all the good causes he ever fought for.

A MAINE REGIMENT IN THE WAR.*

When the Army of the Potomac was advancing up the Peninsula, under McClellan, now a long time ago, we remember to have seen in the early morning, at a woody cross-road below Cold Harbor, a rough piece of cracker-box nailed to an old sign-post, and inscribed "Richmond, Va., 20 miles—Gorham, Maine, 500 miles." A Maine regiment, whose mark this was, had camped near by, and was again on its light-hearted way. As with the cat's face in the fairy story, a grin seemed to linger about the cross-road after the artist had left. But the author of this pleasantry, if haply he still kept the ranks, did not get to Richmond as soon as he had counted on; and he was so long in getting back to Gorham that a big book has grown out of following another Maine regiment in the actual interval.

Major Gould traces the history of what he styles the 1–10–29th Regiment—that is, a regiment of Maine infantry which bore these numbers successively—he, amongst others, serving under all three. Unhappily, we think, for the truth of history and for the satisfaction of all concerned, the writing of regimental histories is a labor not commonly very well repaid, if repaid at all, outside of a small, interested circle. For the most part the task has, therefore, been given over to such hands as the Military History Departments at State Capitols, and from these sources we know pretty well what to expect. We have seen a printed form sent by a State historian to a regimental officer for his filling up, calling for such items of interest as the full maiden name of his mother and the occupations of his boyhood, and leading him on line by line through his career in peace to a declaration of his part in the war, even to his heroism in particular instances. Possibly, some who think their reputations demand it will comply literally with all these requirements, especially if they are going into politics. Perhaps in the whole State one man will tell the simple truth about himself, and in case this man should ever become a Washington, a grateful country will know where to study his early footprints on the sands of time. But this is not the way in which State historians or any others can compose military history, in the proper sense of the word. Major Gould is one of the only class who can write on such a subject what will be worth the printing or the reading. Civilians attempt it, chaplains and surgeons attempt it, but the work needs the hand and the experience of one who has "been thar'," in the fullest sense of the California poet.

Such an author ought to seek and secure a larger circle of readers than the regiment's survivors and local friends. Nothing in history touches the average American like the recent war and its incidents, if brought before him with an air of reality; and fiction would not charm him more if he could find a truthful and lifelike record of what went on in the field. He does not care for strategy and tactics, or dull recital of grand campaigns. He does not breathe a military atmosphere; he has a dread of standing armies, and does not long for foreign war or the sentimental glory of arms. But take him well to the front where the fighting was, and let him stand in the once deadly ranks, and there is nothing that moves him so much. Nobody can do this for him like a regimental officer; and only from such a one can he and all of us *realize* the dread facts of that long struggle which seems now almost forgotten. A generation is already growing up to whom the sense of personal loss was not very keenly brought home. Figures may tell what the losses were; but we have grown dull to figures, and milliards now are no more surprising than thousands were before the war. We should better feel what had to be undergone by our army if the soldiers told us simply what the regiments saw and did and suffered. General Sherman wisely said in Philadelphia, at the unveiling of a picture of the battle of Gettysburg, that he hoped more pictures like it would be painted, not to illustrate the triumph of one section over another, but to keep it in the minds of the oncoming generation how such scenes as that had marred our land for months and years. It is mainly from this point of view that we hope for lifelike war histories; not for the glorification of men or organizations.

The chief difficulty in the way lies in the mass of details of merely local interest with which authors feel bound to encumber such works. Perhaps there is no help for this, but it is, of course, one of the reasons why the general public pays so little attention to regimental histories. We have never seen any work on the war which at all compared, for interest, with the scraps of letters printed in the "Harvard Memorials"—we take it, because they tell in a natural way the ups and downs and hard realities of soldier life as it was, unspoilt by a sense of authorship and unburdened by dulness for mere record's sake. Major Gould's book has, in parts, a very general interest, and, in parts, is very well written. His account of his regiment's fight in the battle of Antietam is, for a page or two, one of the best of its kind we have ever read. Kinglake, in his "Crimean War," tried to paint, as if from life, just such a scene of close combat; but with great elaboration and refining, his effort was cold and artificial by the side of the simple and truthful narrative before us. The regiment, almost alone by chance, confronted at very close quarters a rebel regiment in a piece of woods. One of the Maine captains, who had fainted from exhaustion at Cedar Mountain, and thought himself, therefore, under a cloud, stood by the regiment's colors, and, while aiming his pistol at one of the enemy, was instantly killed. The men took to what poor shelter they could find, and a duel by regiments ensued. The enemy sent sharpshooters into the trees, and got a plunging fire on our men, who, in turn, brought down some of these high skirmishers, one of whom was seen to have climbing-irons strapped to his legs. The Maine colonel's horse was shot in the head, and became frantic, plunging wildly about. The colonel, dismounting, was shot in both legs, and his horse, being free, ran to where the lieutenant-colonel was standing, and, suddenly wheeling in front of him, kicked him in the breast and stomach, and wholly disabled him. The loss of men was meantime very heavy. General Mansfield, the corps commander, rode up to check the firing, thinking that both regiments were Union troops, but just as he discovered his error the brave old man was mortally wounded, and had to be carried from the field. As Major Gould tells this story, we have a battle scene indeed, stripped of all pomp and circumstance, and, for once, true to the life. "On going in," says Major Gould, "came the moment of battle that tried us severely; not that there was a sign of hesitancy or show of poor behavior, but it is terrible to march slowly into danger, and see and feel that each second your chance for death is surer than it was the second before. The desire to break loose, to run, to fire, to do something, no matter what, rather than to walk, is almost irresistible;" and on coming out, "the sight of our thinned ranks, and the prospect of another day of bloody work, was sickening. There had been hardly an incident in the whole day's work of butchery and blood to cheer us, yet we repeated to each other our experiences, and tried to make the best of a bad state of things."

These comments, and the slight hint we have given of the author's faithful sketch of one sharp fight he was in, will illustrate what we have said of the value and moral of a regimental history written under such auspices. But if this should not suffice, there is still food for reflection in the author's account of the slaughter at Cedar Mountain, and of Banks's calamitous Red River Expedition—calamitous to the Northern arms in a military sense, and to the Southern people in the destruction of valuable property. There is something cheering in the Shenandoah Valley victories, because only by victory could we have peace again; but a generous sympathy will feel for the misfortunes of Early's misled army, and for the war-ridden people whose homes lay in the path of that campaign. And finally, the chapter on reconstruction, which tells of the military occupation of the South just after the war—of demoralized volunteers—of Treasury agents—of the Freedmen's Bureau—all this should bear with it a lesson to be had constantly in remembrance as the years go on. It is not within our province to follow the career of Major Gould's regiment, or to speak of a book like his from a literary standpoint. We wish that the result of his praiseworthy and intelligent labor, aided as it was by

* "History of the 1-10-29th Maine Regiment. By Major John M. Gould." Portland: Stephen Berry. 1871.

his all-important personal observation, which was shrewd and just, had been a book free from matters of mere regimental detail—such a book as would attract the curiosity of many readers outside of his own State whom he might greatly interest and instruct. Perhaps he might still make it such.

Reminiscences of Fifty Years. By Mark Boyd. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.)—We have read strings of epitaphs more entertaining than this collection, which seems to have been put together for the sake of saving dull scraps of biography. Or else it was compiled to justify the common belief in a Scotchman's insensibility to such humor as is more delicate than personal. The best story of all is carefully spoiled in the telling. When Sydney Smith was expressing impatience at the delay of certain dignitaries to attend a meeting on the subject of paving the streets around St. Paul's with wood, he did not say that "as the question of blockheads was to be discussed, there was no other course than to wait"; but he did suggest that the absentee aldermen had only "to lay their heads together." The welcome that met Crabbe Robinson's interminable gossiping memoirs may have given a hint to this reminiscent, emulous of his example, to collect and print his own notes of dinner-conversations. Most of the anecdotes read like crumbs picked up after the feast of talk was over—they need action, the stimulus of good cheer, and an audience tolerant of "*l'Amphitryon où l'on dîne*," to make them moderately lively.

Their range of time and characters leads one to expect some variety, though it was hardly worth while to go back to Johnson for a tame jest on dissenters, or cross to Italy in search of a cabman's everyday banter. Nelson and Wellington figure at length and prosily; Sir John Franklin and Burnside are lugged in to say something not worth repeating; and Talfourd and Rothschild reserve for the listener's delight their most commonplace remarks. The natives of New Zealand and Australia, where the author modestly hopes his reminiscences will be read, may be touched with the freshness of the salt-and-egg story, transferred from J. Miller to a London club; but for the rest, they must agree with Froissart, who thought these English took their pleasure after a sad fashion. Thackeray is introduced at a Greenwich dinner of Scotchmen, where "there was an immense amount of post-prandial oratory, involving much mutual laudation. 'Good gracious,' he whispered, 'do they mean all they say? for, if so, there are some three or four men at this table already qualified to be prime ministers.'" He would have found something sharper to say if invited to the extraordinary scene of riot and drunkenness at a country funeral in Kirkcudbright, described on page 89, where the procession exhilarated itself into a steeple-chase, leaving many of the riders as helpless as the principal subject of the occasion. Indeed, the writer contrives, in a dull and lumbering way, to leave a very poor impression of Scotchmen's morality and generosity, not much relieved by the campaign incidents celebrating their acuteness and gallantry.

The best parts of the book are composed from personal sketches of two very different men—Lieutenant Waghorn, the indomitable but too convivial sailor, who made the overland route to India known and possible, and Gentleman Jones, the comedian and teacher of elocution. There is something quite Western in Waghorn's straightforward persistence and contempt of red-tape. Ministers and directors stood very little in his way, and he emphasized his indifference by slamming their doors and by unhandsome gestures to their very faces in an amusing fashion. Jones's history reveals some secrets for manufacturing Parliamentary orators that our stump-speakers might profit by. As models for speaking the English language purely, he was accustomed to listen to Bishop Blomfield's sermons, Lyndhurst's judgments, and the speeches of Ellenborough. The specimens of his anecdotes given make us regret that the collector lost his best opportunity for producing a readable book by neglecting to note down the other numerous and instructive ones he praises.

Sir Henry Halford's advice is worth recording: "If you wish to preserve your eyes, never read by candlelight anything smaller than the ace of clubs;" which perhaps gives a clue also to the odd Scotch practice, elsewhere mentioned, of calling spectacles "preserves." And there is a dramatic effect in the description, borrowed from Palgrave, of Speaker Abbott, lingering ten minutes, his face as white as a sheet, over the casting vote that condemned Dundas for official misconduct, while Pitt crushed his hat over his brows to hide the streaming tears, and pushed in haste out of the House. But, with the exception of a very few pages, the amusement to be gained from these gleanings of fifty years is of that very mild sort one may find in being reminded of the insignificant things great men can do and the indifferent ones clever men have said.

JUST PUBLISHED

BY

PORTER & COATES,

PUBLISHERS,

PHILADELPHIA.

I.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY;

OR,

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BIRDS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Illustrated with Plates engraved and colored from Original Drawings taken from Nature.

BY ALEXANDER WILSON.

With a life of the author, by George Ord, F.R.S. With Continuation, by Charles Lucien Bonaparte (Prince of Musignano). 3 vols. imperial 8vo, with a folio volume of carefully colored plates embracing nearly 400 figures of birds, mostly life-size. Elegantly bound in cloth, bevelled boards, gilt top, $75; in half Turkey morocco, gilt edges, $85.

II.

THOS. HOOD'S POETICAL WORKS.

2 vols. crown 8vo, tinted paper, cloth extra, $1 75 per vol.; half-calf, gilt, $3 50 per vol.; half-morocco, gilt top, $3 50 per vol.

III.

UP THE RHINE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Crown 8vo, tinted paper, cloth extra, $1 75 per vol.; half-calf, gilt, $3 50 per vol.; half-morocco, antique, $3 25 per vol.

Immediately, in One Volume 8vo, pp. 406.

HISTORICAL ESSAYS.

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M.A.,

Hon. D.C.L., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.

CONTENTS:

The Mythical and Romantic Elements in Early English History.
The Continuity of English History.
The Relations between the Crowns of England and Scotland.
St. Thomas of Canterbury and His Biographers.
The Life of Edward the Third.
The Holy Roman Empire.
The Franks and the Gauls.
The Early Sieges of Paris.
Frederick the First, King of Italy.
The Emperor Frederick the Second.
Charles the Bold.
Presidential Government.

NOW READY.

THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

BY P. LANFREY.

Vol. 1, 8vo, cloth, $3 50.

"One of the most striking pieces of historical composition of which France, rich as she is in that order, has its boast. Assuredly, M. Lanfrey's book is important not merely for the illustration which it supplies of pure theories of government, but for the light which it throws on the character of what is in so many ways, even now in its hour of confusion, the most important power in Modern Europe."—Pall Mall Gazette.

MACMILLAN & CO.,

38 Bleecker Street, New York.

PRIVATE SECRETARYSHIP or similar employment wanted by one of some experience, with Academic Honors, and good social position. Address H. S. B., care of "THE NATION."

LIFE AND LETTERS OF CAPTAIN JOHN Brown. Edited by Richard D. Webb. The best ever written. With photograph showing the face without the beard. Price $1 50. Address, Publisher of THE NATION, Box 6732, N. Y.

AMERICANA. A Catalogue of a Recent Importation of Rare Books on American History may be had on application to

GEORGE TAWSE, Bookseller,
2 Dey Street, New York.

CRITICAL AND SOCIAL ESSAYS. Reprinted from THE NATION, and in some measure supplying the place of the first two volumes of the paper, now somewhat scarce. Price $1 50. Address, Publisher of THE NATION, Box 6732, N. Y.

YALE AND HARVARD USE

WHITNEY'S GERMAN COURSE,

OTTO'S FRENCH COURSE.

HOLT & WILLIAMS,

PUBLISHERS,

No. 25 Bond Street, New York.

The Publishers issue a very large assortment of works in the same department.

☞ A Descriptive Catalogue will be sent gratis to any one referring to this advertisement.

"No diligent writer will willingly be without a copy."

JUST PUBLISHED, COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

LIPPINCOTT'S PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY OF

BIOGRAPHY AND MYTHOLOGY,

CONTAINING

Memoirs of the Eminent Persons of all Ages and Countries, and Accounts of the various Subjects of the Norse, Hindoo, and Classic Mythologies, with the Pronunciation of their Names in the Different Languages in which they occur.

BY J. THOMAS, A.M., M.D.

Complete in 1 vol. imperial 8vo, toned paper, sheep, $15; half-Turkey, $17; half-calf, $18.

This invaluable work embraces the following peculiar features in an eminent degree:

I. GREAT COMPLETENESS AND CONCISENESS in the Biographical Sketches.
II. SUCCINCT BUT COMPREHENSIVE ACCOUNTS of all the more interesting subjects of Mythology.
III. A LOGICAL SYSTEM OF ORTHOGRAPHY.
IV. THE ACCURATE PRONUNCIATION OF the Names.
V. FULL BIBLIOGRAPHICAL REFERENCES.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary, according to the unanimous opinion of distinguished scholars, is the best work of the kind ever published."—Phila. Ledger.

"The most complete and satisfactory work of the kind in the language."—Chicago Standard.

"The most comprehensive and valuable work of the kind that has ever been attempted. . . . An invaluable convenience."—Boston Ev. Traveller.

"The most valuable contribution to lexicography in the English tongue."—Cincinnati Chronicle.

"No other work of the kind will compare with it."—Chicago Advance.

"This work presents a very wide range of treatment, great compactness and perspicuity, wonderful accuracy, and a typographical execution that is absolutely perfect."—N. Y. Ev. Post.

"The most complete Biographical Dictionary in the world."—Phila. Age.

"An admirable work."—New York Independent.

"A work of extraordinary value."—Boston Post.

"Its plan is admirable."—New York Tribune.

☞ For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent, free of expense, upon receipt of the price, by the Publishers.

Special Circulars, containing a full description of the work, with specimen pages, will be sent, post-paid, on application.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PUBLISHERS,
715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia, and 25 Bond Street, New York.

GAZZAM'S TREATISE
ON THE
BANKRUPT LAW.
SECOND EDITION JUST OUT.

For sale at all Law-Book Stores.

PRICED CATALOGUE No. 21
OF
ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS,

Comprising Standard and Valuable Works in
ANTIQUITIES, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, VOYAGES, TRAVELS, ETC. ETC. ETC.

☞ Just published, and will be forwarded FREE to any address.

DAVID G. FRANCIS,
Dealer in New and Old Books, 17 Astor Place, N. Y.

BOOK-BUYERS.

Send for Catalogue of INTERESTING, USEFUL, and SCARCE BOOKS added to the Stock in hand of
FRANCIS EMMINS,
80 Nassau Street, New York.

G. P. PUTNAM & SONS

Will Publish To-day:

I.

A New and Beautiful Work on Popular Astronomy, by the Astronomer-Royal.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY:

Familiar Notes on the Stars and Planets.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN,

Of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. With 32 Star Maps, and numerous other illustrations. Folio, in a handsome and unique cover, cloth extra, $3 75.

II.

ART, PICTORIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

An illustrated volume of Original Essays on various topics connected with Ancient and Modern Art. With 53 curious and valuable illustrations from Original Works, produced by the Autotype process.

Complete in one elegant folio volume, cloth extra, gilt edges, $16.

III.

SWISS PICTURES:

A TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

Drawn with Pen and Pencil. With numerous fine illustrations.

BY E. WHYMPER, F.R.G.S.

Imperial 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, $3 75.

IV.

THE TOY-BOOK PRESENT.

A handsome quarto volume. With 24 large and attractive colored engravings.

4to, cloth extra, $2 50.

V.

HEALTH AND ITS CONDITIONS.

BY JAMES HINTON.

With Illustrations. Reprinted from Smith & Elder's Edition, by arrangement with the author.

12mo, cloth, $1 50.

VI.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

POLITICAL, MILITARY, AND SOCIAL.

From the Earliest Times to the Present. [With special reference to the progress of the people in Literature and the Arts, and in Practical Life.]

BY BENSON J. LOSSING,

Author of the "Field-Book of the Revolution," etc. With three colored maps.

Large 12mo, Library Edition, cloth, $2 50.

GILMAN'S FIRST STEPS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

"Mr. Gilman has prepared a valuable work. I do not know where an equal amount of valuable literary information combined with judicious criticism can be found in so brief a space."—From Homer B. Sprague, Principal of Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HURD & HOUGHTON, NEW YORK.
THE RIVERSIDE PRESS, CAMBRIDGE.

NEW YORK CHURCH BOOK STORE.

THE PSALTER AND CANTICLES; Pointed for Singing, according to the use of Trinity Parish, New York. 18mo, paper boards, 30 cents; or in cloth boards, sprinkled edges, 40 cents.

THE INCARNATION AND PRINCIPLES OF Evidence. A Theological Essay. By Richard Holt Hutton, M.A., with an Introduction by Samuel Osgood, D D. 18mo, cloth, 60 cents.

COMFORTING THOUGHTS FOR THE WEAK and Weary. Brief Meditations on Passages of Scripture, selected from the Works of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth. 12mo, cloth, extra, $1 25.

THE DAY OF TROUBLE. Plain Words for the Suffering and Sorrowful. Selected from the Writings of the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie. 12mo, cloth, extra, $1 25.

EIGHT YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF MOthers' Meetings. By Mrs. Goodwin Hatchard. 12mo, red edges, $1 50.

THE INTROIT-PSALMS FOR SUNDAYS and Holy Days, as Prescribed by the First Prayer Book of Edward Sixth. Set to Original Chants for Congregational Use. By J. H. Cornell. Small 4to, cloth, $1 50.

NEW BOOKS
FOR
SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES, ETC.

THE RAINBOW STORIES: For Summer Days and Winter Nights. $1 50.

SHORT CHAPTERS ON NATURAL HISTory. 75 cents.

THE DAY-STAR: or, A Gospel Story for the Little Ones. Illustrated. $1 25.

CARRIE WILLIAMS AND HER SCHOLARS. $1.

EMILY MILLMAN. The Little Sunbeam of the Farm House. $1.

THE HAPPY VILLAGE, and How it Became so. $1.

IN THE PRESS.

BY MRS. MARSHALL.

Millicent Leigh.	Brothers and Siste
Helen's Diary.	Old Gateway.
Violet Douglass.	Hetty's Resolve.

POTT, YOUNG & CO.
(LATE POTT & AMERY),
Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE
OF FOREIGN LITERATURE
FOR OCTOBER

Reprints from the Quarterly Review the Elaborate Essay on

DARWIN'S DESCENT OF MAN.

This is by far the ablest and most scientific attack that has yet been made on this remarkable book. It contains 15 valuable papers, and among them we enumerate the following: Sir Walter Scott; The Herschels and the Star-Depths; A Festa in Venice; The State Papers of France; The Literary Life; Mediæval Goldsmiths; Art, Miscellany, etc. A fine portrait of the great astronomer, Sir John Herschel, embellishes the numbor. For sale by all Booksellers.

TERMS OF THE ECLECTIC: Single copies, 45 cts.; one copy, one year, $5; two copies, one year, $9. Address

E. R. PELTON, Publisher,
108 Fulton Street, New York.

THE NATION PRESS.

The Proprietors of THE NATION PRESS give notice that they have established a Book, Pamphlet, Job, and Newspaper Printing-Office in this City, and are prepared to execute at moderate prices, for cash, the best of work in any and all of these branches.

For BOOKS they will furnish Electrotype or Stereotype Plates, as desired, and will guaranty unusual accuracy in their preparation.

J. ROSS & CO., 27 Rose St., New York.

A BRILLIANT OFFER.

SIXTEEN MONTHS FOR A YEAR!

To any person who will remit us $4 (which is the regular subscription price), we will send

THE GALAXY

from September, 1871, to January, 1873. Anthony Trollope's great story, THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS, commenced in the September Number.

THE GALAXY

IS THE

BEST AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

NO FAMILY CAN AFFORD TO DO WITHOUT IT.

It gives more Good and Attractive Reading Matter for the Money than any other Periodical or Book Published in the Country.

THE LEADING NEWSPAPERS PRONOUNCE

THE GALAXY

The Best and Most Ably Edited American Magazine.

THE GALAXY

Meets the Wants of Every Member of the Family.

It contains Thoughtful Articles by our Ablest Writers.
It contains Sketches of Life and Adventure.
It has Serial Stories by our Best Novelists.
It has Short Stories in Each Number.
It has Humorous Articles in Each Number which are a constant source of delight to the public.
In Each Number is a Complete Review of the World of Literature.

The New Department of "Scientific Miscellany" appears in Each Number.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

Price 35 cents per number. Subscription Price, $4 per year. Address

SHELDON & COMPANY,

677 Broadway, New York.

WASHBURN'S LAW LECTURES.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.,

110 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Have Just Published,

LECTURES ON THE STUDY AND PRACTICE OF THE LAW.

Delivered in the Law School of Harvard University.

BY EMORY WASHBURN, LL.D.,

Author of "A Treatise on the American Law of Real Property," and "A Treatise on the American Law of Easements and Servitudes."

Crown 8vo, cloth, $2.

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL.

It is one hundred years since the Oil House of Chas. Pratt was established. May their celebrated Astral Oil be used for one hundred years to come. If the past is any index of the future, such will be the case.

THE NEXT

GENERAL CONVENTION.

THE CHURCHMAN will furnish, week by week, during the next General Convention, a full report of its proceedings. In addition to this, and on account of the very great interest attaching to the Debates of the Lower House, the Messrs. M. H. Mallory & Co. will publish, during the Convention, a DAILY EDITION of THE CHURCHMAN, at Baltimore. It will contain a complete report, *verbatim*, of the Debates in the House of Deputies, Committee Reports, Sermons, etc., made by D. F. Murphy, Chief of Official Corps of Reporters of the U. S. Senate, and his Assistants.

THE CHURCHMAN,

DAILY EDITION,

will be mailed each morning to persons subscribing for the same, and making a prepayment of $1 50.

Bound volume, on superior paper, $5; one copy daily and a bound volume, $6; four copies sent to any address and a bound volume, $10.

Postage on Daily paid by subscriber at office where received. Address immediately,

M. H. MALLORY & CO., Hartford, Conn.
713 Broadway, New York.

VAN NOSTRAND'S

ECLECTIC ENGINEERING MAGAZINE,

VOL. V., No. 4, OCTOBER,

NOW READY.

CONTENTS:

The Mont Cenis Tunnel; The Heat-Restoring Gas Furnace; On the Gaseous and Liquid States of Matter (Illustrated); Boiler Explosions; Narrow-Gauge Railways; Submarine Rock Surveying (Illustrated); Public Monuments; Through the Euphrates Valley; The Manufacture of Russia Sheet Iron; The Distribution of Temperature in the North Atlantic; Nitro-Glycerine Test; Traction of Road Steamers (Illustrated); Towle's Spider for Driving Piles in Deep Water (Illustrated); The Half-and-Half Style of Modern Architecture; The Keokuk and Hamilton Bridge; The Timbering of Trenches and Tunnels applicable to Railway and Sewerage Works; The East River Bridge; Shifting Stuff; Boiler Explosions; The Coining of Gold; What is Steel? Curves upon Railways; Turbine Fluid Meter (Illustrated); India Rubber vs. Iron Tires; Narrow-Gauge Railroads; Stone Caissons (Illustrated); The Building Arts of Russia; Telegraphy—The Pneumatic Tube System; Transmission of Power by Wire Ropes; Plaster-of-Paris Manufacture; Steam on Common Roads (Illustrated); On Style in Architecture; Practical Electricity; Ransome's Stone for Caissons; Military Railway and Bridge Building.

PARAGRAPHS—Iron and Steel Notes; Railway Notes; Ordnance and Naval Notes; Engineering Structures; New Books; Miscellaneous.

TERMS—Published in monthly numbers of 112 pages, at $5 per annum. Single numbers, 50 cents.

D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher,
No. 23 Murray Street and No. 27 Warren Street.

JUST ISSUED.

PRICED CATALOGUE OF RARE

AND

VALUABLE BOOKS

Relating to Shakespeare and the Drama, American History, Biography, Poetry, etc., for sale by

T. H. MORRELL (Agent),
78 Nassau Street, New York
(Between Fulton and John Streets).

☞ Catalogue sent free on application.

THE GREATEST LITERARY TREASURE IN AMERICA.

GEORGE TAWSE is prepared to treat with Public Libraries, or Gentlemen of Taste, for the sale of

ROBERT BURNS'S OWN COPY OF SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS,

AND

ROBERT BURNS'S OWN COPY OF BLIND HARRY'S SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

Both works belonged to "THE IMMORTAL POET," and bear his manly autograph. "The Shakespeare" is in 8 vols. 12mo, Edinburgh, 1771, and was presented to Burns by Dr. Blair, the editor. "The Wallace" is in 3 vols. 16mo, bound in 1 vol., Perth, 1790, and was subscribed for by Burns, and bears his name among the subscribers. It is confidently asserted that no Literary Treasure of equal importance has heretofore been offered for sale on this continent. He is prepared to sell both works in one lot. Offers will be received by

GEORGE TAWSE, Bookseller,
2 Dey Street, New York.

PUBLISHED THIS DAY:

I.

CHAPTERS OF ERIE, AND OTHER ESSAYS.

By Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and Henry Adams. 1 vol. 12mo, $2.

CONTENTS: A Chapter of Erie; The New York Gold Conspiracy; An Erie Raid; Capt. John Smith; the Bank of England Restriction; British Finance in 1816; The Legal Tender Act; The Railroad System.

This volume contains papers of remarkable power, thoroughness of research, and great value to persons who desire to be fully informed regarding some of the most important corporate and financial questions that perplex statesmen and more or less concern every American citizen. Its great merits, its pungent satire, the adroitness with which it pierces railway and financial shams, and its vigor and transparency of style, render this one of the most noteworthy books of the year.

II.

THE ENGLISH NOTE-BOOKS

OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Illustrated Library Edition. 1 vol. 12mo. With Illustrations. Very handsomely bound and stamped. $2.

This is the sixth volume of the Illustrated Library Edition of Hawthorne's Works, which has been received with marked favor by the press and the public. Speaking of the English Note-Books, the London News remarks:

"They are the productions of an admirable intellect, a thoughtful, sensitive, reverential soul, and a character which casts its own quaint lights and shadows on all it noted in the world of humanity, of nature, and of art. Hawthorne seems to have gone to all the chief places of interest in England, Wales, and Scotland, and his vivid powers of word-painting and singular depth of metaphysical insight are apparent throughout."

III.

AURORA LEIGH.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

1 vol. 16mo. Diamond Edition, $1. Red-Line Edition, with Illustrations, $3 50.

These editions of this masterpiece of Mrs. Browning, whose place in the front ranks of the great poets of this century is undisputed, are published by special arrangement with Mr. James Miller of New York. They are uniform with the compact and widely popular Diamond and Red-Line editions of Whittier, Longfellow, Tennyson, Lowell, etc., published by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co.

For sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers. Sent post-paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers,

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.,

BOSTON.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1871.

The Office of The Nation has been removed to No. 5 Beekman Street.

The Week.

THE New York State Republican Convention has met at Syracuse, and resolved and nominated, but has not succeeded in restoring harmony between the two contending factions in this city, which it was fondly hoped it would do. Both sent delegations to the convention, and a compromise was looked for by which both would be admitted to seats, but the difficulties—insurmountable, as they afterwards proved—in the way of this were foreshadowed by what occurred at the door of the hall on the first morning, when the Custom-house party being in possession of the building, and making some difficulty about throwing the doors open to some delegates of the other side, a smart rap with a wooden mallet was returned with a blow from a chair, and a general mêlée thereupon followed, in which the legs of adjacent tables, broken up for the purpose, were used as weapons, and which ended by the interference of the police. Indeed, the police played a somewhat prominent part on the occasion, having been called on to restore order on the platform once, and, subsequently, to defend it against a storming-party from the body of the hall. Mr. Andrew D. White, President of Cornell University, was chosen chairman, with the support of the Conklingites, and his rulings greatly disgusted the other side; and, finally, all hope of reconciliation was destroyed by Mr. Conkling's successful opposition to a proposition to admit both the contending delegations, with a half-vote to each delegation, and to direct the State Committee to perfect the organization of the party in New York, as a substitute for the report of the Committee on Contested Seats, which declared that the organization established by the State Committee in this city (the Custom-house or Conklingite Committee) "was the regular and only Republican organization." When this proposition was rejected, the Fentonites bolted, and went to another hall, where they bore their testimony in a frank way against the enemy, Tom Murphy receiving a fair share of attention. The *Tribune* announces, however, that they accept the platform, and will support the nominations.

The platform warmly commends the Administration of General Grant for its reconstruction policy, its Indian policy, its financial policy, and for, "by considerate investigation, making worthy efforts for the elevation and reform of the civil service," and for the treaty with Great Britain; views "with horror and grief" the "astounding revelations of fraud" in New York City, and furiously denounces the Tammany Ring, for the existence of which it holds the Democratic party responsible, and accuses it of seeking to extend the same régime over the whole Union; promises, on behalf of the Republican party, to try and "achieve a triumph over corruption and fraud;" calls on Congress to reduce taxation, to adopt that remarkable and well-known species of tariff which shall yield the needed revenue with the least injury to the people, at the same time "affording protection to our own, rather than to foreign manufactures;" approves of the Act of Congress for the regulation of elections, and calls for a new registry law; calls for "wholesome legislation," "fostering relations and conditions favorable to the proper payment of labor;" claims for local majorities the right to prohibit as well as to license the liquor traffic; approves of cheap and speedy transportation, and, therefore, of low tolls on canals; congratulates the party on the results of the late elections; adjures in favor of harmony. The only allusion to civil-service reform is amusingly mild and non-committal. Many of the members of the convention are indeed not willing to go beyond considerate investigation in the direction of reform. The important offices for which nominations have been made this year are the Attorney-Generalship and the Comptrollership. The selection of General F. C. Barlow for the former will give hearty satisfaction to all friends of reform. But it seems, to those who know him, very difficult for the brethren of the Custom-house to support him.

The Butler movement in Massachusetts came to a disastrous close at Worcester, on Wednesday, by the nomination of Mr. William B. Washburn by a majority of 607 to 460. Mr. Washburn is already well known as a member of Congress, and is a man of education and ability and experience, and is highly respectable in every way, and his selection is a worthy close to the late extraordinary struggle. It must be admitted, however, that Butler's success in securing nearly half the delegates, in such a State as Massachusetts, is not a pleasant subject of contemplation. The result is gratifying, but we hope the affair will not pass from people's minds without inspiring some wholesome reflections as to the tendencies of our politics and as to the character of public men. The last day at Worcester Butler became openly blasphemous and indecent, comparing himself to Jesus Christ, and his opponents to the persecuting Jews, and quoting Scripture profusely to an uproarious and congenial crowd. It ought not to be forgotten that this man was the "manager" whom the Republican party set to prosecute Andrew Johnson for "swinging round the circle," and he either introduced the article which arraigned Johnson for the ribaldry of his language, or laid great stress on it in the prosecution. He is not going to bolt.

The New York *Times* defends itself against the accusation of neglecting its duty in not assailing Murphy, on the ground that it does not believe the charges against him to be fully proved, and thinks him the victim of Fentonite hostility, and it insinuates that, on hearing this, we shall perhaps set it down as "a Custom-house organ" or "the hired advocate of Mr. Murphy." We shall do nothing of the kind. If the *Times* does not believe Murphy guilty, all we shall say is that we think its views of evidence are peculiar; but, as it now recommends Murphy to resign, as not "strong" enough for the position, we shall not dispute further with the *Times* about his qualifications for the position, or its own duty in the premises. We shall, however, take leave to observe once more, for the benefit of whom it may concern, that, as we see it, corruption is one and indivisible, and cannot properly be considered in sections as Republican or Democratic, State or Federal. All thieves, too, are brethren—members of one great family. Or, to vary the simile, Tweed and Murphy grow on the same soil, and are manured from the same heap. We do not think, whatever we may "seem to think," "all will go well" if Murphy be turned out of office. All will never go well while the Administration is in a state of mind about the civil service which makes possible the selection of such a man as Murphy for such a place as the collectorship of this port. New York is a bad place, but it is not sunk so low that it does not contain scores of good Republican business men, of unblemished character, who would accept such a post, and do its duties honestly; and we shall never be content, and never cease to "growl" and be disagreeable, till this post is given to such men, with one instruction only—viz., to collect as large an amount of revenue as the law allows, with the least possible amount of vexation to importers and travellers, and the least possible cost to the Government. That such an expectation as this should seem extravagant, and that anybody entertaining it should be set down as "a millenarian," is a curious illustration of the state of mind we are getting into about politics. The *Times* ought not to make such a charge lightly, because we believe this is just the charge the erudite Hall makes against it. Many a time, we have no doubt, during the past year, the question has been asked at meetings of that august body, "the Board of Apportionment," "What under the sun" (this is not the precise expletive used, but is as near as we dare come to it) "has got into the New York *Times?*" In short, corruption in office is "the main question;" it is the sum of all villanies; as long

as it lasts, no reform is possible, because if your public officers be knaves, you can neither get the laws faithfully executed, nor justice righteously administered, nor the revenue honestly collected or honestly spent.

The fact is—it may as well be stated plainly—there are many signs in the Republican party, some of which have been called out by this Murphy case, of the growth of the sectarian or denominational conscience, so well known in ecclesiastical and other organizations, which judges acts rather by their effect on the fortunes of the party or order than by any moral standard, or in other words, places the means higher than the end. It has in various ages and countries made drill more important than victory, the order or church more important than religion, the party more important than good government, the office more important than the duty, and so on. There seems to be, just now, a general consensus in the Republican party as to the propriety of Murphy's resigning or being dismissed, but anybody who looks through the Republican papers will be startled, if not entertained, by finding how much more frequently he is inveighed against as a source of weakness to the party than as a swindling contractor filling a great financial post. One paper—a pious one, and very friendly to the President—asks for Murphy's dismissal on the simple ground that it is not worth while to alienate Mr. Greeley by keeping him, and it is amazing how many very good men one meets who look on the charges against him as simply incidents in a faction fight—and the principal question concerning them not, Are they true? but, Are they made out of spite? We believe this is a bad state of things, which promises disaster. When a party or church becomes a crust in this way, something, we may rely on it, is going to happen. There are not many men or women in America who, after denouncing Haggerty for stealing vouchers, can turn round, and, with a perfectly calm face, contemplate the virtuous Murphy collecting customs, after having suborned witnesses, bribed police officers, and made away with standard hats. Most of them are sure to weep or blush, and "growl," and the Administration will therefore do well to let Tom go. Seeing that Mr. Grinnell was dismissed without even the courtesy of notice, the eternal fitness of things would seem to require that Tom's departure should be marked by some signal token of Executive indignation, but no one will insist on that. It is worthy of note that every Democratic Senator voted for his confirmation, and it would be interesting to know whether they received any hint on the subject from that pious body, the New York "Board of Apportionment."

The movement against the Tammany Ring has made, on the surface at least, a good deal of progress during the week. Sufficient evidence has been collected touching the Mayor's endorsement of the warrants under which so much money was stolen by Garvey, Ingersoll, and others, to lead Judge Barrett, acting for the Committee of Seventy, to apply for a warrant against him for a misdemeanor, but at this writing the Justice had contented himself, out of respect for Hall's office, with sending him notice to appear, promising a warrant in case he disobeyed. Hall is more likely to come to grief than any of the others, or likely to come earlier to grief, partly owing to his want of any personal following, and partly to his light-headedness, not to say silliness, which is so great as to make his success, even in New York politics, somewhat difficult to understand. He has in him, judging from his career in the mayoralty, the stuff of a smart but rather flippant reporter for a second-rate newspaper, and yet he has managed to be District-Attorney, and finally Mayor, apparently without much trouble. He has been the charlatan or mountebank of the Ring, who amused the populace outside, while the real managers were working the machinery inside. His moral condition may be guessed from the fact that he has boasted before a crowded audience that, when District-Attorney, he "never could find time" to prosecute indictments for violations of the license law, and his mental calibre from his wearing a green coat on St. Patrick's day, and his informing the Comptroller, first, that he could not remove him, but wished he would resign; next, that he (the Comptroller) had done what was tantamount to resignation, and that he would therefore appoint his successor; but, to make sure that he had resigned, he would still remove him. He will, apparently, not prove very wild game.

The hardest nut to crack is Tweed, who is really able, and bold, not only by temperament, but through long impunity, and is reported to believe, and probably does believe, that the reformers dare not touch him. He has violated Barnard's injunction, and the pending application for an attachment for contempt will bring about a curious crisis. Tweed is, in the meantime, spreading wonderful stories of what will happen if the pursuit of him is persisted in. Thirty thousand of his maddened followers, of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and other orders and associations, are to rise, clap the Committee of Seventy in jail, drive the militia into the mountains, and sack the houses of Orangemen and reformers, and hold New York against the Union in arms, and realize their "social ideal," as the Communists say. Other people in the city, however, would like to realize another "social ideal," in which the Ancient Order have no place, and we would advise the members to keep quiet. The business of denouncing corruption in the abstract has been reduced to an absurdity by the passage of resolutions against corruption at a Tweed meeting.

Perhaps the most cheering fact in city politics is the election of a set of Democratic delegates to the Rochester Convention such as have not left this city for many years, as regards standing and character. They are headed by Charles O'Conor as chairman, who emerges for this occasion from well-won and honored repose. Their departure was preceded by a meeting at which Tammany was savagely denounced. The Ring, which, since Connolly's defection and Hall's collapse, may be said to consist of Sweeny and Tweed only, is also sending up delegates of its own; but it seems nearly certain that they will be refused admission. We hardly do them injustice in asserting that, though all of them are probably not liable to criminal prosecution, there is hardly one whom a term in the penitentiary would not improve. In the meantime, great crowds of roughs are going out on free passes by the Erie road, and Tweed goes with them.

Mr. Boutwell has started on a tour to the West, and has delivered a speech at Cincinnati in explanation and defence of his financial policy which was listened to with a great deal of interest, and deservedly so, for it contained a very singular confession. After the usual defence of his policy of paying off the debt, which is readily defensible, because it has undoubtedly improved the national credit, though at enormous cost in other ways, he comes to explain the mode in which he has disposed of "the new loan" to the Syndicate, about which, as we said some weeks ago, an explanation was needed. The laws (of 1869 and 1870) under which Mr. Boutwell acts, provide two things as clearly as language will allow: 1. That the interest-bearing obligations of the United States shall not be redeemed or paid before maturity, unless at the time other obligations bearing a lower rate of interest shall be salable *at par in coin*; 2. That no increase shall be made in the bonded debt of the United States, except by the issue of certain four, four and a half, and five per cent. bonds *at par*, to be applied to the redemption of the six per cents, minus a half per cent. for expenses. The Secretary has now confessed, with great *naïveté*, at Cincinnati, that he has issued $200,000,000 of five per cent. bonds to the Syndicate, to be paid for in three months, the bonds all the while drawing interest—that is, the Syndicate is to pocket three months' interest, which is one and one quarter per cent.—and the Government takes the risk, which we admit is small, of the money being forthcoming at the appointed time. This whole transaction is in direct violation of the law. It is in reality, for the time being, an illegal increase of the bonded debt, or, supposing the increase to be legal, it is made at an illegal and unauthorized cost. Now, how does the Secretary justify himself? Why, by a calculation of the saving which the Government will have effected by the transaction at the end of ten or twenty years, if all goes well. This is literally true, supposing him to be correctly reported. It is difficult to believe, in the face of such an avowal, that Mr. Boutwell has any adequate sense of his situation. Whatever be the fate of the new loan, we trust Congress will not allow such an extraordinary disregard of the law of the land to pass unnoticed. Of course, if the Secretary can let

the Syndicate have Government bonds on credit for three months, he can for six, or for a year. There is no limit to such an abuse, and it might become, in the hands of men less honest than Mr. Boutwell, a very shocking abuse. While upon this subject, we should like to ask whether the foreign banking business of the Government has not been put into "politics"? whether it has not been given to the house which now holds it as a reward for political services? and whether we shall not hereafter witness the extraordinary spectacle of the foreign bankers of the United States "rotated" by each new Administration, and the business given to whatever banker makes the largest donations to the campaign fund and is most active for the party?

Senator Schurz's appearance south of Mason and Dixon's line, as it used to be the fashion to say, has caused him to be regarded as a sort of deliverer by the disfranchised whites, and by all others who are suffering under carpet-bag misrule. His speech at Nashville elicited a remarkable letter of thanks from some seven hundred Confederate soldiers, and, when the report of it reached Texas, emboldened thirty of her citizens to lay before him at great length, and yet perforce incompletely, the story of the State's hardships under reconstruction. The opening portion of this document is pitched on rather too high a key to attract the attention which it merits, but the rest is much more moderate in tone, and is carefully supported by evidence. Passing over the five years of military rule upon the close of the war, the first grievance alleged is the unfair election of the present Governor, Davis, over the rival candidate, Gen. A. J. Hamilton, who, as favoring a general amnesty, received the votes of the Democrats, who had no candidate of their own. The Legislature owed its political complexion to the same unfairness, and embraced "several illiterate colored men, and a considerable number of unknown adventurers from other States, largely chosen by pandering in various disreputable ways to the ignorance of the colored population, then for the first time admitted to the ballot." This body, chosen under the constitution for "two years from the day of general election," or from November 30, 1869, sat twice in provisional and regular sessions in 1870, and then passed a law making the first annual session begin in January, 1871, thus extending their term of office a whole year. The legislation of the past two years we cannot here review in detail, but may say in sum that the governor is invested with a power of appointment such as no Northern governor dreams of; that he is the head of a State police created by himself, numbering commonly "48 officers and 210 privates," but capable (especially at election times) of being swelled by 2,620 special police, the whole force costing $456,720, "equal to the largest sum ever required for the entire expenses of the State for any one year before the war." While the population has increased less than a third since 1860, the taxes have grown from $470,000 to $7,000,000. Directly or indirectly, the governor appoints 9,538 persons to places of honor, trust, and profit, including 5,106 school-teachers, examiners, etc., "in the selection of *not one of which*, excepting the governor, have the parents or people of the State any voice whatever." "Elections are only allowed at county seats, requiring thousands to ride from twenty to forty miles, first to register and then to vote"; and an act professedly to ensure the purity of the ballot-box forbids these travelling voters to remain at the county seat after they have cast their votes, and makes all gathering in numbers at or near the county seat presumptive evidence of intent to intimidate voters. In a word, it is enough to say, on this head, that whatever justification there may be for these election regulations, they would not be tolerated in any part of the North. Finally, the governor is authorized at any time to proclaim martial law—he has done so in two counties in the past six months—and institute military commissions.

The masters and workmen at Newcastle-on-Tyne have not yet reached any settlement of their difficulties. Both parties are contending furiously in the press, and it is difficult to make out on which side the greater responsibility lies, but it appears to be quite certain that the first overtures of the men, looking towards arbitration, or friendly discussion, were peremptorily and rudely rejected. The dispute is over an hour, and Mr. Potter, a prominent workingman's champion, has suggested a compromise by splitting it, and making nine hours and a half the day's work, on condition that, when the men work overtime, the tenth hour is to be paid for at regular wages only. All attempts at compromise or arbitration have, however, thus far failed. The masters are prosecuting some of the foreign hands whom they had imported, and who have deserted, for breach of contract, and have had a few sent to jail, which does not tend to restore harmony.

One of M. Thiers's minor troubles with the Germans, which has caused a great deal of comment and some apprehension, has passed away. The army of occupation has now completely evacuated the Department of Oise, one of the four departments yielded to the French on the payment of the third half-milliard of the war indemnity—after having halted in its eastern cantons, around Compiègne and Crépy, for a number of days beyond the anticipated term. The delay, we now hear, is attributed by General Manteuffel to a misconception of orders; but, excused as it was before on the ground of the acceptability of some of the French drafts not having been fully ascertained, it was probably intended to give some additional weight either to Count Arnim's complaints of maltreatment to which German residents were here and there subjected in France, or to Bismarck's objections to the modifications introduced by the National Assembly in the recently negotiated Alsace-Lorraine customs treaty. The point in the amendments chiefly obnoxious to the German Chancellor is reported to be the one demanding the same tariff immunities for French manufactures in Alsace-Lorraine as are to be accorded the manufactures of these provinces in France. According to last reports, M. Thiers has abandoned the article in question, and all difficulties in the way of the ratification of the treaty are considered overcome. But as the National Assembly is not in session, and its law, expressly passed for the purpose, authorizes the President only "to ratify a treaty in conformity with the conditions prescribed" in the act, we cannot exactly see how the ratification is to be carried out without a stretch of powers such as not only French public opinion but Bismarck himself must find rather exorbitant. The eagerness, however, which the French Executive has evinced in smoothing the way for the acceptance of the treaty by the Assembly renders it almost certain that, if the German Chancellor only raises no objection, Thiers will not hesitate to take the responsibility of a bit of usurpation the immediate result of which is to be the deliverance of a number of French departments from the presence of the hated foreigners seven months before the term fixed by the treaty of Frankfort.

Things look rather confused in Cisleithan Austria. The elections for the diets of the provinces whose anti-ministerial assemblies were dissolved, about two months ago, by the Hohenwart Cabinet, have resulted in what may be claimed as a victory both by the German or Liberal party—the defenders of the Cisleithan constitution as it is—and their allied Slavic and Clerical opponents, the Federalists. The reason is, that the Constitutionalists have achieved splendid triumphs in some of the provinces, and made a gallant fight in the others, but have not carried a number of elections sufficient to prevent the cabinet from obtaining a two-thirds majority in the Reichsrath, in case the Czechs of the Bohemian Diet determine—against their former resolutions—to join the other non-dissolved diets in sending representatives to that central assembly, in order to complete the number of votes requisite for the modification of the constitution, so long and so uncompromisingly urged by themselves. In Lower Austria, which includes the Imperial capital, Vienna, in Carinthia, Styria, and Silesia, the success of the Constitutionalists was overwhelming, and they also triumphed in Salzburg; but they were badly defeated in Moravia, Tyrol, and Upper Austria. Although victorious in the provincial elections in the proportion of seven to four, they will stand in the Reichsrath in a minority of no more than five to eight, even if Bohemia refuses to attend that assembly, and Moravia—now also under the control of the Czechs—follows her example. The situation is thus highly complicated, and it seems equally difficult for Hohenwart to proceed with firmness in the prosecution of his federalistic attempts against the powerful and passionate opposition of the Germans, and for Francis Joseph to dismiss him in the face of a two-thirds majority in the provincial assemblies in favor of federalism.

CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM IN THE PARTY PLATFORMS.

We expect, or at least hope, that there will come into power some day or other a party which will not only reform the civil service, but will also reform the official language in which parties are in the habit of expressing themselves at conventions. There is nothing in American literature, and indeed in the literature of any other country, which can approach an average "platform" in inflation, vagueness, exaggeration, and general air of insincerity and humbug; and, indeed, nobody who formed a bad opinion of the moral character of "managers" from their preambles and resolutions would have much difficulty in justifying himself. The model of them all is evidently the old editorial article of forty years ago; there is nothing in the newspapers of our time, except the descriptive work of some reporters, which bears any resemblance to it. The average newspaper article of our day, though despised by purists, and generally slipshod and slangy, has the great merit of terseness and directness and clearness. Its language is the language which men speak in everyday life when they want to transact business, and to get other men to believe them. One can argue powerfully in it, or denounce in it vigorously and effectively. A party platform generally reads as if it had been prepared partly as a joke and partly as an exercise of ingenuity, and the result is that each resolution is apt to be what may be called a "wind-bag," though we believe this term is more commonly applied to a certain class of orators and statesmen than to the productions of their gifted pens. The first thing which the composers of platforms have in view is not to omit expressing, or appearing to express, an opinion on each of the topics which are supposed most prominently to occupy the public mind, in order to prevent the enemy drawing damaging inferences from their silence; the second is to distinguish carefully between those topics on which it is safe to speak decidedly and boldly, those on which it is doubtful what had better be said, and those on which it is desirable that what is said should not be easily understood. The one topic on which all platforms on both sides speak decidedly is always, or nearly always, the Administration for the time being. It is a matter of course that the first resolution, or one of the first, shall either represent the President as a mixture of Solon and the Apostle Paul, or as a lazy and tricky fellow, whose sole object in getting into the White House was to gratify his bad passions and those of a parcel of disreputable companions. The principal features of his "policy" are, of course, praised or condemned with equal energy and decision, but always in inflated and loud-resounding periods, like those of the Pope's Encyclicals. After this, the work becomes very delicate, and needs caution. In three or four years after the war there was remarkable concord of opinion between the parties on the propriety of paying the pensions of the soldiers and sailors, though this was the only topic on which they ever did agree; and their proclamations of their determination to see these pensions paid were so frantic, that one always wondered involuntarily who the rascals were who were trying to have the pensions stopped, and wished they could be dragged to light. No exposure of them was, however, made; and during the last two years the omission of all mention of the subject in any platform seems to indicate that the danger, whatever it was, is over.

It is in dealing with questions on which, though not questions of practical politics, the minds of voters within the party are a good deal excited, and about which there is much division of sentiment, that the drafter of resolutions, however, shows most audacity—for ingenuity there is absolutely no field. For instance, in touching upon a foreign war, like the late Franco-German war, he cannot possibly take sides, so he boldly expresses his sympathy with each, and hints that he would be glad if both were to win. He praises the Germans for invading France, and the French for trying to drive them out, and openly confesses that, no matter how it ends, not only will he be delighted, but all will be well. The contending claims of labor and capital he treats in the same impartial way. He is always ready to declare himself eager for the independence of Ireland, and would, if any "capital" were to be made out of it, express a warm desire for the restoration of the Moorish kingdom of Grenada. Indeed, if a strong tide of immigration should ever set in from the Barbary coast, we should certainly witness this result.

There has probably no question come up of late which puzzles him so much as the question of civil-service reform. There has been hardly a platform drawn up by the Republicans, certainly within the last two years, which has not contained some allusion to it; and it must be admitted that the expressions of opinion on it become stronger and more decided every year; but it is very plain that the men who draw platforms have very little interest in the matter, and very little faith in the value or success of any such reform. The admission of any commendation of it into party resolutions is, indeed, simply a concession to public opinion, and a very remarkable one, on the part of a body of persons in whose eyes politics would lose all interest or attraction if any such reform were carried. To them, the game of politics consists wholly in a struggle between two parties for various Government offices. In this game, the questions of the day play a part, it is true, but only a subordinate part. They are used as a means of interesting the outsiders and getting them to vote, and as a means of testing the right of a party to dispose of the offices. In this State, for instance, there exists a feud of extraordinary fierceness in the Republican ranks. The two factions hate each other with a fervor which neither has ever felt towards the common enemy, yet not because they are divided on any question of public policy, but because the division of the Federal patronage between the two senators is not satisfactory. To suppose that the head men of either the Fentonite or Conklingite parties would be glad to have the offices taken away from both of them, is simply absurd. We might as well suppose that a pair of gamblers would be delighted to have somebody sweep the stakes off the table, and give them to a missionary society. Both gamblers would doubtless readily declare, if questioned, their interest in missionary societies, and, if flush of money, would contribute to their funds, but it would be ridiculous to take this as an indication that they thought all gambling should be done away with. There has probably been no period since the outbreak of the war, and no occasion in the history of this State except the outbreak of the war, when it was so important that the party should be united, as at the late Syracuse Convention. The *questions* to be taken up were of overwhelming interest, but the only question which really agitated the convention was whether Conkling or Fenton was to have the offices; and on that, and not on the question of city government, or the home and foreign policy of the Administration, it split.

The mention of civil-service reform in the platform which the Conklingite faction drew up after the others had gone, is a model in its way. They do not advocate civil-service reform in New York. We have not even got as far as that; they simply commend the Administration for "having by a considerate investigation made worthy efforts for the elevation and reform of the civil service." Now this is exactly what politicians would like the Administration to keep doing. If it will only persevere in striving for the reform of the service by "considerate investigation," but will never go beyond investigation, they will be well satisfied. It is, however, hardly necessary to criticise the modes of reforming the civil service advocated by a body of which Mr. Conkling was the leading member. Indeed, it requires a good deal of effrontery in him to be present at any meeting where any allusion is made to the subject, inasmuch as he is the head and front of whatever offences can be laid to the charge of the Administration on that score in this State. All that was needed to give the finishing touch to the scene was the appearance of Tom Murphy, to declaim on the propriety of "putting none but honest men in office."

We greatly fear—and we are very sorry to say it—that the principal effect of the proceedings of the convention on the public mind will be the diffusion and strengthening of the belief, already strong and widely spread, that reform is not to be looked for from one party any more than from the other, and that those who seek it must possess their souls in patience till the force of circumstances builds up a really reforming organization. The evils of the office-seeking, office-distributing system are more apparent in this State than elsewhere, and here we shall, therefore, probably have the first hearty movement towards a better state of things. Nowhere else is the political class so demoralized. A striking illustration of the extent to which this demoralization has gone is to be found in the history of the body of Republicans

known to the readers of the New York *Times* by the not inappropriate designation of "Tammany thieves," but to a more charitable outside world as "Tammany Republicans," over whom the convention has split. The origin of this body, stripped of details, was really an attempt to provide this city with a non-partisan municipal administration, by a division of certain offices equally, or in certain proportions between both parties, the experiment being begun several years ago in the Board of Supervisors, and continued in various commissions created at Albany. Had there been no "spoils" attached to the offices—that is, if they furnished the holders with no means of "taking care of their friends"—the arrangement would in all probability have worked well. Human nature, when not assailed by temptation, is on the whole not a bad thing, and is in public life disposed to do well, for the mere sake of public applause. But every office-holder having "spoils" at his disposition, it was not very long before the two sets of politicians, who were expected to check and watch each other, came to a cordial understanding, and from log-rolling and jobbing together soon got to stealing together, and we believe that, on the whole, the Republicans have been worse, because more hypocritical, knaves than the Democrats. They both pass the day plundering and "receiving" around the City Hall, and then, in the evening, one party goes to one caucus or meeting and declaims in favor of the three constitutional amendments, while the other goes to another caucus or meeting and declaims against them. The whole arrangement reminds one of the manner in which the warring Italian Republics of the Middle Ages used to be served by the *condottieri*. The citizens in those days being rich, industrious, and comfortable, though hot-headed and quarrelsome, did not like fighting in the field. So they hired a lot of Toms, Bills, Dicks, Hanks, Charleys, Nats, Bens, and Rufes to do their fighting for them, and these worthies used to go out against each other in splendid array, and in two bands, each under the banner of its employers, and, after saying their prayers, would draw long swords and lay big spears in rest, and rush on, swearing and yelling furiously, and holding out fair promise of cruel slaughter. It was generally found, however, that, after a whole day's fighting, there would be no more casualties among them than usually attend a Fourth-of-July picnic. Now and then a man would be hurt by a fall, but generally the worst the citizens had to fear was the desertion of their whole army to the enemy—the Bills, and Toms, and Hanks of one side being generally very good friends with the Dicks, and Jacks, and Bens on the other, and being much more intent on getting their pay, and plundering the peasantry, than settling political controversies.

THE LESSONS OF THE BUTLER CANVASS.

It is a thing sad to reflect upon, but the world will probably never know the exact frame of mind with which Mr. Wendell Phillips, on the morning subsequent to the recent Worcester Convention in Massachusetts, meditated the proceedings therein of his friend, "the grim soldier of New Orleans." He must, indeed, have thought that a more melancholy spectacle had not often offended the eyes of gods and men. But a few days before, he of "the silver tongue" had kindled thousands into enthusiasm over the proprietor of "the one great, iron right hand," who was at once "the judge and executioner of the Republican party," and who, "instead of waiting, his eye taking in the future, flings away his chances, and comes out to lead the new enterprises of the coming epoch." All this egregious nonsense had been uttered by Mr. Phillips upon the 13th of September; upon the 27th of the same month, exactly a fortnight later, the Worcester Convention was held. "Grim soldiers" do not usually lead their followers into the enemy's camp, and there surrender them at discretion; men who "over the stagnant waters of office-holding wave a new idea" (whatever the process thus referred to may be), do not, we presume, ride that idea as a hobby until they think it may fail them, and then make haste to cut loose from it; men who "fling away their chances, and come out to lead the new enterprises of the coming epoch"—who say, "I represent this, or I die in the attempt"—these men do not bawl and bluster through the length and breadth of a commonwealth in order that they may more perfectly collapse when the pinch comes, and so leave the "new enterprise" to take care of itself.

It by no means needs to be said that we are no admirers of either Mr. Wendell Phillips or the labor-reform brethren of Massachusetts. We have hardly more sympathy with the extreme prohibition leaders, and, if anything, rather less with the female suffragists. Together, they certainly constitute a motley gathering. Their present discomfiture, however, bears with it a lesson which ought not to be lost upon better men. For years they have been sedulously laboring in Massachusetts to build up distinct political organizations, through which they might give practical effect to their peculiar ideas. They have claimed to constitute parties by themselves. They have voted for their own candidates, and elected their own representatives to the Legislature of the State. This year, however, they, as well as the Democrats, indulged in a "new departure." They all pinned their faith to a political charlatan, and through him sought, not to fight their own battles, but to take possession of another and distinct party organization. In their efforts to accomplish this they stuck at nothing. They systematically invaded primary meetings into which they had no right to come; they turned caucuses into mobs; they broke down all the barriers intended to secure the true representation of popular opinion; and the occasion only, and not the will, was lacking which prevented their breaking up the State Convention in a riot. And in what did it all result? The man of whom they sought to make a tool, but who, in truth, was making them his tools, utterly failed them at the decisive moment. All through his angry, boastful, blackguard canvass, he tolled them along with the fond belief that, failing their attempt to take possession of the Republican party for him, he would himself break from it and split it for them—that he would be their leader, even if to lead them he was forced for a time into that minority which constitutes the politician's Gethsemane. They trusted him and they followed him. How well they trusted him and how faithfully they followed him, no one needs to be told who at all watched that disgraceful canvass. A large minority of the voters of the old Puritan commonwealth gave conclusive proof that none of the famous election precincts of New York City could teach them anything as regards ballot-stuffing, repeating, or mob rule at elections in general. And so they tagged after their chosen representative into the convention. All through the proceedings of that convention they yielded him the obedience of dogs; they cheered to the echo his harlequin tricks; they adopted as their own all his gross breaches of decency and decorum; they were prepared either to force his nomination there or to bolt with him and nominate him elsewhere. They got their reward. When the decisive moment came, the wretched charlatan was as a reed shaken by the wind. He, "the grim soldier," the man of the "great, iron right hand," who had led them trustingly out of their own camp into that of the enemy, "to represent them, or die in the attempt," there surrendered them, while he himself clumsily dropped the rôle of "judge and executioner" in order to pass, as best he might, under the Caudine Forks of party discipline. So much for expecting a quack to do the work of a hero.

The good people of Massachusetts, however, no less than the motley crowd of blatherskite reformers, may draw a very significant, though somewhat alarming, lesson from the singular canvass they have just witnessed. They have had a very great deliverance, it is true, and may well be very thankful for it; but, at the same time, they had best look at the danger carefully, even if for the time it has ceased to threaten. What was the significance of this strange conflict? Was it, after all, anything less than the bold attempt of a thoroughly bad demagogue to take possession of the whole politics of the State, through the agency of its discontented factions? Was it not the organization, prematurely and under false colors, but still the organization of such a *commune* as America would now supply? No reflecting man will deny that it was this, and there are few who will not allow that it came dangerously near to success. Is it not matter for reflection with Massachusetts men that their State, young, prosperous, enlightened, wealthy withal, and as yet untried by adversity, should contain so many discontented elements, ready to the hand of the disorganizer?—elements to which the idea of a personal government,

a government of men and not of laws, strongly commended itself, provided only that it was their Cæsar or their Cleon who governed.

Whence came these elements? They are not far to seek. Butler's strength throughout his canvass lay almost exclusively in the large manufacturing towns. Lawrence, Lowell, Haverhill, Lynn, New Bedford, Fall River, Springfield, Fitchburg, and North Adams, all of them among the most thriving places in the State, either showed a united front in his favor or elected a majority of his supporters. The opposition to him, on the contrary, came in a very large degree from the small farming towns, sending but from one to three delegates, and lying away from the manufacturing centres. A close analysis of the list of delegates, and a very superficial review of the primary meetings, show conclusively that this was a clean-drawn struggle between the manufacturing and other operatives of the State, in combination with the Sentimentalist reformers of the Phillips school, on the one side, and the more well-to-do and observing classes, aided by the old New England yeomanry, which, up to this time, has constituted the moral backbone of Massachusetts politics, upon the other. Such a division at this time is very significant in the light of the figures of the last census. As we have had occasion more than once to notice in the *Nation*, the shrewd, hard-headed, stubborn New England farmer is rapidly disappearing. Amateur successors of the George B. Loring type by no means supply his place as the basis of a political structure. It is questionable whether, within the last five years, there is a single purely agricultural town in Massachusetts which has enjoyed more than a nominal increase; on the other hand, it is safe to say that of the 112 towns in the State which, during that period, have suffered an absolute decrease, nine out of ten are either agricultural or fishing towns. The recent canvass was, therefore, a contest between two forces, the one of which is slowly but surely declining, while the other is rapidly increasing. The whole policy of the State also necessarily looks towards this transfer of power. Massachusetts, as an agricultural community, has no future; railroads are killing it; and nothing but heavy protective duties upon the products of the rich soil of the West can save it. Indeed, between the "pauper labor of Europe" on the one hand, and the bottom lands of the Mississippi Valley on the other, the soul of the Massachusetts protectionist must be sorely perplexed. Meanwhile, materially, Massachusetts has but one policy to pursue. It must, as a community, fling itself heart and soul into the complete development of its manufacturing industries. This necessarily involves the rapid increase of the manufacturing population, and the speedy and total transfer of all political power to the manufacturing centres. The political tendencies of the population gathered at these centres should, therefore, constitute a very interesting subject of study to the Massachusetts philosophers.

In so far as they have been developed in the political campaigns of General Butler, these tendencies are far from reassuring. We had fondly hoped that a deep-seated admiration of "smartness," regardless of truth, character, courage, or decency, might be confined to Essex County. The recent canvass has indicated otherwise. It seems to be a criterion of political merit common to the New England manufacturing centres. While the citizens of Massachusetts, therefore, may well take pride in the good courage and prudent conduct which at the eleventh hour saved them from a very grave peril, it yet behooves them very seriously to consider the deplorably low condition of political morality which the events of the last two months have unmistakably revealed as existing throughout what is soon to be their controlling class. Having maturely considered this subject, they had best, while there is yet time, energetically bestir themselves in regard to it. Should they fail to do so, some demagogue bolder than Butler, and as unscrupulous, will yet illustrate to them the great difference which exists between popular institutions emanating from those who follow the sea and till the soil, and the same institutions in the hands of those who crowd the tenement-houses and workshops of manufacturing cities.

THE CRISIS IN THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The affairs of the Protestant Episcopal Church have been forced upon public attention during the last few years, and the dissensions which distract that body have been brought to light by complaints of oppression, appeals to public opinion, sensational and extravagant usages in worship, and public admonitions addressed to clergymen before large congregations. To a certain extent, of course, denominational quarrels affect only the limited circle in which they occur; but the present instance is made exceptional by the fact, which is patent to unbiassed observation, that these dissensions have their roots in those contrary and fundamental currents which are at present shaking the world of thought and speculation. The church in question, from the peculiarity of its constitution, embraces representatives of all the great tendencies now in motion, and its dissensions represent in miniature the confusion which reigns in religious matters in the world at large.

The history of the Anglican Reformation has been written from almost every imaginable standpoint. Every prepossession seems to be able to find support in the facts, if it looks for it. To an impartial student, this raises a strong presumption in favor of the view presented by the least partisan historians: that is, that that reformation was many-sided; that it did not proceed from any well-defined principle, but from expediency; and that the result was, therefore, neither simple nor consistent. The movement bore a political character throughout. It fluctuated according to political exigencies, and the final form was the resultant of a number of conflicting forces, no one of which gained a complete victory. The church was retained by the statesmen as an establishment; but, in so retaining it, they proposed to give it the form which suited their purposes. A number of noble and conscientious men were participants in the work; but no one of firm, self-poised, and commanding genius impressed any character on the movement. The aim of those in control was to make a *national* church—that is, to say, a church which should comprise all the religious parties and interests of the nation. All this tended to give the church, as finally constituted, the character of a compromise, and such it is in its essence. The Prayer-Book offers satisfactory forms to every phase of orthodox Protestantism, and to each phase also offers stumbling-blocks. Each must tolerate what it dislikes for the sake of having what it desires.

It is evident that a church so constituted has many important advantages. In theory, it is comprehensive. The first requisite for its satisfactory operation is toleration and charity. It discourages the bigotry, narrowness, and spiritual pride of sectarianism. It should encourage breadth and freedom of thought, and so become the nursing mother of science and speculation. However, a church must necessarily insist on sincerity and firmness of conviction, and it is a law which, in the present condition of human nature, holds good, that strength of conviction is always in the inverse ratio of the tolerant spirit. In fact, therefore, the only times at which the Anglican Church has worked smoothly have been the times when conviction was feeble. So soon as zeal, conscientiousness, and faith have revived, so soon has dissension arisen.

During the last fifty years there has been within it a remarkable revival of religious energy and conviction. Different parties have sprung up. Every tendency which has arisen in the world of thought has found representatives in this ecclesiastical body, who, while standing on the old traditions, have sought to establish a reconciliation with that higher and purer conception which we call truth. The parties whose strife has occupied public attention have had representatives who carried on the battle on the narrower ecclesiastical arena—all the more bitterly for the closeness of their relations. These parties have not been one or two in number, but several. Their powers are, at the present moment, well developed; their positions are well defined; their antagonism is thoroughly pronounced; and the crisis seems now to be impending. The question which presents itself is whether the external unity (love for which has long held the parties together) can any longer be maintained. The coming convention seems likely to form an epoch in the history of the church, from the bearing which its action or inaction will have on this question.

In spite of the parties which have been developed on one side and on the other, the majority of the members of this communion still maintain a position which they assert, with great show of justice, to be the traditional position of the Anglican Church. But when this

position is examined according to modern standards, and according to the true idea of the functions of a church in these days, it must be said that, if this is the true position of the Anglican Church, then that body has survived its usefulness, and has no longer a reason for existing. The party in question are not puritanical in morals or rationalistic in dogma. They do not define or care for definitions. They hold propositions which they do not understand, or propositions which "mutually destroy each other," undisturbed by the inconsistency. They ignore questions of the highest moment with bland indifference to the consequences. They repeat formulæ which strike dully upon the ears of the uninitiated, and certainly make no impression on the minds of men of this generation. They turn to England for all their precedents and models, and import ecclesiastical rococo for the conversion of this raw American society. They introduce among us "cathedrals" and semi-monastic colleges, and elaborate and artificial ecclesiastical machinery. If they find themselves losing hold on the thought and intelligence of the day, they turn to "the poor," the children, and such adults as, by sheer exercise of the will, accept their premises, and drill these into functions in the ecclesiastical machine. They found schools in which they ape those details of dress and usage of English schools of which the English themselves would be only too glad to be rid. They flood the church with illiterate clergy, who easily become episcopal retainers, shield themselves behind any ecclesiastical shelter which promises protection to their weakness, and so fall easy prey to notions which seem to suit the meagre outfit of traditions with which they have been provided. Such a body as this appears, to one who is fairly informed as to the needs of this day and the subjects which are occupying the attention and subtly moulding the consciences of men, to be verily "up in a balloon." Its plan of offence is to dogmatize to men who may know little about the subject-matter, but who cut short discussion the moment they recognize dogmatism in the method by which it is conducted. Its plan of defence is to shorten the cords and strengthen the stakes of tradition, which is like shutting one's self up in a fortress and leaving the enemy to sap it at his leisure. The enemy is not far wrong, if this policy prevails, in trying his voice already for the pæan of victory, for his victory is inevitable. This body, however, possesses the majority; and those who are interested in the church can hardly look to it with much confidence for the practical wisdom which is necessary for such a crisis.

Around this main body are grouped the parties which, either in one direction or another, seek to accommodate the Anglican traditions to modern needs. The rationalizing tendency of the age, which infects all but those who are carefully shielded from contact with modern thought, leads men to define and circumscribe their position. They seek to know what they mean by the words they use, what are the mutual relations of the doctrines they receive, what is their bearing on the results of other investigations, and what are their logical results.

On one side, the Evangelical party, under the influence of this desire, sharpen and accentuate the branches of a dogmatic system. They desire to define theological terms with metaphysical exactness. On their premises, it is all-important to use theological terms correctly. They cannot consent to ambiguity, nor use ambiguous terms in a connection in which they may be misunderstood. No doubt it would show more strength and independence simply to maintain one's own definition while using traditional terms, and leave it to others to provoke a conflict, if there is to be one; but before the bar of enlightened opinion, the man who will not be careless, but insists on accuracy, deserves respect more than the easy-going who will not take the trouble, or the imbecile who is unable, to define.

On another side, another party also splits off from the traditional *via media* theology, and seeks clearness and precision, but it goes to find it in a supposed Catholic tradition which is wider and greater than the Anglican. This party sees already the shadow of the foe which the traditional theology is destined to meet in spite of any efforts. It shrinks back from the contest. It endeavors to reverse the stream of history. It turns back to one of the branches, and anxiously takes up again all which was then dropped as worn out. It denies the theory of progress, and insists on a theory by which the world's destiny is to feed continually on the husks of the past. It relies on the magical efficacy of unity, catholicity, antiquity, and obedience. It endows all with a poetical and romantic glow. In these things it finds cures for the ills which afflict this age, and prescribes them with the simple faith with which a mediæval practitioner would give his queer elixirs and nostrums. It is the reflex wave towards the lost mediæval theology which has never been wanting in the Anglican Church, and which rises higher as the hour for the decisive conflict between the traditional theology and rationalism approaches. This movement is like a retreat before the battle, and is a valuable negative testimony to the certainty that that conflict is approaching.

Another party holds to religion, not only as a beneficial social influence, but also as a blessing and duty of man. It accepts the dogmatic formulæ which are handed down by tradition, but insists that they are not now popularly understood as they were originally intended. It seeks the truth in a philosophical and critical form under the dogmatic formula. It thus stands on the tradition of the church, but insists on receiving and considering the testimony of science and speculation as to what is true. These men seek scientific and philosophical bases for the faith, and they test it by the criteria of reason and conscience, not of tradition. For them the traditional dogmas are open to revision and correction. They almost monopolize the scholarship of the church, which scholars in other departments would recognize as such, and they are the only party which recognizes the office of Biblical criticism, and perceives the immense influence which it must inevitably exert on religious opinion. Their position is, in many respects, weakest of all. It embraces the cleft which divides the modern world—the antagonism between science and faith. They would be content to use the church according to its original theory, and reconcile it to modern thought. They do not, therefore, contribute directly to the disruption of the church, but their toleration is called latitudinarianism; their tendency to philosophize and sublimate doctrine appears to change the contents of dogmatic expressions, and is called rationalism; and their willingness, under certain circumstances, to modify tradition, is regarded as treason to the faith. They contribute mightily to the disintegration, by the repulsion which they excite in all the other parties.

Already, various efforts have been made to revise the Prayer-Book by different parties, each seeking to suit itself exactly. Such a revision would be an actual disruption of the church, for if one party found nothing to condemn, and no longer needed to resort to private interpretations, other parties would no longer find anything to approve. To the increasing restlessness of the malcontents the majority has opposed, as yet, the stubborn refusal which seems to supply the only necessary element for an explosion yet wanting—the resisting force. There is a steady advance of hierarchical pretension, and a steady revolution from a constitutional to a monarchical organization. The Anglican Church has, in its theory, many most valuable elements of conservatism, which are among the chief needs of the time, but it is now in a crisis which requires all its strength to preserve its own integrity. If it should perish, or dwindle to a lifeless and dying sect, it would be an unquestionable loss to the community. It would also seem to prove that a *church* cannot tolerate dissent in the midst of itself, and that charity and strength of conviction are mutually destructive. That would indeed be a sad conclusion, and we could only wait and hope that at some subsequent time, in a higher state of enlightenment, sectarian narrowness would not be the only form in which religious faith could exist, but that men might be able both to entertain profound convictions and respect a difference of opinion in others.

QUEBEC.

II.

To make out the case for Quebec as regards its European tone, I should dwell on the light provincial flavor of the little residential streets. Here some of the houses possess a certain stale Frenchness of complexion, suggestive of dwellings that Balzac may have lodged novels in. They

are chiefly built of stone or brick, with a stoutness and separateness of structure which stands in some degree in stead of architecture. I don't know that, externally, they have any greater charm than that they belong to that category of dwellings which in our own cities were long since pulled down to make room for brown-stone fronts. I don't know, indeed, that I can express better the picturesque merit of Quebec than by saying that it has not a brown-stone front in it. The greater number of houses are built of rough-hewn squares of stone, painted with frank chocolate or buff, and adorned with blinds of a cruder green than we admire. As you pass the low windows of these abodes, you perceive the walls to be of extraordinary thickness; the embrasure is of great depth; Quebec was built for winter. Door-plates are frequent, and you observe that these compact mansions are tenanted chiefly by a French *bourgeoisie*. Here and there before a door stands a comely private equipage—a fact agreeably suggestive of a low scale of prices; for evidently in Quebec one need not be a millionaire to keep a carriage, and one may make a figure on moderate means. The great number of private carriages visible in the streets is another item, by the way, among the Europeanisms of the place; and not, as I may say, as regards the simple fact that they exist, but as regards the fact that they are considered needful for women, for young persons, for gentility. What does it do with itself, this gentility, keeping a gig or not, you wonder, as you stroll past its little multicolored lodgments? You strive almost vainly to realize the life of this French society, locked up in its small dead capital, isolated on a heedless continent, and gradually consuming its principal, as one may say—its vital stock of memories, traditions, and routine. Its evenings must be as dull as the evenings described by Balzac in his "Vie de Province"; but has it the same ways and means of dulness? Does it play loto and écarté in the long winter nights, and arrange marriages between its sons and daughters, whose education it has confided to abbés and abbesses? I have met in the streets here little old Frenchmen who look as if they had stepped out of Balzac—quaint with Old-World lights and shadows, wrinkled with Old-World attitudes. Something assures one that Quebec must be a city of gossip; for evidently it is not a city of culture. A glance at the few booksellers' windows gives evidence of this. A few Catholic statuettes and prints, two or three Catholic publications, a festoon or so of rosaries, a volume of Lamartine, a supply of ink and matches, form the bulk of the *étalage*.

In the lower class of the French population there is a much livelier vitality. They are a genuine peasantry; you very soon observe it, as you drive along the pleasant country roads. Just what it is that makes a peasantry it is, perhaps, not easy to determine; but whatever it is, these good people have it—in their simple, unsharpened faces, in their narrow *patois*, in their ignorance and *naïveté*, and their evident good terms with the tin-spired parish church, standing there as bright and clean with ungrudged paint and varnish as a Nürnberg toy. One of them spoke to me with righteous contempt of the French of France—"They are worth nothing; they are bad Catholics." These are good Catholics, and I doubt if anywhere Catholicism wears a brighter face and maintains more docility at the cost of less misery. It is, perhaps, not Longfellow's "Evangeline" for chapter and verse, but it is a tolerable prose transcript. There is no visible squalor, no rags, no curses, but a most agreeable tinge of gentleness, thrift, and piety. I am assured that the country people are in the last degree mild and peaceable; surely, such neatness and thrift, without French petulance and hardness, is a very pleasant type of character. Without being ready to proclaim, with an enthusiastic friend, that the roadside scenery is more French than France, I may say that, in its way, it is quite as picturesque as anything within the city. There is an air of completeness and maturity in the landscape which suggests an old country. The roads, to begin with, are decidedly better than our own, and the cottages and farmhouses would need only a bit of thatch and a few red tiles here and there to enable them to figure creditably by the waysides of Normandy or Brittany. The road to Montmorency, on which tourists most congregate, is also, I think, the prettiest. The rows of poplars, the heavy stone cottages, seamed and cracked with time in many cases, and daubed in coarse bright hues, the little *bourgeois* villas, rising middle-aged at the end of short vistas, the sunburnt women in the fields, the old men in woollen stockings and red nightcaps, the long-kirtled *curé* nodding to doffed hats, the more or less bovine stare which greets you from cottage doors, are all so many touches of a local color reflected from over the sea. What especially strikes one, however, is the peculiar tone of the light and the atmospheric effects—the chilly whites and grays, the steely reflections, the melancholy brightness of a frigid zone. Winter here gives a stamp to the year, and seems to leave even through spring and summer a kind of scintillating trail of his presence. To me, I confess it is terrible, and I fancy I see constantly in the brilliant sky the hoary genius of the Climate brooding grimly over his dominion.

The Falls of Montmorency, which you reach by the pleasant avenue I speak of, are great, I believe, among the falls of the earth. They are certainly very fine, even in the attenuated shape to which they are reduced at the present season. I doubt whether you may get anywhere in simpler and more powerful form the very essences of a cataract—the wild, fierce, suicidal plunge of a living, shrieking flood. A little platform, lodged in the cliff, enables you to contemplate it with almost shameful convenience; here you may stand at your leisure and spin analogies, more or less striking, on the very edge of the white abyss. The leap begins directly at your feet, and your eye caresses dizzily the long, perpendicular shaft of foam, and tries, in the eternal crash, to effect some vague notation of its successive stages of sound, and fury, and destruction; but the vaporous sheet, for ever dropping, lapses from beneath the eye, and leaves the vision dizzy in mid-space; and the vision, in search of a resting-place, sinks in a flurry to the infamous sawmill which defaces the very base of the torrent. The Falls of Montmorency are obviously one of the greatest of the beauties of nature; but I hope it is not beside the mark to say, that of all the beauties of nature, "falls" are to me the least satisfying. A mountain, a precipice, a river, a forest, a plain, I can enjoy at my ease; they are natural, normal, self-assured; they make no appeal; they imply no human admiration, no petty human cranings, and shrinkings, and head-swimmings, and similes. A cataract is "sensational." You are certain, moreover, to have to approach it through a *tourniquet*, and to enjoy it from some terribly cockneyfied little booth. These present falls seem to be the private property of a negro innkeeper, who "runs" them evidently with great pecuniary profit. A day or two since I went so far as to be glad to leave them behind, and drive some five miles further along the road, to a village rejoicing in the pretty name of Château-Richer. The village is so pretty that you count on finding there the elderly manor which might have baptized it. But, of course, at the château-point the picturesque in Quebec breaks down: one must not ask too much of it. You enjoy from here, however, a superb revelation of the noble position of the city. The river, finding room in mid-stream for the long island of Orleans, opens out below you with a peculiar freedom and serenity, and leads the eye far down to where an azure mountain gazes up the channel, and responds to the dark headland of Quebec. I noted, here and there, as I went, an extremely picturesque effect. Between the road and the river stand a goodly number of ancient peasant-dwellings, with their back-windows looking toward the stream. Glancing, as I passed, into their hither casements toward the road, I saw, as through a picture-frame, their dark, rich-toned interiors, played into by the late river-light, and making an admirable series of mellow *tableaux de genre*. The little curtained alcoves, the big household beds, and presses, and dressers, the black-mouthed chimney-pieces, the crucifixes, the old women at their spinning-wheels, the little heads at the supper-table, around the big French loaf, outlined with a rim of light, were all as warmly, as richly composed, as French, as Dutch, as worthy of the brush, as anything in classic sketching-grounds.

I suppose no American can look at all these things, however idly, without reflecting on the ultimate possibility of their becoming absorbed into his own huge state. Whenever, sooner or later, the change is wrought, the sentimental tourist will keenly feel that a long stride has been taken, rough-shod, from the past to the present. The largest appetite in modern civilization will have swallowed the largest morsel. What the change may bring of comfort or of grief to the Canadians themselves, will be for them to say; but, in the breast of this sentimental tourist of ours, it will produce little but regret. The foreign elements of Eastern Canada, at least, are extremely interesting; and it is of good profit to us Americans to have near us, and of easy access, an ample something which is not our expansive selves. Here we find a hundred mementoes of an older civilization than our own, of different manners, of social forces once mighty, and still glowing with a sort of autumnal warmth. The Old-World needs which created the dark-walled cities of France and Italy, seem to reverberate faintly in the steep and narrow and Catholic streets of Quebec. The vague, indefinable presence of these things gives the town a palpable atmosphere, a rare physiognomy. The little houses achieve their quaint suggestions by rather inexpensive arts; the city-walls are coated with a sort of silvery innocence; but the kindly fancy, conscious of a general solidarity in the picturesque, ekes out the romance, and deepens the coloring.

SCENES AMONG THE BUTLERITES.

BOSTON, September 30, 1871.

THE cars which ran from Boston to Worcester at half-past five on Tuesday last were crowded with delegates to the convention; but any one who went up simply as a spectator had, of course, little opportunity to gain information as to the political intentions or desires of the passengers. With a single exception, no one seemed disposed to take many of those surrounding him into his political confidence. To be sure, that one exception made up for a great deal of reticence, as it consisted of a confidential communication made by a gentleman at the top of his voice, to the effect that the train was full of "Butler's shoulder-hitters," and that another gentleman, who sat near him, was one of them. As the individual in question was a large and powerful-looking man, the accusation had just enough probability in it to rouse the attention of every one, greatly to the amusement of the "shoulder-hitter," who, between his friends and his enemies, led a troubled life during the time of the convention. After being accused on Tuesday evening of being a Butler shoulder-hitter, he was, on Wednesday morning, arraigned by Butler before the convention for having said, in the hearing of some one, that rather than vote for Butler he would vote for John Quincy Adams. Except this charge, which no doubt was induced by a sincere though mistaken desire for reform, very little occurred on the journey to enliven the tedium of the polyphloisbœan car-wheels or to alleviate the heavy rattle of the rain. The storm, which had begun moderately enough, gradually increased in violence as we neared Worcester, and then providentially died away just before the cars ran into the station.

Far be it from me to weary your readers with a detailed description of the Bay State House or of the various "Headquarters" of the various candidates for the governorship. Suffice it to say that there was a Butler, and a Rice, and a Loring, and a Washburn headquarters. This gave—at least to the columns in the hall of the hotel, on which the notices were posted—a rather military appearance; an illusion which a visit to the interior of the headquarters themselves soon dissipated. On the walls of the hotel were posted placards announcing the latest returns of delegates; but, as the Butler returns invariably showed a majority in favor of the General, while the Anti-Butler returns showed exactly the reverse, we gladly fell back on those primitive intuitions which, in political matters, are always more valuable, as well as more interesting, than statistics. Those intuitions told us that Butler would be defeated, and yielded us an *à priori* satisfaction which, we must confess, those whom we met did not seem to share. The gloom which, on Tuesday evening, overshadowed the countenances of the Anti-Butler delegates was, no doubt, chiefly caused by the fact that no coalition had as yet been formed or seemed possible among the General's opponents, but no doubt it was also partly due to the wild rumors with which the industry of his supporters had filled the peaceful town of Worcester.

A town in which Butler is canvassing always bears a striking resemblance to the historic village of Eatanswill. I noticed this fact in the great Butler-Dana contest in 1868; it was so now in Worcester. Not only had the great chieftain, with rare sagacity, hired every hall in the town, to prevent the delivery of Anti-Butler harangues, but it was said that he "had under his control all the brass-bands of Massachusetts," and I think many of the delegates must have arrived in Worcester half-expecting to find a Butler Guard defending the approaches of the principal hotels. One rumor current in Boston had it that piles of combustibles had been accumulated under the hotels, which a word from Butler would fire. The curious in such matters may perhaps explain this as having arisen from another story, to the effect that a great Butler torchlight procession was ordered for Tuesday evening. The non-appearance of this procession, it was said, was owing to the state of the weather, though, as the rain stopped about seven, there were not wanting sceptical persons who attributed the fact to a different cause. However this may be, there is no doubt that a glorious Butler meeting took place in the evening in the hall in which the convention was to meet the next day, when Mr. G. A. Somerby, of the Boston bar, together with other gentlemen, including General Butler, exposed vice and corruption in all their hideous forms for the space of two hours, and with the happiest result; vice and corruption meeting throughout with no favor from the audience, while all allusions to truth and virtue elicited rounds of applause. It has not been sufficiently noticed by those who accuse General Butler of appealing invariably to low motives that throughout this late campaign he has made almost as much use of good as of bad ones, to say nothing of his manly stand against intemperance. In none of his speeches has he failed to hold up to public scorn and loathing the rapacity of capitalists, battening on the toil of the poor, the corruption of the political class, the infamy of Rings. Indeed, Mr. Somerby declared that the General was waging in Massachusetts the same good fight against the "Boston Ring" which New York is carrying on against Tweed, Hall, Sweeny, and Connolly. Remembering, also, the catholic principle of welcoming sinners into the fold, he has not only denounced wickedness, he has willingly forgiven the wicked, thereby swelling the number of his followers, strengthening the cause of virtue, and not a little increasing his own reputation for magnanimity—which, perhaps, reached its highest point when he lately appeared at an anti-corruption meeting in Hyde Park arm-in-arm with the former president of the Boston, Hartford & Erie Railroad, Mr. J. S. Eldridge.

On the night before a convention, rooms are obtained, if at all, through political influence, and, not having much weight in the Butler ranks, my friend and I determined, if possible, to form a combination to further our selfish ends in the Anti-Butler party. In this we thought we had succeeded on receiving from the hotel clerk a ticket for a room in a neighboring house. The room, however, having been sold twice, once to the hotel, and then to a gentleman whom we found in bed, expecting, as he told us, another gentleman shortly, the ticket was not of much service; nor was a second ticket, directing us to a second house; and we had almost made up our minds to spend the night on the appropriate "headquarters" floor, when the hospitality of a citizen of Worcester relieved us of our embarrassment. The prevailing impression at midnight was that Butler would succeed.

This impression was strengthened in the morning. As I did not go into the hall in which the convention sat till the afternoon, I can only speak from hearsay, but all the Anti-Butler men whom I saw were very doubtful of the result. Outside the convention, the scene was enlivened by the sale of poems and tracts in the Butler interest, while here and there knots of men discussed the latest news from inside. Meeting a gentleman of color whom I knew very well, I asked him whether he was a delegate. "No," he said, "not a delegate; I came to look on." "Which of the candidates has the best chance?" "Oh! Butler; he is sure to win." "I hope not." "Well, sir, I hope he will; General Butler has done a great deal for this country, and he hasn't been paid enough for it yet." Leaving my friend, I went towards the door of the convention, and purchased a Butler poem, a few verses of which I quote—not so much for their poetical merits, as because they had about them a strangely foreign, anti-American, unrepublican flavor:

> "We've been ruled by the Rings, and been choked from our choice,
> But we're up, and we're free, and at last giving voice!
> We'll have for our leader the man that we've tried,
> Who all of his lifetime has fought on our side.
> He's the friend of the people, the prop of the poor,
> Wherever he goes no oppressor's secure.
> Fair play for us all, and no more, is his game,
> And he'll have what he wants, for Ben Butler's his name!"

As I read, the applause from the hall came back like a ghostly echo. For the moment we were in Europe—the many and the few; the poor and the rich, the oppressor and oppressed; the demagogue and his dupes. The old sad story, handed down with curses and groans and tears from generation to generation; the story of misery and wrong that we boasted was for ever ended—was it indeed enacting itself again, and in Worcester, Massachusetts?

But sentiment of this kind was entirely out of place—in the first place, because there was no one on the ground who would have readily appreciated allusions to Cleon, the leather-dresser, or the island of Sphakteria, and in the second place, because I had not yet succeeded in obtaining admission to the hall. After some difficulty I was admitted by the State Central Committee to the floor of the convention, where I had an excellent opportunity of observing the proceedings, which, notwithstanding the peculiar tactics of General Butler, were of the most orderly character throughout. This was, no doubt, due to the organization. The chairman, Hon. G. F. Hoar, presided with great dignity and vigor, while his brother, the late Attorney-General, who was placed at the head of the committee on credentials, gave the report of that body a weight which even Butler himself was obliged to respect. The *Advertiser* makes a serious mistake when it attributes Butler's defeat to the character of the candidates opposed to him. It was not those candidates, but the men behind them, who defeated him. If it had lain with Rice, Jewell, Loring, and Washburn to defeat him, he would have been now the nominee of the convention. None of them has a tithe of the native force of their rival. Loring is a hack politician, Rice and Jewell are respectable men, without any particular qualities of any kind, and Washburn, though no doubt superior to Loring and Jewell, is still a commonplace man enough.

But there were men in the convention who really had strong intellects and characters, and who were sent there by people who were determined that the honor of Massachusetts should not be stained by the intrusion into the highest office of the State of a man like Butler; it was these men who defeated him. The convention contained a number of men who rarely go to conventions, and who, when they do, go there with very different purpose from that of pulling wires or log-rolling.

Almost all day was occupied in waiting for the report of the committee on credentials; nothing could be done, of course, until the question of contested seats was settled. Meantime General Butler and his friends were not idle. On the reassembling of the convention at three o'clock, after a recess, handbills were to be found in every seat containing the latest news as reported by the Butler party, couched in terms well calculated to fire the hearts of delegates:

THE SHAMBLES

OF THE GOOD OLD

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS!

The Rice leaders offered to sell their delegates to Gen'l Butler—the price, the Lieutenant-Governorship. This Gen'l Butler declined.

They sold to Washburn!!!

Berkshire buys Boston for a mess of pottage.

Will these delegates be the sheep of the new Brighton Market?

These hand-bills, however, fell short of the mark perhaps, because all eyes and ears were fixed on the principal object of interest in the convention—General Butler himself. Sitting as a delegate from Gloucester, he led his party through all the proceedings, not omitting the least details, such as the act of voting, when he walked across the platform, and deposited his ballot for General B. F. Butler, to the great delight of several of the delegates, who evidently thought that "the great American joke" had at last reached its climax. Pacing up and down on the floor, or mounting the platform, sitting restlessly in his seat with his eye fixed on the chair, interrupting, approving, debating, haranguing, he kept himself throughout "in evidence," from the time when he forced the convention to admit the "people of Massachusetts" to the galleries, to the time when, after the final vote, he "bowed to the people's will," and withdrew from the canvass. His appearance has been so often described that it is unnecessary to say anything about it, except that, on comparing him with the body of the convention, an impartial spectator was forced to admit his great superiority over the rank and file in sheer force of intellect and will. The body of the convention, with such exceptions as we have alluded to above, was a very mediocre-looking set of men—a body which looked as if it had been selected by lot from the male inhabitants of Massachusetts, after a preliminary exclusion of all persons tainted with the higher education. Most political conventions which I have seen have more resembled flocks of some strange new animal than assemblages of individual men. In the words of the poet,

"The individual dwindles, and the Whole is more and more."

Butler stood out distinct from the common herd. Whatever he did was done as no one else would have done, as no one else would have dared to do it. Those who lament the absence of the picturesque in American politics have great reason to be grateful to General Butler. It is impossible to describe the æsthetic pleasure which his speeches are capable of producing. When he rose on one occasion, and said, with great emphasis, "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Convention: I am a plain, blunt man," one felt an impulsive inclination to move a resolution of thanks. His oratory is a study—without a single art of manner, or a single pleasing tone of voice, in fact, with a very disagreeable voice and insolent manners, he is not without success as a speaker. His points always tell, and you could not help feeling that his audience had a fear of him, which must, of course, be an effective assistance to oratory when it can be used to advantage. His gestures are ludicrous. He appeals by shaking his fist, he emphasizes an assertion by falling back from his toes on to his heels, he points a rejoinder by a curious movement which is difficult to describe, because it is not common among articulate-speaking men, but which consists in casting his head forward with his neck, as if it was a missile, and then bringing it down at the end of the shot with a sudden drop.

The vote on the admission of the Ward 6 Delegation from Boston was a curious satire on parliamentary law. Delegates both for and against Butler had been elected by different caucuses, and the question was which was the regular caucus. According to the Anti-Butler account, the original caucus was broken up by a Butler mob, which, by noise and turbulence, prevented a fair vote, thus making it necessary for the true Republicans present to adjourn to another place, and hold a new caucus. At this other place—the Charles Street Church—the Anti-Butler delegates were chosen. The original meeting, after the withdrawal to the church, of course elected Butler delegates. The whole question was whether the original meeting was or was not broken up by a mob. This question the committee on credentials investigated, and reported in favor of the Charles Street caucus and the Anti-Butler delegates. The convention voted separately on the adoption of this part of the report, and, though the question was evidently one of fact, and had nothing to do with the merits of the contest for the governorship, it was accepted on all hands as a test-question to decide for or against Butler. To the spectator it was a simple matter of evidence, with the convention it was a party question—to be decided, not according to the evidence, but according to the preferences of the delegates. The Anti-Butler delegates were admitted, and the contest was virtually over.

When the delegate from Gloucester saw what the result was going to be, his proceedings were curious to watch. If the voting could be invalidated on any ground, it would at least give him a loophole; he might either demand another vote, or might bolt. He therefore made this extraordinary motion: "That the president of the convention be authorized to enquire of the officers at the door whether unauthorized persons had taken tickets from them at the door; whether the number of tickets of persons that came into the hall was less than the number of persons that were in the hall." This motion was evidently a tentative one, made for the purpose of seeing whether he could create a disturbance. The chair, of course, ruled that he could neither go to the door-keepers, nor could he summon the door-keepers to the chair; but that a motion for a committee of enquiry would be in order. The General made no such motion, however, and waited for his next opportunity. This came very soon. During the vote for governor by counties, the chairman announced that, as some counties would probably poll more than the regular number of votes, in any such county the vote would be taken a second time. Butler at once rose, and, turning to the convention, said: "What can you expect, gentlemen, when the chairman himself announces that there is going to be illegal voting?" Again the insinuation fell dead; and, seeing that it was going to come to nothing, Butler wisely allowed the threatening demeanor with which he began his sentence to change into a plain, blunt smile, and sat down again as if the whole thing had been a joke.

When the vote was declared, all eyes turned again to Butler: would he bolt, or would he withdraw? As your readers know, he withdrew, in a speech which was, from a dramatic point of view, much the best thing he ever did in his life. He told the convention that evil-minded men had circulated a story that if he was not nominated for the governorship he would run against the regular nominee. These same evil-minded men had also said that, if he secured the regular nomination, they would bolt, and run an independent candidate against him. He continued in words of which I have not a report before me, but which were, in effect, these: "But, Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, I am a better Republican than they. (Great applause.) I shall support the nominee of the convention. (Immense applause.) One word to my friends: We have fought a good fight, and, though for the present we are defeated, the conflict is not over. Meantime, we have accomplished much; we have proved our loyalty to truth and right. Your support has cheered me through the long battle. Your friendship will warm my heart and support my courage in the great conflict which we will continue to wage inside the Republican party, until our efforts are crowned by the final redemption and liberation of this glorious old Commonwealth of Massachusetts from corruption and vice." (Tremendous applause.)

So ended the contest. Butler was beaten, and beaten by that unknown force which he so persistently ignores—character. The men who defeated him were not wire-pullers or managers; they were men like the chairman of the convention, who ruled every question that arose with an absolute impartiality; men like the chairman of the committee of credentials, who made a report rather in favor of than against the Butler party. The result showed that Massachusetts is not the same place yet as the Fifth District, and that the opinion of the respectable non-political classes has still some weight in the selection of officers. But it is absurd to suppose that the conflict is over or Butler silenced. As I returned in the cars to Boston the next morning, I happened to hear a Butler delegate giving his views to one of the opposing party: "This fight," said he, "is not over. General Butler has been beaten now, but so have other men. The Free-Soil party was at first, and the men who come up here to vote against him are *the same men who, in* 1856, *voted for James Buchanan against Fremont.* Don't be too damned sure of your position. We shall have our turn, too."

A. P. M.

FRANCE.—A NEUTRAL PRESIDENT—THE ARMY.

PARIS, September 15.

M. THIERS has sent his first messages to the Chamber. We have really a President—not like yours, shut up in a constitution, watched by a Senate, and tied by law and precedent. Our new President goes to the Chamber, if he likes—he continues to be a leader, a speaker. May we not compare him, for want of a better comparison, to Pericles? For his real power is eloquence; his dictatorship is the dictatorship of persuasion. But here the comparison must stop. When Pericles came into power, the Athenians were at the height of prosperity. Pericles, young, beautiful, looking like a demigod, kept Athens joyous, and had only to resist the license of a people intoxicated by victory. Thiers, old, owl-faced, like an ironical image of fate, appears after Sedan, after Metz, after the surrender of the finest province of France. Thucydides, giving an account of the government under Pericles, says that it was a democratic government, which in fact was a monarchy, as the first citizen had all the authority. It is undeniable that the power of M. Thiers is almost without limit. He derives his authority less from the absence of any constitutional check than from the nature of his character; he has a strong will in the midst of men who have no will; he knows his own mind, and he alone knows it. From the first day of the meeting of the Chamber at Bordeaux, he followed a single idea, and the continuity of his purpose gave him an easy victory over parties which, though numerous, had no fixed policy and no organization. He intended to be President; and though the Republican party was in a minority in the Chamber, he took advantage of circumstances to form a majority with men of all parties in the name of order. The manifestoes of the Count de Chambord helped him very powerfully, as they put an end to the consolidation of the monarchical party. The Orleanists could not accept the doctrines of these manifestoes, though many of them would have been prepared to accept the Count de Chambord as king, if he had had the sense to take the position of a constitutional sovereign. The Legitimists are now completely discouraged, but many of them, at least, prefer the continuance of the Republic to the monarchy of the Comte de Paris; in fact, every party seems to prefer the Republic to the triumph of some other party; and thus the new administration is kept in a sort of unsettled equilibrium by a system of negative forces.

It is not rare to find foreigners who have made the most honest efforts to understand the French mind and the French policy telling you: "I give it up in despair. It seems to me that every man here is like a ship lost at sea, in the starless night, without a compass. Where is public opinion? In what direction does it run? There are no public meetings, there are no acknowledged leaders of the people, who are ready to take up a question and to explain it to the country. The press is full of scandalous personal attacks or of nauseous flatteries addressed to the executive of the day." If we look at the Chamber, we see a body of seven hundred and fifty men who are ruled by an old statesman who sometimes receives his support from the Right, sometimes from the Left, and sometimes from the Centre: a shifting majority without discipline, without any settled purpose, without courage, rising at times against M. Thiers, and, the moment after, returning to his feet like a whipped spaniel. It is very hard to anticipate what will be the results of so much *negative* policy. Its object seems to be how not to do it—not to proclaim the monarchy, and still to preserve some chances for the monarchy; to make a President of the Republic, and still not to give a legal status to the republican form of government. M. Thiers, in the message he read two days ago, has as usual increased the confusion. Everybody thought that, now that he is President, he would give a decidedly more republican tone to his utterances. The Left was, therefore, decidedly surprised and disgusted when M. Jules Simon read the following lines of the message:

"We have to settle our present and our future lot, and it is necessary to know whether it is to be in accordance with the past tradition—the tradition of a thousand years—that our country is to be constituted, or whether, abandoning itself to the torrent which in the present day precipitates human society towards an unknown future, it is to put on a new form, and thus peacefully pursue its noble policy. This country, the object of the passionate attention of the whole universe, is it to be a republic or a monarchy? will it adopt one or the other of these two forms of government which, at the present time, divide all nations? What greater problem was ever placed before a great nation in the terms in which it has now presented itself to us? I ask you the question, gentlemen, Is it very astonishing that this problem is for us an exciting one? The greater our sincerity and our patriotism, the more must it necessarily excite us. And observe how other nations are almost as disturbed as we are ourselves at the extraordinary spectacle which we afford them."

We do, indeed, afford them an extraordinary spectacle, but still, there is something very childish in this way of lugging into a domestic question the "passionate attention" and the "disturbed" emotions of the foreigner. The chauvinism of Thiers has resisted defeat, and is as self-complacent now as it was before Sedan. I will not comment on the tone of this message, so different from the speech from the throne in England or of messages of an American President. The Chamber itself, though it is very emotional, could not help laughing at some parts of this long dissertation. I need only point to the foregoing passage to show that M. Thiers, though he is now President of the Republic, means to keep the future quite uncertain, and the balance perfectly equal between Republicans and Monarchists. I am sorry to say that the past history of M. Thiers allows me to put this question: Is this declaration sincere? or has it only for its object to offer a fresh bait to the monarchical members of the House, and to cherish in them a last hope, lest they be driven by despair into an unflinching opposition? M. Thiers continues to play in his old age the part of a political Don Juan; he says to the Republicans, "I am with you"; to the Monarchists, "I protect you."

And it may be, after all, that there is not so much insincerity in this conduct as might at first seem. There is really in the last message a childlike prolixity and an incontinent and feeble rhetoric which seem to prove that M. Thiers in his seventy-fifth year is no longer what he has been. He certainly has conducted the negotiations with Germany neither with skill nor with vigor; he showed more determination in the latter stages of the siege of Paris, but he exhibited great weakness in the first days of the Commune. It cannot be denied that he is a man of strong will (indeed, I am afraid he is the only man of strong will in the Chamber), but his intellect is easily obscured, and long habits of political intrigue have twisted and, I may almost say, perverted his mind. Now that he has himself broken the compact of Bordeaux, by accepting the title of President, he means to prove that the compact of Bordeaux is not broken. The Rivet proposition was in reality a sort of parliamentary *coup d'état*, which completely changes the relative position of parties and of the executive. The decree which made M. Thiers President is in reality a constitution, short as it is. Therefore, all the political engagements which were made in the name of the *pacte de Bordeaux* have come to an end. For instance, the Princes of Orléans are now free to take their seats in the Chamber. But I know that M. Thiers is unwilling that they should do so, and I should not be surprised if this was the secret motive which led him to address to the Chamber the paragraph I have cited above.

The Chamber is going to adjourn till the 4th of December, and during this time the deputies will see the electors, and, it is to be hoped, draw a little more courage and consistency from the provincial soil. Meanwhile, M. Thiers will be absolutely sovereign; he will not give much work to the parliamentary commission which will remain at Versailles. He obtained, yesterday, the Chamber's permission to ratify, in the absence of the deputies, a supplementary treaty with Germany, which will hasten the evacuation of six departments, on condition that the Alsatian goods, for some time to come, may enter into France with an exceptional tariff. M. Thiers will also have more time to devote to the army. The historian of the Empire has always had the military mania; and he is certainly reorganizing the French army with great zeal. The army of Paris is now 150,000 strong; it is organized into *corps d'armée*, and the men live in *baraquements*, not in barracks—which means that they are living in tents and wooden huts. The men and the officers receive the *vivres de campagne* (campaign rations), which is an expense that falls heavily now on an impoverished treasury; but it is thought that this mode of outdoor life will sooner improve the army. There is another army, quite as strong, organizing on the same principle in camps about Bourges; 60,000 are in the forts of Lyons, or in the neighborhood. In all, we have not less than 500,000 men under arms, and it is truly wonderful to see how rapidly the work of reorganization is going on. I am not one of those who believe that M. Thiers is bent upon recommencing the war as soon as he can. There are people who maintain that his whole policy, his clinging to power as he does, is explained if you admit that he will himself retake Alsace and Lorraine before he dies. But the fact is this: the French army is rapidly reforming; the officers all burn with the desire of revenge; and in the siege of Paris, men and soldiers showed certainly high military qualities. It may be simply that Thiers wishes to be popular with the army that he spends so much money on it, in order that the Bonapartists may not find any support in its ranks.

Notes.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. have in press a large number of novels, of which several are reprints from the English, and but one seems distinctively American: "Left to Herself," by Jennie Woodville—"a striking and original novel of Southern life," says the publishers' announcement. Also the following works (reprints): "The World of Anecdote" and "Religious Anecdote," by Edwin Paxton Hood; Lubke's "History of Sculpture," in two volumes, uniform with his "History of Art," and containing three hundred and fifty illustrations; Edward Whymper's entertaining "Scrambles among the Alps"; and "Half-Hours in the Temple Church," by J. C. Vaughan, D.D. And the following: B. Donbavand's "Wild Ireland; or, Recollections of Some Days and Nights with Father Michael," which has already been pleasant reading for the patrons of *Lippincott's Magazine*; "Southern Voices," by Dr. W. H. Holcombe; and the "Coin Book," which professes to give all the information one is likely to need about the coinage, mint laws, and coinage statistics of this country, besides "a dictionary of all coins known in ancient and modern times, with their values," etc., etc. Messrs. Lippincott & Co. announce that with the October number the *Sunday Magazine*, of which they are the American publishers, begins a new series at a reduced price—$2 75 per annum instead of $3 50.——Macmillan & Co. announce "On the Nature, Origin, and Use of Wine," by Drs. Thudichum and Dupré, a work telling of wine-making processes, and giving statistics of production in various places, chemical analyses of different wines, etc., etc.

—In our notice of the magazines last week the types made us speak of Mr. Howells's article and Mr. James's in these words: "Of Mr. Howells's story and essay in one, and of Mr. James's story, we need say nothing; except, perhaps, that neither is just nor so perfectly characteristic of its author as the former parts have been." We had not meant to assert anything as to the "justice" of either of these articles, and make haste to say so before any demand to that effect is made upon us. If the reader will leave out the "nor" following "just," he will have what we think we meant to say, though the absence of the manuscript "copy" prevents our being precisely certain as to the phraseology employed. The omission above recommended will, however, certainly leave the substance of what we meant to say. A principal characteristic of Mr. Howells's humor is its rare delicacy and subtlety. But in this October instalment of 'Their Wedding Journey," some of the topics humorously treated—as the illogicality of woman, for instance—are not very far sought, nor treated so very differently from what is common when such topics are up for discussion. Not that it is not all very nice reading. Indeed, why we expressed the opinion that we perhaps had nothing more to say about these productions by Mr. Howells and Mr. James, was that we had previously spoken in praise of them. In Mr. James's story, at its October stage, there appears to be less of its author's elaborateness of analysis than has marked the other parts of his excellent story, and rather more than is desirable of sudden "fallings in love," of a kind that we should say would be better as beginnings of "flirtations" between a harmless kind of persons than they are for Mr. James's purpose in delineating his interesting personages. Perhaps it might not do to say that this practice is not characteristic of Mr. James; but hardly, we should say, of him at his best; and usually it is not quite so blank presented as here.

—A movement of considerable strength has been set on foot in the West, and first took an organized shape at a great convention of teachers, held in St. Louis last July, for the foundation of "a national university" on a great scale, having its seat, we presume, in the Mississippi Valley. The promoters look to the General Government for the principal portion of the necessary funds, and for this purpose are going to agitate for a great donation of public lands, before the national domain has all been disposed of. Ten million dollars, we believe, is talked of as the amount which would be necessary to make the institution worthy of its name. There are some difficulties in the way of establishing a university—apart altogether from the various drawbacks which grow out of mere newness. One is that if the main reliance is placed on endowments by private individuals, a small beginning has to be made, with half-starved second-rate professors, and a defective library and apparatus and buildings, and, what with low vitality, and puffing, and begging, and bragging, the morale of everybody connected with the organization has received serious injury before it has secured a permanent and effective footing. If, on the other hand, Government supplies the funds, it can do so liberally, and can make the institution all it ought to be materially from the outset; but there is hardly any government willing to endow a university, and then relinquish all control over it. If the Government retains the right of supervision—that is, if the university be not a thoroughly independent and self-governing body—there is great danger of its becoming a mere political machine, injurious to the politics of the country and of little use to its education. This is true even of European countries, where the politicians are generally university men, with a strong respect for universities, and a keen appreciation of their needs; it is doubly true of this, where the common run of politicians dislike and suspect universities and university men. The present condition of West Point Academy is something which those who ask Congress to found an American university would do well to heed. The promoters of the new movement, therefore, will, we trust, take good care, if their funds come from the nation, that the charter gives undisputed control to the *Faculty*—not to political trustees, or supervisors, or even to "prominent citizens." We say this in the most friendly spirit towards the undertaking, and, in fact, in testimony of our good wishes. A national committee to carry on the preliminary work was appointed at the St. Louis meeting, Ex-President Hill, of Harvard; Dr. Samuel Eliot, of Boston; and Mr. E. L. Godkin, of New York, being placed on it to represent the Eastern States. Mr. Godkin has, however, for personal reasons, declined to serve.

—The *Evening Post* may, if it pleases, take a lesson in synonyms from an excellent article in the *Illinois Staats-Zeitung* of Sept. 26. "*Volk* and *People*" is the title of it, and its object is to show that an appeal to the "people" against the "people's" chosen rulers in this city, as in its present emergency, is childish, and that "people" is a very different idea from "folk." To say, when the remedy for our evils is under discussion, "If the 'people' could only get a chance at the Ring," is as ridiculous as the Russian serf with his proverb, "If the Czar only knew." Tweed, Sweeny, Hall, and Connolly are all men of the "people," elected by the "people" by enormous majorities, and assured in this hour of their open disgrace that the "people" is on their side, and they have nothing to make them afraid. There is, continues the *Staats-Zeitung*, no New York *Volk*, even if there is a New York "people." The German word signifies not an arbitrary number of featherless bipeds, but an association (*Genossenschaft*) of men knit together by community of blood, language, manners, generally also religion and interests. It cannot properly be rendered by the English word "people," which is rather the equivalent of *Leute*, and designates a purely arbitrary number at that. Kossuth succeeded in making the cultivated classes in England and America understand him when he used "peoples" in the sense of the German *Völker*, but he failed to naturalize this plural for the common use and comprehension. There is a remedial force in public opinion only when we have actually a homogeneous community to deal with—a real *Volk*, which rapidly disappears in all cities when they get well up into the hundred thousands. New York has already become, for native and immigrant residents alike, a mere camp, with tents of stone instead of canvas, inhabited only so long as money can be made; a disarticulate heap of human atoms, in which a public opinion definitely affecting the resolutions and actions of individuals can hardly be said to exist. Every one make what he can, and the devil take the hindmost, is the sum of the philosophy of "municipal self-government" in New York. "Self-government" is all very fine, but it needs before everything a directing "self," *i.e.*, a community conscious of its organic unity. Popular government is also a fine thing, needing first of all, however, a "people" (*Volk*). The chance inmates of a great hotel are no *Volk*, although they are *people*; and New York is in fact a gigantic hotel. The writer concludes with an ingenious distinction in favor of Chicago, which, he says, is perhaps the only great city in America where, spite of the complex elements in its population, it is permissible to speak of a *Volk*; the reason being that the inhabitants of a city which, in thirty years, has sprung up from nothing, have (the great majority of them) a very direct share in its growth, and, consequently, possess a certain civic pride at which other cities may jest, but which is a very fair equivalent for the common feeling (*Gemeingefühl*) which prevails in European cities, and which is necessary to convert a "people" into a *Volk*.

—The chronic difference between Connecticut and New York as to their respective boundaries, to which we alluded the other day in our notice of Baird's "History of Rye," has lately been revived as to the southern boundary of the former State. In May last, the case of Keyser *vs.* Coe was removed by the defendant from the Superior Court of Connecticut to the United States Circuit Court, Judges Woodruff and Shipman. Mr. John H. Keyser's home is in the town of Norwalk, on the shore of the Sound, about a mile from which is Goose Island, a small bit of terri-

tory owned by Mr. Enoch Coe, who has thereon "an establishment in which he manufactures artificial manures from dead fish and other offensive materials, the fumes of which often reach the mainland and the plaintiff's residence, and create, as the bill alleges, an intolerable odor, exceedingly disagreeable and sickening." Mr. Coe's removal of the case was on the ground that Goose Island was not within the State of Connecticut; but, if he could have made this good, he might still have found that he had only jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, since the Circuit Court would then probably have been the proper tribunal for trying a nuisance carried on in one State to the detriment of citizens of another adjoining. The full text of the decision, which was adverse to Mr. Coe's pretensions, was printed last week in the New Haven *Palladium*, together with a map of the Connecticut coast-line from Lyon's Point to Stonington and Point Judith. Judge Shipman quotes the essential passages from the Warwick Patent of 1631, the Connecticut Charter granted by Charles II. in 1662, and the Duke of York's patent granted by the same monarch in 1664—by which last Connecticut lost possession of Long Island. It is shown that, by any fair construction of these instruments, the coast islands belong to the State, and that, with the exception of Fisher's Island, they have always been occupied by citizens of Connecticut, recognizing her jurisdiction, and in their conveyances describing the lands as lying within her limits, the defendant himself holding his title under a long line of conveyances of this very nature. Notice is taken of a curious attempt in 1765 to interpret the Warwick Patent so as to make the southern boundary of the State a straight line drawn due west from Point Judith parallel with the northern boundary, and thus cut off all the coast-line and islands west of New London or thereabouts. The lawyer who contrived this device of making Connecticut an inland State, and spreading New York along the Sound, achieved his purpose of establishing a *quasi* right in New York to the three Captain's Islands, but the claim was too preposterous to be pushed further.

—On the 10th of last month died Mr. Richard Bentley, whose fame as a publisher can hardly be said to have been equalled by any of his contemporaries, though of late it has not maintained its pre-eminence. For more than forty years he had been engaged in the making of books, and had thus become associated with some of the most popular of recent English writers—Horace Smith, Colley Grattan, G. P. R. James, Lord Lytton, Dr. Maginn, Father Prout, Harrison Ainsworth, Dickens, Marryat, Moore, Albert Smith, Thackeray, Barham, together with Cruikshank and Leech and Alfred Crowquill—and with Fenimore Cooper, Prescott, and Haliburton. It was in *Bentley's Miscellany* that "Oliver Twist" first appeared, Mr. Dickens having drawn up the prospectus, and being then the editor of the magazine, which was started in 1837, almost as a novelty. Two stories are told of the naming of this magazine, whose success, by the way, has been inherited by *Harper's Monthly* along with the design of its cover —one (apocryphal) that when the title had been changed from the too pretentious *Wit's Miscellany* to *Bentley's*, Barham enquired, "Is not that going rather too far the other way?"—the other, that prophets of evil suggested that the new venture had better be called *Bentley's Don't-sell-any*. Mr. Bentley had a costly experience in 1857 with the copyrights of his American authors in England, by a decision of the House of Lords which has since been reversed. At the time of his death, he was nearly seventy-seven years of age. His son and associate, Mr. George Bentley, remains to carry on the business, and to preserve the honorable tradition that "the name of Bentley on a title-page is a guaranty that the book is worth reading for some quality or other."

—The French press, with a pardonable sore-headedness, is indulging in pretty general abuse of friend and foe alike—the Italians, for example, as well as the Germans; and the compliment does not fail to be reciprocated. But, as the *Perseveranza* points out, the French papers entrench themselves behind their old practice of ignoring all that is said of them by foreigners; and happily so, or the mutual recrimination might lead to a dangerous heat and international imbroglios. Baron Stoffel, it is clear, is all very well for the army, but is not at all needed in journalism, where it is still the prerogative of the *grande nation* to shut its eyes and its ears to what is going on outside. The press stands in effect as a Chinese wall between the French people and its neighbors, and while it serves to keep out foreign criticism and foreign ideas, is less representative of the nation than any press in Europe. It is scarcely possible to magnify the evil of this defect, which is no less disastrous for domestic than for external policy, and is a principal reason why revolution is so easy in France. When one enquires what probability there is of a change in this respect, the answer must be that it depends ultimately on the decline of French vanity, and this is a national trait of which it is not easy to predict the disappearance. But it is evident that the political view of the nature and functions of the press must also be greatly modified. We have seen that Gambetta's notion of them was the same as Napoleon's, and that of the moderate republicans, from Thiers down, is but little different. It appears to be regarded on all hands as a public danger when the press truly becomes the mouthpiece of public opinion; and the only safeguard lies in reducing it to the mere expression of a few quill-drivers, and in making them known and easily amenable to warnings and penalties.

NOTES ON CHOLERA.*

Dr. Budd said to Prof. Tyndall: "From the day when I first began to think of these subjects, I never had a doubt that the specific cause of contagious fevers must be living organisms." Of this utterance the *British Medical Journal* remarks, that "it is, of course, a very interesting proof of early wisdom, but is not of the nature of a strict demonstration." Yet the view thus announced with effusion is held by many intelligent physicians; not, indeed, as demonstrably, but as probably, explaining the origin of all zymotic diseases. And since the advocacy of the germ-theory by Prof. Tyndall in his popular lectures upon "Dust and Disease," it has met the approval of many who are quite unaware of the amount of work that had been previously applied to its investigation. Although the germ-theory of disease cannot yet be considered to be fully established, it arrays many probabilities in its favor; and those thinkers at least who value the "scientific uses of the imagination" are inclined to accept it in advance of full demonstration. It is a growing belief that cholera and other communicable diseases are produced in man by invisible organic germs that are conveyable by persons, baggage, clothing, ships, and through both water and air.

The germ-theory has been in danger from its friends. Dr. Salisbury maintained that he could show in the field of his microscope the particular variety of spores which caused the miasmatic fevers of the region where he lived. But other observers failed to find them, and the discovery was not confirmed. The cholera spore, too, has thus far evaded the search of the medical detective. Messrs. Loschmidt and Stoney, and Sir William Thompson, independently of them, have lately given approximate measurements of the ultimate atom, a particle much too small for the microscope to show us; yet that it exists, and that we have, if we may be allowed the expression, roughly measured its dimensions, is conceded by some of our foremost scientific men. A different yet not less coherent chain of argument than that which has furnished us with the ultimate atom prefigures for us the cholera spore, while we await for the microscope to obtain such power as may serve to make it visible. Like predicted planets, these small entities may yet become evident to the sense; unless the coming intelligence shall find such a confirmation superfluous, and show that logic is more satisfactory than seeing with the eye.

Meanwhile, the interest of the cholera question, at least in temperate climates and in non-epidemic times, lies quite as much in the investigation of the essential nature of the disease as in the methods of its treatment. To neither of those enquiries has Dr. Peters contributed much that is new, though he makes a very definite claim to that effect. His reference, in the second preface, to a succeeding page for an account of the recently discovered "true nature of the choleraic poison" led us to open the present volume with expectation and interest. The pages in question, prove, however, to contain nothing more than a description of the experimental conveyance of cholera from one animal to another, and of its communication between men. We think Dr. Peters reprehensible for so placing and wording this passage in the preface as to misguide persons who may be seeking information about "the true nature" of cholera. Nor will his claim of "great originality" (made in the first preface) for what he calls his "Physiological Theory," and for the "advocacy of the internal disinfectant and corrective treatment" appear, to those who are familiar with the literature of the subject, and especially with the writings of Niemeyer and of Dr. George Johnson, of London, to be better founded than the claim that we have already mentioned.

Of the effects of treatment Dr. Peters says: "Many cases recover under all kinds of treatment, and under no treatment. Many die under all varieties of treatment." The fatality of cholera in temperate climates is, however, overrated in the public estimation; and the alarm felt in an American community, for instance, at its approach, is out of proportion

* "Notes on the Origin, Nature, Prevention, and Treatment of Asiatic Cholera. By John C. Peters, M.D." 16mo, pp. 200. Second Edition. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

to any of its dangers, except such as may result from gross neglect of sanitary precautions. We are now familiar with the conditions under which cholera appears, and with those which favor the spread of the epidemic, and we are abundantly informed as to the efficient means of checking and even of arresting the spread of such an epidemic. For the amount of zymotic disease in a community is a pretty accurate index of the amount of uncleanness, whether of air, water, or dwellings, in that community. The cholera germ cannot survive disinfectants.

In a recent circular of the Medical Department of the Privy Council of Great Britain, we find warnings against the chief dangers which favor the spread of cholera, and especially against tainted water-supplies and tainted air. Dr. Peters contributes a new unpleasantness to this very unpleasant subject. He calls attention to the fact that in New York (and we may presume in many other cities less advantageously placed for drainage) some of the sewers run up-hill at various angles of absurdity. This is the case, for instance, in East Twenty-sixth and Thirty-fourth, and West Thirteenth and Nineteenth Street, and in a part of Madison Avenue. This state of things is not exhilarating to residents who may chance to know that the numerous pipes which connect their houses with those drains often serve, with still greater facility, to introduce to the house the exhalations of the drains. For this nuisance there is, indeed, a partial remedy —to lead from the lowest part of the waste-pipe a small tube through the roof of the house into the open air, and to stop the openings of pipes at night with cotton. But what is wanted is an improved system of refuse-removal and of water-supply, similar to that which an enlightened fear has caused to be introduced into many of the large towns in England. With such a system, and with proper disinfectants, we could regard the cholera as a considerably less dangerous visitor than the scarlet fever.

Dr. Peters has not added, in the present volume, to our knowledge of cholera. As a practical treatise upon the subject, from the hand of an intelligent physician, it has, of course, a certain value—a value that is, however, lessened by the want of an index and a table of contents. In a scientific work, this omission is quite unpardonable.

Journal of a Young Lady of Virginia. (Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co. 1871.) — This young lady of Virginia wrote her journal, which covers only a part of the year 1782, in the form of letters. Indeed, it does not appear that she was in the habit of keeping a journal when she was at home, and apparently we owe the pleasant little record here published to the fact that in the fall of 1782 she went down into the since famous Wilderness to make a round of visits among her relatives, the Washingtons, Lees, Gordons, and other families of Lower Virginia. Her surname is not known, but her Christian name was Lucy, and her friend was Polly Brent, so the diary, following the fashion of these days, is "From Lucinda to Marcia." It is very entertaining, with its flavor of old times, and with its shadowings forth of our dead-and-gone great-great-grandmothers when they were girls—"slight she-slips of rebel blood." Perhaps to some of them the poet's unaltered description may have been truer, and they may have been "slight she-slips of loyal blood," for although written in the fall of 1782, there is here no indication that, less than a year before, a relative of our young lady of Virginia had compelled the surrender of his Majesty's army under Lord Cornwallis down at Yorktown. It is interesting, too, for its hints as to the manners of the Old Dominion in those days; and the young lady herself, "Lucinda," is a very taking figure. "Lucy Gordon and myself are just returned from walking out," she says in one place; "I was delighted: we walked to a river they call it here; but it is very narrow. The banks of it are beautiful, covered with moss and wild-flowers; all that a romantic mind could form." Not displeased she appears to be at her romantic mind: "Lucy Gordon is a truly good Girl, but nothing of the romance in her. So much the better say I, she is much happier without. I wish to heaven I had as little. Colonel Ball dined here to-day." September the twentieth, eighty-nine years ago, she spent in reading "Lady Julia Mandeville," and was much affected. Indeed, she thinks she never cried more in her life in reading a novel: "the stile is beautiful but the tale is horrid." Further on she says: "I have a piece of advice to give you, which I have before urged—that is to read something improving. Books of instruction will be a thousand times more pleasing after a little while than all the Novels in the World. I own myself I am too fond of Novel reading; but by accustoming myself to other Books I have become less so, and I wish my Polly to do the same." Equally correct sentiments she expresses on the fifth of November following: "I have for the first time in my life just read Pope's 'Eloiza.' Just now I saw it laying in the Window. I had heard my Polly extol it frequently, and curiosity led me to read it. I will give you my opinion of it: the poetry I think beautiful, but do not like some of the sentiments. Some of Eloiza's is too Ammorous for a female I think." In fact, the passion of love she appears to suspect, and to prefer before it the esteem and affection of her own sex: "You may depend upon it Polly this said Matrimony alters us mightily. I am afraid it alienates us from every one else. It is, I fear, the bane of Female Friendship. Let it not be with ours, my Polly, if we should ever Marry."

Here is a little sketch of the manners of that day which would have pleased Thackeray, when hewas writing "The Virginians," more than all that is written in the chronicles of Mr. Bancroft:

"About sunset, Nancy, Milly, and myself took a walk in the Garden [it is a most butifull place]. We were mighty busy cutting thistles to try our sweethearts, when Mr. Washington caught us; and you can't conceive how he plagued us—chased us all over the Garden, and was quite impertinent.

"I must tell you of our frolic after we went in our room. We took it into our heads to want to eat; well we had a large dish of bacon and beaf; after that, a bowl of Sago cream; and after that, an apple pye. While we were eating the apple pye in bed—God bless you! making a great noise—in came Mr. Washington, dressed in Hannah's short gown and peticoat, and seazed me and kissed me twenty times, in spite of all the resistance I could make; and then Cousin Molly. Hannah soon followed, dress'd in his Coat. They joined us in eating the apple pye, and then went out. After this we took it in our heads to want to eat oysters. We got up, put on our rappers, and went down in the Seller to get them: do you think Mr. Washington did not follow us and scear us just to death. We went up tho, and eat our oysters. We slept in the old Lady's room too, and she sat laughing fit to kill herself at us. She is a charming old lady—you would be delighted with her. I forgot to tell, Mr. Beal attended us here. I have been makeing Milly play on the forti-pianer for me; she plays very well. I am more and more delighted with her. She has just returned from the Fredericksburg races, and has given me a full account of them."

This Mr. Washington, whom some have unavailingly sought to identify with the Father of his Country, was probably Mr. Corbin Washington, the husband of the above-mentioned Hannah. The volume is printed and published in aid of the fund for a memorial to General R. E. Lee, and its appearance reflects credit on its publishers, and is worthy of its entertaining contents.

*** Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books on the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Adams (C. F., jr., and H.), Chapters in Erie, and Other Essays	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) $2 00
Anne Furness: a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.) 75
Abelous (L.), Gustavus Adolphus	(Carlton & Lanahan)
Ames (P. W.), Speeches of Fisher Ames in Congress, 1789–1796	(Little, Brown & Co.)
Brown (J. B.), Misread Passages of Scripture, 2d series	(Carlton & Lanahan)
Collins (W. L.), Cicero	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Dumas (A.), Louise La Vallière, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 00
Dunn (Rev. L. R.), The Mission of the Spirit	(Carlton & Lanahan)
Disraeli (B.), Tancred, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.) 50
Douglas (Matilda), Doings in Maryland	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Emerson (L. O.) and Tilden (W. S.), The Hour of Singing	(O. Ditson & Co.)
Formby (Rev. H.), Pictorial Bible and Church-History Stories	(Cath. Pub. Soc.)
Gardner (Celia E.), Stolen Waters: a Poem	(G. W. Carleton & Co.)
Gardiner (Rev. F.), The Life of Our Lord in the Words of the Gospels	(W. F. Draper) 1 00
Gardner (F. B.), The Carriage Painter's Illustrated Manual	(S. R. Wells) 1 00
Gardner (Mrs. H. C.), A King's Daughter, and other Tales	(Carlton & Lanahan)
Holbrook (Dr. M. L.), Parturition without Pain	(Wood & Holbrook)
Haliburton (T. C.), Sam Slick, the Clockmaker	(Hurd & Houghton) 1 25
Hawthorne (N.), English Note-Books	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 2 00
Hinton (J.), Health and its Conditions	(G. P. Putnam & Sons) 1 50
Im neuen Reich, Nos. 27-36, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)
Jay (W. M. L.), My Winter in Cuba	(E. P. Dutton & Co.)
Johnson (E.), The Judge's Pets	(Hurd & Houghton) 1 25
Kingsley (Rev. C.), At Last	(Harper & Bros.)
Life of Jefferson S. Batkins	(A. K. Loring)
Leeds (L.), Treatise on Ventilation, 2d ed	(J. Wiley & Son)
Lindsay Lee and his Friends	(Carlton & Lanahan)
Loring (F. W.), Two College Friends	(A. K. Loring) 1 00
McVickar (Rev. W. A.), Life of Rev. John McVickar, S.T.D.	(Hurd & Houghton) 2 00
Menke (Dr. T.), Spruner's Hand-Atlas für die Geschichte des Mittelalters und der Neueren Zeit, Part I., swd	(B. Westermann & Co.) 1 60
Pond (Rev. E.), The Apocalypse Explained	(Hoyt, Fogg & Breed) 1 50
Rolfe (W. J.), Shakespeare's Tempest	(Harper & Bros.)
Sand (Mme. George), Handsome Lawrence, swd	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 50
Six Months Hence: a Tale, swd	" " 75
The Home at Heatherbrae: a Tale	(E. P. Dutton & Co.)
The Workshop, No. 9, swd	(E. Steiger) 46
The Fall of Man; or, The Loves of the Gorillas, swd	(G. W. Carleton & Co.)
Underwood (F. H.), Hand-Book of English Literature	(Lee & Shepard)
United States Patent Law	(Munn & Co.)
Whedon (D. D.), Commentary on the New Testament, Vol. III	(Carlton & Lanahan)
White (Alexina B.), Little-Folk Songs	(Hurd & Houghton) 1 25
Weiss (Rev. J.), American Religion	(Roberts Brothers)
Williams (L. A.), The Lost Despatch: a Tale, swd	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 50
Winter (W.), My Witness: Poetry	" " 1 25
Zeitschrift für Erdkunde, Vol. VI., No. 3, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)

JUST PUBLISHED
BY
PORTER & COATES,
PUBLISHERS,
PHILADELPHIA.

I.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY;
OR,
THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BIRDS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Illustrated with Plates engraved and colored from Original Drawings taken from Nature.

BY ALEXANDER WILSON.

With a life of the author, by George Ord, F.R.S. With Continuation, by Charles Lucien Bonaparte (Prince of Musignano). 3 vols. imperial 8vo, with a folio volume of carefully colored plates embracing nearly 400 figures of birds, mostly life-size. Elegantly bound in cloth, bevelled boards, gilt top, $75; in half Turkey morocco, gilt edges, $85.

II.

THOS. HOOD'S POETICAL WORKS.

2 vols. crown 8vo, tinted paper, cloth extra, $1 75 per vol.; half-calf, gilt, $3 50 per vol.; half-morocco, gilt top, $3 50 per vol.

III.

UP THE RHINE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Crown 8vo, tinted paper, cloth extra, $1 75 per vol.; half-calf, gilt, $3 50 per vol.; half-morocco, antique, $3 25 per vol.

A GRADUATE OF YALE, intending to devote his life to the study of History and Political Science, wishes a situation in some college with a view to a professorship. Is willing to teach other branches also. T. T. U., Editorial Rooms Christian Union, 27 Park Place, New York.

FOR TRAVELLERS TO GERMANY. Young men of good moral character who are going to Germany in order to study the German language, will be received into the family of a Hanoverian Teacher residing at Frankfort-on-the-Main. He also gives lessons after an approved method to those who do not live in his family. For further intelligence apply to Prof. THOS. L. ANGELL, Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

THE NEXT
GENERAL CONVENTION.

THE CHURCHMAN will furnish, week by week, during the next General Convention, a full report of its proceedings. In addition to this, and on account of the very great interest attaching to the Debates of the Lower House, the Messrs. M. H. Mallory & Co. will publish, during the Convention, a DAILY EDITION of THE CHURCHMAN, at Baltimore. It will contain a complete report, *verbatim*, of the Debates in the House of Deputies, Committee Reports, Sermons, etc., made by D. F. Murphy, Chief of Official Corps of Reporters of the U. S. Senate, and his Assistants.

THE CHURCHMAN,
DAILY EDITION,

will be mailed each morning to persons subscribing for the same, and making a prepayment of $1 50.

Bound volume, on superior paper, $5; one copy daily and a bound volume, $6; four copies sent to any address and a bound volume, $10.

Postage on Daily paid by subscriber at office where received. Address immediately,

M. H. MALLORY & CO., Hartford, Conn.
713 Broadway, New York.

JUST PUBLISHED BY
LITTLE, BROWN & CO.,
110 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.

I.

THE AMERICAN LAW REVIEW.

Vol. VI. No. 1.
(OCTOBER, 1871.)

CONTENTS:

I. Estoppel of a Tenant to Deny his Landlord's Title. II. Misunderstandings of the Civil Law. III. Doubtful Points under the Bankrupt Law. Unrecorded Conveyance of Chattels. IV. Married Women. V. United States District Court. VI. Digest of the English Law Reports for May, June, and July, 1871. VII. Selected Digest of State Reports. VIII. Book-Notices. IX. List of Law Books Published in England and America since July, 1871. X. Summary of Events. XI. Correspondence.

TERMS: Subscription price, per annum, $5; Single numbers, $1 25; Vol. I.-V., bound in law sheep, each, $6.

II.

UNITED STATES DIGEST,

VOL. XXIX.

(ANNUAL FOR 1869.)

Containing a Digest of Decisions of the Courts of Common Law, Equity, and Admiralty in the United States and in England. Royal 8vo, sheep, $6 50.

III.

FISHER AMES'S SPEECHES.

The Speches of Fisher Ames in Congress, 1789—1796. Edited by Pelham W. Ames. 8vo, cloth, $2.

CASSELL'S POPULAR EDUCATOR.

COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES.

PRICE, $15.

"We have gone over its pages with sentiments of real wonder. We know no work like it. It has occupied and filled up a field of education vast and most important to the community."—Dublin University Magazine.

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN,
596 Broadway, New York.

PRICED CATALOGUE No. 21
OF
ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS,

Comprising Standard and Valuable Works in
ANTIQUITIES, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, VOYAGES, TRAVELS, ETC. ETC. ETC.

☞ Just published, and will be forwarded FREE to any address.

DAVID G. FRANCIS,
Dealer in New and Old Books, 17 Astor Place, N. Y.

GAZZAM'S TREATISE
ON THE
BANKRUPT LAW.
SECOND EDITION JUST OUT.

For sale at all Law-Book Stores.

YALE AND HARVARD USE
WHITNEY'S GERMAN COURSE,
OTTO'S FRENCH COURSE.

HOLT & WILLIAMS,
PUBLISHERS,
No. 25 Bond Street, New York.

The Publishers issue a very large assortment of works in the same department.

☞ A Descriptive Catalogue will be sent gratis to any one referring to this advertisement.

Immediately, in One Volume 8vo, pp. 406.

HISTORICAL ESSAYS.

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M.A.,
Hon. D.C.L., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.

CONTENTS:

The Mythical and Romantic Elements in Early English History.
The Continuity of English History.
The Relations between the Crowns of England and Scotland.
St. Thomas of Canterbury and His Biographers.
The Life of Edward the Third.
The Holy Roman Empire.
The Franks and the Gauls.
The Early Sieges of Paris.
Frederick the First, King of Italy.
The Emperor Frederick the Second.
Charles the Bold.
Presidential Government.

NOW READY.

THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

BY P. LANFREY.

Vol. 1, 8vo, cloth, $3 50.

"One of the most striking pieces of historical composition of which France, rich as she is in that order, has its boast. Assuredly, M. Lanfrey's book is important not merely for the illustration which it supplies of pure theories of government, but for the light which it throws on the character of what is in so many ways, even now in its hour of confusion, the most important power in Modern Europe."—Pall Mall Gazette.

MACMILLAN & CO.,
38 Bleecker Street, New York.

BOOK-BUYERS.

Send for Catalogue of INTERESTING, USEFUL, and SCARCE BOOKS added to the Stock in hand of
FRANCIS EMMINS,
80 Nassau Street, New York.

HENRY K. VAN SICLEN,
BIBLIOPOLE,
133 NASSAU STREET,
Catalogues sent on application.
Special attention given to orders by letter.

NEW BOOKS.

CARLTON & LANAHAN,

805 BROADWAY,

On receipt of price will forward by mail,

DR. WHEDON'S COMMENTARY. Vol. III., comprising Acts and Romans. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 402, $1 75.

THE MISSION OF THE SPIRIT; or, The Office and Work of the Comforter in Human Redemption. By Rev. L. R. Dunn. Small 12mo, pp. 303, $1 25.

MISREAD PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE. By J. Baldwin Brown, B.A. Second Series. 12mo, pp. 200, $1.

THE CHRISTIAN PASTORATE: Its Character, Responsibilities, and Duties. By Rev. D. P. Kidder, D.D. 12mo, pp. 564, $1 75.

THE PROBLEM OF EVIL. By M. Ernest Naville. Translated from the French by Prof. J. P. Lacroix, M.A., of Ohio Wesleyan University. The only authorized translation. 12mo, $1 50.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER. With Other Stories from Real Life. By Mrs. H. C. Gardner. 16mo, pp. 379, $1 25.

THE HEROINE OF THE WHITE NILE; or, What a Woman Did and Dared. A Sketch of the Remarkable Travels and Experiences of Miss Alexandrine Tinne. By Prof. William Wells. 16mo, pp. 207, $1.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS: The Hero of the Reformation. From the French of L. Abelous. By Mrs. C. A. Lacroix. Five Illustrations. Large 16mo, pp. 193, $1.

LINDSAY LEE AND HIS FRIENDS: A Story for the Times. Large 16mo, pp. 138, 75 cents.

NEW BOOKS

TO BE PUBLISHED BY

POTT, YOUNG & CO.

A SHORT TREATISE ON THE HOLY Catholic Church; its Divine Ideal, Ministry, and Institution. With a Catechism on each chapter, forming a course of methodical instruction on the subject. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D. [In the Press.

THE THEORY AND USE OF THE CHURCH Calendar, in the measurement and distribution of time. Being an account of the origin and growth of the Calendar, of its reformation from the old style to the new, and of its adaptation to the use of the English Church by the British Parliament under George II. By the Rev. Samuel Seabury. [In the Press.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF THE LATE Rev. Dr. Mahan. Edited by the Rev. J. H. Hopkins, jr. 3 vols. 8vo, cloth.

Vol. I. Church History.
Vol. II. Palmoni and Mystic Numbers.
Vol. III. Miscellaneous Writings.

Price, $10 the set.

INDEX CANONUM. Containing the Canons called Apostolical, the Canons of the undisputed General Councils, and the Canons of the Provincial Councils of Ancyra, Neo-Cæsarea, Gangra, Antioch, and Laodicea, together with a complete Digest of the whole code of Canon Law, in the undivided Primitive Church. Alphabetically arranged. By John Fulton, D.D. 8vo, cloth. Price to subscribers, $3.

THE RITUAL LAW OF THE CHURCH, With its application to the Communion and Baptismal Service. To which is added Notes upon Orders and the Articles. By Murray Hoffman, Author of "Law of the Church." Price to subscribers, $3.

The last 3 books will be issued to Subscribers only at the prices annexed.

Subscribers' names should be sent at once through any bookseller, or direct to the Publishers.

POTT, YOUNG & CO.
(Late Pott & Amery),
Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue, New York.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE TRANSFORMATIONS

(OR METAMORPHOSIS) OF INSECTS.

With 241 Illustrations. Insecta, Myriapoda, Arachnida, and Crustacea. By P. Martin Duncan, F.R.S., Professor of Geology in King's College, London. Being an adaptation, for English readers, of M. Emile Blanchard's "Metamorphoses, Mœurs et Instincts des Insects"; and a compilation from the works of Newport, Charles Darwin, Spence Bate, Fritz Müller, Packard, Lubbock, Stainton, and others. 1 vol. royal 8vo, pp. xii. 480, extra cloth, full gilt, $7 50. (London print.)

LABBERTON'S HISTORICAL SERIES,

FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Outlines of History. With Original Tables, Chronological, Genealogical, and Literary. By Prof. Robert H. Labberton. 1 vol. oblong 4to, cloth, $2.

Historical Questions, Logically Arranged and Divided. The Companion-book to "Outlines of History." By Prof. Robert H. Labberton. 1 vol. oblong 4to, cloth, $1 75.

An Historical Atlas, containing a Chronological Series of One Hundred Colored Maps illustrating successive periods, from the Dawn of History to the Present Day. By the author of "Labberton's Outlines of History," etc. 1 vol. oblong 4to, fine cloth, $3 50.

The latest changes in the Map of Europe (1871) are fully and accurately exhibited.

These books have received the highest encomiums from the press and of eminent educators who have examined them.

For specimen pages, terms for introduction, etc., address the Publishers.

Key to the Iliad of Homer, for the Use of Schools, Academies, and Colleges. By William R. Smith, President of the University of Alabama. 8vo, half-roan, $3.

History of the Working and Burgher Classes. By M. Adolphe Granier de Cassagnac. Paris, France, 1838. Translated by B. E. Green. Demy 8vo, $2 50.

Fairmount Park (Philadelphia). Sketches of its Scenery, Waters, and History. With Map and 35 illustrations. 12mo, paper cover, 75 cents; flexible cloth, $1 25. A complete guide for visitors to the Park.

American Wonderland. By Richard Meade Bache, author of "The Young Wrecker," "Tales of Algeria," etc. 12mo, cloth, $1 50.

NEW NOVELS.

Bertha, the Beauty. By Sarah J. C. Whittlesey. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, $1 50.

Aureola; or, The Black Sheep. A Novel. By Mrs. Adelheid Mackenzie. 12mo, cloth, $1 50.

My Roses: The Romance of a June Day. By Mrs. L. Virginia French. 12mo, cloth, $1 50.

Lowly Ways; or, The Diary of a Poor Young Lady. After the German. By F. E. B. 16mo, cloth, $1.

Downward and Upward. By the author of "Gabled House," "Paul Venner," etc. 12mo, cloth, $1 50.

Maud and Miriam; or, The Fair Crusader. By Harriet B. McKeever, author of "Westbrook Parsonage," "Silver Threads," etc. 12mo, cloth, $1 50.

☞ For sale by all Booksellers.

CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER,
PUBLISHERS,
819 and 821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

MAGAZINE, *WEEKLY*, *BAZAR*,

$4 PER YEAR EACH.

$10 a Year for the Three.

$7 for any Two.

An Extra Copy of either gratis for every five Subscribers at $4 each in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE sent by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

OFFICE OF THE

ATLANTIC
MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

NEW YORK, January 26, 1871.

The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1870:

Premiums received on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1870, to 31st December, 1870,	$5,270,690 09
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1870,	2,155,723 64
Total amount of Marine Premiums,	$7,426,413 73
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1870, to 31st December, 1870,	$5,392,738 55
Losses paid during the same period,	$2,253,590 39
Returns of Premiums and expenses,	$1,063,263 57
The Company has the following Assets, viz.	
United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks,	8,843,740 00
Loans, secured by Stocks and otherwise,	2,377,350 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages,	217,500 00
Interest, and sundry Notes and Claims due the Company, estimated at	339,352 03
Premium Notes and Bills receivable,	2,089,915 95
Cash in Bank,	316,125 45
Total Amount of Assets,	$14,183,983 43

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday the Seventh of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1867 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and cancelled.

Upon certificates which were issued (in red scrip) for gold premiums, such payment of interest and redemption will be in gold.

A dividend of Thirty-five per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1870, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Fourth of April next.

By order of the Board,
J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES:

J. D. Jones,	C. A. Hand,
Charles Dennis,	James Low,
W. H. H. Moore,	B. J. Howland,
Henry Coit,	Benj. Babcock,
Wm. C. Pickersgill,	Robt. B. Minturn,
Lewis Curtis,	Gordon W. Burnham,
Charles H. Russell,	Frederick Chauncey,
Lowell Holbrook,	Robert L. Taylor,
R. Warren Weston,	Geo. S. Stephenson,
Royal Phelps,	William H. Webb,
Caleb Barstow,	Sheppard Gandy,
A. P. Pillot,	Francis Skiddy,
William E. Dodge,	Charles P. Burdett,
David Lane,	Robt. C. Fergusson,
James Bryce,	William E. Bunker,
Daniel S. Miller,	Samuel L. Mitchill,
Wm. Sturgis,	James G. De Forest,
Henry K. Bogert,	Robert L. Stuart,
Dennis Perkins,	Alexander V. Blake.
Joseph Gaillard, Jr.,	

JOHN D. JONES, President.
CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-President.
W. H. H. MOORE, 2d Vice-President.
J. D. HEWLETT, 3d Vice-President.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
PHENIX INSURANCE CO.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

On the first day of January, 1871.

Offices in Brooklyn: Phenix Building, 12 and 14 Court Street, W. D., and No. 84 Broadway, E. D.

Office in the City of New York: 173 Broadway.

CAPITAL.

Capital		$1,000,000 00
Gross Surplus	$895,557 10	
Less Liabilities	137,277 93	758,279 17
Net Assets		$1,758,279 17

STEPHEN CROWELL, President.
CHAUNCEY BEDELL, Vice-President.
PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.
WILLIAM R. CROWELL, Sec'y Mar. Dep't.
DANIEL F. FERNALD, Sec'y Brooklyn Dep't.
WILLIAM H. VAN VOORHIS, General Agent.

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL. The endorsements of Pratt's Astral Oil from Insurance Cos., eminent scientific men, dealers, and consumers, in all parts of the country, would fill a volume. Remember the danger of using unsafe oils, and remember that no accident can occur from using Pratt's Astral.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1871.

The Office of The Nation has been removed to No. 5 Beekman Street.

The Week.

THE event of the week which overshadows all others is the terrible destruction by fire, on Sunday and Monday, of the business portion of Chicago, and of so large a number of dwellings that nigh a hundred thousand persons, of all ages and conditions in life, have suddenly found themselves destitute, and obliged to take refuge in the open prairie, while the whole city is exposed to the most extraordinary privations from want of food and water. The details of this unprecedented disaster will have been given to the world so widely that we shall make no attempt to rehearse them. It is enough to say that a common ruin involved all the banks, all the principal hotels, all the newspaper offices, the court-house, the chamber of commerce, the post-office, the telegraph offices, most of the railroad depots and grain elevators, and the finest, most substantial, and apparently fireproof warehouses, which were the pride and the commercial heart of the city. All these, besides a great number of houses of the better class. The burnt area stretches inward and westward from the lake to the distance of from one to one and a half miles, and north and south from four to five miles. A large number of lives have been certainly lost.

The entire business community is momentarily stunned by the magnitude of the Chicago disaster. The heaviest loss falls naturally upon the insurance companies, some of which are scarcely in a condition to bear a heavy blow. The next sufferers outside of Chicago herself are the New York and New England merchants, who had sold goods to the Western dealers on credit, and who cannot now expect to be paid for even a very small percentage of their claims. Again, very grievous losses will be borne by the host of Eastern capitalists who have for years past partly owned, or who held heavy mortgages on, the magnificent buildings for business purposes and residences in which Chicago rivalled every city on the Continent. But the heaviest blow of all falls upon the interests connected with the trade, storage, and transportation of produce and provisions, the pride of the "Queen City of the West." The keen scent of Wall Street discovered the gravity of the evil at an early hour, and the owners of railroad securities so long upheld by the manipulations of gigantic rings and combinations, eagerly rushed into the market as sellers, producing a panic and excitement almost equal in intensity to that of the famous Black Friday of 1869. Stocks declined from five to ten per cent., the best and most substantial securities falling as heavily as the thinnest and most treacherous of fancy stocks. At the close of business on Monday, a gloomy atmosphere, an undefined sense of dread and terror, overhung the entire financial community, and the ablest, calmest, and most conservative did not hesitate to express their fear that the catastrophe of Chicago will prove but the beginning of widespread financial and commercial difficulty. Indeed, so great a misfortune could hardly have befallen the community at a time when it was so ill-prepared to meet it. At the opening of the fall season, with the banking interests expanded to a point that has been threatening a collapse even without external aid; with the great corporations largely under the control of reckless Wall Street gamblers; with real estate greatly inflated; with the national finances in a somewhat nebulous state of transition; with a political disorganization which pervades all sections of the country and all grades of national life; with all these unfavorable circumstances pressing on the community, the destruction of so large an amount of property at Chicago has a most disastrous effect, and tends to destroy credit in every direction, and to precipitate a panic. But it ought to be borne in mind that a very large part of every "panic" is panic, and nobody ought to get more frightened than he can help.

One of the complications of the situation is due to the condition of France, and its present overpowering influence upon the money markets of the world. However much mistaken they may have seemed who declared France could not bear the pressure of the indemnity, and whose predictions have been apparently disproved by the course of events, it is nevertheless true that France is incapable of supporting this expenditure out of her own resources. The payments so far made have been accomplished by straining her temporary credit to the utmost, and it is beginning to be very doubtful in how far she can comply with her monetary engagements. England, who made the largest advances, is suffering a terrible drain of specie towards the coffers of that reckless "blood and iron" financier, Prince Bismarck, who proposes to lock up large amounts of money to abide future political developments. In the meantime, England is attempting to replenish her coffers by calling upon France, and the latter is being very rapidly drained of all her available coin, and is beginning to experience the beauties of our own system of irredeemable currency, the premium having advanced to about three per cent. The drain from England, too, causes a call upon America, and the rate of foreign exchange here has risen to a point at which specie shipments are not improbable.

The effect which the burning of Chicago is producing on the business world is perhaps as striking a proof as we have ever had of the closeness of the relations which have been established between the uttermost ends of the earth. Calamities, and especially great calamities, are fast ceasing to be what is called local—they are all now general. No serious disaster can overtake Chicago or St. Louis without making London feel something more than sympathy. The probable effect of all this on human happiness would form a curious subject of speculation. It appears almost probable that there will, before long, be no privileged places any more than privileged persons, and no place, in short, any more peaceful or secure against alarms and anxieties than any other place. No matter how much a man may seclude himself, he is tied to the busy world, unless he is a hermit, by his income—and wars, and fires, and famines, and tornadoes, no matter where they occur, now make themselves felt in every pocket. The Happy Valley is a thing of the past. But it is doubtful whether the fire to Chicago itself is as much of a misfortune as it appears. The city was too hastily constructed for permanence and safety. It abounded with wooden houses, wooden pavements, and wooden sidewalks, and the fire will serve a good purpose if it adds one more lesson, even if a terrible one, to the warnings we are every day receiving that great cities can neither be constructed nor managed as small country towns and villages are. Large agglomerations of population do not differ from small ones simply in size; they differ in needs, and, above all, in dangers. The silencing of the press of Chicago by the fire, even for a few days, is one of the strangest of the disasters. The voice of the *Tribune* especially will be missed by us all, but greatly missed in the West; even in the short period during which the enterprise of its proprietors will allow it to remain unheard. The new Chicago will doubtless have all the excellence of the old one, and a symmetry and solidity and security to which the old one would have taken long to attain. The outpouring of charity caused by the event all over the country bids fair to be on a scale unequalled since the war.

The Democratic State Convention at Rochester has done a little better than most people feared it would do, and a little worse than a few expected. It refused admission to Tammany delegates, but under an arrangement which Tweed had a hand in making, which converted the refusal, to all outward appearance, into a magnanimous withdrawal on the part of Tammany. Moreover, Tammany's withdrawal was deprived of all moral value by the refusal of the Convention not only to admit but to notice the existence of the Reform delegation, and it was with difficulty that three of the delegates were allowed on the last day to address the Convention. Nevertheless, the non-appearance of Tam-

many in a body which it has for some years ruled despotically, was in some degree a gain for reform, and the Democratic platform, beside the usual bunkum, did denounce the frauds, and did suggest positive remedies—which is more than could be said for the Republican platform—by calling on the Legislature to repeal or modify the charter, so as to concentrate responsibility, and to give the Governor the power of removing mayors. The most valuable piece of work done by it was, however, the passage of a resolution directing all delegates to be hereafter elected by assembly districts, in New York as well as elsewhere. This will put an end to the practice by which Tammany has become a powerful oligarchy, of sending up a solid delegation from this city representing the Tammany General Committee, and nobody else, and really nominated by it and responsible to it. An excellent letter was read at the Convention from Mr. Charles O'Conor, who was unable to attend, and it was a curious sign of the times that the Convention was thrown into confusion by a proposal to nominate him for the Attorney-Generalship. It did nominate Mr. Champlain, a man of whom little is known, except that he is a creature of the Ring. We doubt if many respectable Democrats will, however, vote for him; we are sure a great many will vote for General Barlow, who is not a strict party man. It is of the last importance, at this crisis, that the prosecuting officer of the State should be both able, and honest, and *willing*, but, above all, willing. The possession of this office by the Ring, both in the State and city, is one of its great sources of strength.

The two most important pieces of news connected with the City frauds during the week have been the assignment, by Mr. Keyser, of about $650,000 worth of property in trust to a member of the Committee of Seventy, to satisfy any claims which may be proved against him, arising out of his transactions with the City Government. He alleges, however, that although he has been set down in the city books for nearly a million and a half, nearly half this he never received, and knows nothing of, and that what he did receive he honestly earned. He has been driven into his present course, it is said, by the pertinacity of the reporters, whose remorseless pursuit nearly drove him crazy; but it is very unfortunate for Mr. Keyser's reputation that he has come out with no reply or explanation till two months after the discovery of the frauds. It was hardly the part of an honest man to hold his tongue, under the circumstances, even if he had nothing to "confess." In the meantime, the Committee of Investigation has also made its report, and tells the same dismal story, with which we are all familiar, of fraud, malversation, forgery, and extravagance in connection with the city funds. Indeed, no form of corruption and abuse ever resorted to by the most corrupt governments of any age or country, except debasing the coin or issuing paper money, seems to have been absent from the management of our city finances. Even the aristocratic device of "sinecures" has been carried to a point never witnessed. The sinecurists and corruptionists of other ages and countries were at least men of some polish or culture, and, even if not respectable, did for some reason or another respect themselves; but our corruptionists are drawn from the very dregs of society—the riff-raff of police courts and bar-rooms, who enjoy the grossness of vice almost more than anything else in it. It is greatly to be feared that the Chicago fire may help the Ring by drawing attention away from the frauds, and filling the public mind with apprehension of great financial disaster. We trust everybody will try to guard against this.

One rarely sees a more nearly unanimous expression of opinion by the press than has been called forth by Murphy's case. The Republican newspapers, almost without exception, ask for his removal, some for the sake of the party, of course, but others on the simple ground of his rascality. He, however, shows no sign of going, and, indeed, this could hardly have been expected; but people did expect that the President would, on seeing what he was charged with, dismiss him. The news comes now, however, and is apparently authentic, that he will not dismiss him, on the ground that Tom has been twice charged and twice acquitted on these charges—once by the Commission of Enquiry in this city, and once by the Senate. This is true; but he has not been acquitted on the evidence now before the public; this was never produced before, and, if the President is not convinced by it, he owes the country a statement of the reasons of his decision just as much as any judge on the bench is bound to give the reasons of *his* decision. Let us now state once more exactly what Murphy's position is. He has risen from the very dregs of New York politics within ten or twelve years; he is grossly ignorant, so much so that he cannot write a note in decent English; his business reputation was not good before he began to supply the Government; his supplies have been examined by experts, and it has been proved that they were very inferior to the standard; the evidence of his fraudulent intent was produced in abundance, but two of the most important witnesses, after their depositions, which were conclusive, had been taken down, kept out of the way, and refused to sign them. At the investigation, the army standard was found to have been made away with, and the best witnesses failed to appear; it has now been proved that Murphy bribed the detectives not to pursue the case against him; that he has been concerned in "real estate speculations" with Tweed, Connolly, and Hall; that he was at the Philadelphia Convention on Andrew Johnson's side, and voted for Hoffman for the Governorship—in short, that not only is he a bad man, but a bad Republican. Over and above all this, the merchants of the city have no confidence in him, and the Custom-house is managed by him on the same principle as Tweed manages the City Hall. If the President retains him in office, he creates for honest Republicans a situation of exceeding perplexity, and helps to create for the Democrats, or would help if they had any sense, a golden opportunity.

Mr. George Evans, late agent for the State of Pennsylvania in the collection of its claims against the United States arising out of the war, whom the State is now pursuing criminally for breach of trust, has been followed to this city by requisition from Governor Geary, and surrendered, after a vain attempt to escape on a *habeas corpus* issued by the New York courts. While the argument was pending, we received from his counsel a batch of printed documents, which Mr. Evans believes prove his innocence, and were requested to read them and do him justice. We have read them, and have compared them with the statements we made Sept. 7, and find that we fell into one or two trifling inaccuracies. We said that Mr. Evans "found two bondsmen in $5,000 dollars each"; the bondsmen were in $10,000 each. We said that there was no mention of the rate of compensation he was to receive made in his agreement with the governor; there *was* mention of it, by reference to the joint resolution creating the office. Having made these corrections, we may as well say that we think Mr. Evans shows a good deal of assurance in asking us to whitewash him. Upon the papers now before us, we find that, although by his own agreement he was bound "to pay over *forthwith* to the State Treasurer all moneys he might be able to collect, less the commission allowed (10 per cent.) and to make semi-annual reports to the State Treasurer of amounts collected, and the sources from which derived; and also to make annual reports to the governor under oath, including amounts collected, and a statement of all claims ascertained to be due the State, and from what sources," he made no report to anybody for four years. He entered on the duties of his office in March, 1867, and his first report, which he waggishly calls an "interim report," and says that "the time had come when it might be made without any prejudice to the interest of the State," meaning, of course, the interest of George Evans, is dated July, 1871. Moreover, on his own showing, he collected in May, 1867, nearly $2,000,000, of his disposition of which he rendered no account, though he pocketed the commission. He also subsequently discovered a batch of other State claims against the General Government, which were clearly not contemplated in the joint resolution, and these he collected too, again pocketing the commission, but still making no report, and never having his accounts audited by anybody in behalf of the State. We do not assert that there is proof as yet that he has been guilty of fraud, but he has acted in all respects like a man who is guilty of fraud, and is, we think, an eminently fit subject for a searching investigation.

The political nominations in Massachusetts were closed last week by the action of the Labor Reformers at Framingham and the Prohi-

bitionists in Boston; and so far as the personal character and ability of the four candidates for governor are concerned, the Massachusetts voter might fairly hesitate how to choose among them. Butler men, who appeared as Republicans at Worcester, were found in both gatherings, and one of these, a colored lawyer, Mr. George L. Ruffin, got his reward in a nomination for Attorney-General. The General himself, however, received but a cold support from the Labor party, though that experienced politician, Mr. Wendell Phillips, seemed to find it necessary, in his rôle of president and manager, to advise against Butler's nomination on grounds of expediency. In the course of his remarks he made his usual defence of the Commune and the Internationale. The resolutions, however, were not of so furious a type. They affirmed "labor, the creator of wealth," to be "entitled to all it creates," and the aim of the party to be "the overthrow of the whole profit-making system," and to make "war with the present system of finance," and other more definite as well as some sensible objects, including ten hours a day for factory work "as a first step," and eight hours in Government employ. Women were readily admitted as delegates, and resolutions favoring equal wages for them and the suffrage were adopted.

With the exception of Texas, the recent elections have been uniformly favorable to the Republicans. In Connecticut the contest was for town officers. In Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, the House, part of the Senate, and two executive officers were chosen, and the result is a working Republican majority in the Legislature, which assures to the party the redistricting of the State for a new lease of power. Amid serious rioting, in which the police were conspicuous for assaults on the colored voters, the Republicans have carried the city of Philadelphia, and rescued it from Democratic control. As was expected in Ohio, the Republicans elect Gen. Noyes and the rest of the State ticket, but the complexion of the Legislature is, as we write, uncertain, and upon that depend Senator Sherman's chances of being kept in his seat or succeeded by a Democrat. From Iowa, too, we have no certain intelligence, but the only open question in that State is the choice among several Republican candidates for the senatorship. In Texas, the Republicans will be lucky if they have retained one Congressman of their three, and the Democrats (or the *anti-status-quo* party) will now have an opportunity to redress some of the maladministration of the last three years.

Major Hodge, the defaulting paymaster, has been sentenced by court-martial to what would practically prove imprisonment for life, ten years of it with hard labor, but the President has commuted it to ten years of hard labor; not too severe, if only the requirements of the day are considered, but far too severe when we consider that similar defaulters in the civil service are treated simply as unfortunate debtors. The Louisville *Commercial* disputes our assertion that civil functionaries are not "brought to justice" for these frauds, and cites, in proof of its contradiction, a report of the recovery of a judgment at Williamsport, Pa., by the United States District Attorney, against a defaulting collector and his sureties. Precisely; but has anybody heard of the *indictment* of a defaulting collector? Suing a man for money he has made away with is not what is called "bringing him to justice."

The elections for the Conseils Généraux in France have taken place and the result, if we may judge by the first reports, looks like a triumph of the Republicans—of both wings, Radical and Moderate—over the men of the Right, and chiefly over the Legitimists. The Radicals have carried the great cities of Lyons, Marseilles, and Toulouse, and most of the industrial centres; the Moderate Republicans have been successful in Lille, the Department of Cher, and almost all over Normandy; the Conservatives, in Paris. The Bonapartists are reported to have carried some districts in the Department of Aisne, in Aube, in Corsica, and in "Central France." The Orleanists have elected the Duc d'Aumale; the Legitimists, M. Larcy, the Minister of Public Works; the Radicals, General Faidherbe; the Bonapartists, Prince Napoleon. Among the defeated are Gambetta, Picard, and Forcade. The partial success of the Bonapartists, whatever it may have been, is probably owing in the main to the co-operation of Conservatives of other shades whom recent defeats have caused to despair of victory under their own banners. That the Imperialists have of late been more than usually active in recruiting adherents all over France, is now admitted on all hands, excepting by their own organs; and that the doings of their special agents for the purpose are not viewed by the Government with indifference is proved, among other things, by an order of General Ladmirault, the Military Governor of Paris, commanding a strict watch over the surroundings of the barracks, and the arrest of persons caught in attempts to distribute Imperialist pamphlets among the soldiery. The Republican journals of Paris teem with denunciations of conspiracies, and some plotters are said to have been arrested. More serious, however, seems to be the disquietude inspired by the condition of affairs in Algeria, in spite of all the defeats and chastisements lately inflicted on the revolted tribes and localities. In fact, that province threatens to be to France what Cuba is to Spain.

The Alsace-Lorraine treaty is reported to be on the point of being concluded, both M. Pouyer-Quertier and Count Arnim, the principal negotiators of the contracting governments, having gone to Berlin to finish the affair in presence of Bismarck, to whom M. Thiers, on his own responsibility, sacrifices the obnoxious point of full tariff reciprocity inserted by the National Assembly. In doing it, the President of the Republic is aided by the urgent clamor for deliverance from the German occupation now so opportunely raised by the territories the evacuation of which is one of the main stipulations of the treaty. The city of Dijon is the loudest in its cries for speedy relief and accusations against the German garrison. The counter-complaints of the Germans, referring to outrages suffered by their countrymen in Lyons, M. Thiers endeavors to allay by punishing some of the offenders. His pardoning power, in regard to the victims of the Versailles courts-martial, he declares to be limited by the Committee of Pardons. According to a despatch which, as we believe, lacks confirmation, M. Rochefort is the first to whom a commutation of sentence has been granted. This he hardly deserved by the attitude he assumed in his self-defence during the trial, which was far from dignified and manly. On the other hand, we cannot discover in his answers, which, if not brilliant with wit and repartee, were certainly ready and to the point, any trace of that cowardly nervousness which some correspondents have depicted: "His attitude was pitiful. His pallor was horrid. He trembled from head to foot; his voice . . . was only heard in spasmodic sobs, and his whole appearance was so humble that it roused indignation instead of pity." Two things, however, appear to us to be settled beyond all doubt; first, the gloves which Rochefort wore on the occasion were faultless; second, that the course of action which he defended was abominable.

The controversy between M. Thiers and Bismarck over the customs duties on the manufactures of Alsace and Lorraine is one of the most singular in political history. It reveals, as perhaps few incidents have ever done, the logical absurdity which underlies the whole protectionist theory, and illustrates the soundness of Turgot's saying, that nobody was competent to discuss economical problems who, while doing so, could not banish political boundaries from his mind. What Bismarck and Thiers are each trying to do is to prevent the entrance of the products of Alsatian industry into their respective countries—that is, the very things which made Alsace most valuable to France, the great products of her labor and capital, have become evils to be avoided by France in every possible way, because the German flag is hoisted on her soil. On the other hand, these very things, too, which have contributed largely to make Alsace worth seizing, are now treated by Germany as evils to be kept out as long as possible, simply because they are of French origin. Frenchmen are poor and suffering, and have suffered enormous loss of capital; therefore, they must not have the cheap cotton and linen of their lost provinces; and Germans are poor, too, and must be saved from the same curses, for a while anyhow.

"THE BOSS'S" DOMINIONS.

THE proceedings at the Democratic Convention at Rochester will repay careful study for more reasons than one. They afford, of course, first and foremost, conclusive evidence—though it cannot be said that any evidence was needed on this point—that nothing in the way of reform is to be expected from the Democratic party in this State, as such. The party organization has grown too strong—paradoxical as this may sound—for any good to be got out of it. That is, although it contains a great many honest men who really mean well, and who would like to see it serviceable to the country, the great majority have contracted habits of considering its maintenance as an organization as the highest political end, and all other things as secondary and subsidiary to this. This is the perfection of discipline, but any party which has allowed it in a free country may be said to have become simply and purely an instrument of evil. Voters who obey blindly are just as dangerous to the state as an army which fires blindly; indeed, they may be said to be more dangerous, because they are more difficult to deal with. An army may be dissolved; but what is to be done with a hundred thousand citizens to whom their ballots are served out like fixed ammunition, and who drop them into the box at the word of command, and with a kind of military pride in not caring what they contain, provided they come from the proper quarter? To this pass all successful parties are apt to come, and to this pass the Democratic party came long ago, though the strength of its discipline has never been subjected to so severe a test as at Rochester. Two delegations went up from this city: the one composed of men whom any party in any State in the Union might be proud to send to a convention, chosen through the usual party machinery, and representing the best elements of the party in this city; the other, composed of obscure men, either damaged in reputation or the acknowledged creatures of public officers who are laboring under grave charges of fraud and peculation. There was nothing doubtful either about these charges. Many millions of the money of the city have confessedly disappeared while the treasury was in charge of the Tammany chiefs. This is not denied. The only question now in debate is in what way the money was divided between them; and the whole matter has been before the public for two months. The Reform delegation was, in fact, elected for the express purpose of filling the place in the Convention which it was taken as a matter of course the "Tammany thieves" would, under the circumstances, be compelled to vacate. Nevertheless, although the Tammany delegation did not take its seat, it was allowed to proclaim that it refrained of its own free will, and the Reform delegation was not even alluded to in the proceedings, and it was only through great effort that towards the close two or three of its members were allowed to make speeches as private individuals. This was all done in the interest of the party. The leaders—even those who believe in the Tammany frauds—consented to allow the Tammany men to arrange the matter in their own way, and to ignore the existence of the reformers altogether; and they did so because in their opinion a contrary course would have exposed the party in this State to a tremendous disaster at the next election.

Now, what was the danger they feared? The answer to this question contains such food for reflection as has seldom been supplied to an intelligent political community, and we ask for it the serious attention of our readers. What they feared, and what they sought to avoid by the scandalous rejection of the Reform delegation, and the still more scandalous submission to Tweed's programme, was the loss of the Democratic majority in this city, and the consequent loss of the State. In other words, they feared that if they refused to let Tweed have his own way, he, whom nearly every respectable man in New York calls a scoundrel, and whose life is a scandalous piece of riotous profligacy, would carry with him out of the Democratic ranks enough votes to cause the complete defeat of the party—that is to say, from 30,000 to 50,000. They felt, and in this way acknowledged, that no platform or ticket they could construct could prevent this result; that without Tweed they could not have the voters—and they surrendered to him accordingly. We are not now dealing in vague rumors or gossip. We are reciting notorious facts.

Now, consider what this means. It means that the shrewdest politicians we have, have deliberately reached the conclusion that one man, of notoriously bad character, steeped in fraud and corruption, audacious and open in his defiance of law and public opinion, and ostentatious in displaying the results of his peculations, commands, as a general commands troops, a sufficiently large body of the voters of the metropolis to turn the scale at elections in this State, and can lead them from one side to the other, without regard to principles, doctrines, or cries, so as to defeat and drive from the field whichever party attempts to meddle with him. We do not say that this is true; we say that our shrewdest managers believe it to be true; Mr. S. J. Tilden confessed that he believed it, in sackcloth and ashes, by his action at the Convention. Tweed himself is just as sure of it as he is of the existence of his "mansion" and stables on Fifth Avenue, and laughs over the attempts of the good people to drive him from power very much as MacCallummore or Shane O'Neill would have laughed, in the sixteenth century, if a sheriff had come up from Edinburgh or down from Dublin to arrest him for debt.

We are glad of all this for various reasons, but, most of all, because it will help still further to open the eyes of the optimists and theorists whose good-humored complacency is one of the great obstacles in the way of real reform. The best people of New York have never been fully aware of the gravity of the situation which has, for the last twenty years, been growing up in this city—partly through the carelessness and hopefulness which are bred of great material prosperity, and partly through total ignorance of the nature of the element which emigration has been introducing into our population. The newspapers have never pointed the facts as darkly as they might have pointed them; first, because no newspaper likes to play the part of a Cassandra, and, secondly, because they did not expect to be believed if they did. When the *Times* began its crusade against corruption and rascality, it labored hard and long before it got the public ear, or could secure public faith in its sincerity, and, indeed, if James O'Brien had not peached on the Ring, we greatly fear the gallant and public-spirited conductors of that paper would have found, by this time, that all they had got for their pains was the reputation of querulous, growling, ill-conditioned "slangwhangers."

The Citizens' Association, in its earlier and better days, instituted an investigation in the nature of a census, with the view of ascertaining the number of voters whom the Ring reached and controlled, or influenced, by the various instruments at its command—offices, sinecures, contracts, public works, untried indictments, suspended sentences, penalties, licenses, ordinances, and so on—and found that it was not less than 60,000, that is, nearly half the voting population of the city. Since then its powers have been greatly increased by concentration in fewer hands, and by the control of larger funds. This conveys a tolerably clear idea to anybody's mind. Most Americans understand how a vast system of corruption may be created out of such materials as these; but what most Americans do not understand is the moral and mental condition of the population in which this system operates. The good people in New York are, of course, of all races and come from all parts of the country; but the more active reformers are mostly of New England origin or education, or, at all events, are peculiarly and strongly American in the best sense of the term. Now, to this class it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that the region over which Tweed rules is as much a *terra incognita* as Montenegro or Albania. They send missionaries and teachers into it and go into it occasionally themselves, with food, and medicines, and tracts, but they know no more what the inhabitants of that dark land are thinking and saying, by what motives they are governed, how they look at American politics and society, what influences operate on them most powerfully, and what circumstances excite their distrust or confidence, than if they were still in Cork or Limerick. Most of Tweed's subjects are Irish Catholics; and if there be a character and temperament which to the Irish Catholic are peculiarly unsympathetic and repulsive, not to say irritating, it is those of the orderly, methodical, conscientious, cold, exacting American Protestant. He dislikes him, constitutionally, socially, and historically. He is the old "Saxon foe," modified, doubtless, and for the better in some ways, but for the worse in others; and he lives apart from him, and cannot co-operate with him cordially in any work not purely commercial, or in which sentiment plays any part. We might illus-

trate this indefinitely if we had space, or if it were necessary. Nearly everybody who lives in a large city can illustrate it for himself. There could hardly be a more striking revelation of the sources of Tweed's power than is to be found in the gulf which still separates American families from their Irish servants.

The American, on the other hand, finds it just as hard to understand the Irishman. In the first place, two centuries of self-government, self-dependence, and practice in affairs, and close calculation of the results of conduct, have given him a utilitarian habit of mind which has made of him the best politician the world ever saw. Indeed, so ingrained has his utilitarianism become, that he finds a man who acts from impulse in politics, and is not amenable to reason or persuadable by discussion, and is unwilling to be bound by the vote, and believes in occasionally closing an argument by a blow, almost incomprehensible—so incomprehensible that he even doubts the existence of large bodies of such persons. Wherever he sees disorders, and tumults, and revolutions, he ascribes them to the machinations of an aristocracy, and he fondly persuades himself that there is no people who would not be happy if the government were handed over to the majority. The average Northern man could not believe that the Southerners would really revolt till the shells began to burst under his nose; and three or four years ago it was calmly laid down, at a dinner given to M. Romero by a number of very intellectual men in this city, that universal suffrage was not only good for the Mexicans, but for all races and peoples on earth. Now, the whole system of morality which the American has built up around the ballot-box, his reverence for the decision of the majority, and his horror of bribery and frauds, are to the average Irish peasant simply ridiculous, and for this principal reason: the Irish Catholics—putting aside for the moment the difficulties in the way of constitutional government which in their case, as well as in that of the French, are created by temperament—are really, as regards political development, still in what we may call the clan stage—that is, they have not passed through the same process of political and social development as the other European races. The destruction of the power of the chiefs was not followed in Ireland by the admission of the people to a free political life, but by a kind of anarchy in which all political education was impossible. The only mode of deciding controversies ever seen was force; the only law, the will of a great man; the only source of security or plenty, somebody's bounty. The priest, in some degree, took the place of the chief, but as soon as the English political system was extended over the island, the old tribal ideas were at once applied to the elections. The voters went to the polls as to a faction-fight, and voting was done as a sign of devotion to a beloved leader, but a sign of the same kind as giving one of his enemies a blow with an oak stick. A man voted when no other way of rendering the service offered itself—that is, as one of many tactical devices for confounding the foe.

The application of all this to the state of things here is obvious. Tweed's retainers are fed by his bounty. The first thing one of them does on his arrival here is to take some one as his political guide; it is probably the most prominent and active man of his own faith and race in the ward, a grog-shop keeper whose house he frequents, or a contractor who employs him, and with whose ways of thinking and feeling he is familiar, and whose word he believes. All these henchmen are in Tweed's pay in one way or another, and their preachings are supplemented and enforced by enormous largesses, such as the $50,000 in coal which he distributed last winter. The *Evening Post*, and a good many other excellent people, fancy his influence can be broken by sending in missionaries of the Republican party with tracts to tell the clansmen that Tweed is a rascal, and is robbing them; but we take leave to say that this is a delusion, and we wish we could call it a harmless one. There is only one body of men in [this city who could do this work effectually, and that is the priests; but Tweed has secured himself against attacks from that quarter by means familiar to everybody. The proverb that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," is a terse statement of one of the great difficulties of politics. What the remedy is, we have left ourselves no room to state fully this week; but we repeat our belief that it will have to be more radical, and will need more courage than is generally imagined, and one portion of it must be the call of the tax-gatherer on the largest possible portion of the population. The cheap and easy plan of making the large property-holders come in with their checks to the treasury must be given up. We must go, or make Tweed go, round to every room-keeper even, and get his contribution to the municipal expenses—that is, we must somehow put the government into the hands of men who pay taxes, and know they pay them. This would be costly and cumbersome, but to this or something like it we must come, if we would not come to something worse. To something worse we certainly shall come, if the plan of blinking the hard facts of the situation be persisted in.

BOHEMIANISM IN FRENCH POLITICS.

The sentence passed on Rochefort—imprisonment for life in a fortress—excited a good deal of surprise in other countries, and especially in this, by its severity. It has since been commuted to banishment from France, owing partly to the intercession of friends, but principally, we suspect, to the painful evidences, revealed on the trial, of the man's utter feebleness of character. He broke down completely when arraigned before a court-martial and put in peril of his life, and had nothing better to falter out in defence of the lying articles in which he assailed the Versailles Government, during the reign of the Commune, than that their follies and falsehoods were due to "a nervous way of writing he had." The rigor of the court-martial was, however, fully approved by the French public, and for reasons all of which do not appear on the surface, and the weightiest of which have no relation to Rochefort personally. Rochefort really was by no means the worst of those concerned in the late troubles; indeed, he may be said to have been one of the best, and to have earned during the siege the thanks of the friends of order and decency. Nor were his literary labors under the Commune anything extraordinary in the matter of bitterness and unscrupulousness. His misfortune, or his crime, was that he appeared before the military tribunal as the representative of what has been called the "Bohemian element" in the Commune; or, in other words, the chief of the band of broken-down littérateurs, lawyers, doctors, and students who did so much through their speeches at the clubs, and their articles in the *petite presse*, to make the Commune possible, and who played so large a part in carrying it on after it was set up.

The more that is known about the Commune, the stranger it seems; and there was, perhaps, nothing so strange and startling in its history as the appearance in it of a swarm of adventurers from the Quartier Latin, with pretensions more or less well founded to education, and who had nothing in common with the working-classes, for whose benefit the Commune professed to be established, except poverty. A remarkable paper on the part played by this low literary element in Parisian society in the late troubles, from the pen of M. Caro, of the Institute, appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of July 15, and it is worth reading by anybody who wants to understand the hatred with which men of Rochefort's stamp are now regarded by the conservative portion of French society—that is to say, by four-fifths of it. To be a "Bohemian," in the French sense of the term, as originated, we believe, by Henri Murger, who was the original Bohemian, one has not only to be averse to regular industry, unable or unwilling to follow any regular vocation, fond of physical enjoyment, indifferent to all the things which constitute "respectability," but also to be, ostensibly at least, a worshipper of "art"—that is, of an ideal standard of excellence, whether in painting, music, or literature. Every great city contains a large number of persons of this stamp, but Paris a far larger number than any other, for several obvious reasons. The condition of the French professions and of French commerce is such that failure to root one's self at the outset in a fixed calling is almost irretrievable. The barriers between one pursuit and another are rarely surmountable, and society is singularly intolerant of anything like enterprise or fertility of resource; and the spirit of adventure, which at one time sent its restless spirits out to found new states, or make great conquests, has been completely dead for over a century. Then, it must be admitted that the tendency to "loaf" which is the besetting sin of all persons whose work is completely in their own hands and may be done at one time as well as another, displays itself strongly in the

French character. The frequency with which all through the provincial towns one finds the husband playing dominoes at the *café*, at broad noon, while the wife is attending the store, is a familiar illustration of it. Then, the drift of young men to Paris to seek their fortune, as well as to study, and the obstacles to anything like quiet and persistent devotion to a calling which Paris life has for the last twenty years more particularly offered, are things the like of which is not seen in any other capital. The failures of all professions gather there, and they are met by all the vaguely ambitious, the idle, the lazy, the greedy, and the envious, and the good-for-nothing of all kinds, and the whole of them devote themselves to two things—writing for the press, painting pictures, and making love to sewing-girls. We published in the *Nation*, three years ago, some articles descriptive of life among the art students, which gave a vivid picture of the singular, and many people would say the awful, moral condition of the whole Bohemian world; the complete extinction among them of belief in anything, or admiration for anything, but "art" and material luxury. They were not even proud of being Frenchmen, but of being "very civilized."

In the beginning, Bohemians were simply poor and unsuccessful, so that though, according to their own account, nearly all that was heroic or genuine in French society, and all the insight in art, and literature, and philosophy which Providence had allotted to the people, had taken refuge among them, the problem which mainly occupied their minds when they got up in the morning was the means of finding a dinner or paying for their lodging. Out of this phase, which, as it appeared in their literature, lasted about ten years, they passed into the envious and malignant phase, and devoted themselves to reviling the successful in all walks of life, especially in art and literature, and accounting for it by disgraceful events in their career. Under the Empire, for the first time, Bohemia turned its attention to politics and sociology, and, from hating successful artists and authors, took to hating all well-to-do people, and all people who had established themselves in any walk of life, and the "*petite presse*," as it was called, appeared, consisting of a swarm of little papers, mostly short-lived, filled with scandalous stories of and attacks on persons occupying respectable positions, and revelling in the sense of discomfort and alarm they spread through the community. It was evident they were now making war on society as a whole. In the latter days of the Empire, however, they turned their attention to the crapulous and unclean horde of courtiers and speculators who had gathered round the Tuileries, and delighted the Parisian world for some months by the incisiveness and brutality of some of their exposures, and even seduced many into the belief that the Bohemians were going to turn moralists. About this time, Rochefort, who was one of them, came to the surface with his *Lanterne*, and devoted himself wholly to the Emperor and his family, sparing neither age nor sex, and rapidly grew, to the disgrace of French society, into a political personage. His filthy libels and lampoons did more to shake the Empire than all the eloquence and labor of the opposition in the Chambers. But the Bohemians never really appeared above-ground till the clubs were opened in 1868–9. When the meetings began, it was remarked that the workingmen who appeared at them as orators, and who, wild as many of their notions were, were really in earnest, were far outnumbered by seedy-looking "doctors" and "advocates" and elderly "law and medical students," the editorial corps of papers which never got beyond No. 1, all of whom began to devote themselves, as M. Caro says, wholly to "transcendental politics and humanitarian regeneration." There appeared with them a considerable force of female lecturers, or, as he calls them, "conférencières," who maintained with great fierceness that the failure of the first Revolution was due to its neglecting the emancipation of woman. Several of these started little papers, and developed a new type of journalist—the "journaliste communeuse." M. Thiers had no more ferocious enemies than these; according to them, the old rascal was always "drunk with the people's blood and sweat." What made their adhesion to the cause of the Commune all the more singular was, that they have been shockingly treated by some of the leading male socialists. Proudhon has cruelly castigated them, but none of the sect has been so unrelenting as Bebel, the great German apostle of the Communists, who says, "as to woman, with very rare exceptions, she can be of no use in the reconstruction of society. The slave of every prejudice, tainted with all sorts of diseases, moral and physical, she will be the stumbling-block of progress. Towards her it will be necessary to employ—morally, certainly, *physically*, *perhaps*—the peremptory argument used with the inbred slaves—*the stick*."

The *Marseillaise*, perhaps, marked the highest point reached by Bohemian journalism. One of its "staff," Paschal Grousset, was made Minister of Foreign Affairs by the Commune, and amused himself and the world by sending despatches to the Prussian commander and notifying Europe of his accession to office. Scores of others of the tribe became magistrates, inspectors, judges, and commissioners, and had a brief taste of power and luxury, enough to console them probably for years of penury and obscurity. The descent of the Positive philosophers into the arena, many of whom were tickled by the Commune's contempt for majorities, gave the farce a curious air of science which sat oddly on many of the Bohemians. Raoul Rigault, a licentious rascal, who acted as Procureur of the Commune, talked flippantly on spontaneous generation, a theory which greatly delighted him, just as he was going to execute the unfortunate hostages at La Roquette. "It makes creation completely useless," said he, "and God, if he existed, would be good for nothing, except to be shot."

We ought to add that M. Caro ascribes a good deal of influence on the course of events to the Bohemians' love of absinthe, which they drink regularly, and of the deleterious effects of which on the brain tissues doctors are now fully satisfied. But, in spite of the general and hideous absurdity of the performance, there was in it a certain method, from the Bohemian point of view. They realized in the Commune a thoroughly Bohemian dream of riches and power acquired without labor, and retained simply by continuous and incoherent talking, and it ended, like a splendid theatrical *finale*, in a glorious and exciting scene of flame and blood. There was one incident in the story which is hardly short of delicious in its pathos and simplicity. The Communist Minister of Public Instruction published, during his brief tenure of office, a periodical at the public expense, in which he printed the articles which he had for years offered in vain to the brutal editors of the old society. He at least had his revenge, and saw the dawning of the better day.

NIAGARA.

I.

NIAGARA, September 28.

MY journey hitherward by a morning's sail from Toronto across Lake Ontario, seemed to me, as regards a certain dull vacuity in this episode of travel, a kind of calculated preparation for the uproar of Niagara—a pause or hush on the threshold of a great sensation; and this, too, in spite of the reverent attention I was mindful to bestow on the first-seen, in my experience, of the great lakes. It has the merit, from the shore, of producing a slight perplexity of vision. It is the sea, and yet just not the sea. The huge expanse, the landless line of the horizon, suggest the ocean; while an indefinable shortness of pulse, a kind of fresh-water gentleness of tone, seem to contradict the idea. What meets the eye is on the ocean scale, but you feel somehow that the lake is a thing of smaller spirit. Lake navigation, therefore, seems to me not especially entertaining. The scene tends to offer, as one may say, a sort of marine-effect *manqué*. It has the blankness and vacancy of the sea without that vast essential swell which, amid the belting brine, so often saves the situation to the eye. I was occupied, as we crossed, in wondering whether this dull reduction of the ocean contained that which could properly be termed "scenery." At the mouth of the Niagara River, however, after a three hours' sail, scenery really begins, and very soon crowds upon you in force. The steamer puts into the narrow channel of the stream, and heads upward between high embankments. From this point, I think, you really enter into relations with Niagara. Little by little the elements become a picture, rich with the shadows of coming events. You have a foretaste of the great spectacle of color which you enjoy at the Falls. The even cliffs of red-brown earth are now crusted, now spotted, with autumnal orange and crimson, and laden with this ardent boskage plunge sheer into the deep-dyed green of the river. As you proceed, the river begins to tell its tale—at first in broken syllables of foam and flurry, and then, as it were,

in rushing, flashing sentences and passionate interjections. Onwards from Lewiston, where you are transferred from the boat to the train, you see it from the cope of the American cliff, far beneath you, now superbly unnavigable. You have a lively sense of something happening ahead; the river, as a man near me said, has evidently been in a row. The cliffs here are immense; they form genuine *vomitoria* worthy of the living floods whose exit they protect. This is the first act of the drama of Niagara; for it is, I believe, one of the commonplaces of description that you instinctively harmonize and dramatize it. At the station pertaining to the railway suspension-bridge, you see in mid-air beyond an interval of murky confusion produced by the further bridge, the smoke of the trains, and the thickened atmosphere of the peopled bank, a huge far-flashing sheet which glares through the distance as a monstrous absorbent and irradiant of light. And here, in the interest of the picturesque, let me note that this obstructive bridge tends in a way to enhance the first glimpse of the cataract. Its long black span, falling dead along the shining brow of the Falls, seems shivered and smitten by their fierce effulgence, and trembles across the field of vision like some mighty mote in an excess of light. A moment later, as the train proceeds, you plunge into the village, and the cataract, save as a vague ground-tone to this trivial interlude, is, like so many other goals of æsthetic pilgrimage, temporarily postponed to the hotel.

With this postponement comes, I think, an immediate decline of expectation; for there is every appearance that the spectacle you have come so far to see is to be choked in the horribly vulgar shops and booths and catchpenny artifices which have pushed and elbowed to within the very spray of the Falls, and ply their importunities in shrill competition with its thunder. You see a multitude of hotels and taverns and shops, glaring with white paint, bedizened with placards and advertisements, and decorated by groups of those gentlemen who flourish most rankly on the soil of New York and in the vicinage of hotels; who carry their hands in their pockets, wear their hats always and every way, and, although of a sedentary habit, yet spurn the earth with their heels. A side-glimpse of the Falls, however, calls out one's philosophy; you reflect that this is but such a sordid foreground as Turner liked to use; you hurry to where the roar grows louder, and, I was going to say, you escape from the village. In fact, however, you don't escape from it; it is constantly at your elbow, just to the right or the left of the line of contemplation. It would be paying Niagara a poor compliment to say that, practically, she does not hurl off this chaffering by-play from her cope; but as you value the integrity of your impression, you are bound to affirm that it hereby suffers appreciable abatement. You wonder, as you stroll about, whether it is altogether an unrighteous dream that with the slow progress of culture, and the possible or impossible growth of some larger comprehension of beauty and fitness, the public conscience may not tend to ensure to such sovereign phases of nature something of the inviolability and privacy which we are slow to bestow, indeed, upon fame, but which we do not grudge at least to art. We place a great picture, a great statue, in a museum; we erect a great monument in the centre of our largest square, and if we can suppose ourselves nowadays building a cathedral, we should certainly isolate it as much as possible and subject it to no ignoble contact. We cannot build about Niagara with walls and a roof, nor girdle it with a palisade, but the sentimental tourist may muse upon the chances of its being guarded by the negative homage of empty spaces and absent barracks and decent forbearance. The actual abuse of the scene belongs evidently to that immense class of iniquities which are destined to grow very much worse in order to grow a very little better. The good humor engendered by the main spectacle bids you suffer it to run its course.

Though hereabouts so much is great, distances are small, and a ramble of two or three hours enables you to gaze hither and thither from a dozen standpoints. The one you are likely to choose first is that on the Canada cliff, something above the suspension bridges. The great fall faces you, enshrined in the surging increase of its own resounding mists. The common feeling just here, I believe, is one of disappointment at its want of height; the vision grasps less in quantity than it had been prompted to expect. My own sense, I confess, was absolutely gratified from the first; and, indeed, not the bulk and volume of the matter, but its exquisite *expression*, seemed to me paramount. You are, moreover, at some distance, and you feel that with the lessening interval you will not be cheated of your chance to be dizzied with pure size. Already you see the world-famous green, baffling painters, baffling poets, clear and lucid on the lip of the precipice; the more so, of course, for the clouds of silver and snow into which it drops transformed. The whole picture before you is admirably simple. The Horseshoe gleams and glares and boils and smokes from the centre to the right, drumming itself dim with vapors: in the centre, the dark pedestal of Goat Island divides the double flood; to the left booms and smokes the minor thunder of the American Fall; and, on a level with the eye, above the still crest of either cataract, appear the white faces of the uttermost rapids. The circle of weltering froth at the base of the Horseshoe, emerging from the dead white vapors—absolute white, as moonless midnight is absolute black—which muffle impenetrably the final crash of the plunge, melts slowly into the powerful green of the lower river. It seems a mighty drama in itself, this blanched survival and recovery of the stream. It stretches away like a tired swimmer, struggling from the snowy scum and the silver drift, and passing slowly from an eddying foam-sheet, touched with green lights, to a cold stony green, streaked and marbled with trails and wild arabesques of foam. This is the beginning of that air of unforgotten trouble which marks the river as you meet it at the lake. The ultimate green I speak of is of admirable hue—the clearest, the greenest, the coldest of all greens—a green as sombre and steady as most greens are light and inconstant. So it shifts along, with a sort of measured pride, deep and lucid, and yet of immense *body*, the most stately, the least turbid of torrents. Its movement, its sweep, and progression are as admirable as its color, but as little as its color to be made a matter of words. These things are but part of a spectacle in which nothing is imperfect. As you draw nearer and nearer, on the Canada cliff, to the right arm of the Horseshoe, the mass begins in all conscience to be large enough. You are able at last to stand on the very cope of the shelf from which the leap is taken, bathing your boot-toes, if you like, in the side-ooze of the glassy curve. I may say, in parenthesis, that the importunities one suffers here, amid the central din of the cataract, from hackmen and photographers and venders of gimcracks, are simply hideous and infamous. The road is lined with little drinking-shops and warehouses, and from these retreats their occupants dart forth in competition upon the hapless traveller with talk of their pigmy side-shows. I can but ask—*need* such things be? You purchase release at last by a great outlay of the small coin of dogged "No's," and stand steeped in long looks at the most beautiful object in the world.

Correspondence.

THE REDUCTION OF DUTY ON SUGAR AND COFFEE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Notwithstanding I differ totally from you on the question of protection, I am happy to concede to you the rare merit of fairness in argument. Your auxiliary in the contest, the New York *Evening Post*, seems unable or unwilling to be just when a point can be made in favor of free trade. In its issue of September 23 will be found an article trying to explain the awkward fact that, though the duty on sugar has been reduced about one cent per pound, and on coffee two cents per pound, the prices of these articles are to-day as high as they were a year ago under the old tariff. The writer, after groping in the dark for a reason, says boldly the one cent on sugar "is divided between the refiner and dealer," and on coffee "the gain is enjoyed by the wholesale and retail dealers."

In regard to coffee, a writer in the same journal explained, under date of September 26, that the cause of high prices in this case was a deficiency in the crop, which, of course, produced higher prices throughout the civilized world. The *producer* got the benefit of the advanced prices, and the dealer had nothing more than his usual small profit for importing and distributing. The same fact is true in regard to sugar. Our chief supply comes from Cuba, and there the deficiency in the crop is estimated at from 20 to 30 per cent. The result has been a rise in prices in Cuba. No. 12 (Dutch standard) sugars, September 16, 1871, were worth 10½ to 11 reals, and last year, September 17, they were 9 to 9¼ reals.

This rise dates back to the beginning of the free deliveries to this country—July 8, 1871, 11¼ to 11½ reals; July 9, 1870, 9 to 9¼ reals; April 29, 1871, 10¼ to 10¾ reals; April 30, 1870, 8¼ to 8½ reals. It seems pretty clear that the importer has to pay more for his sugar than he did last year. If the *Evening Post* had consulted any of that class of merchants, he might have found out that the one cent remitted by a generous government from its duties may have gone to Cuba, but certainly did not stick by the way in the importer's hands. But he adds, the refiner got a part. The exact truth is, that the refiners, as a class, do not import their sugars. They buy the raw sugar in the open market, and their gain or loss is in the *difference* between the price of raw and refined sugars, de-

ducting the expense of manufacture. If raw sugar is 9 cents or 10 cents per pound, they have to buy it, and the change in tariff is of no direct importance to them.

To compare last year with this, taking the printed prices current: September 14, 1871, good to prime refining, 9⅝ to 9¾ cents; crushed, 13 cents—September 15, 1870, good to prime refining, 9⅝ to 9¾ cents; crushed, 13⅜ cents. That is, the refiner pays as much for his raw material as he did a year ago, and gets three-eighths of a cent less for his refined product. I really cannot see that any part of the one cent comes into the refiner's possession.

It is fair to say, then, that this year's experience proves that a reduction in the tariff cannot secure low prices if the rest of the world has to pay high prices. The figures, without explanation, are neither for nor against free trade, but the explanation does show that the importer on the seaboard has no direct interest in prices, except so far as low prices encourage importations and enable him to do a larger business. The sugar refiners are in the same position. High prices are not in their favor, since the difference between raw and refined sugars is their only source of profit. The whole point of their interest in the tariff has been to have the scale so graduated that refined, or partially refined, sugar, the product of slave or pauper labor, should not be allowed to come in at a rate of duty which would prevent the use of American manufactures. Their position is that of the cotton manufacturers, or other producers of articles not far advanced beyond the crude state. They do not ask for an undue protection to build up a new enterprise, but simply such a rate of duty as will pay a moderate rate of interest to the owner, and such wages to the workmen as Americans insist upon having. U. C.

Notes.

Messrs. Dodd & Mead's fall publications include a new work by President Porter, on the trustworthiness of induction in philosophy; a popular work on "Corals and Coral Islands," by Prof. James D. Dana, with numerous original illustrations; "The Theology of the New Testament," a hand-book for Bible students, by Dr. Van Oosterzee, professor in the University of Utrecht; "A Comparative History of Religions," by Prof. James C. Moffat, of Princeton; "Bible Lore," by James Cowper Gray; "Heroes of Puritan Times," by John Stoughton; and a new series of stories for the young, by Jacob Abbott.——"The Character of Christ: Does it Supply an Adequate Basis for a Religion?"—a paper which lately appeared in the *Contemporary Review*—will be reprinted by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. They will also publish, for the American Tract Society of Boston, Dean Howson's "Metaphors of St. Paul" and "Companions of St. Paul."——Noticeable works on the list of Harper & Bros. are "Woman's Worth and Worthlessness," the complement to "A New Atmosphere," by Gail Hamilton; "The Hand of Desolation," a record of Arctic travel, by Dr. I. I. Hayes; "Life and Letters of Catharine M. Sedgwick," by Mary E. Dewey; "The Rise and Fall of the Paris Commune in 1871," by W. Pembroke Fetridge, a witness of the events described; and the following reprints: "The Earth," by Élisée Reclus; "The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley," by Rev. Luke Tyerman.——Macmillan & Co. announce "Historical Essays," by Edward A. Freeman; "Legends of the Old Testament," collected from Talmudical and Rabbinical Sources, by S. Baring-Gould; "A History of Philosophy, Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern," by Rev. F. D. Maurice; "The Life and Works of Raphael," with twenty autotype illustrations.——Roberts Bros. will publish Philip G. Hamerton's "Unknown River: An Etcher's Voyage of Discovery," with 37 etchings from nature by the author; an illustrated edition of Lord Houghton's sweet child's song, "Good Night and Good Morning"; an illuminated edition of the Sermon on the Mount; "Arabesques—Four Stories of the Supernatural," by Mrs. Richard S. Greenough; Miss Rossetti's nursery rhyme-book, "Sing Song," with 120 illustrations by Arthur Hughes; and the admirable manual, "English Lessons for English People," by Messrs. Abbott and Seeley.——Huxley's "Anatomy of Vertebrated Animals" is announced as in press by Mr. Henry C. Lea, of Philadelphia.

—According to the late census, New York State has a *total* population of 4,382,759; Pennsylvania, 3,521,791; Ohio, 2,665,260; and Illinois, 2,539,891. The following six Northern and five Southern States have each a population rising one million, viz.: Missouri, 1,721,295; Indiana, 1,680,637; Massachusetts, 1,457,351; Iowa, 1,191,792; Michigan, 1,184,059; Wisconsin, 1,054,670; and Kentucky, 1,321,011; Tennessee, 1,258,520; Virginia, 1,225,163; Georgia, 1,184,109; North Carolina, 1,071,361. In six States, all Northern, the *foreign-born* population exceeds 300,000, viz.: New York, 1,138,353, chiefly Irish and German (about 1 to 3 of the native-born); Pennsylvania, 545,261 (1 to 5); Illinois, 515,198 (1 to 4); Ohio, 372,493 (1 to 6); Wisconsin, 364,499, almost wholly German (1 to 2, a proportion which the next census may almost reverse); Massachusetts, 353,319, chiefly Irish (1 to 3). The *colored* population exceeds 300,000 in eight States, all Southern, viz.: Georgia, 545,142 (about 6 to 7 of the whites); Virginia, 512,841 (5 to 7); Alabama, 475,510 (9 to 10); Mississippi, 444,201 (7 to 6); South Carolina, 415,814 (6 to 4); North Carolina, 391,650 (4 to 7); Louisiana, 364,210 (almost exactly the same as the white population, 362,065); Tennessee, 322,331 (1 to 3). The *Chinese* population, including about 100 Japanese, amounts for the whole United States to but 63,254, of which number only 168 are found in the North. California has 49,310; Idaho, 4,274; Oregon, 3,330; Nevada, 3,152; and Montana, 1,949. Comparing the fifteen States first mentioned, the largest rate of increase since 1860 is shown by Iowa, being a doubling of its population about every 11 years; Michigan would double in 17, Illinois in 20, Missouri in 22, Wisconsin in 28, Indiana in 40, Pennsylvania in 47, Massachusetts in 55, Ohio and Kentucky in 70, New York in 77, Georgia and Tennessee in 80, North Carolina in 125, and Virginia in about 2,000. Virginia has, in fact, increased by less than 6,000, and shows more than any other Southern State the combined effects of slavery and the war.

—The change from agriculture to manufactures in Massachusetts, of which we spoke last week, and which has been quietly but steadily going on for many years, is exhibited in the history of Leicester. This town celebrated, last Fourth of July, the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of its organization, and, from the pamphlet report of the proceedings, we learn that as early as 1814 the manufacture of woollen cloths was begun there, and "the once fitful brooks, which ran to waste between drought and freshet, turned into perennial sources of enterprise and wealth"; that Leicester has been the parent (by division) of several manufacturing villages; and that, notwithstanding the natural obstacles in the way of making a connection by railroad with other places, it is earnestly bent on being so connected, and believes, in the language of one of the toasts, that, if the town is "too high for a railroad," it is "too low to be contented without one," and looks to the narrow-gauge for a solution of all engineering difficulties. The hilly roads a century ago did not deter the rich merchant Jews of Newport from settling (some of them) in Leicester, on the occupation of Rhode Island by the British in December, 1776. In their new home "they not only found a ready welcome, but intimacies and friendships grew up between the citizens and them which lasted as long they lived." Their trading-house was afterwards used as an academy, which became famous throughout the State, being the third chartered. The Quakers also were once numerous in Leicester, where such was the general religious harmony that "the town and the parish remained entire until 1833," and "the pastorates of six ministers cover the whole one hundred and fifty years."

—We do not know of any American newspaper-English which we like better, as English, than that of Mr. George Alfred Townsend, generally the Washington, but in vacation the roving correspondent ("Gath") of the Chicago *Tribune*. Our readers are not ignorant of Mr. Townsend's services at the capital, where he has distinguished himself as a hater of shams and friendly to all those measures of political reform to which the better portion of the Republican party is irrevocably committed. It is, to be sure, sometimes easier to be amused by Mr. Townsend's personalities than to apologize for them. There is a humor and a picturesqueness about them which is nothing less than poetical; and in fact this writer's claim to the title of poet might be as satisfactorily established from his prose as from the clever volume of verses which he lately published. Here, for instance, is a characteristic extract from a recent letter of his in the *Tribune*, in which that peculiarly American invention, the "base-burner," is put to a use not designated in the letters-patent. Mr. Groesbeck, of Ohio, is the person he alludes to in the beginning:

"He is one of the few wealthy men in America who has no active profession, and who is equally uninterested in other people's business. This gains him the name of being an aristocrat, and makes him offensive to the class of Democrats who attend primary meetings. With like consistency, these same chaps also allege that he is close, penurious, self-intent, and no radiator. Our fellow-citizen, as you are aware, must be a kind of Morning-Glory stove, with window-lights in him to let us see precisely how much fuel he burns, and how it is glowing; and he must, besides, throw off powerful beams of warmth while we all sit around with our feet on him, spitting underneath him now and then. We want our great man right in the family, amongst the pictures of Washington, the Horse Fair, and the Village Blacksmith—otherwise he is an aristocrat, particularly in Cincinnati."

—Scribner & Co. have just received two books which will interest the lovers of William Blake. One is a copy of the translation, or travestie, as it rather deserves to be called, of Bürger's "Leonora," by J. F. Stanley, published by William Miller, London, 1796. The present edition is the second, and the translator makes no bones of confessing that, out of respect to morality and religion, he has discarded his original version, in which he would appear to have followed his author as closely as possible, and made another, in which Bürger's story is entirely changed, so far as the catastrophe is concerned. He gives his reasons for this absurd performance with the most perfect assurance and self-satisfaction. His publisher, however, appears to have had his doubts, for, in a prefatory note, he informs the public that he has appended the original German to Mr. Stanley's version, a proceeding which shows a lamentable indifference, on his part, to the morals and religion of his better-educated patrons. He says, also, that he has adorned this present edition with new engravings, but neither the name of Blake, who made three designs for the English version, nor those of D. Chodowiecke and Harding, who made, the first, one illustration, and the other two, to the German of Bürger, are mentioned, either on the title-page or in the publisher's introductory note. The three designs by Blake are engraved by a certain Perry, while the other three are all engraved by Harding, who, as we have said, also designed two of them. We should like to see more of Perry's work, for as it shows in the last two designs—where are all Blake's tenderness and grace, with that deep earnestness of his that lifts these qualities far above all taint of mawkishness and sentimentality—this engraver, otherwise unknown to us, shows that he knew something of the master whose work he was translating. In the first design, which is in Blake's "terrible way," the engraver could not so well follow him. Gilchrist speaks of all three designs at length, and so well, that we may better refer the reader who wishes to know more about them to him. Gilchrist makes a mistake, not very important, to be sure, in attributing two of the three illustrations of the German poem to Chodowiecke. They are paltry enough, but Chodowiecke is only responsible for one of them. We may just add that a very instructive comparison might be made to his class by a teacher of a school of design between the first of these illustrations of Blake's, where William is carrying off Leonora on the hell-horse, and the avenging angel on horseback, either in Raphael's Heliodorus or in the representation of the same subject by Allston. There is a drawing by the Japanese Oksai, illustrative of a similar theme, which, for fire and spirit, would well deserve to enter into such a comparison.

—The other book is a "mounted" copy of Gilchrist's "Life of Blake," containing, beside the usual amount of interesting but rather "lugged in" matter relating to persons and places mentioned by the way, quite a number of specimens of Blake's work seldom met with, and interesting to readers of Gilchrist's book. There is a complete set of Blake's illustrations to Thornton's Virgil; three designs by Stothard, engraved by Blake, when he was working for the rather shabby English Raphael; two illustrations, designed and engraved by Blake for Mary Wollstonecraft's "Tales for Children" (Gilchrist gives a wood-cut reproduction of another of the set); Blake's etching of Cowper's monument, as altered (with a vengeance!) from Flaxman's design, by Mr. Hayley; six designs by Mrs. Maria Flaxman, the sculptor's wife, to Hayley's poem, "The Triumphs of Temper"—these are weakly graceful productions in the Flaxman-Stothard school, with something added by Blake, as we think, of his own; two of the designs made by Blake to illustrate Hayley's "Ballads." One is for "The Eagle," and is Blake at his best in this direction; the other is for "The Lion," and contains a touch of Blake at his quaintest in the shape of the Lion himself, a little woolly poodle from the toy-shop standing on a bank. The volume also contains eight plates from some one of Blake's "illuminated" books which seems to have been unknown to Gilchrist and Rossetti, as neither mentions it. It would appear to have been a collection of aphorisms, each of which is illustrated by colored figures of personages. Each design is about an inch square, the letterpress is printed in pale yellowish ink, and the color-printing of the figures is clumsily done, often obscuring quite hopelessly the design. They are not very valuable as art, but are interesting as records or hints of one of Blake's methods.

—Our readers may like to know something of the way in which these "mounted" books, of which we see so many nowadays, are produced. It has come to be a regular business, and gives employment and a good living to a considerable number of persons. One man in particular has made himself a name by his skill in this manufacture. He buys wherever he can lay his hands on them, but principally at auctions, all illustrated books, no matter what may be their subjects. The illustrations are cut out carefully, with as little injury to the book as possible, and they are then accurately classified and put into portfolios. The man we speak of as having gained a name for himself in this business employs several boys, who are kept busy cutting out, assorting, and indexing the illustrations. This indexing is done with great care, and the portfolios are gone over every day, to see that their contents are in order. Suppose "Sir Walter Scott's Life and Works" to be the book to be "mounted." The master takes his place at the table, round which stand the boys with their portfolios, and reads over the index appended to any edition of Scott. Perhaps the first word in the index is "Abbotsford." The apprentices dash at their portfolios, examine their several indexes, call out, "Here's Abbotsford, sir," "Here's another," and no matter how many there may be, the master takes them all, if they are different one from another. Then to the next word in the index, and any engraving connected however slightly with the word, or however slightly with the subject of the work to be illustrated, is fish for the mounter's net. In their mechanical execution, the neatness [with [which the illustrations are mounted, the skill with which the binder has done his part—and not every binder can bind a "mounted" book—these volumes are often very attractive. But they are also often queer messes, and it is painful to a real lover of books to think how many beautiful, rare, and valuable books must have been mutilated, and destroyed for men of his kind, by these remorseless fanatics.

—The lover of books, too, may be curious to know what becomes of the volumes out of which the illustrations have been cut by the book-mounter. They are made up into lots and sold at auction for whatever they will fetch, and the sum, no matter what it may be, is set down to the credit of the mounted book in estimating its market value. The mutilated books are—the reader may be surprised to hear—eagerly sought after by lending-libraries of all sorts, "Circulating," "Mechanics'," "Sunday-school," Village libraries, reading-clubs, book-clubs, etc., etc. These institutions greatly prefer books without illustrations, because these are never cut or mutilated, while no book with pictures in it is safe. One library in our own city makes it a rule never, if it be possible to avoid it, to buy a book with illustrations, and our informant assures us that the now-retired head librarian of a great public library in this city was very hostile to illustrated books, and when a new book was to be bought for the library, if it belonged to the obnoxious class, he would say, with an emphatic gesture, "Oh! pshaw, it has pictures in it!" The explanation, therefore, is simple, when one sees on some second-hand book-shelf the copy of Moore's "Epicurean," or of Rogers's "Poems," or of "The Landscape Annual," that he has been hunting after for years, and eagerly seizes it with a glow at the heart, only to find, and not for the first or second time either, that all the plates are gone. They have probably suffered transmigration into some "mounted book."

—Chapman & Hall have made another hit—since the success of the "People's Edition of Carlyle's Works," which has reached a sale of 30,000 a month—in the astonishing popularity of their new illustrated edition of Charles Dickens's works, published weekly, a sheet, or signature, at a time, for a penny a sheet. The sale at the last advices has reached 150,000 a week! This, we believe, is a greater sale than was ever reached before by any book. But the edition very well deserves its success. The shape and size of the volume is handy, the print, though in double-columns, is clear and large, and the illustrations by young Mr. Dalziel are original and clever.

—Perhaps, with the subdivision of learning that attends the increase of the world's knowledge and of knowable things, scholars and investigators may contrive a plan of classifying, and, so to speak, pigeon-holing their comments, conjectures, and discoveries in a way very imperfectly answered by any "notes and queries" ever attempted. For a certain sort of subjects (by no means few), we can imagine in each case a society, or section, or learned committee (domestic or foreign), which would be the natural recipient of everything published relating to its specialty, and which at stated intervals would digest, summarize, and republish these contributions along with its regular transactions. An exchange of transactions between societies having the same object would then make the sum of knowledge acquired during a given period accessible to students in every country, with the minimum of labor in research, much that would otherwise have been overlooked being thus garnered up, sifted, ordered, and indexed. In this way, too, some things would be settled once for all, as an example of which, as well as of the kind of information that ought not to be left to take its chance of being brought to the attention of specialists, we may cite the explanation of two words in Chaucer, published in the *Athenæum*

of September 23, premising that each has heretofore been a *crux* that baffled commentators. One is "Atazir," in line 305 of "The Man of Lawes Tale":

"O Mars, O Atazir, as in this cas."

This is the Spanish form of the Arabic *attathir*, influence, and "was used in Spanish as an astrological term, signifying either the influence of one star upon another, or the influence of a star upon the fortunes of men. Chaucer evidently used it in a bad sense, as much as to say, 'O evil influence!'" For the proper interpretation of a second Arabic derivative, "dulcarnon," in the phrase "to be at *dulcarnon*," or at wit's end, we must refer to the article in the *Athenæum*. We hope there is a Chaucer pigeon-hole ready for it, and an appropriate pigeon-hole for the highly-plausible filling up of a lacuna in the Moabite Stone proposed in the last number of the *Academy* (Sept. 15).

—Attention has just been called in Germany to the anomalous character and arbitrary powers of the officer known as the "University Judge," who administers punishment for all infractions, by students, of moral law or university discipline. This functionary at the University of Berlin is Lehnerdt, a law professor, and he has very harshly exercised his authority on an occasion like the following: At the close of the war with France, the students assembled in regular meeting in order to file a petition for the abolition of certain inveterate abuses in the administration, but the committee which they appointed was promptly dissolved by the senate, on the ground that it was partly composed of persons not regular students. A fresh committee to which this objection could not be brought was immediately appointed, and apparently with impunity. At the close of the semester, however (Aug. 15), when the majority of the students had left Berlin, and a disturbance was therefore not to be apprehended, the judge Lehnerdt pounced upon the sixteen committee-men, and dismissed them for ever from the university, refusing them a legal defence and even a copy of his decision. In addition, they were compelled to pass one night in the "Carcer," and to pledge themselves to leave Berlin by the first conveyance; and a university official was deputed to admit no relations to visit them, nor any letters, unless read by the judge himself, and to attend them constantly until they got off. Such conduct recalls too forcibly the days when students were restrained by the Government as natural revolutionists, and suggests the abolition both of the special privileges of the students—a mediæval tradition—and the university judge. The affair has caused an unpleasant impression, and is generally condemned by the unofficial press in Germany.

—The religious movement in Germany presents so many phases that it can scarcely be followed by foreigners with the interest it deserves. Last month witnessed the "Protestant-day" at Darmstadt, where it was discussed not only what Protestantism should do in view of the latest phase of Romanism, but how free-thinking Protestants should meet the so-called clerical element in their own church. A monster conference, held soon after at Munich, Sept. 23 and 24, was attended in crowds by the "Old Catholics," among whom Father Hyacinthe reckoned himself and put in a personal appearance. The main topics proposed for discussion were: the restriction of the Papal Power, the return of the legislative power in church matters to the general councils of the church, the election of the clergy by the laity, the abolition of celibacy, the foundation of parish organizations on the principles of the early church, and the relation of the church to the national element. The delegate from Switzerland to the Munich gathering was chosen at a large meeting of "Old Catholics" at Aarau. On the other hand, 2,000 of the Pope's adherents, who, perhaps, must be called "Neo-Catholics," assembled at Fribourg, in Switzerland, to celebrate the anniversary of the founding of the Pius Verein, an association for propagating the Roman Catholic religion. This meeting sent by telegraph, through its chairman, the president of the association, an address of sympathy and respect to the Pope. A Capuchin monk, who is said to have taken his audience by storm, indulged in the following declamation:

"There is first liberty, then liberalism, and, lastly, license. There is also pagan liberalism, heretical liberalism, and Catholic liberalism. The last is the worst of all, the Holy Father having declared it to be especially dangerous, and it is difficult to understand what it really means. Luther is the father of modern liberalism and impiety, and one of his most devoted disciples, Guizot, has followed in his footsteps by insisting that the church should only speak to the heart and intellect, and discard altogether any appeal to physical force. Now, I unhesitatingly tell you that, in my opinion, the state is the true father of the family. The Liberals want us to bring up children by kind words and persuasion; the Holy Scriptures, on the contrary, tell us to chastise them. St. Francis de Sales was well whipped by his father for his first and last fault, and so effectual was the correction that he never forgot it. The state, in the same way, ought to employ, not argument, but the rod. Liberalism has produced assassination, ignorance, and immorality, and socialism is its natural offspring. I will cite only the two revolutions of 1793 and 1870 as proofs of the correctness of what I assert. Stand fast, then, I beseech you, to conservative Catholicism, and the truth shall make you free."

RECENT WORKS ON THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.*

THE political revolution through which the country has passed during the last ten years has naturally created an active demand for works treating, or purporting to treat, of the Constitution and Government of the United States. The press has been ready to supply this demand. It has issued elaborate treatises upon the general theory of government, and upon the peculiar forms, national and State, which we have adopted, by the side of which "The Federalist" and Story's "Commentaries" are superficial; it has supplied us with one-sided discussions—purely partisan pamphlets in the form of bulky books—which add nothing to our stock of knowledge, but only serve to keep alive old and bitter differences—works which, on the one hand, like Stephens's "War between the States," reassert all the exploded dogmas of State sovereignty; or which, on the other, like Whiting's "War Powers under the Constitution," would make the Congress, and especially the Executive, the most hateful of despotisms, and would crush out all personal independence and civil liberty; it has also furnished us with not a few specimens of the mechanical trade of book-making, which have no *raison d'être* except the opportunity of sale.

"The Federal Government and its Officers" belongs most emphatically to the last class. Mr. Gillett describes himself on the title-page as "Formerly a Member of Congress from St. Lawrence County, N. Y., more recently Register and Solicitor of the United States Treasury Department, Solicitor for the United States in the Court of Claims, Counsellor-at-Law, etc.," which would grammatically imply that since his retirement from Congress and from the other official positions mentioned, he had been admitted to the bar. His opening announcement strikes the key-note of the book; the whole is done in the same slipshod manner, and contains a mass of like unimportant matter. The preface tells us that "the author of the following pages was early called into public life in the Federal Government." Referring to the prevailing ignorance concerning "the affairs of the General Government," and the difficulty of obtaining any accurate information as to the public statutes and the departmental regulations, he adds: "It was at the commencement of his official life that the author deeply felt the want of such a volume as he has prepared and now offers to the public. No opportunity of acquiring the desired knowledge has ever been neglected. A long practice in the higher national courts, and over twenty years' service in Congress and in various important official positions in the executive departments, have rendered him comparatively familiar with most matters pertaining to the Federal Government." A note, however, at the close of the preface, which is like the postscript to a woman's letter, informs us that "the body of this work was prepared before the adoption of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments of the Constitution."

We have, then, a book upon the National Government, published in 1871, which, in its discussions of the civil rights of individuals, makes no reference to the stupendous changes wrought by the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments, and in its statement of political rights, and especially in its description of the representative system, and of the capacities of electors, conceals the fact that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments abrogated one of the fundamental notions upon which the Constitution and Government were based. These omissions will hardly—to use Mr. Gillett's own graphic language—"enable the rising generation to understand the structure of our government." He assures his readers that "without knowing what the Constitution and laws authorize and require, the citizens cannot give instructions to those entrusted with power." This may be true; we do not venture to deny it, because, as yet, we are unable to comprehend its meaning; but we are sure that Mr. Gillett's book, which placidly puts aside the results of the war, and ignores the work of the people which has in so many important respects reformed their fundamental law, will not furnish the citizen with that "knowledge" which will alone "enable him to give instructions to those entrusted with power."

* "The Federal Government and its Officers, and their Duties. By Ransom H. Gillett." New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co. 1871.
"A History and Analysis of the Constitution of the United States. By Nathaniel C. Towle." Third Edition. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1871.

The faults of the book may be summed up under two brief heads: 1. The reader cannot rely upon the accuracy of its statements as to existing laws of the United States; and, 2. It is made up of vague generalities, and of commonplace platitudes, often bordering upon twaddle, from which the "citizen" can derive no precise information which will enable him to understand the actual workings of our administrative system, or afford him any help in the transaction of business with the public offices or departments. A considerable portion is made up of mere "padding," of so useless a character that we are not unduly harsh in saying that it may be considered as an imposition upon the buyer. One or two examples will illustrate this statement. The volume contains 437 pages. The whole Constitution is printed in an appendix of 21 pages. Chapters 5 to 22, inclusive, purport to contain a description of the government and a discussion of its powers. They extend over 35 pages, several of them occupying not more than a half-page, and some even but a few lines, the rest of the page being blank, or what the happy compositor denominates "fat." These chapters are a mere reprint of the text of the Constitution, with a very few slight verbal changes, and some alteration in the arrangement, and with an occasional observation of the author, of which the following are samples: "The object and intent with which powers are conferred upon Congress, and their extent and manner of exercise, ever have been, and will continue to be, matters of controversy, and [*sic*] upon which the people have been, and will be, divided, thus forming and continuing political parties" (p. 83). "This leaves open only the often difficult question whether laws are really made in pursuance of the Constitution, concerning which the widest differences exist" (p. 93). "*Punctual attendance of Senators and members of the House is essential to prompt dispatch of their business*" (p. 97). "It was the high object in preparing the Constitution to secure the proper qualifications for the principal agencies under it" (p. 98). These are fair examples of Mr. Gillett's political discussions and comments upon the fundamental law. We must do him the justice to say there are very few of them. He has only printed the text of the Constitution twice over, filling up 56 pages, and has even eked out the space by a list of the States in small-capitals. Thirty-three pages of the body of the book are appropriated to lists of Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Heads of Departments, and Judges, which can be found in any good political almanac.

The greater part of Mr. Gillett's book is devoted to an explanation of the powers and duties of the President, of the Secretaries, and of their subordinates, and to a description of the executive departments and their various bureaus. It is in this portion that he has communicated most of the information which he supposes will "enable the rising generation to understand the structure of our Government, what officers are employed in its practical operations, and their general duties." Here is certainly a field for conscientious and thorough work; but Mr. Gillett has not undertaken any such labor. He has not attempted to examine the numerous statutes conferring particular powers and imposing duties upon the President and heads of departments, and to arrange and classify these powers and duties according to any method by which a clear and adequate notion might be given the reader of the administrative functions of the Government as a whole. On the contrary, he seems to have put down without any order the provisions of such special statutes as he was able to remember, and to have left the mass of executive duties unnoticed.

We will illustrate our criticism by a reference to his description of the President's office. After stating the constitutional provisions relating to the President without explanation or comment, he proceeds to the following enumeration of official powers, which we copy without change in order or substance: "Formerly he signed patents for all lands granted by the United States, but this is now done by a clerk." "He is authorized to discharge public debtors from prison." "He may employ the army and navy to enforce the neutrality laws." "*Under a statute* he employs a private secretary and a steward at the public expense." "He prescribes the uniform for the army." "He causes our sea-coast to be surveyed, and accurate charts thereof made." As the author immediately informs us that "laws temporary in their character, or of minor importance, are not referred to in this work," we must assume that the list of the President's powers has thus been exhausted. We are also bound to suppose that, except in the matter of employing a private secretary and steward, the President does everything by virtue of his own sweet will; that he surveys the coast and makes charts, that he prescribes a uniform for the army, and that he once did sign patents, without any authority or directions from Congress. At least such is the natural, if not necessary, import of the language we have quoted.

In addition to these high political and governmental functions, Mr Gillett communicates other information to the "rising generation," in order to enable them "to understand the structure of our Government," which is so important that we cannot withhold it from the readers of the *Nation* who have not already "risen." We are told that, "being the head of the Government, the President receives, but does not usually make, calls, except in cases of sickness." We are a little in the fog here as to whose sickness is the occasion of a call, whether of the President, or of the person who suffers the call; but in either case the act is praiseworthy. Also, "no uniform or particular style of dress is required by those visiting the White House for any purpose, more than at the house of any citizen. On New Year's Day the custom is, for every one who chooses, to call and wish the President a happy New Year. On these occasions the crowd is immense and of a varied character." All this is interesting and good; but it is the mere prelude of an announcement which, by one happy stroke, finishes this delightful picture of simple social life: "On New Year's and at evening levees, there is always music by the full band." This essay upon the executive office closes with an observation which surpasses in infantile twaddle anything which we remember to have read: "The power of the President is various and immense to be deposited in the hands of a single individual, and the range of duties is almost without limit. Unless he is thoroughly versed in the Constitution, laws, usages, and business of the Federal Government, and has business capacity of a high order, and superior common sense, and inflexible honesty, he will fail to meet the expectations of the people, *and be unable to aid them much in their pursuit of happiness.*"

Leaving the President in this hopeless condition, Mr. Gillett passes to the departments. In his preliminary observations he vouchsafes to the "rising generation" some etymological information. "Cabinet" we are told "is a French word meaning a small room," while, "originally, bureau signified merely a large writing-table." He might also have added that at present its most common signification is "a chest of drawers for clothes." It would be waste of time and space to follow our author in his round through the executive offices, and we shall be content with pointing out a few passages which will illustrate the whole. While with the Secretary of State we are favored with a discussion upon the diplomatic service which contains some information new to us, and probably so to the "rising generation." Thus we are told that "ambassadors are the highest order of foreign ministers, and represent the dignity of the sovereign sending them. *They are not sent to reside abroad, but to make solicitations upon special occasions.*" This announcement will be discouraging to the subordinates in the diplomatic corps of the great European states, who are doubtless looking forward to a residence at Paris as the goal of their ambition. "Ambassadors," we are informed, "are absolutely excepted from all allegiance and from all responsibilities to the laws of the country where accredited." As this rule is in the text confined to ambassadors, we are left to assume that it is not true of ministers plenipotentiary or resident, and of all other diplomatic agents. Of the Secretary of War it is said: "To what extent the President has conferred powers, directing the Secretary to execute them, is unknown to the public, and is nowhere found published or written. It is probable that he has assumed to act in such cases as he deemed proper on the occasion; and that custom—a growing one—is the principal authority for action when no provision is made by statute. It is now history that he does many things which the President could not authorize." This is certainly a "dark saying." We are afraid that, during his long career at Washington, Mr. Gillett must have come in contact with Secretary Stanton. But we must close our remarks upon "The Federal Government," and we do it with an apt quotation from Mr. Gillett himself, which not only illustrates his peculiarities of thought and style, but is in itself a choice apothegm which will command universal assent, and which we commend to his notice: "Few men have the courage and hardihood to brave an adverse criticism resting upon an unquestioned and solid foundation."

Mr. Towle's book is of another and better kind. We were rather startled, it is true, by the opening of the preface: "Broad and trackless oceans separate the Old World from the New. Equally separated are the principles which give form and vitality to the institutions that prevail in the two hemispheres." He immediately, however, descends from this arduous flight, and devotes himself to plain, honest, thorough, and useful work. The volume is, in fact, a condensation or abridgment of the compilation known as "Elliott's Debates." Nearly everything in it of political importance is taken from that work. While Mr. Towle's labors have not therefore been those of an original investigator, and while he has attempted

no discussion of the Constitution itself, he has in a convenient form furnished the public with a mass of most important matter—matter having a high politico-historical value, which was not before generally accessible. This "History and Analysis" will not take the place of "Elliott's Debates" with political students, constitutional lawyers, or practical statesmen. They cannot be satisfied with an abridgment. But, unless we are mistaken, it will be serviceable to the public, and will be read with interest and profit.

The design of the work is to describe the gradual process by which the Constitution and Government were formed. Giving a rapid sketch of the colonies, of the Continental Congress, and of the Confederation, it pauses and dwells with more care and minuteness upon the times when the great statesmen of an early day were consulting in respect to the future of the country and the establishment of a permanent national Government. This is set forth in some important correspondence in the acts of the New York Legislature of 1782, in resolutions of the Virginia Legislature of 1786, in the proceedings of the preliminary and abortive convention at Annapolis in 1786, and of the Congress of the Confederation in 1787. We are thus brought to the convention which framed the Constitution. Mr. Towle traces this instrument through its formative stages, giving in full the plans proposed by Mr. Randolph, by Mr. Patterson, by Mr. Pinckney, and by Mr. Hamilton, the general resolutions embodying an outline of the organic law adopted by the convention, and referred to a committee of detail to be put into shape, and the original draft as reported by this committee. All this is given without comment. The documents themselves occupy but little space, and they show better than any description could show the gradual advance in the conceptions of a General Government, which began with a proposition to amend the Articles of Confederation, and ended with an organic law in which the national idea was so fully incorporated that it has, after many and bitter struggles, necessarily triumphed.

By far the greater part of the volume, from page 36 to page 249, is devoted to what Mr. Towle calls an analysis of the Constitution. The name is an inappropriate one, because there is no attempt at any analysis; but the matter is good, call it by whatever name we please. The text of the Constitution is given as it stands, and under each section is arranged the substance of the debates in the convention when that particular clause, or a general proposition involving it, was before the body for discussion. The reader has thus placed before him in a compendious form, and arranged according to the present text of the Constitution, the sum of what was said by the statesmen who guided the deliberations of the convention. The speakers' names are given, and their language as reported is not altered. This is, of course, all taken from "Elliott's Debates" and from the "Madison Papers." In giving a construction to the Constitution, and in applying it to the questions and events which may arise in the nation's history, we would not place too much reliance upon the expressed intentions and meaning of the gentlemen who framed the instrument, and offered it as a proposal to the people for their acceptance. It is rather in a historical point of view that these opinions and sentiments are instructive. Mr. Towle's work will bring this most important scene in our political history freshly before the public, and we most cordially wish for it a general reading.

PLAY FOR MANHOOD.*

To those who love good writing for reading's sake, and simple manly narration of things a man ought to hear of, and may wisely do, it is a delight to get hold of a book like Mr. Stephen's, in which, with a sensational material which makes one hold one's breath in realizing what took place, the artist has told his story in so low a relief that it resembles one of those wonderful Greek bas-reliefs, in which the beauty and fitness of the thing told are almost lost in our wonder at the apparent inadequacy of the means employed to tell it. It is an open question how far such sports as those of the Alpine Club are permissible by the social ethics of our civilization; the answer to it depends with each individual on the value he puts on his life, and the objects for which he proposes to utilize it. There is a certain moral value in the spectacle of a man's going "into the jaws of death" of his own accord, head erect, nerves well strung, and in his soul a consciousness of superiority to the common enemy, even when he goes without higher utility than to assert his own manhood. Duelling and war used to be the outlet of all such irrepressible manhood; that Alpine climbing and ambulance service take the places of those grosser forms of derring-do is a cheering sign in civilization, but one in which the English are likely to find few rivals, as in some other amusements of true manhood.

To read Mr. Stephen's book, few people would comprehend that in every one of his excursions he ran a greater risk of his life than if he had gone through a first-class battle—that it required more nerve and pluck to back one of those Alp ridges than to face a battery of Prussian artillery. We all know how many even of the surest feet have slipped into eternity from those ice-slopes; the Alpine Club itself has paid its forfeit to success, and guides and mountaineers, too, even on well-known and oft-travelled paths. Whoever would know of what human nature is capable in this direction should read Mr. Stephen's account of the ascent of the Roth horn, of one point of which the frontispiece to the book furnishes an illustration—not too sharply drawn, aiguille-like as it is:

"Three principal pinnacles rose in front of us, each of which it was necessary to turn or to surmount. The first of these was steepest on the Zinal side. Two deep gullies on the Zermatt side started from points in the ridge immediately in front and rear of the obstacle, and converged at some distance beneath. We carefully descended by one of these for some distance, considerably inconvenienced by the snow which lodged in the deeply-cut channels and concealed the loose stones. With every care, it was impossible not occasionally to start crumbling masses of rock. The most ticklish part of the operation was in crossing to the other gully; a sheet of hard ice, some two or three inches thick, covered the steeply-inclined slabs. It was impossible to cut steps in it deep enough to afford secure foothold. The few knobs of projecting stone seemed all to be too loose either for hand or foot. We crept along in as gingerly a fashion as might be, endeavoring to distribute our weight over the maximum number of insecure supports, until one of the party had got sounder footing. A severe piece of chimney-sweep practice then landed us once more upon the razor-edge of the *arête*. The second pinnacle demanded different tactics. On the Zermatt side it was impracticably steep, whilst on the other it fell away in one of the smooth sheets of rock already mentioned. The rock, however, was here seamed by deep fissures approximately horizontal. It was possible to insert toes or fingers into these, so as to present to telescopic vision (if any one had been watching our ascent) much the appearance of a fly on a pane of glass. . . . When two crevices approximated, we should be in danger of treading on our own fingers, and the next moment we should be extended, as though on the rack, clutching one crack with the last joints of our fingers, and feeling for another with the extreme points of our toes. The hold was generally firm *when the fissure was not filled with ice*, and we gradually succeeded in outflanking the hostile position."

In climbing the third of the pinnacles they were obliged literally to bestride the edge of rock and work along, as boys do, on a steep roof-ridge:

"The attitude adopted had the merit of safety, but was deficient in comfort. The rock was so smooth, and its edge so sharp, that as I crept along it, supported entirely on my hands, I was in momentary fear that a slip might send one half of me to the Durand and the other to the Schellenburg glacier. . . . The rock above us was, if I am not mistaken, the one which, by its sharp inclination to the east, gives to the Rothhorn from some points of view the appearance of actually curling over in that direction like the crest of a sea-wave on the point of breaking. To creep along the eastern face was totally impossible. The western slopes, though not equally steep, were still frightfully precipitous, and presented scarcely a ledge whereby to cling to their slippery surface. In front of us the rocks rose steeply in a very narrow crest, rounded and smooth at the top, and with all foothold, if foothold there were, completely concealed by a layer of fresh snow. After a glance at this somewhat unpromising path, Melchior examined for a moment the western cliff. The difficulties there seeming even greater, he immediately proceeded to the direct assault. . . . So steeply did the precipice sink on our left hand, that along the whole of this part of the shelf the glacier, at a vast distance below, formed the immediate background to a sloping, rocky ledge, some foot or two in width, and covered by slippery snow. . . . Looking backwards, I was gratified by a picture which has since remained fixed in my imagination. Some feet down the ridge was Grove. Below Grove appeared the head, shoulders, and arms of Jacob. His fingers were exploring the rock in search of infinitesimal crannies, and his face presented the expression of modified good-humor, which in him supplies the place of extreme discontent in other guides. . . . Our view of continuous rock was thus limited to a few yards of narrow ridge tilted up at a steep angle apparently in mid-air; and Jacob resembled a man in the act of clambering into a balloon far above the earth."

But it is impossible by any extracts to give an idea of the nature of the dangers, which the author skips over with a gaiety which takes shame in acknowledging danger even when it has been conquered. He loses his footing, and is sliding down into a *crevasse*, which any writer would be excusable in describing as an awful depth of green horror, or by any other ghastly phrase, but he remarks: "Melchior ignominiously hooked me under the arm with his axe, and jerked me back, with a suitable warning for the future." In fact, Mr. Stephen does Alp-climbing infinite injustice, and might tempt some of us to our deaths in a belief in the innocuous-

* "The Play-Ground of Europe. By Leslie Stephen, late President of the Alpine Club." London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1871.

ness of the pastime. He errs, if it be error, in repressing the sensations of weakness which even a brave man may justifiably feel in presence of dangers which no discretion, no human power or foresight, can conjure away, once braved. To straddle jokingly the *arête* of an Alp, with one foot pointing to green ice two thousand feet below, and the other to meadows ten thousand, is to be cool and self-possessed, but we should not think less of a man who shuddered as he did it.

But Mr. Stephen's merits as a master of good, terse, polished English will recommend him even more than his nerve on the Rothhorn. Amid the heavy crops of verbiage with which the mass of bookmakers come to market, to find a nervous, concentrated, artistic style like that of the book under notice is a pleasure which once reading will not develop to its highest, and which is so far removed from the range of careless judgment and thoughtless reading that it behooves those who have been fortunate to find it out to speak all the commendation it deserves. Not a word redundant, yet not a sentence is obscure, and with the most perfect polish there does not appear a trace of ostentation, of sententiousness. Mr. Stephen uses words so well that one regrets that he does not indulge himself in more liberty with them, and give us a few more than were actually needed. The author's insight and power of characterization do not spend themselves on ungrateful rock alone; his descriptions of some of the people one meets in the Alps are in the keenest and most subtle humor, and he paints some of his witless countrymen, astare before nature, in a manner which would have inspired Leech. The chapters on "The Regrets of a Mountaineer" and "The Dangers of Mountaineering" are written from different points of view, and with a gravity and directness of expression which recommend them to the study of every mountain-lover and every prospective mountain climber; and the moral of the whole is that to men prudent, well-trained, and well-provided, any alp is safe, and repays climbing, while to the careless, rash, and weak-footed any alp may be fatal.

The chapter on "The Peaks of Primiero" is full of a weird fascination which might tempt a landscape-painter to pack his traps and be off to Primiero on the first opportunity. There are some passages of mountain description which for pure objective truth are not surpassed by anything we know of in the language. There is not the delusive witchery of words of Ruskin's fantasy, but a sober, intensely-felt, and reverently-told perception of what is most lovely and of good report in the mountain solitudes the author loves so well. We will only quote a single passage out of many on mountain effects which one must be an able artist to put in color as Mr. Stephen has put them in words. He is describing a sunrise:

"Then a huge dark mass begins to mould itself slowly out of the darkness, the sky begins to form a background of deep purple, against which the outline becomes gradually more definite; one by one the peaks catch the exquisite Alpine glow, lighting up in rapid succession, like a vast illumination; and when at last the steady sunlight settles upon them he feels his heart bound. . . . The grandest of all such sights that live in my memory is that of a sunset from the Aiguille de Goûté. The snow at our feet was glowing with rich light, and the shadows in our footsteps a vivid green by the contrast. Beneath us was a vast horizontal floor of thin level mists suspended in mid-air, spread like a canopy over the whole boundless landscape, and tinged with every hue of sunset. Through its rents and gaps we could see the lower mountains, the distant plains, and a fragment of the Lake of Geneva, lying in a more sober purple. Above us rose the solemn mass of Mont Blanc in the richest glow of an Alpine sunset."

MITFORD'S TALES OF OLD JAPAN.*

BEFORE the appearance of this book of Mr. Mitford, the most accessible and useful information about the land of the Rising Sun was contained in Walter Dixon's volume, "Japan," and Aimé Humbert's "Le Japon Illustré," which forms part of the series known as "Le Tour du Monde." It was in these books that one found a seemingly truthful, though faint, image of the feudal empire, with its orders of nobility, its division into provinces, and subdivision into estates, all held on the tenure of military service to the next superior—and its strange double headship of Emperor and imperial vicar or substitute. These authors have the advantages over old Kaempfer of writing in a somewhat more historically-minded time, and also of having the use of his and his contemporaries' books; but, most of all, of seeing Japan during the internal convulsions that have revealed much that had been carefully hidden. Thus, Kaempfer was the author of the notion that the "Spiritual" and "Temporal" Emperors were somehow of equal rank, and that the latter had, little by little, got most of the power and all the money into his hands. And that author seems to have been thoroughly puzzled—and not inexcusably—by the two systems of nobility, that of the really Imperial or "Spiritual Emperor's" court at Miako, and that of the Shogun (Tycoon) or "Temporal Emperor," centred at Yedo. It was reserved for the writers of the last few years to discover and set forth the actual government and social system of Japan, so far, at least, as it is known to us. There is, no doubt, enough more to be learned.

Japan and the Japanese are a most interesting land and a most interesting people to study. Their curious history, their singularly complex government, their advanced state of civilization, mingled with strange barbarisms—like the mixture of civil and savage life seen in the Iliad—their extraordinary skill in many of the arts, their equally extraordinary simplicity of life and manners, their warlike and fearless national character, their unexampled readiness to study the superior material civilization of the Western nations, and to adopt it, but little by little, and with discrimination—these are the characteristics of a people and a national fabric very fascinating to the student. In one of the stories in Mr. Mitford's collection, the peasants of a certain province are oppressed by taxes newly imposed, and after trying in vain appeals to the officers of their feudal lord, and to the lord himself, one self-sacrificing man, a "head of a village," watches for the passing of the Shogun, and contrives to thrust a petition into his litter. The result is, that the prince of the province in question returns to his province under orders from the Shogun to take off the taxes, and enraged with his officers, whom he removes right and left. But the heads of the villages are considered as having conspired against the prince, their feudal lord, of whose conduct they had of course no right to complain. They are punished, and he who gave the petition to the Shogun is put to death with his family, and his goods confiscated. In another story, Daimios, or princes of the Shogun's court, are shown receiving the messenger of the Emperor, and as needing instruction in the proper ceremonies of the occasion from "a high official," as Mr. Mitford has it—presumably a Kunge or noble of the Emperor's court. This is perhaps the only instance in which the Emperor is mentioned. Public interests and great ambitions in Japan must have felt, even at the highest pitch of the power of the Shogunate, the constant presence of the supreme authority, though veiled and in retirement at Miako. But private life, the life of soldiers, and farmers, and citizens, the sports of the young and the domestic life of the old, seem to have taken no note of the heaven-descended Emperor and his unquestionable authority over all, and seldom to have looked higher than the local daimio, never higher than the Shogun. His office was of military origin, it is clear, and the full title was warlike enough—Sai-e-tai-Shogun, "Barbarian-repressing commander-in-chief." His authority seems to have had no limit, however, and his duties to have been as much civil as military, so that we have called him imperial vicar, replacing the Emperor, who chose to remain in retiracy. When the treaties were made with the United States and with European powers, the Shogunate appeared at the front as the supreme government. The style Tai-Kun was borrowed from the Chinese as a handy title, and our treaties were made with the seeming sovereign, known as "His Majesty, the Tycoon of Japan." This was the state of things until the Emperor deposed his substitute, and undertook to govern Japan by himself, and, after considerable resistance and a small civil war, pacified the country under the new arrangement. We have to imagine Japan now as a young country of mixed monarchical and parliamentary government, and of quasi-European institutions. The old feudal, isolated, and solitary empire is the Japan of these legends; and the title, "Tales of Old Japan," is descriptive.

The skill of the Japanese people in the arts makes no small part of the interest they inspire. For instance, their swords are a favorite subject of Mr. Mitford, who has one or two stories that turn almost wholly upon the peculiar preciousness of blades by this or that famous swordsmith. The long and short swords being worn always when abroad by every man entitled to wear them, these weapons are as familiar companions and as trusted friends of every man of military rank as the rapier of the sixteenth-century noble, or the claymore of the Highlander; a thing of daily wear, to whose protection the wearer habitually trusts his life. Upon these swords, therefore, is lavished the best skill of Japan. It may not be given to any Westerner to distinguish a Muramasa blade from one of a less known swordsmith; but it must be interesting to study the different degrees of excellence where the lower degrees are so wonderfully fine. The blade of the commonest Japanese sword we have ever seen is a noble piece of handiwork, and these splendid blades, heavy, sharp for their whole length of edge, brilliant, perfectly forged, flawless, are mounted with the utmost magnificence and good taste when intended for the nobles,

* "Tales of Old Japan. By A. B. Mitford, Second Secretary to the British Legation in Japan." With illustrations drawn and cut on wood by Japanese artists. New York: Macmillan & Co. 2 vols. 8vo.

so that a Japanese noble's sword, as Mr. Mitford says, may easily cost, the blade alone, £300 sterling, and the mounting half as much more, in Japan itself.

The Japanese bronzes, porcelains, and lacquered work are well known and universally admired in Europe and America for their beauty and the admirable delicacy of their workmanship. But few persons are familiar with the higher grade of these ornamental arts—specimens are rare and necessarily very costly. Nevertheless, enough is known to all persons who notice such things at all to command their interest and admiration. It is so with the purely representative arts, as well-executed original drawings or paintings are seldom to be seen; almost never any original work of a high class. But woodcuts in books and separate, colored and uncolored, are very accessible and very cheap, and their great and often extraordinary merit may be seen by any one who cares to look. Concerning these pictures and their subjects we have written before;* but in the discussion of these subjects, having begun with the representations of the gods of the Sintoo religion, we never reached, on our downward course, the illustrations of popular legend and tradition.

If we should discuss these latter here, it would be necessary to point out that Mr. Mitford's illustrations are very much less pleasing, as well as less characteristic. These, indeed, were "drawn in the first instance by one Odaké, an artist in [Mr. Mitford's] employ. They were cut on wood by a famous wood-engraver at Yedo, and are therefore genuine specimens of Japanese art." Genuine specimens, indeed; but specimens of Japanese art as modified and weakened by influences foreign to its nature. A student of Japanese pictorial art would recognize at once their genuineness and their inferiority. They do not tell their stories as well as the native woodcuts we have explained and criticised in former essays on Japanese fine art, and they are immeasurably less artistical in design. It would not be fair, indeed, to put these rather slight illustrations into comparison with the strong, delicate, and justly celebrated designs of Oksai, which are often very elaborate, and often full of dramatic power, clearly expressed sentiment, and astonishing *verve;* nor can we justly compare them even with the works of half-a-dozen less-known—for us sometimes nameless—artists who have worked in Oksai's manner, more or less modified. But the thin books about Falcons and Falconry which one buys for a dollar apiece in the Broadway stores of Japanese curiosities, and other similar picture-books, are not far out of the way for a comparison. Certainly, the little novels, two thin volumes in one wrapper, text and illustrations all pell-mell together on the pages, and selling in Yokohama ten for a bu, are common and humble enough to serve as a standard. And tried even by this low standard, our Anglo-Japanese pictures smack of pidgin-English, and are only half right.

It is the more to be regretted that these should fail in spirit, or in characteristically Japanese qualities of art, because we suppose that it would have been easy to select illustrations to the Japanese legends in this book, or to any such legends, from out the mass of illustrations already existing. Illustrations to the tale of the Forty-seven Ronins, for instance, we think we can furnish, although the story seems to differ a little in some of its incidents as given by the pictures and as given by Mr. Mitford. Apart from this, however, we have nothing but praise to give this book. As to the accuracy of translation we cannot speak, but the English style is fresh and pleasant, and the stories are original and vigorous enough to be exactly reproduced. One begins the reading of the volumes with pleasure, and expecting pleasure, for the type and paper are grateful to the eye, and one is favorably disposed toward Mr. Mitford's setting forth of Japanese history and legend, because of well-known writings of his in the London monthlies, some of which are incorporated in these volumes. And so we have only to add that it is easy to read the book through, and that it gives a clearer idea of the people of Japan than any other work with which we are acquainted.

Gabriel Riesser's Life, with Extracts from his Correspondence [Leben nebst Mittheilungen aus seinen Briefen]. By M. Issler, Dr. (Frankfort-on-the-Main: "The Riesser Association." Leipzig: Volckmar. 1871. pp. 663.)—Although called on the title-page a second unaltered edition, this work is, as the editor explains, only a reprint of the first volume of the collected writings of Riesser, which were printed by the association established by his friends and admirers in Frankfort, and called after his name. It is, in fact, rather in the influence which Riesser exerted on his contemporaries, than in any of his completed literary works, that we see how well he deserved the honor of a memorial biography. Gabriel Riesser was born of respectable Jewish parents in Hamburg, in 1806, so that his earliest recollections were of a kind to make him, above all things, an earnest advocate of German unity and power, and in every way hostile to French modes of thought and action. Graduating at Heidelberg in 1826, he went thence to Munich, but here, as at his own university, and at Jena, too, he found himself excluded by his religion from the humble position of a voluntary tutor, and then, returning to his native town to seek admission to the bar, he met the same barrier. Just as he was beginning to complain of the hardship of his condition, the French Revolution of 1830 broke out, and sent through Germany a thrill of aspiration for personal liberty even in the down-trodden Jews, and Riesser determined to be their advocate.

At that time there was legislative oppression of all sorts, and a vast deal beyond the letter of the law, that weighed down his race. In Lübeck and Bremen, both "free cities," the laws were very severe. The former allowed a Jew to teach Hebrew at the gymnasium, but excluded the race for all other purposes; the latter city made no such exception. In Frankfort, their privileges had been bought at a good round price of Dalberg, Napoleon's Grand Duke, while their residence in Hamburg was at the cost of every pursuit except retail trades. Oddly enough, the earliest governments to accord the Jews greater privileges were Electoral Hesse and Würtemberg, in 1816 and 1828 respectively, although as far back as 1808 Baden—then, as later, the precursor of German liberal principles—had given them at least decent treatment. In Hanover, under French mastery from 1807 to 1813, the Jews had been on equal footing with all others, but they were put back into the barbarous condition in which, under mediæval rules, they were alike degraded and injurious to the state and to their fellow-citizens. In Prussia their condition was beginning to improve, to the great advantage of the state as well as of the Jews themselves, when the reaction that followed the French Revolution of 1830 brought back many of the old evils as part of the general conservatism of the day.

Against such a condition of things, and at such a time, Riesser engaged in a crusade which ended only with his life. It imposed upon him a vast amount of labor, and of literary effort, in various forms; it required of him journeys through his own country, and through Europe, and even to America for a short visit in 1856; and it did much, no doubt, to give him the prominence which led to the active part he took in the German Parliaments of 1848 and 1849. He was a minister of the short-lived German Empire of that day, but his public career on this broad stage was long enough to enable him to display great oratorical power and good administrative ability, and to secure for him the confidence, affection, and admiration of the foremost men of that day of dupes and deceptions. Riesser returned to his Hamburg life, and, giving up his notarial business—an office of more dignity and importance than the same name betokens here—became a lawyer, and finally a judge, in his native city. He saw, therefore, the almost absolute success of his early efforts for the freedom of the Jews from all political, and particularly municipal, restrictions not only completely secured, but rewarded by honors which were as well earned as they were rare. It is not surprising, therefore, that his friends should have determined to perpetuate his memory, both by a suitable monument, and by reprinting a complete edition of his numerous writings. Among these, by the way, are several able articles on American affairs, and, as his friends here were such men as Lieber and Kapp, it cannot be doubted on which side of our struggle his sympathy was thrown. The Riesser Memorial also includes a fund to be used in contributing to the expense of university education of Jewish students, and another to help them as practitioners of science, art, and literature in those countries where the laws are still so stringent as to put them under restraint.

These are strong evidences that the subject of this volume was a man of such temperament and disposition as to endear himself with all his associates and contemporaries, and the large space given to his letters—nearly half of the volume—enables the reader to see for himself how many-sided were Riesser's virtues. His tender devotion to his mother and sister, his manly friendships, his sturdy perseverance in a championship that threatened to cost him all advancement and promotion, his modest bearing when honors, social and political, did at last come upon him, his energy in the national cause of all Germany, his hope when it was apparently lost for ever—now realized beyond even the faith of the most ardent—these are all the elements that made the man, and that justify this memorial volume of his life and letters. Without the literary skill of Börne and Heine, he contrasts well with them, for he fought manfully for his race, while they turned their barbed and poisonous arrows as often against their hereditary faith as against any other obstacle in their way;

* See the *Nation*, Vol. VII., Nos. 157, 159, 160, 161, and 167.

and that way led mainly to their own selfish personal comfort, while his was meant only to be for the good of others. Without the learning of Bunsen, or the gifts and hereditary advantages of the Gagerns, Riesser's name will stand in a favorable light in the same line with them and the other men who, in 1848, builded—better than they knew—the foundations of the existing German Empire. Bunsen was, if not selfish, yet still so self-important that a recognition of his importance seemed to him more necessary than many active measures in which he might have assisted. The Gagerns were both aristocrats, of the type of De Tocqueville, but of about equal importance in reforming the political government of their country, while Riesser was a man of the people, working for them from pure zeal, without reserve of any kind, and with no notion of obtaining anything but the form of government that should best answer the requirements of the German nation. Democracy was no part of his faith, nor was he an ardent advocate for the mere form of a Republic; but he labored to secure the individual freedom and advancement of every German citizen, and it was just that which makes Germany to-day the foremost power of Europe.

Leading Cases on the Law of Elections in the United States. By Frederick C. Brightly. (Philadelphia: Kay & Brother.)—With the poems written as social correctives and the novels that disguise plans of reform, we are all sadly familiar. This is the first instance of a collection of law-cases worked into reproof and warning as to an evil that offends the compiler. Let us hasten to say that the censure touches a system and not its agents, and is thoroughly deserved and fairly administered. It is against the delegation of discretionary powers in political causes to elected judges that Mr. Brightly arrays the learning and the invective of his notes. Some of the cases may convict those who decided them of bias or narrowness, but it is only incidentally, and with the kindest disclaimer of purpose by the author, that he thus hoists an occasional judge with his own petard. Before the wisdom of Democracy bestowed on us the blessing of a partisan bench, the cases arising out of elections were fewer and less alarmingly interesting than they have since become. English rulings had settled acceptably to our own courts most doubtful points upon voting in corporations or private bodies. But their decisions on political elections were confined by limited suffrage within too narrow a field to be of service or authority in this country. The citations presented in this volume range over nearly sixty years of our history, and gather up the wisdom of courts in twenty-four of the States.

Whether the people in primary assemblies have legislative power, was once a question much discussed. The current of decisions has been adverse to the claim, holding that constitutions delegate such power to the legislatures alone, which cannot refer their function back to the people, and the chief cases that determine what may or may not be submitted to the popular vote are given at length. Others follow relating to the voter personally, settling points as to his qualifications, and as to registry, residence, and privileges. The power and mode of action of courts in correcting errors, rejecting a poll, and regulating election districts and officers, are illustrated by a great number and variety of decisions. Occasionally the positive views of some clear-thinking judge are reported, ridiculing the moonshine of an absolute right of suffrage. The volume is rich in election cases involving questions as to the limits of national and State jurisdictions. Some of them, as those relating to the test-oaths and the disfranchisement of deserters, grew out of temporary war-measures. The legal controversies throughout the country upon more important points presented under the constitutional amendments, display moderation and firmness on the part both of the Federal and the State judges. But those cases in the State courts, especially those concerning elections in municipalities, which have carried political passion in the shape of a legal issue before a partisan bench, do fully justify the author's grave fears of the danger to the permanency of free institutions brought upon us by the innovation of an elective judiciary.

The Pupil of the Legion of Honor. By Louis Enault. Translated from the French by Mrs. Rebecca L. Zutt. (Philadelphia: Porter & Coates 1871.)—This is by no means an uninteresting novel. There is a touch of the graveyard at the beginning, but after that we follow beautiful but poverty-stricken virtue through lofty castles, gilded drawing-rooms, and humble attics; through flirtations, temptations, and, in fact, direct assaults, to a happy marriage and an ample income. How far this is a solution of the question of woman's rights and woman's duties, as is claimed for it in the introductory letter of "Porte Crayon" to the publishers, is still unsettled. Not all who are poor and virtuous are of exceptional beauty and possessed of every accomplishment. Not all women can marry marquises, much less rich ones. Still, those taking the novel for two or three hours' amusement may be sure they have read poorer ones, even if this is not the best they have ever read. The translation cannot be recommended. It is full of "Gallicisms and despoiled phrases," as the Portuguese grammar calls them. For instance, p. 11, at the end of Chapter III., "At last, who knows?" added he, shrugging his shoulders. "All whom we condemn are not executed. But the poor lady is very ill, in truth." Or, p. 31, "The Colonel's daughter found an illustrated book on the table—dear to those from whom literature keeps, yet, its secrets, and which can be run over with the thumb."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Beecher (Rev. H. W.), The Life of Jesus, the Christ	(J. B. Ford & Co.)	$3 50
Darwin (C.), Researches in Natural History and Geology, new ed	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
De Forest (J. W.), Overland: a Tale	(Sheldon & Co.)	
Dickens (C.), Our Mutual Friend	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Emerson's Singing School	(O. Ditson & Co.)	
Freeman (E. A.), Historical Essays	(Macmillan & Co.)	4 00
Froude (J. A.), Short Studies on Great Subjects, 2d Series	(C. Scribner & Co.)	
Gross (M.), Languages and Popular Education, swd	(E. Steiger)	
Hopkins (E. A.), Relationes Comerciales entre la República Argentina y la de Bolivia, swd	(Buenos Ayres)	
Hudson (C. F.), Critical Greek and English Concordance of the New Testament, 2d ed	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Illustrirte Kriegs-Chronik, Part 25, swd	(B. Westermann & Co.)	
James (Marian), The Diamond on the Hearth, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.)	50
Josh Billings's Farmer's Allminax for 1872, swd	(G. W. Carleton & Co.)	

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

FOR OCTOBER.

Single Number, $1 50.

CONTENTS:

I. VOLCANISM AND MOUNTAIN-BUILDing. J. D. Whitney.

II. THE REGENERATION OF ITALY. E. Gryzanovski.

III. THE MISGOVERNMENT OF NEW York—A Remedy Suggested. Charles Nordhoff.

IV. LANGUAGE AND EDUCATION. W. D. Whitney.

V. FRENCH AND GERMAN DIPLOMACY after Sadowa. C. K. Adams.

VI. CRITICAL NOTICES. Clarke's Ten Great Religions. Müller's Lectures on the Science of Language. Greene's Life of Nathanael Greene. The Fall of England, etc.

For sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers,

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.,

BOSTON.

JUST PUBLISHED BY

PORTER & COATES,

PUBLISHERS,

PHILADELPHIA.

I.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY;

OR,

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BIRDS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Illustrated with Plates engraved and colored from Original Drawings taken from Nature.

BY ALEXANDER WILSON.

With a life of the author, by George Ord, F.R.S. With Continuation, by Charles Lucien Bonaparte (Prince of Musignano). 3 vols. imperial 8vo, with a folio volume of carefully colored plates embracing nearly 400 figures of birds, mostly life-size. Elegantly bound in cloth, bevelled boards, gilt top, $75; in half Turkey morocco, gilt edges, $85.

II.

THOS. HOOD'S POETICAL WORKS.

2 vols. crown 8vo, tinted paper, cloth extra, $1 75 per vol.; half-calf, gilt, $3 50 per vol.; half-morocco, gilt top, $3 50 per vol.

III.

UP THE RHINE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Crown 8vo, tinted paper, cloth extra, $1 75 per vol.; half-calf, gilt, $3 50 per vol.; half-morocco, antique, $3 25 per vol.

YALE AND HARVARD USE

WHITNEY'S GERMAN COURSE,

OTTO'S FRENCH COURSE.

HOLT & WILLIAMS,

PUBLISHERS,

No. 25 Bond Street, New York.

The Publishers issue a very large assortment of works in the same department.

☞ A Descriptive Catalogue will be sent gratis to any one referring to this advertisement.

HENRY K. VAN SICLEN,

BIBLIOPOLE,

133 NASSAU STREET,

Catalogues sent on application.

Special attention given to orders by letter.

BOOK-BUYERS.

Send for Catalogue of INTERESTING, USEFUL, and SCARCE BOOKS added to the Stock in hand of

FRANCIS EMMINS,

80 Nassau Street, New York.

HURD & HOUGHTON,

13 ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK.

THE RIVERSIDE PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Will publish on Saturday, October 14.

ZANITA: A Tale of the Yo-Semite. By Theresa Yelverton, Viscountess Avonmore. In 1 vol. 12mo. Price $1 50.

The sub-title indicates the locale of the story; the author has made herself familiar with the scenes of the famous valley, and her book, besides its pictures of nature, will contain a shrewd observer's characterization of California life and manners.

CONTENTS.—Kenmuir. A Strange Guide. The Daughters of Ah-wa-nee. A Day's Pleasure. Squirrelism. The Fall of the Mercede. The Radds at Home. The Episode of a Kiss. A Return to the Valley. Ah-wa-nee. More than a Handful. Breaches of Decorum. Zanita's Schooling. Zanita among the Nuns. A New-comer. A Shadow Falling Before. An Apology for Love. New Symptoms and a Recourse to Nature. Au Revoir. A New Bud. Peering over the Edge. The Creeping Shadow. Over the Brink. Waking and Sleeping Terrors. In her Mother's Arms. Finis.

A JOURNEY ROUND MY ROOM. From the French of Xavier de Maistre. By H. A. With vignette illustrations. In 1 vol. 16mo. Price $1 50.

This is the first translation into English of De Maistre's "Voyage autour de ma chambre," a book which enjoys a classical reputation at home. The style of this American edition aims at fitness to the delicacy of the work.

PICTURES IN BLACK. By Paul Konewka. In 1 vol. 4to. Price 75c.

Uniform with "Black Peter," by the same eminent artist. The beauty and admirable drawing of these silhouette pictures make them admired by all of artistic perception, while their humor and fun and story-telling character make them great favorites with children.

LITTLE JAKEY. By Mrs. S. H. De Kroyft. With eight illustrations by George G. White. In 1 vol. crown 8vo. Price $1 50.

The pathetic story of a little German boy, an orphan and blind.

LATELY PUBLISHED.

Pictures of Travel. Andersen	$1 75
The Last Knight. Anastasius Grün	2 50
The Fables of Pilpay	1 50
Stories from Old English Poetry	1 50
The Clockmaker (Sam Slick)	1 25
Little Folks' Songs. Mrs. White	1 25
Four, and What they Did	1 25
Mother Goose's Melodies. Illustrated	1 75
The Judge's Pets. Johnson	1 25
Life of Dr. John McVickar	2 00
Culture and Religion. Shairp	1 25
Wake-Robin. John Burroughs	1 50
Handbook of Legendary Art	3 25

For sale by all booksellers. Sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of prices annexed.

PRICED CATALOGUE No. 21

OF

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS,

Comprising Standard and Valuable Works in

ANTIQUITIES, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, VOYAGES, TRAVELS, ETC. ETC. ETC.

☞ Just published, and will be forwarded FREE to any address.

DAVID G. FRANCIS,

Dealer in New and Old Books, 17 Astor Place, N. Y.

NEW BOOKS

TO BE PUBLISHED BY

POTT, YOUNG & CO.

A SHORT TREATISE ON THE HOLY Catholic Church; its Divine Ideal, Ministry, and Institution. With a Catechism on each chapter, forming a course of methodical instruction on the subject. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D. [In the Press.

THE THEORY AND USE OF THE CHURCH Calendar, in the measurement and distribution of time. Being an account of the origin and growth of the Calendar, of its reformation from the old style to the new, and of its adaptation to the use of the English Church by the British Parliament under George II. By the Rev. Samuel Seabury. [In the Press.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF THE LATE Rev. Dr. Mahan. Edited by the Rev. J. H. Hopkins, jr. 3 vols. 8vo, cloth.

Vol. I. Church History.
Vol. II. Palmoni and Mystic Numbers.
Vol. III. Miscellaneous Writings.

Price, $10 the set.

INDEX CANONUM. Containing the Canons called Apostolical, the Canons of the undisputed General Councils, and the Canons of the Provincial Councils of Ancyra, Neo-Cæsarea, Gangra, Antioch, and Laodicea, together with a complete Digest of the whole code of Canon Law, in the undivided Primitive Church. Alphabetically arranged. By John Fulton, D.D. 8vo, cloth. Price to subscribers, $3.

THE RITUAL LAW OF THE CHURCH, With its application to the Communion and Baptismal Service. To which is added Notes upon Orders and the Articles. By Murray Hoffman, Author of "Law of the Church." Price to subscribers, $3.

The last 3 books will be issued to Subscribers only at the prices annexed.

Subscribers' names should be sent at once through any bookseller, or direct to the Publishers.

POTT, YOUNG & CO.
(Late Pott & Amery),
Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue, New York.

CASSELL'S POPULAR EDUCATOR.

COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES.

PRICE, $15.

"We have gone over its pages with sentiments of real wonder. We know no work like it. It has occupied and filled up a field of education vast and most important to the community."—Dublin University Magazine.

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN,
596 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

MAGAZINE, *WEEKLY*, *BAZAR*, $4 PER YEAR EACH.

$10 a Year for the Three.

$7 for any Two.

An Extra Copy of either gratis for every five Subscribers at $4 each in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE sent by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

WILL BE PUBLISHED OCT. 20.

A New Volume, by the Author of "Stepping Heavenward."

AUNT JANE'S HERO.

1 vol. 12mo, 300 pp., $1 50.

THE object of AUNT JANE'S HERO is to depict a Christian home whose happiness flows from the living Rock, Christ Jesus. It protests also against the extravagance and other evils of the times, which tend to check the growth of such homes, and to show that there are still treasures of love and peace on earth, that may be bought without money and without price.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.,
770 Broadway, corner Ninth Street, N. Y.
☞ Early Orders Solicited.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORICAL ESSAYS. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., author of the "History of the Norman Conquest." 8vo, cloth, $4.

EXPERIMENTAL MECHANICS. A Course of Lectures delivered at the Royal College of Science for Ireland. By Robert Stowell Ball, A.M. With numerous illustrations. 8vo, cloth gilt, $6.

THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON THE First. By P. Lanfrey. Translated with the sanction of the Author. Vol. I. 8vo, cloth, $3 50.

Mr. Lanfrey's History of Napoleon has taken its place in French literature as the standard history of the period with which it is concerned, occupying a place similar to that occupied by such histories as those of Palgrave and Froude in England.

☞ Second and Revised Edition, with Notes.

ON THE GENESIS OF SPECIES. By St. George Mivart, F.R.S. With numerous Illustrations. Second edition, revised, $2.

THE DAILY NEWS CORRESPONDENCE of the War between Germany and France, 1870–71. Edited with Notes and Comments. Complete in 1 vol. With Maps. $2 50.

INSIDE PARIS DURING THE SIEGE. By an Oxford Graduate. Cloth, $2.

THE SEVEN WEEKS' WAR: Its Antecedents and its Incidents. By H. M. Hozier, F.C.S. 2d edition. With new Preface and Maps. Cloth, $2 50.

MACMILLAN & CO.,
38 Bleecker Street, New York.

GAZZAM'S TREATISE ON THE BANKRUPT LAW.

SECOND EDITION JUST OUT.

For sale at all Law-Book Stores.

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL. More accidents occur from the use of unsafe oils than from steamboats and railroads combined. The universal use of Pratt's Astral Oil would save thousands of lives and millions of property.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1871.

The Office of The Nation has been removed to No. 5 Beekman Street.

The Week.

THE panic produced in financial and commercial circles by the Chicago fire has subsided; but the real magnitude of the calamity begins only now to be measured. The loss is evidently much less in amount than the first exaggerated estimates, but the character of the loss is widely different from what is generally believed. The first effect was the more or less compulsory sale of securities to provide the means of meeting actual losses. It was this sale, and its anticipated effect upon the markets, that created the terrible depression in securities of last week from which Wall Street has not yet recovered. The more serious effect is that which results from the withdrawal of funds from New York to enable the banks, merchants, and people of Chicago to repair their losses. The banks, in order to respond to this drain, even to the limited extent so far experienced, were obliged already last week to draw their reserves down below the limit prescribed by law, and the drain has been more severe the present week than it was last. It is from this source that the real danger threatens. The actual loss of property, great as it is, will be speedily retrieved by the inexhaustible activity, energy, enterprise, and intelligence of the people, but the disturbance in the delicate machinery of bank credits is more difficult to rectify, and many persons are already calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury to interfere, with all the power of the United States Government, to prevent a serious curtailment of the currency of the people, and to issue a portion of his greenback reserve in place of the credits destroyed by the present uncertainty.

In Wall Street, the alarm reached its height on Saturday, prices rallying sharply from the lowest points, and working, with moderate fluctuations at best, a slight level above the extreme decline. Money continues stringent, though no longer at the usurious rates artificially made in the midst of the panic by speculators for a decline. The average fall in securities is probably not much less than ten per cent. Gold has likewise fallen off, owing to the abundant supply of foreign capital offered here at the extreme rates of interest. The rates of exchange have correspondingly declined from the same reason. The fall in Government securities, which seems at first surprising, is caused by the fact that many financial companies, at the first sign of alarm, sold those securities upon which they could most speedily raise cash without great loss. All trade has received a severe blow, no one daring to enter upon important negotiations until the effect of the fire is better understood. Prices of most articles have fallen off. Produce and provisions are lower; best coffee, tea, and groceries, of which the supply is insufficient, remain firm. Real estate is in a very precarious condition. The general feeling throughout the community is one of uncertainty, but no longer of alarm.

Strengthened and comforted by the magnificent benevolence of the rest of the country, Chicago has spent the week in looking on the bright side of her great calamity, in adjusting and diminishing the losses, clearing the débris, building anew, and caring for the homeless and starving. There is, happily, no disposition manifested to rely for exemption from future destruction on the exceptional conditions which invested the late fire with so much fury and awfulness; though it is difficult to see in what the safety of the city will consist so long as the Western Division and what remains of the Southern continue to be of wood. A hint as to the proper safeguard may be found in the singular preservation of Mr. Ogden's house in the North Division, in spite of its being a frame house and shingle-roofed; apparently, because it had a public square on one side, and private grounds, of green trees and shrubs, about it on the three others. It is well-known, also, that the progress of the flames on the south was stayed by a couple of vacant lots at the end of a block. Now, if a cordon of open space were temporarily drawn all around the district to be rebuilt (from which, of course, all wooden structures will be excluded), the new city would seem to be secure against the tinder-boxes to the west and south of it. The wooden pavements do not appear to have helped the spread of the flames materially, but the plank sidewalks undoubtedly did; and, being loosely laid on trestle-work, boarded at the side, forming tunnels, with seasoned pine studding underneath, they offered the best arrangement for extending a fire that could be made at the cost. These we shall not see restored; neither, it is to be hoped, the finishing of brick and stone buildings with wooden cornices and parapets and immense wooden signs. So, too, those blocks within blocks have disappeared for ever—wooden houses set back from the broad to the narrow streets, and surrounded by solid warehouses; new Chicago displacing but encircling the old. All accounts agree that the heat of the fire was overpowering at a great distance in advance of the destroying flames, and the roar of the hurricane horrible and appalling. It was this that gave the event the character of a tropical catastrophe.

Simultaneous with the burning of Chicago, still more dreadful fires, if possible, have occurred in Wisconsin and Michigan, along the shores of Lakes Michigan and Huron and Green Bay and Saginaw Bay, and even along the river valleys and in the interior of those peninsulas. Here the forest fires have destroyed whole villages at a blow, with the same violence of wind as at Chicago, and with a loss of life not only greater in the aggregate, but more overwhelming to the survivors. The only refuge was underground, or in the lake and river water, where too often death came in a double guise. The very industry of these districts, largely peopled by Belgians and Hollanders—the pine-lumber manufacture—has been annihilated, together with their accumulations and stores for the coming winter, and the hardship is most distressing. Some idea of the force of the gales may be had from the experience of Peshtigo, on a river of the same name emptying into Green Bay. It had once before suffered seriously from fire, and the heart of the village, being thus removed, had never been rebuilt, so that the town had a very scattered appearance, with the houses very far apart, and the river dividing it into two distinct divisions. Menomonee was a much larger place, and its saw-mills were, perhaps, the largest in the world. The loss of life was probably largely due to panic. In both towns, however, the refuse of the mills lay piled about, and was, doubtless, after being fired, lifted and thrown about with a force sufficient to kill those who were exposed to the flying fragments.

The war between the two Republican factions seems only to grow fiercer as the election approaches. The Conklingite leader is in the field, hallooing vigorously, but the Fentonites are left without their great chief, who, in the classic language of one of the Conklingite organs, is "pouting in his tent," "because of a quarrel about discipline and Federal appointments." The battle with Tammany, in which both factions are engaged, is every day or two interrupted in a most comical manner by a scrimmage in the Republican ranks, caused by somebody's dropping his musket to kick the shins or punch the head of the next man in the ranks. The *Tribune* and *Times* have a tussle nearly every day, and call each other dreadful names, and it is very funny to see the deep, awe-stricken interest with which the small fry of country papers watch these frays, and to read the faint cackle of sympathy or applause for one side or the other which comes up from them, and which the combatants reprint with great solemnity. We have always wondered, and shall never cease to wonder, how it is the editors of newspapers have not found out how utterly nauseating to the great bulk of their readers these

quarrels with each other are, and how very few people read them, and how completely all interest in them is confined to other newspaper men. The wonder, too, is made all the greater by the fact that no newspaper was probably ever yet injured in circulation or influence by what another newspaper said of it. The success of a paper, and the estimation in which it is held, depend, as in the case of individuals, on its general character—that is, on prolonged experience of the way in which it does its work, and of the value of its judgments of men and affairs. Any paper which has gained a respectable footing in these respects cannot be in the least injured by another paper's saying every now and then that it is a fool, a liar, or a knave. We observe, by the way, that among the Republican inspectors of election recently appointed, the *Tribune* sets down one as having been dismissed from the Brooklyn navy-yard "for expressing admiration for Senator Fenton and Mr. Greeley." We believe admiration for Mr. Greeley to be not incompatible with a healthy condition of mind and body; but any person who "admires" Senator Fenton should receive all the care and attention that science and affection can bestow.

We believe it was generally admitted, even by his most indulgent and admiring friends, that Mr. Conkling's late attempt, in his letter to Mr. Griswold, of Troy, to play the part of a moral philosopher of a sanguine turn, was a failure. The whole performance was overdone. His childlike expression of confidence, for instance, in the inability of Satan to "entrap men with so coarse and bad a snare" as office, was more than the public could swallow, coming from a gentleman of Mr. Conkling's experience. We are, therefore, glad to see that he has abandoned that particular rôle, and come out as a good working party politician, in a long speech delivered at Albany on Wednesday week. He was particularly severe on that occasion, as usual, on "corruption," which seems to have the power, whenever he contemplates it, of producing in his mind an extraordinary wealth of imagery. He compared it to "a pestilence that wasteth at noonday," to an animal "with a stealthy creep, a leprous touch, and deadly breath, which wastes and rots fair fabrics," and also to a "sea-bird which blasts trees, by building its nest on them." The question whether this strange nondescript—part pestilence, part beast, part bird—"would mark us for destruction too," he says, "the times are too murky to forecast," so he proposes "to hammer it out on the anvil of the future." Of the two jobs, we think the "forecasting" is, on the whole, much easier than the "hammering"; but, a little further on, he gives it to be understood that neither will be necessary, as "it will be answered on election day." He confines himself mainly to the affairs of this State, denouncing the Tammany frauds both at the elections and in the management of the city funds; also, the bribery of the Legislature at Albany, which he says is done with the city money, and must be stopped by the Legislature, but he does not say how it is to be stopped. It must be confessed, however, that all he says on these matters is strong and pointed, and has the merit of singling out particular rascals for reprobation.

Mr. Conkling, in discoursing of the management of the finances under the present Administration—for which there is much that is creditable to be said—has followed the bad example of Mr. Delano, and misstated the facts in a very reckless way. It is not true that the taxes on spirits and tobacco were reduced simultaneously with the advent of the present Administration; they were reduced four months before General Grant's election, seven months before his inauguration, and a full year before he had finished the work of turning out old employees and putting in new ones. The increase in the product of these taxes under the reduced duty is, therefore, not to be credited to the present Administration; two-thirds of it at least is due to Johnson, if due to anybody, which we deny. It is due in part to the elasticity of the revenue, and in part to the cessation of the frauds and smuggling caused, and inevitably caused, by the high duties. Mr. Conkling also grossly and inexcusably misrepresents the comparative cost of collecting the revenue under Grant and under Johnson. He says that the expenses of the Internal Revenue Bureau in 1868, under Johnson, were $8,387,793; the first fiscal year of Grant, $5,916,410. Now, Mr. Conkling's authority, Mr. Columbus Delano, expressly states, on page 17 of his Internal Revenue Report for 1869, that the expense of collecting the internal revenue for 1868 was $8,776,814, and, for the year 1869, $7,394,395; so that, even if 1869 was Grant's first year, the saving would be only $160,863, instead of $2,471,383. But it was not Grant's first year; two-thirds of it was Johnson's. The fact is that there is nothing to be said that is very creditable to the Administration for its mode of collecting the internal revenue, and the less said about it, the better. The Administration has raised the Government credit, but, as we believe, at enormous cost to the country, and to the total neglect of the greatest financial evil of the day—our bad currency.

A delegation from the Committee of Seventy, with Judge Pierrepont at their head, went up to Albany on Tuesday, and had an important conference with Governor Hoffman and the Attorney-General. Their object was to invoke the Governor's aid in bringing Tweed & Co. to justice, and in forcing them to disgorge their plunder. The authority under which they hoped he might be induced to act is his Constitutional function to "see that the laws are faithfully executed"; the mode of interference they refrained from suggesting. Governor Hoffman naturally pointed out the vagueness of this authority, in the absence of any statute defining the occasions for its exercise, and contented himself with promising that he would do what he lawfully could, and was prepared to protect the city against any riotous demonstrations on the part of the Ring. The Attorney-General was able to give more positive assistance, by requesting Mr. Charles O'Conor to act as counsel in the prosecutions for fraud, and empowering him to institute in the name of his (the Attorney-General's) office any suit or proceeding which, as such counsel, he may approve. This accession will certainly encourage the Committee, as it will inspire the public with confidence in the ultimate success of the reform movement. In the Ingersoll suit, Mr. Havemeyer's standing as plaintiff has been affirmed by Judge Ingraham.

The inexpediency, to use a mild word, of extending Executive clemency to the adventurers who figure as Fenian "generals," has just been illustrated by the appearance of the redoubtable O'Neill, seconded by another warrior named O'Donohue, in a raid on North Pembina, where these two, with forty men, seized a Hudson Bay Company's post, garrisoned by an old man and his wife, a one-armed man, and a clerk. One of the prisoners managed, after capture, to send a note over to the commander of the United States garrison at Pembina, who came out with thirty men and marched down on the Fenians, who had massed their troops inside the house, and were enjoying themselves. On hearing of the approach of the regulars, however, the whole invading army rushed out like mad; O'Neill forgetting his invincible sabre on the table, and O'Donohue making wildly for his horse, which had been in the meantime seized and mounted by one of his men with fugacious designs. Him he knocked down, and fled on the animal himself, but was pursued by Captain Wheaton, of the United States Army, who, revolver in hand, and in a high-handed and brutal manner, captured both him and O'Neill, and ten privates and non-commissioned officers, and a good many rifles and cartridges. So ended the invasion. The views current in the Fenian army as to the causes of the failure are various, but the general opinion is that the principal cause was "treason." Another opinion makes O'Neill rather fonder of good living and notoriety than of battle and murder, which seems to us also well-founded. The United States Commissioner has discharged them, for the present, on the ground that the offence was committed beyond the border; but will not the Government, in common humanity to the poor dupes from whom these rascals get the money for their expeditions, not leave them to serve out their term in jail, if they are again convicted, as we hope they will be? Can we wonder that the New York mob should get on the tops of houses to throw hand-grenades into processions, when lazy vagabonds like O'Neill and O'Donohue are allowed to get a living by heading gangs of robbers in making incursions on farmers along the northern frontier?

The London *Economist* gives an explanation of the way in which the Berlin Government has been disturbing the market by its dealings with the money drawn from France in payment of the indemnity. The writer says he has enquired into the matter "on the spot," and the result is this: It is estimated that the German Government has received from France and holds $25,000,000 in English gold and $75,000,000 in French gold. This enormous sum it keeps, it is supposed, for the purpose of paying off a five per cent. debt falling due at the end of the year. It does not desire barbarously to withdraw so large a quantity of coin from circulation, and offers to lend it at three and a-half per cent., but it asks for security such as few are willing to give, and the loan, with such security and at such rates, has no attractions for the German banks, so the money lies in the treasury. A large sum has also been received from the French in silver five-franc pieces, but these do not go into circulation either, because the branch bank of Berlin at Frankfort, acting under Government orders, has refused to receive them at the conventional rate of 2 gulden 20 kreutzers, at which they have always hitherto passed. It is estimated that about $15,000,000 are in this way kept lying idle, and the Frankfort and other banks which counted on it as part of their reserve have been compelled to raise the rate of interest. The object of the Government in throwing this large quantity of silver out of currency is not very apparent, but it is supposed to have some connection with the contemplated plan, of which the Emperor has spoken in his recent speech to the Reichsrath, of a reform in German coinage. The Berlin Government contemplates a change not only from a silver to a gold currency, but the establishment of a uniform basis for the coinage of the whole Empire. In the meantime, the locking up of the money is producing keen pressure in the money markets of Europe, and particularly in London, where the French have borrowed a considerable portion of the indemnity. There is something of the characteristic Prussian hardness in the small concern which the Government seems to be giving itself about making it easy for the French to pay, and yet it is in the highest degree expedient as well as merciful to lighten the burden in all ways that will not diminish the conqueror's gains.

The second session of the German Reichstag was opened last Monday by the Emperor William in person. In his address, after reviewing the history of German unification, and the eminently favorable condition of united Germany, he enumerated the topics the consideration of which his Government recommended to the Parliament, mentioning, first of all, the budget for the Empire. This threatens to raise exciting discussions, as the transitional period of five years for which the war budget was established under the late North German Confederation expires with the close of the present year, and the new financial arrangements are also to settle the repayment, from the funds of the French war indemnity, of the advances made during the war by the several states of the Empire, and the expenses required for the government of the territories annexed from France. The change of coinage and the securing of a line of direct communication with Italy through Switzerland, by means of the proposed St. Gothard tunnel, were also warmly recommended. The foreign relations of Germany the Emperor declared to be entirely satisfactory, and especially those with Austria, which were now—after the conferences of Gastein and Salzburg—"of a cordial nature," and "no longer shadowed by reminiscences of past conflicts."

The Alsace-Lorraine customs treaty, the subject of so many conferences and deliberations, comments and reports, has finally been concluded at Berlin. It consists of three "conventions": one territorial, by which Germany retrocedes to France a small strip of territory; one financial, providing for the payment of the remainder of the war indemnity—three milliards and a half of francs—in specie bills to the amount of eighty millions every fortnight, beginning with the 15th of January next, so that the last instalment would be paid shortly before the close of 1873, and a number of months before the date stipulated by the treaty of peace; providing also for the evacuation of six departments of France, and the reduction of the German army in the other six departments still to remain under their hands to the number of thirty thousand men, which is further materially to be reduced after six months, if the payment progresses regularly; and the last relating to the customs, according to which the products of Alsace-Lorraine shall be permitted to enter France, and those of France to enter Alsace-Lorraine, free of duty, for the next twelve months. The financial convention is definitively concluded by the signatures, affixed to it on the 13th, of Prince Bismarck and M. Pouyer-Quertier; and the evacuation of the Departments of Aisne, Aube, Côte-d'Or, Haute-Saône, Doubs, and Jura is to begin within a fortnight from that date—or from the ratification of the customs convention by the German Reichstag, if another telegraphic abstract be correct, which we greatly doubt. Thiers, on his part, who has saved the customs reciprocity clause, and seems to have made an excellent bargain in every respect, needs no further ratification, having acted in accordance with an authorization previously obtained from the National Assembly.

The vanquished Emperor, Francis Joseph, who, a year after Sadowa, seemed to have reconstructed his shattered empire on a new and durable basis, is now again laboring under difficulties, which must make him feel as keenly as ever the impotence into which that terrible day plunged him. By immoderately yielding to the long-protracted passive resistance of the Czechs, by going so far as not only to throw all the influence of his Government into the Slavic scale before and during the late elections to the provincial diets, but also to acknowledge, in a rescript to the Diet of Prague, the sovereignty rights of the Bohemian nation, he has raised a storm in the German provinces which his Cisleithan cabinet, under Hohenwart, seems to be unable to allay, while a retreat appears equally perilous, and must certainly be humiliating in the highest degree. The Diet of Lower Austria, which represents the imperial capital, has launched an almost unanimous and most violent protest against the new policy, declaring it openly subversive of the constitution, and its possible results null and void. Other diets, in which the majority is German, are equally emphatic in their opposition; and where Slavic majorities decide, the German minorities, imitating the former example of the Czechs, retire under protest. What makes the condition of affairs worse is that the Hungarians, though not directly concerned, are somewhat alarmed by the sweeping Slavic reaction in Cisleithan Austria, which provokes agitation and ferment in Croatia, and are therefore inclined to take part with the Germans, and object to the change as incompatible with the dualistic arrangement (*Ausgleich*) of 1867. Chancellor Beust, too, who has just established the *entente cordiale* with Germany, is dissatisfied, and, according to a report, threatens to resign. No wonder, therefore, that the abdication of Francis Joseph himself is rumored.

And yet, Hungarians and Croats, Czechs and Germans, and all the other nationalities of the polyglot Austro-Hungarian Empire, could so easily live together in peace and harmony were they only to listen to the advice of the Fifth Annual Congress of the International League of Peace and Liberty, held two or three weeks ago at Lausanne, in Switzerland. That League distinctly shows them the way, which is, to overthrow their despotic Government, join the League in forming a republican confederation of the peoples of Europe, and then live on in peace and harmony. For the particulars in achieving all this, they might refer to the reports and debates of the League on "the means of extending its action"; on the "means of doing away with social enmity between citizens"; on "the Eastern question"; on "the Polish question"; on "decentralization, federation, annexation"; and many other things, to be settled or done away with in peace and liberty, without war or bloodshed. This, however, is unfortunately not the opinion of Mazzini, who, in a letter, told the League that, "to his regret, he could not hope that Europe would become either pacific or republican without at least one great European war, which was absolutely necessary, if only to settle the question of the Slavic races." We presume the League of Peace and Liberty can have no strong objection to one great European war. But then the question arises, how are Hungarians and Croats, Czechs and Germans, who happen to hold diametrically opposite views on the "question of the Slavic races," harmoniously to join in that war, the last of wars?

ANOTHER "NEW DEPARTURE."

THE Republican triumphs at the late State elections and the prospective triumph of the party in this State, under the influence of the Ring frauds, are apparently producing something like complete demoralization in the Democratic ranks—demoralization such as they have not hitherto shown. Under existing circumstances, the Democratic prospect for the next Presidential election is well-nigh hopeless. There does not seem to be the smallest chance that any man, fairly identified with the party by his antecedents or frankly holding its peculiar doctrines, could be elected. It was the growing consciousness of this fact which led to the "new departure" movement. Seeing there was no hope of making the original Democratic creed with which the party came out of the war acceptable to the country, the leaders resolved to provide it with a creed that *would* be acceptable to the country; but this, too, has proved a failure. The new creed was not a bad one, and the "new departure" looked very sensible; but few could be got to believe in its sincerity and genuineness. The party has, in fact, been going through some of the experiences of the discharged convict who, though truly desirous of mending his ways and heartily sorry for his past transgressions, finds that no sooner is his history known than he is turned out of his place, no matter how exemplary his behavior may be. The "new departure" (which is fustian for "fresh start") has, in fact, apparently left the party in a worse plight than ever. Its defeats in California and Pennsylvania and Ohio, in the third year of a Republican Administration which has certainly not been free from faults, leave no further doubt as to the desperate state of its fortunes.

There are now some signs that this despair, if deepened, as it probably will be, by defeat in this State, and by the break-up of the New York Ring, from which the party treasury has of late years been well supplied, may lead to a crisis which would bring to an end that stage in national politics on which the country entered with the formation of the Republican party. The first and great object of the Republican party was the prevention of the extension of slavery into the Territories. The conduct of the war, and the extinction of slavery, and the establishment of equality before the law grew out of this; but since these were accomplished, as they were accomplished by the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, the mission of the party has consisted simply in keeping the Democrats from undoing its work or destroying the public credit. Now, the consciousness that it holds its place simply because there is nobody else who can be trusted to fill it, or, in other words, lest a worse thing should happen, is as injurious to a party as to an individual. That the Republican party has suffered from this position no candid man can deny. Its platforms have grown windier; the office-holding element in it has grown more influential and active, reliance on party discipline more confident, as time has worn on and no positive work has been provided for it to do. It has become more and more the fashion for its leaders to meet demands for reform by asking whether there was any probability that the Democrats would take them, and, if not, by assuming that there was no occasion for Republicans to trouble themselves with them; and they have found this reply so effective, that those Republicans who long to be up and doing—and who feel that "keeping watch" is, after all, a sorry rôle for the majority of a great political community to be playing in an era of incessant change and progress—have, during the last year or two, been resigning themselves to the belief that there was no hope of a forward movement until the Democratic party as an organization had been somehow got out of the field.

How this deliverance was to be brought about nobody could, of course, undertake to say. No sober-minded man could flatter himself that the disappearance from our politics of an organization which has, for over half a century, played a leading part in the government of the country, and exercised a most powerful influence on its legislation and its ideas, and has always possessed, and still possesses, through its name and traditions, if not through its policy, a strong fascination for foreign immigrants, was to be counted on very confidently or looked for very soon. But the opinion gains ground every day that this it is, come when it may, and not any break-up in the Republican ranks, which is to turn over the new leaf in our political history, and start us on that path of internal reform and progress—municipal, legislative, financial, educational, and industrial—from which the slavery controversy has for forty years, if not longer, shut out the national thoughts and energies. For, if regrets were not useless, and if the abolition of slavery were not in itself so great a thing, thinking of what might have been if slavery had never troubled the waters of American politics would be as sad an occupation as a patriotic man could sit down to. The mere sight of what moth and rust have done to our political fabric during the last thirty years is enough to excuse the despondency with which many of our best and purest minds look into the future. There is hardly an institution, from the ballot up, which has not been in some manner befouled, or has not in some degree decayed; and if the devotion called out by the war, and the tremendous force and activity of commerce and industry, and the perennial flow of benevolence—of the depth and vehemence of which it sometimes takes a calamity like the Chicago fire to remind us—were not a constant illustration of the richness and strength of the material with which the American legislator has to deal, many an earnest man would feel disposed to give up the fight as lost already—lost after a single charge—lost before one quarter of the national forces had been brought into play.

We do not mean to say that the approach of the crisis is yet certain, but there are signs of it on which it is no harm to keep one's eye. The St. Louis *Republican*, one of the most, if not the most influential Democratic organ in the West, has, within a few days, boldly propounded the plan of making no nomination for the next Presidential election as perhaps the wisest thing the party can do under the circumstances, and the only thing it can do to break up the Republican strength; and the suggestion has been met with more or less open approval, or with silence, which, considering what the nature of the plan is, is the next thing to approval. The *Republican* points to the success of this plan in Missouri as an indication of the results which might be looked for if it were tried in the larger field of national politics. There it led to a split in the Republican ranks, and the sending of a man like Carl Schurz, of unquestioned purity, culture, and experience, to the United States Senate, which ought to contain no other kind of men, and the seating in the Governor's chair of Gratz Brown—a man who, though he has been identified with all that is most radical in the most Radical policy, came out of the war with his head clear, his views broad, and his hold on the great principles of free government unshaken. The consequence was that Missouri, a State rent more than any other by the fratricidal feuds of the civil war, has suddenly subsided into complete tranquillity; the old hates have disappeared, as if by magic; the old rebels have become loyal and contented; the old Radicals kindly and hopeful; and the community has entered on a career of material prosperity such as is nowhere else to be seen.

We do not look for much good sense, self-sacrifice, or self-restraint from the Democratic managers; and then the notion that a party must make nominations, whether it expects to win or not, has secured too firm a place among the rules of party strategy to make us hope that this novel plan of retiring to the mountains, and letting the enemy quarrel over their conquests, is likely to find favor rapidly. But that it will gain in favor we do not doubt, and that a defeat in New York would greatly help it is very certain. The probable effect of it on the Republican party we shall not now attempt to sketch. One consequence is obvious enough. It would bring into play elements which the existence and activity of the Democratic party now keep out of sight, and the appearance of which would be bitterly mourned by many "useful" men. It would be the blackest day the Forneys, the Murphys, and the Camerons have seen for a long while, for any reorganization must consign them, for a period at least, to retirement. It is hard to conceive of any new organization rising up in the present state of the public mind in which this class of veterans would find any place worth their attention; but even if not wholly laid on the shelf, the early, enthusiastic, hopeful days of a party are not those in which they and their like find their way into places of trust and profit.

THE CONFEDERATE BONDHOLDERS.

The prevalent opinion in the United States concerning the British holders of Confederate bonds is that their claim is utterly without foundation; that an argument even in its support cannot be framed; and that they themselves cannot with a good face present their demand to our Government for settlement. Certain of the newspapers have found in the provision of the Treaty of Washington which requires all matters brought before the arbitrators to be presented by the respective governments, and not by individuals, a complete bar to any action by the Confederate creditors, because the British Government would never violate international good manners by appearing to father a claim so preposterous and so irritating to our sensibilities. It is, however, likely that the British bondholders will assert their alleged rights; and there is danger that the British Government will make itself the vehicle of their reclamations; and if so, the arbitrators will be obliged to consider and pass upon the demand. It is not, in fact, absolutely and incontestably groundless. Lord Cairns has pronounced in favor of its validity; and Lord Cairns's opinion in England is much what Charles O'Conor's would be in New York: we may doubt or deny its correctness, but we cannot impugn its honesty. As this claim may soon be brought before the Board of Arbitrators, we purpose to state the outline of the argument which can be and probably will be made in its support, without more than a passing judgment upon the merits of the controversy.

This argument is based, first, upon the doctrines and principles of international law, and, secondly, upon the acts of the United States Government itself. Without now discussing the operative language of the bonds themselves, we shall assume that they created in favor of their holders a fixed and certain debt resting upon the Confederacy and its Government. There are certain principles which underlie this whole subject. The obligations which burden a nation, whether they arise from treaties creating permanent servitudes, or whether they arise from indebtedness to foreign nations and subjects, are not in the slightest degree affected by any change in the form of the internal government, however radical and complete. Nor are these obligations affected when the nation upon which they rest surrenders its independence and sovereignty, and, either by voluntary and peaceful cession or by force, becomes swallowed up and incorporated with another state: the latter in such case *ipso facto* assumes and becomes charged with the international burdens, of the character we have described, which were formerly borne by the expired commonwealth. In other words, the state which thus acquires additional possessions takes them *cum onere*. These principles have been affirmed by all publicists, from Grotius down to the latest systematic writer upon international law, and have been as generally observed and acted upon as any other portions of the public code. By applying them to the results of a war, upon private and public rights and duties, there has grown up the system of rules known as the doctrines of postliminy, which have been discussed at great length by European juridical writers, and have to a large extent occupied the attention of European diplomatists. We are now only concerned with these rules of postliminy as they affect public rights and obligations.

When, in the progress of a war, one belligerent has overrun and occupied the territory of the other, displacing, for the time being, its government and overthrowing its power, and keeps simply and purely a military possession thereof—a possession by the sword—and is finally driven out, or voluntarily abandons its acquisitions, all dispositions of public national property, and all discharges of debts due to the state, and all creation of national obligations made during the interval by the invaders, are not at all binding upon the legitimate government when it returns to its rightful rule. But if, on the other hand, after having effected a purely military occupation of the enemy's territory, the invader sets up a civil government, which maintains itself as such, and becomes, in a true sense of the term, *de facto*, the dispositions of public movable property, and the discharge of public debts owing to the state, and the creation of additional public obligations made by this inter-reigning though usurped power, are valid and binding upon the legitimate authority when it is restored and returns to the exercise of its proper functions. This doctrine, we say, is maintained by all publicists. Phillimore states it thus: "It is the opinion of the best jurists, fortified by reason and practice, that, until a title indicating permanent possession has been superinduced to the temporary title of the sword, no valid alienation of property can be made by the conqueror. In effecting the change from conquest to established government, time is, of course, the principal agent; but the recognition of such government by a treaty of peace with other states is the most usual and unquestionable evidence. This change, however, may also be effected by the submission of the conquered people to the new government, indicated by some public act of the state, or by the fact itself, evidenced by the tranquillity of the people, their obedience to the law, and, above all, by the quiet and regular administration of justice in the proper civil tribunals." Heffter, who treats of this subject at length, comes to the same conclusions. The European states have acted upon these doctrines as an acknowledged part of the public law. At the final overthrow of Napoleon, and the return of the legitimate sovereigns to their thrones, all but the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, and one other small German potentate, treated the acts of the conqueror as valid, although he had, just before his downfall, been denounced as an enemy of mankind.

The cases in which this doctrine has been applied in Europe have, as was natural, generally been those of external violence, of an intermediate government established by an invader; it will be claimed by the holders of Confederate bonds that the same principle applies to a civil war and to an irregular and usurped government established by insurgents. Assuming this to be correct, the controversy will be reduced to a simple question of fact, namely: Did the Confederacy possess a *de facto* government dominating civilly over the territory and people, acting by and through its civil arm as counterdistinguished from its mere military power, in a manner and to an extent sufficient to satisfy the rule? This we say is a question of fact. Its answer is to be found in the constitution of affairs within the Confederacy, in the acts of the United States towards it, and in the acts of foreign powers. We must bear in mind, however, as a matter of the highest importance, that the internal policy and intention of the United States, as shown by the statutes of Congress, by the declarations of the President or the Secretary of State, and even by the Constitution itself, have nothing to do with this question. Nations cannot escape their international obligations by the most formal denial or repudiation of them, even though made through every department of the government. We may dismiss from our consideration, therefore, as entirely irrelevant, all the proclamations made by the President, and all the protests made by Mr. Secretary Seward, and all the statutes passed by Congress, denying a belligerent and *de facto* character to the Confederacy and its government. It is the acts and not the talk of the United States that we are to examine. The facts are all familiar to our readers, and we need not recapitulate them. It is enough to say that the United States Government, through all its departments, fell back upon its general and unlimited powers to carry on a war as with a foreign enemy; and we must remember that war brings with it international duties and obligations, as well as powers and rights. The Confederacy had a civil government entirely distinct and superior to the military domination over the territory occupied by it. For several years this government exercised all its functions; its legislature passed laws which were obeyed without resistance by the people; the courts were in operation; taxes were laid and collected. The Confederacy was never fully recognized as an independent nation, but its Government was recognized by all the European states, except Turkey, as a *de facto* power, capable of carrying on a proper war; its military and commercial flags were recognized; consular intercourse was openly carried on; and a diplomatic intercourse *sub modo*. The United States also recognized the Confederacy as a belligerent, and therefore as a *de facto* Government, by the very act of carrying on a proper war with it, and by claiming therein all the rights and privileges of war as against neutrals, and as against the inhabitants themselves of the Southern territory. This point has been overlooked by many American writers; it has been evaded by the United States authorities; but we may be sure that it will be pressed with great energy upon the board of arbitrators by the British claimants.

Passing by as secondary the manner in which the conflict was

actually waged, with truces, capitulations, exchanges of prisoners, and cartels, there are certain facts which stand out with prominence, and which singly, and much more in combination, indicate the nature of the Confederacy itself, and the attitude of the United States towards it. In the first place, the blockade, and its enforcement against neutral vessels upon the high seas, was an absolute acknowledgment that the conflict was a proper war waged between two forces having international belligerent rights. All of Mr. Seward's protests could not overcome the fact itself; and Mr. Sumner's "peaceful blockade" is the creation of his own ingenious brain. In the second place, the confiscation statutes passed by Congress were an absolute acknowledgment and declaration that the conflict was a proper war, and that the Southerners were proper enemies. The Supreme Court of the United States has, in a series of cases extending down to the past winter, decided in the most solemn manner that these statutes cannot, under the Constitution, be upheld as an exercise of the national sovereignty over citizens who have rebelled, but must be upheld, if at all, and can be upheld, simply as an exercise of the power to wage proper war upon enemies; that the international law permits the capture and confiscation of private enemy-property upon land; and that the statutes are valid under these international doctrines, and not under our municipal system. In the third place, upon the downfall of the Confederacy, property belonging to it was left in the hands of its agents in England. The United States claimed this property as the national successor to the Confederacy, and as the universal heir of its goods, and attempted to enforce its right through the English courts. This very claim admitted the *de facto* nature of the Confederate Government. If the Confederacy had been an uncombined mass of individuals, with no national or international organization, then the United States would only have been entitled at most to seize and confiscate such goods as were within its jurisdiction, and as fell into its possession. But the property in England had never been within its jurisdiction nor possession. Asserting ownership over it as successor by the rights of conquest was therefore acknowledging the corporate national character of the former owner. The English courts sustained these views, and held that the United States must take the property, if at all, with the liens and other burdens imposed upon it by the former owner. Several passages in our early history show how decided the United States has always been to claim a *de facto* government for itself. The reclamations first made upon Denmark by Dr. Franklin, and continued down to the year 1843, for a breach of neutral duties during the early years of the Revolution, form a precedent so conclusive that it amounts almost to an estoppel.

We should refer in detail to several important historical events in which the doctrine of postliminy was applied did our space permit. The case of the debts due to the Elector of Hesse-Cassel paid to and discharged by Napoleon, is familiar to every student of public law. We must, however, recall one incident in our own history which, in some of its essential features, resembles the case of the Confederate bondholders. In the year 1806, Ferdinand IV., King of the Two Sicilies, was driven from the continental portion of his dominion by the French, and a usurping government was established therein. Ferdinand, however, retained possession and exercised full authority over the island of Sicily. During the continuance of Murat's power, several American vessels and their cargoes were seized and confiscated by him. Upon the restoration of the legitimate monarch, the United States demanded compensation for these losses. The negotiations were protracted, but, in 1832, a treaty was signed awarding an indemnity to the American owners. A very recent writer has well said that "this convention constitutes the most complete recognition of the principle which establishes the responsibility of every country for the acts of its government *de facto*, under whatever title it may exist."

There is another view of the case which may be fatal to the bondholders before these questions of international law are reached. The promissory language of the bonds themselves does not appear to be absolute and certain; the liability of the Confederate Government is rather made to rest upon a contingency—upon the happening of an event which has never happened—namely, its final success. These securities, therefore, may have been, in fact as well as in figure, mere *bottomry bonds* upon the Southern ship of state, and may have perished when that ship foundered in the political sea.

The case is one, however, that has a political side which is far more important than the legal side. The British Government can exercise its discretion about bringing these claims forward, and we sincerely trust that it will not bring them forward, but take on itself the responsibility of rejecting them, and not throw it on the arbitrators; for it is as well to say that they will not be paid under any circumstances, and the opinion of even the soberest Americans would be that they should not be paid, no matter what it would cost to resist them. To bring them forward will be to imperil the treaty, and, what is worse, imperil the good understanding which now happily begins to spring up between the two nations. This cotton loan, it must be remembered, was not a commercial venture simply; we doubt if any of the holders would even now have the effrontery to maintain that it was. Of course they had more or less hope of getting back their money when they went into it, but their most powerful motive was sympathy with the revolt against the United States, and desire for its success. In short, the money was lent to carry on war against this Government, and the claimants are persons who, outside of this loan transaction, largely assisted in creating the difficulties between England and America, which are now about to be settled. To call upon the United States to repay it on technical legal grounds is to ask for a display of magnanimity, and of respect for law, of which no nation has as yet shown itself capable, and of which, we will venture to add, it is not desirable on moral grounds that our Government should show itself capable in this case. The loss of the money will be a valuable lesson to the average British capitalist; it will teach him never to invest in a passion, as well as to be a little more careful in choosing sides before he mixes himself up in foreign quarrels.

NIAGARA.

II.

THE pure beauty of elegance and grace is the grand characteristic of the Fall. It is not in the least monstrous. It is supremely artistic—a harmony, a conception, a masterpiece; it beats Michael Angelo. One may seem at first to say the least, but the delicate observer will admit that one says the most, in saying that it is *pleasing*. There are, however, so many more things to say about it—its multitudinous features crowd so upon the vision as one looks—that it seems absurd for me to attempt to handle details. The main feature, perhaps, is the incomparable loveliness of the immense line of the river and its lateral abutments. It neither falters, nor breaks, nor stiffens, but maintains grandly from wing to wing its consummate curve. This noble line is worthily sustained by mighty pillars of alternate emerald and marble. The famous green loses nothing, as you may imagine, on a nearer view. A green more gorgeously cool and pure it is impossible to conceive. It is to the vulgar greens of earth what the blue of a summer sky is to our mundane azures, and is, in fact, as sacred, as remote, as impalpable as that. You can fancy it the parent-green, the head-spring of color to all the verdant water-caves and all the clear, sub-fluvial haunts and bowers of naiads and mermen in all the streams of the earth. The lower half of the watery wall is shrouded in the steam of the boiling gulf—a veil never rent nor lifted. At its core, this eternal cloud seems fixed and still with excess of motion—still and intensely white; but, as it rolls and climbs against its lucent cliff, it tosses little whiffs and fumes and pants of snowy smoke, which betray the furious tumult of its dazzling womb. In the middle of the curve, at the apex of the gulf, the converging walls are ground into finest powder, and hence arises a huge mist-column, and fills the upper air with its hovering drift. Its summit far overtops the crest of the cataract, and, as you look down along the rapids above, you see it hanging over the averted gulf like some far-flowing ensign of danger. Of these things some vulgar verbal hint may be attempted; but what words can render the rarest charm of all—the clear-cut brow of the Fall, the very act and figure of the leap, the rounded turn of the horizontal to the perpendicular? To call it simple seems a florid over-statement. Anything less combined and complicated never appealed to the admiration of men. It is carved clean as an emerald, as one must say and say again. It arrives, it pauses, it plunges; it comes and goes for ever; it melts and shifts and changes, all with the sound as of a thousand thunderbolts; and yet its pure outline never lapses

by a bubble's value from its constant calm. It is as gentle as the pouring of wine from a flagon—of melody from the lip of a singer. From the little grove beside the American Fall you catch superbly—better than you are able to do at the Horseshoe—the very profile of this full-flooded bend. If the line of beauty had vanished from the earth elsewhere, it would survive on this classic forehead. It is impossible to insist too strongly on the prodigious *elegance* of the great Fall, as seen from the Canada cliff. You fancy that the genius who contrived it was verily the prime author of the truth that order, measure, and symmetry are the conditions of perfect beauty. He applied his faith among the watching and listening forests, long before the Greeks proclaimed theirs in the shining masonry of the Acropolis. Rage, confusion, chaos, are grandly absent; dignity, grace, and leisure ride upon the crest; it flows without haste, without rest, with the measured majesty of a motion whose rhythm is attuned to eternity. Even the roll of the white batteries at the base seems fixed and poised and ordered, and in the vague middle zone of difference between falling flood and rising cloud you imagine a mystical meaning—the passage of body to soul, of matter to spirit, of human to divine.

Goat Island, of which every one has heard, is the great menagerie of lions, and the spot where your single stone—or, in plain prose, your half-dollar—kills most birds. This broad insular strip, which performs the excellent office of withholding the American shore from immediate contact with the Fall, has been allowed to remain a very proper piece of wildness, and here you may ramble, for the most part, in undiverted contemplation. The island is owned, I believe, by a family of co-heritors, who have the good taste to preserve it intact. More than once, however, as I have been told, they have been offered a huge price for the privilege of building a hotel upon this sacred soil. They have been wise, but, after all, they are human, and the offer may be made once too often. Before this fatal day dawns, why shouldn't the State buy up the precious acres, as California has done the Yo-Semite? It is the opinion of a sentimental tourist that no price would be too great to pay. Otherwise, the only hope for their integrity is in the possibility of a shrewd prevision on the part of the gentlemen who know how to keep hotels that the music of the dinner-band would be injured by the roar of the cataract. You approach from Goat Island the left abutment of the Horseshoe. The little tower which, with the classic rainbow, figures in all "views" of the scene, is planted at a dozen feet from the shore, directly on the shoulder of the Fall. This little tower, I think, deserves a compliment. One might have said beforehand that it would never do, but, as it stands, it is incontestably picturesque. It serves as a unit of appreciation of the scale of things, and from its spray-blackened summit it admits you to an almost downward peep into the green gulf. More here, even, than on the Canada edge, you perceive how the great spectacle is wrought all in water. Its substantial floods take on at moments the likeness of walls and pillars and columns, and, to present any vivid picture of them, we are compelled to talk freely of emerald and crystal, of silver and marble. But really, all the simplicity of the Falls, and half their grandeur, reside in the fact that they are built clean of fluid elements, and that no rocky staging or earthy commixture avail to complicate and vulgarize them. They are water piled on water, pinned on water, hinging and hanging on water, breaking, crashing, whitening in mutual masses of water. And yet for all this no solid was ever solid like that sculptured shoulder of the Horseshoe! From this little tower, or, better still, from various points further along the island-shore, it seems indeed a watery world. Before you stretches the huge expanse of the upper river, with its belittled cliffs, now mere black lines of forest, dull as with the sadness of gazing at eternal storm. Anything more horribly desolate than this boundless livid welter of the rapids it is impossible to conceive, and you very soon begin to pay it the tribute of your terror, in the impulse to people it with human forms. On this theme you can spin endless romances. Yes, they are alive, every fear-blanched billow and eddy of them—alive and frenzied with the sense of their doom. They see below them that nameless pause of the arrested current, and the high-tossed drift of sound and spray which rises up lamenting, like the ghosts of their murdered brothers. They shriek, they sob, they clasp their white hands and toss their long hair; they cling and clutch and wrestle, and, above all, they *bite*. Especially tragical is the air they have of being forced backward, with averted faces, to their fate. Every portion of the flood is like the grim stride of a giant, wading huge-kneed to his purpose, with the white teeth of a victim fastened in his neck. The outermost of three small islands, interconnected by short bridges, at the extremity of this shore, places one in singularly intimate relation with this portentous flurry. To say that hereabouts the water leaps and plunges and rears and dives, that its uproar deadens the thunder, and its swiftness distances the lightning, is to say all that we can, and yet but a tithe of what we should. Nowhere surely in the wide world is water handled with such a masterly knowledge of effect.

The great spectacle may be called complete only when you have gone down the river some four miles, on the American side, to the so-called rapids of the Whirlpool. Here the unhappy stream tremendously renews its trouble. Two approaches have been contrived on the cliff—one to the rapids proper, the other, further below, to the scene of the sudden bend. The first consists of a little wooden cage, of the "elevator" pattern, which slides up and down a gigantic perpendicular shaft of horrible flimsiness. But a couple of the usual little brides, staggering beneath the weight of gorgeous cashmeres, entered the conveyance with their respective consorts at the same time with myself; and, as it thus carried Hymen and his fortunes, we survived the adventure. You obtain from below—that is, on the shore of the river—a specimen of as noble cliff-scenery as the continent can afford. The green embankment at the base of the sheer red wall is by itself a very fair mountain-slope; and from this starts erect, rugged and raw, a grandly spacious lateral section of mother earth. As it stands, Gustave Doré might have drawn it. He would have sketched with especial ardor certain parasitical shrubs and boskages—lone and dizzy witnesses of autumn; certain outward-peering wens and warts and other perpendicular excrescences of rock; and, above all, near the summit, the fantastic figures of sundry audacious minor cliffs, grafted upon the greater by a mere lateral attachment and based in the empty air, with great lone trees rooted on their verges, like the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. The actual whirlpool is a third of a mile further down the river, and is best seen from the cliff above. Thus seen, it seems to me by all odds the finest of the secondary episodes of the Niagara drama, and one on which a scribbling tourist, ineffectively playing at showman, may be content to ring down his curtain. The channel at this point turns away to the right, at a clean right-angle, and the river, arriving from the rapids just above with stupendous velocity, meets the hollow elbow of the Canada shore. The movement with which it betrays its surprise and bewilderment—the sudden issueless maze of waters—is, I think, after the Horseshoe Fall, the superbest thing in its progress. It breaks into no small rage; the offending cliffs receive no drop of spray; for the flood moves in a body and wastes no vulgar side-spurts; but you see it shaken to its innermost bowels and panting hugely, as if smothered in its excessive volume. Pressed back upon its centre, the current creates a sort of pivot, from which it eddies, groping for exit in vast slow circles, barely outlined in foam. The Canada shore, shaggy and gaudy with late September foliage, closes about it like the rising shelves of an amphitheatre, and deepens by contrast the strong blue-green of the stream. This slow-revolving basin resembles nothing so much as some ancient palace-pavement, cracked and scratched by the butts of legionary spears and the gold stiffened hem of the garments of kings.

ENGLAND—THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES.

London, Sept. 29, 1871.

We are in the depths of what is sometimes called the "silly season." A general disinclination on the part of things in general to happen is the most characteristic peculiarity of the time of year. Yet for once the papers have not been driven to discuss that ever-recurring, but not, as one would think, very inscrutable problem—the cause of the dulness of sermons. The fortunate godsend by which they were enabled to fill their columns was the military manœuvres in Surrey. If there is one thing in which the English press may claim superiority over most foreign rivals, it is, I should say, in the fulness and accuracy of its war correspondence. Though the battles of Fox Hill and Weaver's Down were fortunately not of a bloody character, they afforded almost as good material for graphic description as the most desperately earnest battles. From a purely artistic point of view, the campaign seems to have been a decided success. There are few prettier bits of English country than the Surrey Hills, which were the scene of the struggle. Though scarcely thirty miles from Charing Cross, it is easy for the tourist to fancy himself on a wild Scotch moor. Heather-covered ridges stretch with little interruption for many miles, and recall memories of the highwaymen who, in old times, specially favored this district in the neighborhood of the Portsmouth road. Though the hills are not exactly Alpine, they command distant views as far as what White of Selborne called that "stupendous range of mountains," the

South Downs above Brighton. The intervening country is rich in parks and country-houses, in deep sandy lanes, with picturesque hedges arching above them, in quaint old cottages and farm buildings, and in all that gives to primitive English scenery its air of solid, old-fashioned comfort. Across this region the contending forces struggled for ten days or so with varying fortune. The author of the "Battle of Dorking," the most successful hit of modern times, laid his scene in the immediate neighborhood of the manœuvres; and we imagined ourselves to be witnessing a rehearsal of the movements by which some future invader is to be met.

The British army, I am thankful to say, finally triumphed; but I confess that my mind is left in a state of considerable confusion as to other results of the campaign. I shall, I hope, be in future more tolerant of the singular discrepancies which are apt to occur in the accounts of more serious contests. There could in the present instance be no patriotic feeling to mislead the judgment of spectators. Whether the 71st Highlanders were to be considered as having crushed the Horse Guards by their fire, or as having been cut up by their charge, was a question on which even a Scotchman might be trusted to give a tolerably fair verdict. Yet, as a matter of fact, the contradictions were as great as between the early reports from the French and German armies last summer. I read, for example, in an article in a well-informed newspaper, a description of a certain charge by a regiment of hussars as illustrating the way in which a small body of cavalry might, by good management, hamper the enemy and obtain useful information at trifling sacrifice. Another equally well-informed critic described it as a repetition of the Balaklava charge, only with an aggravated disregard of the most obvious military principles, and declares that every man would have been killed and taken prisoner for no good result. How is a poor civilian to know which of the judicious persons is right? Then I am terribly perplexed as to what really happened to the Prince of Wales. He was nearly taken prisoner, and only escaped after a desperate gallop, in close pursuit by a large body of cavalry. Some critics admire his gallantry and hold that he deserved the Victoria Cross, others declare that he was (theoretically) pierced by about five hundred bullets and transfixed by as many bayonets, and that his fate was the natural consequence of his foolish rashness. Had he been an ordinary Ensign Jones, they say that he would have been severely reprimanded. On such matters I am veritably at a loss; and those who took part in the manœuvres are, with a few exceptions, not much wiser. They do not even know whether on the whole they were or were not a success. If indeed we could have persuaded General Von Blumenthal to give us his candid opinion, we might have heard something profitable, whether palatable or otherwise. But our foreign visitors could not well communicate their impressions, and I am at a loss whether to be comforted by the assertion of the *Times* correspondent, that they all thought that our artillery was unapproachable, our cavalry superb, and our infantry very good: or depressed by some German writer, who calls the whole thing ridiculous, and says that we could not resist a Prussian army for three days.

In one sense, of course, this is unpleasantly near the truth. There were between 30,000 and 40,000 men employed in the manœuvres—the largest army which has been assembled in England since the old Revolutionary wars, but yet not equal to more than one weak German corps or to a tenth part of the number of Frenchmen who were sent prisoners to Germany. No patriotic fervor could induce me to believe that one Briton is equal to ten Prussians. I should be quite content, indeed, if, according to our traditional standard for measurement with the French, we were equal to three. If, therefore, there were any probability of seeing a German army landed on the English coast, and if our 30,000 men are all that we could muster to oppose them, my anticipations would be of a gloomy cast. I am happier when I reflect on the extreme improbability of any quarrel with our excellent friends, and on the further improbability that they would ever effect a landing. Still, I should be glad to be assured that, even on that most unlikely supposition, we could look with confidence at the result; but it is impossible to discover what inferences are to be drawn in this direction from the recent manœuvres. The *Times*, which is of the optimist faction just now, says that the gallant 30,000 are merely a fair sample of the 400,000 men who are included in our army, militia, and volunteers; and that, with a little more practice in certain departments, we shall be able to mobilize the whole of the 400,000 at a short notice. If so, invasion would certainly be chimerical. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, on the other hand, which is doubtless a very able paper, but is given to grumbling at everything and everybody in a manner which becomes a little tiresome in the long run, says that the manœuvres have proved only one thing, and that is that we are totally without anything worth calling an army, and that the recent changes have been entirely in the wrong direction. Once more I may ask how I, an humble civilian, am to form any opinion, when the authorities to which I should naturally appeal are so hopelessly divergent?

To say the truth, I am content not to have any very definite opinion; but, endeavoring to strike a rough balance between the various judgments which I read in the papers, and those which I hear from other sources, I should guess—it is nothing more than a guess—that the manœuvres have been fairly successful for a first experiment; that the regular army has done well; that the reserved forces, the militia and the volunteers, have proved themselves to be very deficient in training, the militia being decidedly the worse of the two; and that the transport service, which has been very recently reorganized, though it has not broken down, has shown that it is very far indeed from being at present capable of acting on an adequate scale. In short, though, as everybody knows, we are not, we do not wish to be, and we never shall be, a great military power, we have got a fair nucleus of an army, and a mass of raw material, in a very chaotic state, which might be made sufficiently serviceable to keep this little island tolerably safe at home. Meanwhile, the army has had some good hard work, and there have not been any of those palpable breakdowns which could not be regarded as altogether out of the question at starting. The comic element seems to have been chiefly provided by the Horse Guards, who are ornamental, but a trifle ponderous. Besides a general stampede of their horses on the first night of camping out, owing to the adoption of some over-ingenious system of picketing, they seem to have been habitually surprised by skirmishers, annihilated by the fire of infantry, ridden over by light cavalry, and frequently to have stood for hours exposed to a raking fire from batteries of artillery. They took it all with the stolid composure natural to men whose weight when in the saddle averages over 300 lbs., and who are never exposed to severer work than escorting her Majesty from Buckingham Palace to the Houses of Parliament.

Turning from such matters, unfamiliar to English pens, let me briefly notice two or three bits of news which may, perhaps, require some more comment in future. The Queen has been seriously ill, and her illness has produced a certain number of loyal articles and half-apologies for the previous complaints of her supposed neglect of business. She is now apparently recovered, and perhaps our loyalty will again decline. Any alarm as to her health creates a sincere regret in quiet-loving people, proportioned to the respect which she certainly deserves and to the rather different feeling entertained towards her heir. Another remarkable event is the return of Mr. Butt, the representative of the "home-rule" agitation, for Limerick. Mr. Gladstone has just made a speech showing that Irishmen have nothing to complain of after his legislation in regard to the church and the land. And yet it seems too plain that, reasonably or unreasonably, the Irish are not satisfied with Mr. Gladstone's concessions, and that we have a very serious prospect before us for the next Parliament. Finally, I will just observe that the great Newcastle strike, which seems to be probably tending to a compromise, has been one of the most important incidents in the struggle between labor and capital. The strike was for the nine-hours system, and it is observable that the men have had public sympathy with them far more generally than has been the case in previous contests of the kind. But I have no space at present to dwell upon the morals derivable from any of these facts.

FRANCE IN EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY.

PARIS, September 27, 1871.

THE situation of France, in a diplomatic sense, is that of the most complete isolation. After her disasters, she ought to have assumed immediately the position of *recueillement* which was taken by Russia after Sebastopol, in a celebrated circular of Prince Gortchakoff. But quiet dignity is not the characteristic of M. Thiers. At a moment when French diplomacy ought to have been conducted by new *chargés d'affaires*, business men merely occupied with their duties, he has sent ambassadors to all the great courts. This new Republic will have as many dukes as possible in office. The Duc de Broglie is in London, the Duc de Choiseul has been sent to Florence; in Rome there is a Harcourt; in Madrid, a Bouillé, the grandson of the Bouillé who was in Rochambeau's army. In these aristocratic names, recalling old France of the last century, there was a feeble protest of vanity against defeat. This protestation would have been harmless, however, if there had not been at the same time some indications that M. Thiers did not intend to remain a disinterested witness of Euro-

pean politics. Of course, he could have no intention of interfering in the affairs of Germany, of Italy, of Russia, of Austria, with any authority; but he showed clearly that he had not renounced any of his old prejudices against the neighbors of France, especially against Italy. M. Thiers has always been the avowed enemy of Italian unity; he invented the formula which so many have repeated after him: "Italian unity has been the mother of German unity"—an aphorism now accepted throughout all France, and quite contrary to history, as the feeling of German unity was already very intense in the days of Jena, and in 1813, long before Cavour had dreamed of reuniting all Italy under the house of Savoy. In the discussion which took place on the Roman question in the Chamber, M. Thiers showed plainly his feelings towards Italy, though he admitted that France was not in a position which allowed her to interfere in favor of the Pope in the Peninsula.

Prince Bismarck found it very easy after this to draw Italy more completely on his side. There are credulous people who believe that, now that the Mont Cenis Tunnel is opened, there are no longer any Alps. Alas! Louis XIV. said, long ago, "There are no longer any Pyrenees," and the Pyrenees stand quite as high between France and Spain, especially since a young prince of the House of Piedmont has accepted the crown of Spain. One of our ministers, M. Victor Lefranc, who accompanied M. de Rémusat, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to the ceremony of inauguration of the tunnel, compared the two countries, Italy and France, looking at each other through the Mont Cenis, to two rising suns contemplating each other. Now this may be a very startling figure of rhetoric, in an astronomical sense especially, but, tunnel or no tunnel, it is perfectly well understood now across the Alps that Bismarck is a better and stronger friend than Thiers.

The isolation of France has been completed at Salzburg and Gastein. I have not ceased to tell my friends here that they must not count on an alliance with Russia or on an alliance with Austria. The Emperor of Russia looks with admiration on his uncle, the Emperor of Germany; he is quite devoted to him; he is completely estranged from France since his visit to Paris, when his life was threatened by Berezowski, and he was himself insulted in the most brutal manner in the Palais de Justice by young Republican lawyers, who greeted him with shouts of "Vive la Pologne." The Czar has congratulated the Emperor of Germany on all his victories; he looks upon the French as a wicked, degraded, unruly, and mischievous people. It is affirmed that the Czarowitch has French tendencies, and that the Grand-Duke Constantine shares them with more moderation. But those who hope anything from the anti-German feelings of the heir to the throne, increased by his marriage with a Danish princess, build their hopes on moving sands. It must be remembered that all the bureaucracy, the administration, the culture of the Russian Empire is in German hands. This empire may be called a Slavic body with a German brain. It will always be very difficult to estrange seriously the two great empires, which for more than a century have been closely linked together by their common interests in Poland. Posen and Warsaw will always remind them of their old complicity. And if the Austrian Empire was broken up, the spoils would again be divided between these two empires.

This is very well felt in Austria, and explains the conduct of Austria during the war. It was thought in France, and it is even now thought by many, that Austria is anxious to avenge Sadowa, that she will take the first opportunity to unite with France in going to war with the new German Empire. It would be as absurd to rely upon the help of Austria now as it was for the Emperor to rely upon the alliance of South Germany against Prussia when he rushed into his wicked war. The German feeling is quite as deep in Vienna and in the old provinces of Austria Proper as it was at Munich, Baden, and Stuttgart. Beust is a German, of Saxon origin. If he has undertaken to keep together the Austro-Hungarian empire, he has never really thought of injuring the cause of Germany or of favoring her French adversary. There is no real Austrian left, in the old sense of the word, except perhaps the Emperor. He often says himself, with a melancholy tone, "I am the last Austrian." I remember meeting at Bordeaux, when the war was at an end, an Austrian prince, whose name is one of the historical names of Austria—one, I might almost say, of the pillars of that old state—and he told me frankly, speaking of the King of Prussia: "How could we be very angry with her for doing what we always tried to do?" When the war of 1866 broke out, the French Emperor abandoned Austria, and said: "I cannot tie myself to a *caduvre*." But when Beust received news of the famous speech in which the Duc de Gramont threw down the gauntlet to Prussia, he coolly said: "If he cannot tie himself to a corpse, I cannot tie myself to a madman." His German blood was up. And now he has sent a circular to all his agents, in which he explains the character of the late interviews in the most candid manner—so candid that there will be no excuse left for those in France who may continue to think of military alliances with Austria, with a view to avenging the recent defeats. We are informed that the interests of Germany and of the Austro-Hungarian Empire are nearly and almost everywhere identical; that they will act in harmony in all European questions; "that Austria will counsel peace everywhere, and thus help more usefully the true and durable interests of France with Prussia, which is now attached to herself by the most intimate bonds, than if she had assumed towards this last power a jealous or defiant attitude." Count Beust tells us that he is the "sincere friend" of France, and hopes "that the true French patriots will renounce all futile ideas of vengeance, and that they will consecrate all their efforts to gathering together the intellectual and material resources of their country, and reviving her under the protection of the general European peace."

This is clear enough for those who care to see. France is invited to keep the peace—to live under the protection of Europe. She has not one active friend left—neither Russia, nor Austria, nor Italy; nor Spain, now under an Italian dynasty. England and the United States are committed to a policy of non-intervention. Under such circumstances, common sense would point to the breaking up of the French military establishment. We only require an army sufficient to maintain order in the country; and, now that the *Nationals* are disarmed, a small army can do that work. We ought to drill our men by turns, and keep as few as possible at a time in actual service. But M. Thiers will not have it so; he has not consented to any economy in the war budget. The army will cost in 1872 what it cost in 1870 and 1869. Our diplomacy, like our army, ought to be reduced to a *minimum*, but on this point M. Thiers is also intractable. He will have ambassadors and be represented by dukes—at least in Europe.

Correspondence.

THE PRICE OF COFFEE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent, "U. C.," *may* be right when he asserts, in the current number of the *Nation*, "that *the producer* got the benefit in the advanced prices" in sugar. But, in regard to coffee, I think he labors under a great mistake, believing, with the correspondent of the *Evening Post*, that "the cause of high prices in this case was a deficiency in the crop, which, of course, produced higher rates throughout the civilized world. The *producer* got the benefit of the advanced prices, and the dealer has nothing more than his usual small profit for importing and distributing."

1. There is no deficiency in the crop, nor in its supply to the United States. From January to June, 1870, Rio de Janeiro exported to this country 510,169 bags of coffee, while during the corresponding period of the current year it exported to the same destination 645,749 bags—or about twenty-six per centum more than last year. Considering that Brazil supplied in 1870 more than eighty per centum of all the coffee consumed in this country, and even allowing that the supply from all other sources was none for the present year, there is no deficiency at all in the gross supply. Indeed, the crop in Rio alone is now larger by 608,000 bags as compared with the last one. We are now sending more coffee, not only to the United States, but to all other customers, with one exception.

2. The producer has *not* got the benefit of the advanced rates. Last January, exchange on London being at the rate of 24d. to the 1,000 réis (mil-réis), the "arroba" (32 pounds) of washed coffee was quoted at Rio de Janeiro from 6,000 to 7,400 réis. The quotations in the same month of last year, exchange being at 20, ranged from 7,500 to 10,000 réis. In June last, exchange being at 25, the "arroba" of the same grade fetched only from 5,700 to 7,200 réis, while in June, 1870, it realized from 6,500 to 8,000 réis, the exchange rate being 23d.

Thus, it will be seen that the supply of coffee this year has been larger, and its price in Rio lower, than it was last year. If its price here has been kept unchanged, notwithstanding the lower price in Rio and the reduction of two cents per pound in the import duties, it is *not* the producer who has got the benefit of the difference.—Your constant reader,

J. C. Rodrigues.

THE REDUCTION OF DUTY ON SUGAR AND COFFEE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent, "U. C.," attempts to prove that the reduction of the tariff upon sugar has enured to the benefit of the foreign producer, and not to the benefit of the American consumer. He alleges that our chief supply comes from Cuba; that the crop there is deficient 20 or 30 per cent.; that the price, in Cuba, of good to prime refining sugar averaged 10½ reals in April, 1871, against 8½ reals in April, 1870; and, finally, that the price of good refining sugar in this country *is precisely the same as it was last year*. Therefore, it appears that, notwithstanding a very great deficiency in the supply abroad, and an increase of the foreign cost of sugar of nearly 25 per cent. caused thereby, the reduction of our tariff has so affected the cost of importation here as to enable our consumers to have their supply at no higher price than they paid last year. A more perfect exposition of the benefit of reducing a tariff tax could not have been made.

Yet, if we understand "U. C.," he is not satisfied, but seems to fear that Congress will confer other similar benefits, and he asks that such a rate of duty may be maintained upon sugar, cotton manufactures, and other protected articles, "as will pay a moderate rate of interest to the owner, and such wages to the workmen as Americans insist upon having." Now, it is certain that "U. C." cannot name employments in which ten per cent. either of the capital or labor of the United States are employed which can be protected; that is to say, there are not ten per cent. of the various branches of industry pursued in the United States which are or can be exposed either to the competition of foreign slaves, paupers, or skilled artisans; the standard both of the rates of interest and of wages is, therefore, fixed substantially by the quick demand for both capital and labor in the 90 per cent. of employments which must, in the nature of things, be *home industry*.

"U. C." and his coadjutors, therefore, ask that 90 per cent. of the unprotected workmen of the country shall be taxed by a rate of duty on the articles they consume which shall pay "a moderate rate of interest to the owners [of the protected sugar-refinery, etc.], and such wages to the workmen as Americans insist upon having." That is to say, he declares himself and his workmen fit persons to be classed with domestic paupers, since they can neither earn average interest nor average wages without being supported in their effort at the public expense.

Gradgrind.

Boston, October 13, 1871.

Notes.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce "The American Tour of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson"; "The History of the First Locomotives in America," by Wm. H. Brown; "The Prisoners of St. Lazare," from the French, by Mrs. E. M. McCarthy; and "The Story of the Fountain," by Wm. Cullen Bryant, with forty-two illustrations by Fenn, Fredericks, Hows, Winslow Homer, and others.

—Among the thousand industries that have been put to silence by the burning of Chicago, one, in particular, will be much missed by those whom it served. By the destruction of a single printing-house, the readers of 298 weekly newspapers, published at so many different points between Chicago and New York, will be obliged for some time to come to get their news from other sources. The owner of this printing-house was Mr. A. N. Kellogg, who, about ten years ago, borrowed the English notion of supplying the publishers of newspapers in the country towns about Chicago with the current news of the world, printed on so much of the white paper as was needed for it, leaving the rest to be filled up by themselves with the local news of their villages, and with advertisements. The plan having been found to work well by the two or three for whom it was at first undertaken, others came into the scheme, and the business, at the time of the fire, had become an important one. We have never seen any of the newspapers edited by Mr. Kellogg in this singular fashion, but we understand that his work was not confined to the mere supplying of his 298 sets of subscribers with the news of the day, but that he added selected literary matter, giving, as his space permitted, entertaining reading, elegant extracts, with useful hints and suggestions looking in many directions. Of course, however, the main thing was to supply all these readers with the important news, and to divide among them the expense of collecting it. Supposing each of the country newspapers for which Mr. Kellogg did this work to have been thoroughly well edited before that gentleman took them in hand, all the labor and expense of making up the paper, the salaries of contributors, and the charges of the Associated Press for telegrams, must have been incurred by each one individually. But, in fact, we must believe that they stood, for the most part, greatly in need of good editing, and that for lack of means their managers were obliged to deprive their subscribers of many advantages that they could only get by uniting their capital or sharing the expenses, which was what Mr. Kellogg's plan enabled them to do.

—We hope soon to have full information as to the loss we have sustained in the destruction of valuable private libraries at Chicago. The New York *Tribune* had a paragraph, a few days ago, giving us the names of several, and some interesting particulars. The principal collections seem to have been those of Messrs. John A. Rice, E. J. Asay, E. B. McCagg, H. L. Monroe, and Perry H. Smith. It was thought at first that all these must have perished, but Mr. Sabin, the bookseller, of Nassau Street, writes the next day to the *Tribune*, to say that Mr. Price's library had been sold some time before the fire, March, 1870, whether dispersed or sold to one buyer we are not informed; and that Mr. Asay's collection was sent for safe-keeping while the owner was in Europe to Mr. Sabin's house, where it is now stored. It is spoken of as being the most valuable of all the libraries in Chicago, and contains 45,000 volumes. Mr. Sabin adds to the *Tribune's* list of those destroyed "that of Mr. J. Y. Scammon, noticeable for the large collection of books relating to Swedenborg which it contained." Mr. McCagg's library we know to have been rich in works on philology and the history of the English language. Probably the public is as much a loser as the public-spirited owners of these libraries.

— Wednesday, Oct. 11, was given up at Yale College to the ceremony of formally transferring the presidency from the hands of Dr. Woolsey to those of his successor, Dr. Porter. Dr. Woolsey, in his farewell address, spoke in strong terms of the present high state of efficiency of the college in all its departments; formally resigned his trust into "the hands of one who was perfectly well acquainted with the affairs of the college; who had been tested by an official connection with it of twenty-five years; who had honored it by his writings; who commanded, as he (Dr. Woolsey) believed, the respect and confidence of all—of the public, the trustees, the graduates, and the faculties." Without entering into any formal defence of his administration, he mentioned three matters in which the college had, in his time, been highly favored, viz.: in the confidence reposed in the college officers by the corporation; in that, without seriously disturbing the general tradition of what a college ought to be, changes had constantly been made, with the enlargement of the corps of instructors, with the raising of the standard of scholarship, and with the demand for a higher education in the country; and, lastly, in the active participation of the president in the work of instruction. He expressed the hope that these points of advantage, as he conceived them to be, would always hereafter be retained, and that with them the college would continue to be "the abode of religion; of teachers who believed in Christ, and would lead a religious life, and of scholars who felt that a noble character was something infinitely more precious than learning." He denied that in his experience he had seen any mischief or inconvenience worked by the connection of colleges with particular religious denominations. With the difficulty arising and likely to arise out of the relations between science and faith, he dealt by saying that those scientific doctrines which are not yet fully established, but are only knocking at the door of truth, "cannot have fixed relations to established truth," and that "the sciences built on observation of nature, and those built on the primary convictions of man, and on historical evidence, cannot be really hostile," and that "the Christian mind must be barren or sceptical which stands in dread of every new discovery or new theory proceeding from scientific men." As to the manner in which religious influence should be exercised by the instructors of a college on the students, that, he said, though a weighty question, was one he would not attempt to answer. Religious teaching, like all teaching, had to be largely "tentative and experimental," and the manner of it must, in the main, be determined by each teacher for himself, on a candid view of his own powers and character. Dr. Woolsey then took his leave, with the prayer "that the college might ever be Christian in the highest and best sense"; that its graduates might be men of principle, and love their *Alma Mater*; that its guardians might be united and devoted; that its faculties "might keep in the van of their sciences, teach with a loving spirit, and feel that life is more and higher than learning; and that its students might be manly, truthful, honorable, and able by their strength of principle to resist the debasing influences that are abroad in the land." There thus passed from the official stage, though, we are glad to know, not into retirement—for he is still to take part in the work of instruction—

one of the ablest and best men of his generation, to whom thousands are indebted not simply for solid instruction, but for an example of the way in which a manly and vigorous mind should deal with the problems of our time. They are indebted to him, too, and the whole of American society with them, for the display, on all occasions, of the quality which is perhaps most wanting among our men of culture—courage. He was not afraid, either as a college officer or citizen, to say on all occasions what he thought; and his thinking was clear, strong, incisive, and well-informed. There are not many men of mark among us whom we, in these days of mental and moral squash, could not better spare. That he may live honored, and revered, and useful to the last, will be the prayer of all who know what his influence and example have done.

—Dr. Porter's address was naturally somewhat in the nature of a programme, and was mainly devoted to giving his idea of what "the higher education" should be. He said that "one of its special distinctions and imperative obligations was that it should be conversant with the past," meaning by "the past" all the contributions already made by the human race to science, literature, and art; and also the records in which these contributions have been preserved—history proper—the history of thought and the history of speech. Colleges should also be "seats of eminent and wakeful learning," in the highest sense of the term; that "in a republic like ours, wealthy, proud, and self-confident, there can be neither permanence nor dignity if the best knowledge and highest culture do not influence its population and its institutions." But, while learning from the past, colleges should concern themselves with the wants of the present. Every age has its own difficulties about truth, its own method of conceiving and applying it, its own forms of scientific enquiry and of literary expression. Teachers have therefore to keep up with the knowledge and discussions of the times. In drawing instruction from the past, and sympathizing with the present, the higher education will wisely forecast and direct the future. Dr. Porter believed that disciplinary studies could not be given up in the higher education any more than in the lower, and that the teacher was more competent to select them than the student, and that in selecting them due regard should be had to the time at command. One objection to "elective studies," he thought, was that the majority of undergraduates were unfit to choose; another and more serious one was a tendency to contract the period of university education. The higher education, too, should, he thought, concern itself with the formation of character; and therefore should teach ethics, and, as underlying all questions of reform and progress, political economy and sociology and law, as well as individual conduct, and it should be religious and Christian in its character. The remainder of his discourse was devoted mainly to a discussion of the special needs and appliances and power of Yale College. It contained nothing which the most fanatical friend of the new education could well complain of or gainsay, and it stated the claims of the past—or, in other words, of human experience and endeavor—on our study and reverence, with remarkable force and with freshness.

—No little scandal has been caused in Connecticut by the publication, in the newspapers, of the lobby-fees paid on the Capitol question by the two cities interested, New Haven and Hartford. They amounted in all to twenty thousand dollars; and considering that this sum was divided among lawyers, probably legitimately employed, "low-lived politicians," and journalists, as well as among the members and officers of the Legislature itself, it must be admitted that these last did not put a high price on themselves—or, as was said of green members of the Louisiana Legislature, "they were not up with the market quotations." It is likely, also, that they sold themselves still more cheaply than might be inferred by allowing them their one-fourth of the twenty thousand. The editor of the Windham County *Transcript*, who is on the lobby list, and has $275 set down against him, says that he only received "a small part of the sum named"; and there is a lively enquiry on the part of the press for the person or persons who pocketed the difference. It was evidently some one who would have had nothing to learn from the fraudulent gang whose tricks we are now unearthing in this city. The editor of the *Transcript* has been hard pushed to explain how he consented to take his fee for favoring the New Haven side of the controversy, and his defence is that it was handed him by a gentleman who remarked "that the people of New Haven were pleased with the stand the *Transcript* maintained, and wished to testify their appreciation by a gift." "No *services* were implied in the presentation of the money, nor recognized as having been given in its reception," and it was regarded in the same light as a box of early strawberries, or a mammoth squash, or a fat shad, coming "from our friends in this county, whom we supposed thus expressed their sympathy and satisfaction with their local paper." To show that he has no sympathy with corruptionists, the editor prints in the same number of his paper a scathing article on "Professional Lobbying." It is clear that the Hartford *Post* and New Haven *Palladium* are "barking up the wrong tree" in his case.

—It is not necessary, we suppose, to be frantic annexationists in order to feel an interest in the progress of education across the Canadian border. Nor is it, perhaps, on the other hand, a question which very immediately concerns our marriageable young men what opportunities for instruction are afforded the young women of the Dominion. Still, it is well to know that the general and world-wide movement towards a higher education for women has taken hold of Canada, and is now showing fruit in four of the principal cities—Toronto, Quebec, Kingston, and Montreal. In Toronto, the University instituted, three years ago, courses of lectures for ladies at the Canadian Institute. Those for the present season began last week, and consisted of a course on Light and Sound, by Professor Cherriman, and one on the literature of the Elizabethan age, by Professor Wilson. After Christmas, Dr. Nicholson will lecture on natural science, and Professor Goldwin Smith on English history. In Montreal, says the Toronto *Globe*, "a Ladies' Educational Association has been formed; shares have been issued; a substantial fund raised; and such remuneration guaranteed to the lecturers as is calculated to secure the endurance of the good work when the first blush of novelty is over." Principal Dawson, of McGill College, who opened this course with a lecture entitled "Thoughts on the Higher Education of Women," stated that "the association embraces nearly all that is elevated in social and educational standing in our city, and has thus the broadest and highest basis that can be attained among us for any effort whatever." The entire management is in the hands of the ladies of Montreal, who originated the undertaking. Speaking of the probable results of the establishment of colleges for women, Principal Dawson remarked, what is too often overlooked in discussing female education:

"They [these colleges] will also greatly increase the demand for a higher education among young men. An Edinburgh professor is reported to have said to some students who asked ignorant questions, 'Ask your sisters at home; they can tell you'—a retort which, I imagine, few young men would lightly endure. And so soon as young men find that they must attain to higher culture before they can cut a respectable figure in the society of ladies, we shall find them respecting science and literature almost as much as money, and attaching to the services of the college professor as much importance as to those of their hairdresser or tailor."

—The twelfth volume of the "Nouveaux Lundis" of Sainte-Beuve ought rather, as the editor observes, to be called "Derniers Lundis." It consists, for the most part, of articles, beginning with the first, which Sainte-Beuve wrote for the *Temps* in 1869, the year in which he died. Although the series was prematurely interrupted—begun in January, it came to an end in July—it has not been possible to include all the articles in this volume. It has been found necessary to reserve for a thirteenth volume the paper upon General Jomini, which was the last considerable labor of Sainte-Beuve. A letter from him to M. Nefftzer upon the *Senatus-Consultum*, which was published in the *Temps* during the month which preceded his death, will be included in a collection which is projected of his speeches in the Senate. Into this volume the editor intends to gather all the important episodes of the last years of the life of Sainte-Beuve which can serve as data for a "History of Free Thought in the Nineteenth Century." The most important of the contents of this twelfth volume are the articles upon Talleyrand and upon Madame Desbordes-Valmore. The article on the French Academy, written for the "Paris Guide" (published in 1867), is reprinted here, by permission, and there is an interesting account of Camille Jordan and his relation with Madame de Staël. The volume opens with a note by the editor, giving the history of Sainte-Beuve's leaving the *Moniteur* for the *Temps*, which made such a flurry in Paris at the time. There are also notes to the Note: one concerning the scandal of the dinner-party of Free-thinkers on a Good Friday, at Sainte-Beuve's house—the scandal of which is, to our thinking, that such a fuss should have been made, in a city like Paris, about such a mere nothing—the meeting of half a dozen friends at an everyday dinner, in a private house, on a church festival which, none of them being Christians, they were no way bound to regard, and which never is regarded, in France nor out of it, by any but strict churchmen. More could hardly have been made of this incident if, instead of the harmless thing it was, it had been such a meeting of Jews as, it was believed in the Middle Ages, often took place on Christmas Day in the houses of that wicked sect, when the principal dish at table was sure to be a little Christian child, "with throte y' carven ' and dressed like a pig, with, perhaps, the very apple in his mouth

by promise of which he had been seduced into her garden by the Jew's beautiful daughter.

—The editor also gives us an official statement, fully confirming the worst that has been published in the newspapers relative to the way in which Sainte-Beuve suffered at the hands of one of the most famous surgeons of his time. We translate the whole note:

"M. Sainte-Beuve died at Paris on the 13th of October, 1869, at half-past one o'clock in the afternoon, in his house, No. 11 Rue Mont Parnasse. The persons present in the room at the time of his death were his friends Dr. Veyne; M. Paul Chéron, of the Imperial Library; M. Pantasides, his Professor of Greek Literature, with whom he had often read, and commented upon, the Iliad and the Odyssey; his secretary, M. Jules Troubat; and the faithful servant who had cared for him during many years, and through all his illness, Mlle. Marie Chicot. His executors, to whom, by will, he entrusted the carrying out of his last wishes, are M. Marc Fabre, his notary; his friend and former secretary, the poet, Auguste Lacaussade, Librarian of the Ministry of Public Instruction: and his secretary, M. Troubat. M. Sainte-Beuve was born, as is well known, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, December 23, 1804. The autopsy, presided over, on the day succeeding his death, by Doctors Veyne and Piogey, revealed the presence in the bladder of three stones, of which one was the size of a large hen's egg, while the other two resembled, in their form and size, two ordinary chestnuts. [The writer means such chestnuts as are common in France, and which are as large, at least, as two of our American chestnuts.] A first examination, made by Dr. Ricord, in 1867, at the end of the winter, a few months after the illustrious patient first began to suffer, not only resulted in discovering nothing, but caused M. Sainte-Beuve much suffering. When Dr. Phillips came to sound him again, in July, 1869, it was too late. Dr. Veyne had always believed that the disease was the stone. M. Sainte-Beuve died ignorant of the cause of his suffering, though suspecting it, perhaps, and even suggesting it, by certain comparisons and lively images based upon his painful sensations, of which medicine and surgery (too confident in their science) did not take sufficient account, coming as they did from the mouth of a mere man-of-letters. Sainte-Beuve said, one day, 'You will see; they will never know what is the matter with me until they have opened me.'"

—It is announced that the letters of the Princess Mathilde to Sainte-Beuve, which the princess herself endeavored to get legal possession of after his death, and which she did succeed in putting under a sort of perpetual injunction, are now to be published. They were said to be filled with ridicule of the Empress and her court, there being no love lost between the two ladies. If the epistolary style of this imperial amateur and blue-stocking should be found to reflect the style of conversation in vogue at the Palais-Royal, American admirers of this noble dynasty would perhaps be set to thinking. An American who, as some Americans were, was intimate at the palace, was greeted one evening by the princess, on entering, with "Have you seen that hog (*ce cochon-là*), the prince?" Rather taken aback, the gentleman, hesitating, sought with his eyes for a repetition of the query, and it came, but in the same form. Although he knew that, at the Palais-Royal, the traditions of Philippe Égalité were worshipped, as those of Marie Antoinette were at the Tuileries, yet he found the princess on that occasion in danger of surpassing the coarseness of her model. We should welcome the publication of her letters to Sainte-Beuve as likely to give a better view of her character, and to explain the existence of a friendship which has always been for us a puzzle.

BROUGHAM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY—SECOND VOLUME.*

THE explanation of the method followed by Brougham in writing his life and times given in the note to the second edition of the first volume, prepares us for the meagre personal story continued in the present one. From himself we only learn what ministers he acted with and what measures he supported. But his intense devotion to public affairs did not bring out his more amiable traits. From the frank harshness of his opinions and the impetuous, erratic action here recorded, we could not infer what was, nevertheless, the truth, that he was courted in society and popular with the bar, that he was an affectionate son and careful for the advancement of his brothers, and that he was contented in the marriage he formed at the age of forty, devoted to his only daughter during her life, and unhappy at times afterwards because the honors won by his restless ambition brought little consolation to a childless man. And it is not less to be regretted that this record of his mere political activity excludes any but the slightest mention of his labors for popular education, which are, after all, his best title to fame. Earl Grey congratulates him on the public benefit likely to arise from the London University, which was his creation, when its promise of success seems to him quite secondary to a question of the hour in Irish politics. Nor is any place found for an account of his constant work in the cause during the twelve previous years, beginning in 1816 with his parliamentary enquiry into the state of education among the London poor, and followed by his exposure of abuses in managing the public charitable foundations. How many of those out of England who recollect with delight the appearance of his writings on the education of the people and his publications through the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, cared then or remember now that Brougham abused Canning in 1825, and acted the political malcontent in 1827? He fairly warns us what self revelations not to expect by declaring at the outset, "I shall not say a word upon what I have done for education, slavery, charitable trusts, or law reform, for all I did in such matters has been long before the public." If what he did is celebrated, so much the more reason is there for not disappointing the natural interest in learning how and why he did it.

It was no fault of Brougham's that he was not early and personally known in America. After our declaration of war with England, in 1812, the Government was urged by his friends among the merchants, himself being nothing loth, to send him to this country as a negotiator of peace. Forgetting other wounds to national feeling, they judged, with true shopkeepers' calculation, that since the repeal of the Orders in Council had relieved our commercial distress, the skill of the statesman who carried that repeal might succeed in averting actual war. But Castlereagh was obstinate, in spite of Brougham's opinion that the dispute might finally hinge on the impressment of seamen, and his conviction, justified by the event, that "ministers had better now make it up with America." Brougham himself afterwards agreed with Grey in considering that he had made a great escape from what might be thought a Quixotic expedition, as it certainly would have proved one. Against the Orders in Council he struggled for four years, first as an advocate, and then as a member of Parliament. He attacked them as "a wanton outrage against the rights of neutrals," equally gross with the Berlin and Milan decrees of Napoleon that called them out in retaliation. Upon their repeal, after producing nothing but mischief, he plumes himself as his greatest achievement, won unaided, "second to none in the many efforts made by me to ameliorate the condition of my fellow-men." It was during the examination of witnesses on the subject, and in the actual hearing of the committee awaiting his arrival, that the minister, Perceval, was shot in the lobby of the House by an insane assassin, whose trial and execution within a week after the act Erskine protested against with horror, and Brougham declares to be the greatest disgrace to English justice.

Immediately after this triumph, Brougham's parliamentary career was suddenly interrupted by his defeat at the general election as a candidate against Canning for Liverpool. He attributed the failure to the "absurd obstinacy and silly advice" of his managers, and did not take his exclusion, which silenced him for three sessions, in very good part. Nor did he contest another election for many years, his seat in the House being provided through pocket boroughs on his return to it in 1815, and thenceforward until his splendid canvass for Yorkshire as the leader of reform in 1830. In the interval of retirement he was active in his profession, but more conspicuously than successfully so. He writes to Grey that he shall leave London for the country "if I don't get on a vast deal better than I have for the last two years," only a few days after failing to gain a verdict for Leigh Hunt on his trial for libel in calling the Prince Regent "a fat Adonis of fifty." The brief description of the trial is very lively and curious, both for its assertion of the privileges of counsel and for its betrayal of his early and fixed enmity to the Regent. Not long before, he had become the confidential adviser of the Princess of Wales, and he seems to have seized this occasion to rehearse the attack upon her profligate husband which he was destined to repeat, before many years, with all Europe for his audience. The declaration of some among his political allies "that he had been thrown overboard to lighten the ship," denotes that he was already marked for those personal qualities which later in life did really cause his expulsion from party confidence and councils. But, while debarred from public action, he was a watchful partisan, and a bitter one, noting in his correspondence every turn of events that made for the Whigs, and criticising sharply the mistakes and motives of their opponents. The freedom of his pen indicates what must have been the license of tongue that made him so dreaded, and deepens the regret for the want of some passages from his domestic and social life that might soften the impression of harshness and self-seeking which this memoir unquestionably leaves.

Looking back over nearly fifty years at the short visit he made to Paris, when all the English who could travel flocked thither, after Napo-

* "The Life and Times of Lord Brougham. Written by Himself." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1871.
For a review of the first volume, see No. 316 of the *Nation*.

leon's fall in 1814, Brougham repeats the opinion then formed, with emphasis confirmed by long residence and intimate knowledge, that vanity and fickleness distinguish the French character. Yet, not many years before uttering this severe judgment, and at the mature age of seventy, he had attempted to become a French citizen, and had been deterred only by learning that the surrender of his British status must precede his naturalization. It was months before the English press forgot to laugh at the runaway citizen, Brougham. He lived nearly long enough to see his own prediction fulfilled, "that Napoleon's successor may, by dynastic aspirations, or insane attempts at territorial aggrandizement, find himself, like his mighty predecessor, abandoned, vilified, and forgotten." The most interesting record of this visit is preserved in notes of conversations with Carnot, written in French that only half-deserves Macaulay's ridicule of Brougham's spoken Gallic. Carnot's estimate of the leaders and policy of the Mountain, and his views of the existing state of France, are worthy of that genuine patriot. Such lively sketches of his intercourse with men now historic forcibly remind us how much Brougham saw and was a part of. We share the everyday interests of a past age, listening to his abuse of the grand bore, de Staël, and his gossip about broken-down Sheridan's arrests. But we miss the spirit and variety that ought to enliven the memoirs of a statesman who lived to vex Gladstone after listening to Pitt, quarrelling with Canning and Eldon, and patronizing the promise, feeble as he called it, of Peel and Palmerston. He might have brought us nearer in his biography than he has done in his "Statesmen of the Time of George the Third" to their personal life, which he knew and shared. Even of those survivors of the greatest leaders who were his contemporaries and rivals, we learn little that Hansard could not tell us. Something more important might have been found than amusing scandal about Lord Wellesley's wife, or ridicule of Castlereagh for talking of the "resurrection of malt," to relieve the details of political intrigue and the history of rather unimportant political movements between Waterloo and the Reform Bill. After the greatest actors—Pitt, Fox, Burke, and Sheridan—vanished from the stage as the curtain fell on the Napoleonic wars, their successors, small by comparison, guided English politics quietly enough till the next great revolution in parliamentary reform—just as, in our own day, the almost simultaneous departure of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun left the field clear for second-rate men of talk, until the rebellion called for men of action.

The solution of only one problem of national interest, Catholic Emancipation, breaks this political monotony. Upon this question, unlike most of his rivals, Brougham was always ardent and consistent. If he had no love for the church that hated education, he had still less for the Protestant intolerance that insisted on civil disabilities long after the need and reason for them had ceased. While Eldon trembled, and Lyndhurst trimmed, and Canning was dumb, the Whigs and Brougham most actively discussed and attacked until the dread of civil war forced Wellington, in 1829, to "break up the long reign of bigotry and Toryism," by conceding emancipation. Brougham passes rather lightly over the part he took in supporting Canning's Junction Ministry, without much explanation of his disagreement with Earl Grey, which the public rumor of the time, and certainly Grey's own feeling, charged to the account of insincere ambition. Yet no one ever denied him the credit he takes to himself for refusing the post then offered him of Chief Baron of the Exchequer, with an income for life of seven thousand pounds, rather than separate himself from his political friends. That the separation would have been as much to his injury as theirs, he acknowledges by repeating his well-known answer to the temptation that the office would place him on the dividing road leading either to the King's Bench or the Great Seal—"I should be left there without post-horses to carry me on either way."

More than half this volume, and that the most interesting part, is given to an account of Brougham's relations with the Princess of Wales and her daughter, Princess Charlotte. His treatment of his wife—on the whole, the most scandalous page in George the Fourth's disreputable history—loses no shades from the new touches contributed by this memoir. Among them is a remarkable letter to the Prince, of severe reproof, written by his father not long before the close of his rational life. On becoming Regent, the Prince refined on his conjugal tyranny, persecuting the daughter for the sake of wounding the mother. It was the desire of Princess Charlotte, then fourteen years old, to escape from this harsh control, that led to professional consultation with Brougham on the point of her legal majority, which she wrongly supposed to begin at the age of eighteen. The national contempt for the Regent's unmanly conduct, and well-deserved attachment for the heir to the throne, powerfully supported the Whigs in the dexterous use they made of the family scandals as a party weapon. But throughout the whole, Brougham's conduct as the adviser of the princesses seems to have been prudent, energetic, and delicate. All these qualities were conspicuous in his management of the young princess's strange escapade in 1814, when she ran away at dusk one summer's evening from her residence at Warwick House to take refuge with her mother—the Regent having threatened to remove her to a half imprisonment at Carlton House among his own creatures. Bishops, ministers, and royal dukes hurried to the scene, but she would listen to no one but Brougham, who, at last, by representing the danger of a popular tumult, induced her at sunrise next morning to return home. The princess's death in 1817, a year after her marriage to Leopold—then only a Coburg—freed the Regent from the last restraint. Brougham's opposition to him afterwards became more personal and more linked with party interests. He avows that, in embracing Caroline's cause, though mainly influenced by the extremes of injustice, cruelty, and fraud of which he considered her to be the victim, he was moved too by a strong sense of er hu sband's bad public conduct and abandonment of his principles. The story of the Queen's trial is told with great spirit and minuteness, though with a tacit admission throughout that the weakness of the adversary's cause, rather than the strength of their own, gave her advocates their famous triumph. Brougham develops more fully than in any of his former writings the meaning of the threat of something more than recrimination which proved so effectual a check on the prosecution. That defence would have involved the disclosure and proof of the king's earlier marriage to Mrs. Fitzherbert, a Roman Catholic. Such a marriage, in Brougham's opinion, would have worked a forfeiture of the crown, under the Act of Settlement, and its proof must have hastened the peaceable abandonment of the prosecution, to avoid plunging the country into confusion. But without resorting to so hazardous an attacking defence, Brougham's audacity and genius rescued the Queen, and added immensely to his popularity and fame. He thought his prestige and consequent professional success chiefly purchased by the King's long-continued and spiteful enmity. The memoir gives a vivid description of the Queen's funeral, a few months after her trial; of the procession, driven away by the military from the principal streets, to prevent a display of popular sympathy; and of the mournful scene at the embarkation of her remains from Harwich.

Brougham unconsciously throws much light on his own character by the contrast between his impulsive letters and the dignified and courteous tone marking those of his correspondents, Grey, Rosslyn, and the Marquis of Lansdowne. One particularly, on the state of parties, written by the last in 1817, hints in the most delicate manner at the qualities in Brougham which made him unfit to be a leader in the House. The most active and brilliant years of his political life remain to be described. It is to be hoped that the more continuous narrative promised of the part he took in parliamentary reform, and of his brief official term as chancellor, may be fuller than the present volume in personal details, and less vague in its reminiscences of the men who illustrated the times it portrays.

Historical Questions, logically arranged and divided: the Companion Book to Labberton's "Outlines of History." By Robert H. Labberton.—*An Historical Atlas*, containing a chronological series of one hundred maps, at Successive Periods, from the Dawn of History to the Present Day. By Robert H. Labberton. (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.)—These two works are marked by the same originality and careful scholarship which distinguished the "Outlines of History," and will be found very desirable companions to that work. The "Questions" are not by any means merely questions upon the "Outlines," as the title would lead one to suppose. They refer equally to "Outlines" and "Atlas"; but besides this, as many as half of the questions, if we are not mistaken, have the answers attached to them; so that this book is really a supplement to the other, adding a large amount of new material. We have not much liking for the question-and-answer style of school-book, although we admit that, when skilfully prepared, it is perhaps possible to bring out points with more definiteness and compactness by this method than by mere statement. At any rate, one must recognize the great merit of the questions and answers before us. It would, however, be impossible to carry any ordinary class through the entire work in the time usually given to this study—the volume is considerably thicker than the "Outlines," and contains in all 12,744 questions. To aid a teacher in his preparation, and to guide in reviews as well as to serve in the detailed study of particular periods, would be, we should suppose, the best way to use it.

The "Atlas" consists of forty plates, containing one hundred maps and plans, which cover the whole field of recorded history—the first gives the Chaldæan Empire under Chedor-Laomer, the last gives Europe in 1871. The plan is strictly that of outlines, with a view to dynastic and territorial changes only; and everything else is sacrificed to this. The "Atlas" is adapted to serve the wants of classes and students of the general course of history, not directly to illustrate the history of special epochs. Thus there is no attempt at showing the physical features of countries, and comparatively few towns are given. The colors, too, are not neutral tints, such as one would prefer in ordinary maps, but are pure and bright—unusually handsome colors in themselves—so that the general effect is somewhat glaring. As a whole, the result is a remarkable degree of clearness and freedom from confusion and crowding. We think it a mistake that a limited number of maps do not exhibit the leading physical features (that of Greece, No. VIII., is the only one, we believe, which gives mountain ranges—in one or two cases these are represented by purple patches); but this is the plan, and it is carried out with great success. Some of the maps, too, might contain a few more names without overstepping the line of distinctness. The maps abound in small excellences which exhibit the thorough scholarship and the ingenuity and appreciation of the needs of students which distinguish all these works. For instance, the author takes pains, wherever possible, to keep the same color for the same purpose in different maps. Thus, in the maps which show the successive divisions of Europe in 1550, 1648, 1713, etc. (probably the best and most valuable series in the book), red is used for the Bourbons, purple for the Hapsburgs, blue for the Hohenzollerns, green for the house of Oldenburg, and yellow for that of Savoy; and in each case black lines, crossing the color in one direction or another, indicate a country to which a family has been transplanted; thus Spain is at first purple-lined, then red-lined, then yellow-lined; Russia is green-lined and Roumania blue-lined, while Naples, under the Hapsburgs or Bourbons, has the lines running in a different direction from Spain.

We find very little to criticise in these excellent maps. The maps of the Roman Empire hardly satisfy us. Perhaps it would be impracticable in sheets of this size to give the 119 provinces of Constantine; but we think that it ought to appear how the East and West were divided respectively by Diocletian (who joined Illyricum with the East), by Valentinian (who attached Macedonia, etc., as well as Illyricum, to the West), and by Theodosius (who followed the natural boundary line of language). The last is the only division given. Further, the division into dioceses is not quite accurate. The prefecture of Italy was divided into the three dioceses of Italy (north of the Apennines, and including Western Illyricum), City of Rome (the rest of the peninsula), and Africa. In No. XVI. the provinces of Britain and Germany should be subdivided. In No. XXI., Charlemagne's empire, the eastern and western divisions (after 843) respectively, should more properly be called *Francia Orientalis* and *Occidentalis*, not *Austrasia* and *Neustria*, which names rather belong to the Merovingian period. In No. LXXV., Guienne and Gascony should be assigned to Charles VII., not Charles VIII. In No. XXIII., Carinthia extends too far to the south, so as to include a great part of Northern Italy. There are also a few words misspelled, as Francfort and Francford, Spiers for Spire, Lucretia (No. XI.) for Luceria, Elzass, Monthlery, La Marck (No. LXXVII.) for Mark.

One of the most interesting maps is that of the dominions of Charles the Bold (No. XXVII.) This is very meritorious and useful, but would be more so if its scope were made a little broader—if this could be done without interfering with its distinctness. At any rate, we think that the Netherlands, as they came into the possession of Philip II., would be a more generally acceptable view than those under the rule of Charles the Bold. And it seems to us that it would have been quite practicable in this way to give the entire Netherlands, distinguishing by different colors the original group of states under the rule of Philip the Bold, and the successive acquisitions of Philip the Good and Charles V., as well as those which were temporarily under the sway of Charles the Bold. Further, the provinces are not given with precision in this map. Amiens was not a province, but a city of Picardy; while Malines (Mechlin) and Antwerp were distinct states. There is some inconsistency, too, in the spelling of the names; French forms, like *Malines;* Dutch forms, like *Antwerper;* and English forms, like *Ghent* and *Brussels,* are found side by side. Besides the maps already mentioned, we will notice, as especially excellent, No. XII., which gives four comparative views of the Roman and Carthaginian provinces during the Punic wars; No. XXXVIII., which gives the dominions of Mithridates and Tigranes; No. XX., the Arabic Ascendancy; No. XXXI., which contains three useful maps—one of France, marking the several groups of provinces successively acquired; one, of the circles of Germany; and one, of the Rhenish electorates and the Cleve inheritance; and No. XXXVI., which gives the three partitions of Poland.

The Island Neighbors. A Novel of American Life. By Antoinette Brown Blackwell. Illustrated. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1871.)—This novel of American life narrates the loves of an Irish servant-girl and a red-haired sailor, who manage to wilfully misunderstand one another, and to rack one another's feelings in a way that would do credit to the most experienced hands in a desperate flirtation. The heroine, Margaret, is one of the most ideal characters we have ever met in fiction. She lives in the family of a Boston aristocrat as servant, "a ray of incarnate sunshine," and warm friend. The aristocrat, knowing the treasure he has, and probably alarmed by the groanings in the magazines about the difficulty in getting good servants, concerns himself rather freely in Margaret's love-affairs and turns off suitors with a high hand. Of course, true love knows no such obstacle: the warm-hearted sailor pines like a poet, but at length the scales are dashed from his eyes—he sees his own folly—he saves a shipwrecked crew, thereby melting the aristocrat's cold and selfish heart, and marries Margaret. There is one point which may serve to show how America is tardily growing refined. The hero, Alfred, is polishing a shell for Magaret. "His first impulse was to wet the cloth from his mouth; but no! he would not spit on anything which might ever belong to Margaret; so, slipping the shell into his pocket, he went softly down stairs, where he found an old cup which he filled from the water-pail." Who now can taunt Americans with the habit of indiscriminate expectoration? We confess we thrilled with patriotic pride on reading that sentence; the satire of English tourists has, indeed, borne good fruit.

The Lost Despatch. Translated from the German of Friedrich Friedrich. By L. A. Williams. (Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871.)—Herr Friedrich is rather notorious in Germany for his numerous *Criminalnovellen,* one of which we have here translated into English. The novel may be of interest to those who still regard a detective as the most mysterious product of civilization, but to any one else, we fear, the story will seem hardly worth the trouble of translating. On the other hand, it may be said to contain nothing objectionable; it has some of the machinery that Spielhagen uses, for the villanous officer appears, but it has none of Spielhagen's offensive grossness.

*** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books on the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Chamberlayne (Rev. I.), Saving Faith: Its Rationale	(Carlton & Lanahan)
Coates (H. T.), The Comprehensive Speaker	(Porter & Coates)
Connelly (Rev. P.), Terms of Reunion with Rome	(London)
Cornelius (Mrs.), The Young Housekeeper's Friend	(Thompson, Bigelow & Brown) $1 50
De Kroyft (Mrs. S. H.), Little Jakey	(Hurd & Houghton) 1 50
De Maistre (X), Journey Round My Room	" " 1 50
Einault (L.), Christine: a Tale, swd	(J. S. Redfield) 50
Farjeon (B. L.), Joshua Marvel: a Tale	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 2 00
Fetridge (W. P.), Rise and Fall of the Paris Commune	(Harper & Bros.)
Hartwig (G.), The Subterranean World	(Scribner, Welford & Co.) 8 50
Hawthorne (N.), American Note-Books	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 25
Heinzen (K.), What is Real Democracy? swd	(Indianapolis)
Holbrook (A.), School Management	(Josiah Holbrook & Co.)
Huntington (Rev. W. R.), The Church Idea, 2d ed	(Hurd & Houghton) 1 25
Illustrirte Kriegs-Chronik, No. 26, swd	(B. Westermann & Co.)
Im neuen Reich, No. 37, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)
Kelly (J.), American Catalogue of Books, 1866—1871, Vol. II	(J. Wiley & Son)
McCarthy (J.), Lady Judith; a Tale	(Sheldon & Co.)
Mudge (Rev. Z. A.), Footprints of Roger Williams	(Carlton & Lanahan)
Nast's Illustrated Almanac, swd	(Harper & Bros.) 30
Peirce (Prof. J. M.), Tables of Logarithmic and Trigonometric Functions	(Ginn Bros.)
Porter (Prof. N.), Elements of Intellectual Science	(C. Scribner & Co.)
Traveller's Guide to the City of New York, swd	(J. S. Redfield) 25
Warren (T. R.), Shooting, Boating, and Fishing for Young Sportsmen	(C. Scribner & Co.)
Washburn (J. B.), Yo-Semite; a Poem, swd	(A. Roman & Co.)
Wells (Prof. W.), The Heroine of the White Nile	(Carlton & Lanahan)
Wood (Mrs. H.), Dene Hollow; a Tale	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
Yelverton (Thérèse), Zanita: a Tale of the Yo-Semite	(Hurd & Houghton) 1 50

JUST PUBLISHED
BY
PORTER & COATES,
PUBLISHERS,
PHILADELPHIA.

I.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY;
OR,
THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BIRDS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Illustrated with Plates engraved and colored from Original Drawings taken from Nature.

BY ALEXANDER WILSON.

With a life of the author, by George Ord, F.R.S. With Continuation, by Charles Lucien Bonaparte (Prince of Musignano). 3 vols. imperial 8vo, with a folio volume of carefully colored plates embracing nearly 400 figures of birds, mostly life-size. Elegantly bound in cloth, bevelled boards, gilt top, $75; in half Turkey morocco, gilt edges, $85.

II.

THOS. HOOD'S POETICAL WORKS.

2 vols. crown 8vo, tinted paper, cloth extra, $1 75 per vol.; half-calf, gilt, $3 50 per vol.; half-morocco, gilt top, $3 50 per vol.

III.

UP THE RHINE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Crown 8vo, tinted paper, cloth extra, $1 75 per vol.; half-calf, gilt, $3 50 per vol.; half-morocco, antique, $3 25 per vol.

JUST PUBLISHED.
A New American Edition. In one volume, crown 8vo, extra cloth, price $3 50.

WALKS IN ROME.

BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"In this volume the Eternal City has found a worthy historian. The reader, master of them, will find himself in possession of a larger stock of information on the subject than can be found in any other single work. . . . As a hand-book to Rome, its value cannot easily be overestimated. Mr. Hare is a scholar, an antiquary, and a man to whom the masterpieces of literature are known; and in the production of these 'Walks in Rome' he has utilized his knowledge and experience for the advantage of the world."—London Bookseller.

"The best hand book of the city and environs of Rome ever published. . . . Cannot be too much commended."—Pall Mall Gazette.

"It is the most complete monograph for the traveller that has, we think, ever been published. It is a cyclopædia on the sights of Rome; it is of interest to those who are going and to those who have returned: to the one as 'guide, philosopher, and friend'—and now that it is written, no sight-seer should go to Rome without it—to the other as memento; but it is, further than this, so generally interesting that few will find it other than delightful reading."—Evening Mail.

"Invaluable in suggesting what should be seen and the best way of seeing it. Mr. Hare is evidently a man of education and refinement, with a nice sense of historical perspective and a thorough appreciation of the beautiful. The plan of his work is original in its collation of the most interesting passages from modern literature that have reference to the spots and buildings described, and it is a matter of special interest to the American reader to note how largely the writings of our own authors enter into the record."—Evening Post.

*** For sale by all Booksellers, or will be mailed, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of price by the Publishers,
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,
416 BROOME STREET, NEW YORK.

TAINE'S ART IN GREECE.

16mo, Cloth (uniform with "Taine's Art in the Netherlands," "Ideal in Art," etc.), $1 25.

GOETHE'S POEMS AND BALLADS.

16mo, cloth (uniform with "King Rene's Daughter," "Nathan the Wise," "Frithiofs Saga," etc., and making No. VII. of the series), $1 50.

The above are just ready, and will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

HOLT & WILLIAMS, Publishers,
25 Bond Street, New York.

CASSELL'S POPULAR EDUCATOR.

COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES.

PRICE, $15.

"We have gone over its pages with sentiments of real wonder. We know no work like it. It has occupied and filled up a field of education vast and most important to the community."—Dublin University Magazine.

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN,
596 Broadway, New York.

MESSRS. DODD & MEAD
ANNOUNCE FOR
EARLY PUBLICATION,

THE SCIENCE OF NATURE VERSUS THE SCIENCE OF MAN.

By Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College. 1 vol., 16mo.

CORALS AND CORAL ISLANDS.

By James D. Dana, Professor of Geology in Yale College. With 50 wood-cuts, and a full-page illustration in color. 1 vol. 8vo.

THE THEOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A Hand-book for Bible Students. By J. J. Van Oosterzee, D.D. Translated by Maurice J. Evans. 1 vol. 12mo, $1 75.

A COMPARATIVE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS.

By James C. Moffat, Professor of Church History in Princeton College. 1 vol. 12mo.

BIBLE LORE.

Chapters on the Rare Manuscripts, various Translations, and notable characteristics of the Bible. 1 vol. 16mo, $1 50.

THE AUGUST STORIES.

By Jacob Abbott. Beautifully bound and illustrated. 4 vols. 16mo, $1 50 per vol.

DODD & MEAD,
762 Broadway, New York.

JUST PUBLISHED,

WOMEN;
OR,
CHRONICLES OF THE LATE WAR.

BY
MARY TUCKER MAGILL.

"The most readable book of the season."

For sale by all Booksellers, or sent, post-paid, upon receipt of price, $1 75.

DUKESBOROUGH TALES.

BY PHILEMON PERCH.

"A book of rare humor."

"As humorous sketches of character, they rival the best of Judge Longstreet's in that direction."—Savannah News.

Fine cloth, price $1 50.

TURNBULL BROTHERS, Publishers,
BALTIMORE, MD.

F. J. HUNTINGTON & CO.,
103 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE GREEK LANGUAGE,

For Beginners, in a compendious Grammar of Attic Greek, with copious Exercises. Second Edition. By Charles D. Morris, M.A., late Rector of Trinity School, New York, and formerly fellow of Oriel College, Oxford.

Also, by the same Author,
A COMPENDIOUS GRAMMAR OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE,

With Parsing and Reading Lessons, separate in paper covers for each work. Price, $1 75.

The critics object, but the Latin and Greek professors in Harvard, Yale, Trinity, and Columbia Colleges recommend, and many of the best schools in the country use, them, because while they confirm the able, by them feeble pupils help themselves.

NOW READY,
By the same Author,
A SERIES OF QUESTIONS,

designed to test the progress of learners in the Latin Language. Adapted to the principal Latin Grammars now in use. Price 34 cents.

NOW READY, No. 34.

THE AMERICAN BIBLIOPOLIST,

A Literary Register and Monthly Catalogue of
OLD AND NEW BOOKS,
AND
REPOSITORY OF NOTES AND QUERIES

CONTENTS OF THE NEW NUMBER:
A COMPOSER OF POETRY.
BIBLIOMANIA.
CATALOGUE OF BOOKS FOR SALE.
SALE OF SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.
THE AMERICUM LYCEUM.
THE NEW YORK FRAUDS.
Notes and Queries—Actress at Antioch; A Laconic Note Allibone's Dictionary of Authors; Americo Vespucius; An Old Bible; Border Ballads; Chess; Junius; Literary Gossip; Literary Treasures; Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott; Luther on Dancing; Mlle. Violette; Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett; Portrait of Henderson Private Libraries of New York; "Sir, I Smoke for Corns"; Somnambulism of La Fontaine; The Washington Relics; Tom Paine Nails; Watchmaking.

Send Stamp for Specimen number.

J. SABIN & SONS,
84 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

LEE & SHEPARD'S NEW BOOKS.

FIRE IN THE WOODS. By Professor James De Mille. 16mo. Illustrated. $1 50.

THE B. O. W. C. STORIES. By Professor James De Mille. 4 vols. Illustrated. Per vol., $1 50.

THE SPARK OF GENIUS; or, The College Life of James Trafton. By Elijah Kellogg. 16mo. Illustrated. $1 25.

CRINGLE AND CROSS-TREE; or, The Sea Swashes of a Sailor. By Oliver Optic. 16mo. Illustrated. $1 25.

THE ONWARD AND UPWARD SERIES. By Oliver Optic. 4 vols. Illustrated. Per vol., $1 25.

OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' STORY-TELler. Edited by Oliver Optic. Containing the whole of his Story. "The Starry Flag," Tales of Adventure, Choice Stories, Poetry, Puzzle Work, Dialogues, etc., etc. All handsomely Illustrated. $1 50.

DIAMOND BURNS. The Complete Poetical Works of Robert Burns. Illustrated. Cloth, $1 25.

THE CHILDREN'S ALBUM OF PRETTY Pictures. With Short Stories. By Uncle John. With about 200 full-page Illustrations. 4to. Handsomely bound. $1 75.

THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAY ALBUM. By the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," etc., etc., with upwards of one hundred and fifty Illustrations. 4to. Elegantly bound. $1 75.

FIRST HELP IN ACCIDENTS AND IN Sickness. A Guide in the Absence or Before the Arrival of Medical Assistance. 12mo. Cloth, $1 50.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

UNDERWOOD'S HAND-BOOK OF ENGlish Literature. Intended for the Use of High Schools, as well as a Companion and Guide for Private Students and for General Readers. By Francis H Underwood (British Authors). Crown 8vo. Cloth, $2 50.

BEHIND THE BARS; or, Life in an Insane Asylum. 16mo. Cloth, $2.

THE SWORD AND GARMENT; or, Ministerial Culture. By Rev. L. T. Townsend, D.D., Professor in Boston Theological Seminary. 16mo. Cloth, $1 50.

ART: Its Laws and the Reasons for them. Collected, condensed, and arranged for General and Educational Purposes, by Samuel P. Long, Counsellor-at-Law, Student of the English Royal Academy, and Pupil of the late Gilbert Stuart Newton, R.A. 12mo. Cloth. With Steel Engravings and Wood-cuts, $3.

Sold by all Booksellers and Newsdealers.

LEE & SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.
LEE, SHEPARD & DILLINGHAM, NEW YORK.

POSTPONEMENT.

MRS. H. B. STOWE'S

LATEST AND BEST.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

"MY WIFE AND I;

OR, HARRY HENDERSON'S HISTORY."

480 pp. 12mo. Ex. Clo., $2.

Illustrated with new Character Drawings, by H. L. Stephens.

The demand for this book has been so great in advance of its publication, the orders from Booksellers have been so large, that the Publishers have been obliged to postpone its issue until the 25th of this month, in order to print an edition large enough. To be in time Booksellers should order NOW.

J. B. FORD & CO., Publishers,

27 PARK PLACE

(and 24 and 26 Murray Street), New York.

HENRY K. VAN SICLEN,

BIBLIOPOLE,

133 NASSAU STREET,

Catalogues sent on application.

Special attention given to orders by letter.

OSGOOD'S LIBRARY OF NOVELS.

Messrs. JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.

Begin this day the publication of a series of Novels intended to comprise the best and most readable of new English and American works of fiction. Translations from the best French and German authors will also be included.

These Novels will appear regularly from week to week. They will usually be illustrated, and will be put in a handsomely ornamented cover of new and unique design. The price will range from 25 cents to 75 cents, according to the number of pages. Copies will also be furnished in cloth binding at an addition of 50 cents. The series begins with

JOSHUA MARVEL.

By B. L. Farjeon, Author of "Grif." 1 vol. 8vo. Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, $1 25.

This novel has elicited almost unanimous and very hearty praise from the English press. It is compared to Dickens's most characteristic stories, and is welcomed as a novel of profound interest and excellent moral tone.

"The tender treatment of the romance of humble life, the optimism which discerns good ore latent in uncouth lumps of rough humanity, the purity which was Dickens's unvarying and noblest characteristic, are all present in the work of his disciple. . . . Something more than 'pen, ink, and paper' has been brought to the execution of this thoroughly interesting story, and something better than a sense of literary dissipation may be experienced as the result of its perusal. A capital love-story runs its course through the chain of adventure, and forms a basis for the development of the pronounced varieties of character involved."—The Athenæum (London).

"We cordially recommend the story as one of those literary treats that have become painfully rare since the death of Dickens."—London Morning Advertiser.

LONGFELLOW'S DANTE.

The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Comprising "The Inferno," "The Purgatorio," and "The Paradiso." Translated by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. New stereotype edition. With all the original Notes and Illustrations. 1 vol. Large 12mo. Handsomely stamped in black and gilt. $3.

This single volume includes all that was contained in the three volumes in which Mr. Longfellow's Translation was originally published. It brings within reach of all this masterpiece of poetical translation, which holds unquestioned the highest rank as an English rendering of Dante.

THE AMERICAN NOTE-BOOKS

Of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated Library Edition. 1 vol. 12mo. With Illustrations. Very handsomely bound and stamped. $2.

This is the seventh volume of the Illustrated Library Edition of Hawthorne's Works, which has been received with marked favor by the press and the public.

*** For Sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers,

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York, Special Agents for J. R. O. & Co.'s Publications.

PRICED CATALOGUE No. 21

OF

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS,

Comprising Standard and Valuable Works in

ANTIQUITIES, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, VOYAGES, TRAVELS, ETC. ETC. ETC.

☞ Just published, and will be forwarded FREE to any address.

DAVID G. FRANCIS,

Dealer in New and Old Books, 17 Astor Place, N. Y.

THE "JARVES COLLECTION" OF PAINTINGS, BY THE OLD MASTERS.

On THURSDAY, Nov. 9, at 10 o'clock A.M.—in the Fine Arts Gallery of Yale College, New Haven, Conn.,

The well-known JARVES COLLECTION of the OLD MASTERS, forming an Historical series of the best periods of Italian Art, from A.D. 1200—1600.

The collection embraces, besides, Altar Pieces by Giotto and his scholars. It contains others by Fra Angelico, Ghirlandajo, Fra Bartolomeo, easel paintings by the rarest masters of the Sienese, Venetian, Florentine and Umbrian Schools, some of whom, like Sodoma, Gentile de Fabriana, and Pallajuolo, are not represented in the Louvre and other great galleries: valuable historical portraits, the unique Amerigo Vespucci of his own time, Cortez, etc.

This collection, authenticated by directors of the Florentine and London galleries and best judges in Europe, obtained for the collector the honor of an election to the Academy of Fine Arts of Florence.

Full descriptive and historical Catalogues, prepared for the College, at 50 cents each, a few large paper $1.

RIP VAN WINKLE AT HOME,
RIP VAN WINKLE ON THE MOUNTAIN,
RIP VAN WINKLE RETURNED,
} Price $96.

COMING TO THE PARSON.

Price $15.

Etc., etc., etc.

Delivered at any railroad station in the United States, free of expense, on receipt of the price.

Enclose stamp for Illustrated Catalogue and Price List of his Groups of Statuary to

JOHN ROGERS,

212 Fifth Avenue, New York.

TO LET—LOW.

The Office lately occupied by THE NATION, consisting of two front rooms, on the 3d floor of No. 3 Park Place. Address

"THE NATION,"

P. O. Box 6,732.

5 Beekman St., N. Y.

YALE COLLEGE.—The Sheffield Scientific School offers professional training to Civil and Dynamical Engineers, Chemists, Geologists, Naturalists, etc., and also courses preparatory to such pursuits as Mining, Medicine, Agriculture, Manufacturing, etc. Letters May be addressed to Prof. D. C. GILMAN, Secretary. New Haven, Conn.

CHEGARAY INSTITUTE.

English and French for Young Ladies and Misses, Boarding and Day Pupils, 1527 and 1529 Spruce Street Philadelphia, Pa. Will reopen on Wednesday, Sept. 20. French is the language of the family, and is constantly spoken in the Institute.

MADAME D'HERVILLY, Principal.

DR. A. CALLISEN'S Day-School for Boys, 131 West Forty-third Street, will reopen September 20, 1871. Pupils prepared for College and Business.

IMPERFECT DIGESTION AND ASSIMILATION.—Savory & Moore's Pancreatic Emulsion and Pancreatine are the most potent remedial agents. They are the only remedies yet known for effecting the digestion of Cod-liver Oil and preventing nausea, while they also efficiently supply the place of the oil when rejected by the stomach. These facts are now attested by the published records of numerous medical men, extracts from which accompany each bottle. Price from 2s. to 21s. Savory & Moore, 143 New Bond Street, London, and all chemists. Note.—Name and trade-mark on each bottle.

SAID A. TO B. THE OTHER DAY,
Together as they sat,
Let U and I just go and buy
Some "Astral Oil" from Pratt.

Said B. to A., I plainly C
You know its safety well,
The Oil suits me just to a T,
And none can it X L.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1871.

The Office of The Nation has been removed to No. 5 Beekman Street.

The Week.

THE Civil Service Commission is reported not to be disturbed by the Attorney-General's opinion—nay, rather to be encouraged by it, as it shows, if correct, that the President has the power to do all that needs to be done, in the matter of reform, not only without the aid of Congress, but in spite of Congress; and that he can, as a correspondent of the *Nation* pointed out some weeks ago, impose on the heads of departments any rule of action he pleases, inasmuch as he can dismiss them if they disobey. The Commission proposes, therefore, it is said, to present the President with a set of rules for his own use; and it is to be presumed that, having received them, he will put them into operation. The commissioners—so we are led to believe by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, who is well-informed—believe that, if he now carries into effect a system of reform, even without the sanction of Congress, it will, in the course of four years, take such a strong hold on the public mind that no subsequent Administration will dare to dispense with it. We confess we are not very sanguine on this point. No President is ever likely to come into office under conditions more favorable to civil-service reform than General Grant. He knew perfectly well, and so did everybody, that he had the power of instituting such a reform to a considerable extent, and did not need the Attorney-General to tell him about it. Nevertheless, he has made no attempt at reform whatever, and has made some exceedingly bad appointments at points in which reform was most needed and easiest. He has done this under pressure from politicians, we admit; but what reason is there to believe that his successors will be any better able to resist this pressure than he? If the whole reform is to be, so to speak, moral rather than legal, it would seem desirable to have it backed up, at least, by some legislation directed against Congressmen, such as Mr. Trumbull has suggested. By the way, we trust the Commission will not overlook Mr. Trumbull's proposition, which, we believe, originated with ex-Secretary Cox, that postmasters should be elected by the people who use the post-office. This seems an excellent idea, and would relieve the Executive of a vast amount of pressure. There is, perhaps, no office which is in its nature better fitted to be filled by election.

The movement against Tammany has made considerable progress during the week. The consent of the Attorney-General, who, though a Tammany man, is evidently frightened by the storm, to appoint Charles O'Conor counsel to act for him in any legal proceedings he (Mr. O'Conor) may see fit to institute against the plunderers of the city treasury, and Mr. O'Conor's prompt acceptance, are amongst the most favorable signs. Mr. O'Conor at once associated Mr. Evarts with him, and opened a "municipal commission office" to receive charges and get up cases in; and has announced, in reply to a deputation offering him a nomination for the State Legislature, that something important would happen "within three days." What the something is, our readers will know before this reaches them, but most probably it is Tweed's arrest. Mr. Samuel J. Tilden has been in pursuit of this personage for some weeks, and Mr. Tilden is a very unpleasant person to have following one with hostile intent. He has been rummaging the Broadway Bank, where the Ring kept its account, and we believe it is not now indiscreet to say that he has probably lighted on proof that Tweed's share of all plunder was twenty-five per cent., and that this proportion of every "haul" was regularly deposited to his credit. In the meantime, the "Boss" himself addresses his constituents nearly every evening, and is sure of his re-election to the State Senate. He said in a recent speech that he had "always endeavored to do what was right" and "to deal fairly between man and man." In conclusion, he said that "when he was in trouble, and desired their aid, he would call upon them, and when they were in trouble he desired them to call on him," a declaration which was received with "vociferous cheering."

There is great danger, however, that the various reform organizations, of which there are half a dozen in the field, will so mismanage matters as to give Tammany the victory at the polls after all. There are two Judges to be elected, for which the Reform Democrats have made excellent nominations, Judge Daly and Mr. George C. Barrett, and the "Custom-house Ruffians" have adopted them; but the "Tammany Thieves" (Republicans) hesitate over Mr. Barrett, and complain, through the *Tribune*, that if they do not get their fair share of what is going there will be trouble, and have adjourned without making nominations, but leaving a committee to watch the other organizations. The Ledwith Democrats have nominated their own chief, who, though an honest man, has no reputation as a lawyer whatever, for the Supreme Court, but have adopted Judge Daly for the Common Pleas. General Sigel seems to be a general favorite, we are glad to say, for the Registership. That position, involving the custody of the county records and deeds, is now held by an old ward politician, who formerly kept a low pot-house, and then reigned for a few years as a police justice, in which capacity he was known as the "Big Judge," owing to his enormous size. We heard him, towards the close of his judicial career, reject a petition from a culprit in the following terms: "Would ye hev me sully me reputation jist as I'm lavin' the binch?" We ought to add that we trust the honest men of all parties will not be misled by these various nominations for judicial offices, or forget that the badness of the judiciary is one great cause of our present troubles. There can be no question about Judge Daly's and Mr. Barrett's claims on the votes of all good citizens; there is question about those of all the other candidates as yet spoken of. Judge Daly has been on the bench for twenty-seven years, and has, through it all, enjoyed the confidence of everybody as an able lawyer and an upright judge. Mr. Barrett has been a member of the same court also for a short time, but resigned when the salaries were lower than they are now. He, also, is able, upright, and well known, and ought to be elected. It should be remembered, too, that the term of office is now fourteen years. We beg of all persons who have the interests not only of the city, but of civilized society at heart,, and who desire to see the justice on which society rests administered without sale, denial, or delay, to look well, above all things, to their vote for their judges. No man should go to the polls in a cloud on this subject, and we trust that the Bar Association will speak out in time.

The greatest piece of railroad consolidation yet accomplished is now about to take place, under a decision of Chancellor Zabriskie, of New Jersey, vacating an injunction restraining the directors of the New Jersey and Camden & Amboy Railroads, and Delaware and Raritan Canal, from leasing their roads and canal for 999 years to the Pennsylvania Central. A late act of the New Jersey Legislature empowered them to do so, by a vote of the majority of the stockholders, the dissenting minority to be paid the full value of their stock. The minority, however, refused to be paid off, and filed a bill praying for a perpetual injunction. This the Chancellor has denied in an elaborate decision, in which he affirms the power of the Legislature to authorize the lease, of the directors to make it, and of the Pennsylvania Central to take it, and remits the discontented stockholders to the acceptance of payment for their shares, and discards as of no force in the eyes of the court the objections to the transaction on grounds of public policy—such as the size and strength of the monopoly it will create. The judgment is, perhaps, one of the most important ever pronounced from the American bench; and the New Jersey courts are above suspicion, even in cases of this magnitude. The Pennsylvania Central, already a gigantic corporation, now owns an unbroken line of communication, with numerous tributaries, from ocean to ocean, has the reve-

nues of a European kingdom of the third order, employs an army of officials, and will hereafter be practically omnipotent in the legislatures of three States, and perhaps more. The only limit to its political power may, indeed, be said to be the unwillingness of its managers to take trouble. The matter is serious, but it is not novel. It is made more serious by the fact to which we have often drawn attention, that these great corporations have in their service the ablest men in the country, while the State governments, which are to resist their pretensions and supervise their use of their privileges, are served by the feeblest and least efficient members of American society. The position of the companies is rendered all the more impregnable, too, by the practice which has grown up in many or most of the States, of keeping the ablest lawyers off the bench by low salaries, short terms, and personal abuse when they render unpalatable decisions. The legal mind and the legislative mind being of a low order, it is no wonder that the Tom Scott mind ranges untrammelled through the whole of American creation.

The present Government campaign against the Ku-klux of the seaboard, in which the United States Courts and the military act in unison, is producing at least two effects: it demonstrates the existence of the organization, and it brings a certain number of ruffians to justice —so far as the penitentiary and fines may be called justice in their case. Judge Bond has had the honor of presiding at these trials, and his conduct of them has been what we might have expected, firm, impartial, and reasonable. Certain leading Democrats of Raleigh, in a letter denouncing the Ku-klux outrages as crimes that "no right-minded men in North Carolina can palliate or deny," and admitting it to be their duty to aid in suppressing them, besought Judge Bond, last month, to postpone further prosecution till the November term, in order that they might "enlist all law-loving citizens to make an energetic and effectual effort for the restoration of good order." The Judge replied, with characteristic humor, that he was sure that the court's sitting a week or two longer to help them would not cause the petitioners to remit their praiseworthy labors. Meantime, the field is being prepared in South Carolina, which has been made the object of two proclamations by the President, the first designating nine counties as the seat of continued disorder, which the courts and civil authorities were unable to overcome, and commanding the surrender of arms and disbanding of illegal organizations within five days; and the second declaring martial law, which has been followed by arrests similar to those in North Carolina. All this, as we have said, is very effective for the time being. But what will take place when the courts and the military have withdrawn from the scene of their temporary triumph?

The schooner *Horton*, of Gloucester, Mass., was seized by the Dominion authorities some time in July, and the owners, being dissatisfied with the slowness of the proceedings in the Admiralty Court, sent up a party of men to "cut her out," as the men-of-war's men say, and they did cut her out—that is, stole off with her, and brought her back to Gloucester, where they were received with illuminations, salute firing, and every other token of wild joy. This lawless act is undoubtedly the result, in great part, of the teachings of the unprincipled demagogue who represents the district in Congress. The schooner will have to be surrendered if the Canadian authorities ask for her, and, in the meantime, the Treasury has refused the cool request of the owners for fresh papers. Some of our journals recommend the Dominion Government to be "magnanimous," and give her up. This might be a good thing for the Dominion to do, but it is an odd thing for us to recommend. Suppose the Canadians to be dissatisfied with the seizure of one of their vessels by Tom Murphy for a violation of what they consider our oppressive revenue laws and with the slowness of the District Court, and to run off with her in the night from the custody of the marshal; how should we treat a recommendation to be "magnanimous" and say no more about it?

The recuperative power of Chicago has not disappointed its admirers, nor, on the other hand, has any source from which it had a right to expect aid failed it. The State Legislature, convened in special session, received a message from Governor Palmer, urging the need of rendering assistance to the burnt city, and discussing the constitutional difficulties in the way of replenishing the treasury for that purpose. The new constitution, it appears, forbids the contracting of any debt by the State in excess of $250,000, unless in case of invasion or insurrection. The Governor argued that this limitation must be construed as merely an illustration of the kind of emergency which would justify incurring a greater than the fixed indebtedness; and as a tax would be too slow in its operation, he concluded that the Assembly would be justified in authorizing the issue of bonds. He suggested relieving the city of its lien on the Illinois and Michigan Canal, which would, with interest, at once put it in possession of nearly three millions of dollars; and that, if further aid was deemed advisable, the State might reassume the care of roads, schools, and other public burdens over which it maintained its right of general control. Worse reasoning than this would doubtless have sufficed; and the Legislature promptly passed several measures of relief, including the Canal Lien Bill, so modified, however, as to embrace a State tax for the next two years, and an issue of State bonds to the amount of only $250,000, thus saving the letter of the constitution as well as the spirit. This action has lent great encouragement to Chicago.

Want of space last week prevented our making mention of the remarkable public meeting in Philadelphia, on Friday, the 13th, to denounce the murder of Major Octavius V. Catto—a young and highly esteemed colored man, professor in a colored institute—in the election disturbances of the Tuesday previous. One would have to go South for a parallel instance of cold-blooded assassination, in which the police were abettors, two of them having released the murderer after he had been handed over to them, and a third, whose protection was besought by the victim, having answered him (as he himself testified on the stand), "Protect yourself; you have a pistol." Doubtless it was the complete fraternization of the police force with the rioter —not then exhibited for the first time, but then most villanously —that specially roused the indignation of the citizens of Philadelphia who met in National Hall to do what they could to retrieve the sullied reputation of the city. It was a gathering of great numbers and eminent respectability, and, considering the occasion of it, even at this distance from the Emancipation Proclamation, almost epochal in its character. Among the speakers, both white and black, Colonel McClure struck the keynote when he said that it was not the mission of the meeting "to seize the murderer and execute hasty punishment," but to invoke public sentiment against the spirit of caste which had induced this murder. This spirit has, as everybody knows, lingered longer in Philadelphia than in any other large city in the country; and, in fact, logically, there is but a single step from the exclusion of colored people from the horse-cars to the shooting of Major Catto. Remembering the class of persons who defended this exclusion, we fear that the election of a Republican city government and of a District-Attorney (who, for good reasons, ran behind his ticket) "praying to live, that he may show by his life the truth of his promise," to give his fellow-citizens "peace and security," is not going to do all that the meeting seemed to expect it would towards eradicating the vulgar prejudice against the negro. The meeting itself, as a sign of progress where progress was first needed, was worth many Republican mayors and policemen and district-attorneys.

"Civil-service reform," Mr. Conkling said in his recent speech, "is urged upon us, and all agree that we need the best measures in this regard which wisdom can devise. It is a very difficult and complex subject, but by what right do our opponents clamor about it? etc." We are greatly afraid that there is not a Democrat of them who could not "clamor about it" with nearly as good a grace as Mr. Conkling. There is something very entertaining about the way in which the souls of Republican politicians of Mr. Conkling's stamp continue to be weighed down by the magni-

tude of the subject. Indeed, to hear them talk about it, one would imagine that no legislature could, in the existing state of human culture, hope to deal with it, and that the final stoppage of "rotating" and "decapitating" could only be looked for in the remote future from the "Parliament of Man" or some body of similar pretensions. This is the most hopeful view. Others put down civil-service reform in the category of the Unknown and Unknowable, as one of the things which finite minds cannot grasp or comprehend. They talk of it, to be sure, but as men talk of the Origin of Evil, of the Seat of Life, and the Descent of Man. Tom Murphy, for instance, when asked by the Congressional Committee last winter his opinion of Andrew Jackson's conduct in throwing the civil-service into the arena of party politics, declared "he could not go back intelligently to Jackson's time." No wonder if he and the like of him consider reform still countless eons distant, too remote to be discussed except in the vain speculations of poets and philosophers.

Probably no result of the Syracuse Convention surprised people more than the attack of the *Tribune* on Mr. Andrew D. White, the chairman. It was very bitter, and that its bitterness was deliberate and intentional has been shown by that journal's recent reply to a defence of Mr. White which appeared in *Harper's Weekly*. We have not touched on the affair beyond mentioning the mere fact of the dissatisfaction of the minority with Mr. White's rulings, because it was very difficult to know what to say that would mend the matter either for Mr. White or anybody else. *Harper's Weekly* is quite right in laying great stress on Mr. White's character and antecedents as an answer to the *Tribune's* charges of unfairness. As to these, no man can stand higher. He took an active part in the politics of the State for some years before becoming President of Cornell University, and was the author or most active supporter of some of the best pieces of legislation of these latter years, and we believe nobody who ever heard of him did not consider his willingness to do political work, when so many men of his position were mere loungers in Europe, a piece of great good fortune for all of us. We all grumble so savagely or groan so pitifully over the unwillingness of educated men and men of fortune to touch politics, that certainly mere decency, if not gratitude, entitled Mr. White to warm support and encouragement. Everything in his career since he left the State Senate has certainly strengthened his claim on public regard. We did not approve of the San Domingo scheme, and did not estimate very highly the commissioners' report, but we did warmly approve of Mr. White's willingness to be a commissioner, because, whenever such offices are to be filled, we desire that such men as he, and not old political hacks and "war-horses" and "wheel-horses," should fill them; and we believe that his character is such that no charge of intentional unfairness or double-dealing is to be entertained against him, except on such proof as is hardly ever forthcoming in support of such charges, and is, in our opinion, not forthcoming in the present case.

We confess frankly, however, that when we saw that he had consented to be president of the Syracuse Convention, we felt satisfied that he would come to grief. In the present condition of the Republican party in this State, no man, no matter what his talents, character, or experience of politics, in the proper sense of the term, can successfully meddle between the two factions which divide it with the view either of reconciling them or holding the balance between them, unless he has personally mingled in their fights, and has personal knowledge of the strong and weak points of the warriors on both sides; and this for reasons we have given in another article. Moreover, Mr. White's speech, which was highly laudatory of the Administration, must have exasperated the Fentonites, seeing that the principal Federal office-holder in this city, the famous Tom Murphy of the Custom-house, is their deadliest foe, for whose scalp they may be said to have offered a reward. Finally, the State Committee, which, as we understand, in accordance with immemorial usage, furnished the President with the names of the committees, is also regarded by the Fentonites as an enemy and oppressor, and Mr. White's adoption of its suggestions was in itself an offence to them, though the committees were never so fairly composed. Whether they were fairly composed, we do not take upon ourselves to say. We could not form a judgment on this question without studying deeply the character and watching closely the goings and comings of a body of men in this city for whom we entertain anything but feelings of respect. All this is about tantamount to saying that Mr. White made a mistake in trying to decide between them. There is no ground to base mediation on—their differences are *personal*, and not political. When Bob says Hank is a thief, and Hank says Bob is a perjurer, what could you do to reconcile them, except prove that Hank is honest and that Bob tells the truth? This being impossible, there is nothing for it but to let them fight it out.

The new treaty between France and Germany has been duly signed and exchanged. According to a somewhat obscure Cable despatch, the six departments to be evacuated by the Germans are, by the terms of the treaty, declared neutral territory in a military point of view until "the stipulated payments of the indemnity are completed, and may be reeocupied by the Germans should France fail to fulfil her financial obligations." This restrictive stipulation probably refers only to the payment of the fourth half-milliard, which is to take place within three months from the conclusion of the treaty; otherwise, we could hardly understand the "general satisfaction" which the ratification of the new arrangements has created in Versailles. The result of the late elections for the Councils-General seems to have been another cause of satisfaction to the Government, as the Moderate Republicans and Liberal Conservatives—among whom all the supporters of M. Thiers are to be found—have badly beaten the Bonapartists, Legitimists, and Radicals. Gambetta, who is himself among the defeated of the latter category, consoles himself and his party by the reflection that "the same elections have extinguished the hopes of those retrogradists who desired to see France recommitted to the Bonapartists, and have shown that the advocates of a monarchy under other dynasties are lukewarm." There are, however, indications that the Bonapartists themselves do not consider their hopes extinguished, so long as they can appeal to a general *plébiscite*, and continue to intrigue; and the Government is—or possibly feigns to be—so much alarmed as to issue orders to its commandants on the coast of France to keep a careful watch over all suspicious movements, and be prepared to defeat any descent that might be attempted. The Communists, on the other hand, have for the time ceased to appear threatening, and the prisoners taken on the capture of Paris are consequently discharged *en masse*.

The crisis in Cisleithan Austria is not yet over, and Francis Joseph continues to be led in his external and internal affairs by the advice of Chancellor Beust and Premier Hohenwart, respectively, in spite of the opposite tendencies of their avowed policies. Further developments are waited for with general anxiety. The momentary chaos is well reflected in the following plain statement of facts in the Vienna *Presse:*

"Briefly speaking, the situation in the various diets is this: In Lower Austria, protest against the [Emperor's] Bohemian rescript; Upper Austria, withdrawal of the Liberals, general opposition against the Ultramontane rump diet; Styria, protest against the Bohemian rescript; Carinthia, protest against the Bohemian rescript; Silesia, protest against the Bohemian rescript; Salzburg and Görz, indifference as yet; Trieste, declaration of the historical rights of the city; Bohemia, Czech rump diet, protest of the Germans against its legality; Moravia, Czech rump diet, protest of the Germans against its legality; Galicia, reported address of confidence by the [Polish] majority, decided vote of want of confidence by the Ruthenians; Bukowina, address of confidence by the majority, vote of want of confidence by the minority; Istria, conditional assent to the peace policy [Hohenwart's]; Dalmatia, Bocchese address of confidence, protest of the minority; Tyrol, address of confidence by the majority, reservation of rights by the Italians, vote of want of confidence by the Liberal minority; Vorarlberg, address of confidence by the majority, stubborn opposition of the minority, unanimous rejection of the Government's project of an election law."

But while this Babel exists in the Cisleithan division of the monarchy, the Transleithan or Hungarian, under the Andrássy Cabinet, continues to enjoy the benefits of a consistent policy and steady progress.

SCIENCE AND HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

HUXLEY, in one of his "lay sermons," devoted to showing the influence of the growth of natural knowledge in improving the moral and physical condition of the race, supposes the first president of the Royal Society of London, which was founded just after the great fire of 1666, to revisit the earth once more, and pictures his surprise on learning that although London contains tenfold more inflammable matter than it did in his day, the rooms being filled with woodwork and light drapery, and every corner of the streets and houses with explosive and inflammable gases, it had never since then been burnt down, and that, owing to the invention of engines for throwing water, not even a street is ever destroyed by fire. This sermon was delivered in 1866. If Lord Brouncker had delayed his visit, however, five years, he would perhaps have found in the burning of Chicago some reason for doubting whether natural knowledge had done for the world all that the learned professor claims for it, either in the matter of preventing great conflagrations or of mitigating their consequences. For the growth of natural knowledge has had a double set of effects on human society. There is no question as to the enormous increase of comfort and security which it has wrought, and as to the influence it has had, through this comfort and security, in "altering our modes of thinking and our views of right and wrong." But it has enormously increased the area over which any great calamity is felt, at the same time that it has increased the area from which succor and sympathy are drawn.

A more striking example of this could not be desired than is furnished by the burning of Chicago. Chicago is, perhaps, more distinctively and peculiarly than any city which exists, or has ever existed, the product of "the growth of natural knowledge." All other great cities, whether of the New or Old World, have had their foundations laid by accident, and have owed their rise to slow accretions of population, brought to them in the course of ages by all sorts of agencies, political, social, and commercial. Wars, famines, invasions, revolutions, the aimless wanderings of exiles and malcontents, the flight of criminals, the fears or necessities of sailors, the needs of barbarous tribes, or the flow of great rivers and the temptation of rich soil, have combined to build up nearly all of them in the slow course of centuries. This may be said with more or less accuracy of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, and Cincinnati, even, as well as of Rome, London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Venice, and Constantinople. Chicago, however, owes nothing, or next to nothing, to the past, and has no roots in human traditions or weaknesses. It is distinctly the product of steam-travelling and electrical communication, and is the work of a single generation. It was created for the express purpose of receiving and distributing the products of the Northwest, and was run up like a warehouse or factory. Without the railroad and telegraph it could not have been created, or, if it had been created, it would have been of no use. Its very existence, under all the circumstances, would probably surprise Lord Brouncker far more than the immunity of London from great fires. The invention of the fire-engine is no doubt a great thing, but the creation of a city nearly as large as London at the time of the Great Fire, in the middle of a remote wilderness, within a period of forty years, is a far greater thing, even from the merely scientific point of view.

But, then, there is something about it even more wonderful than its creation, and illustrating still more remarkably the influence of scientific progress on human society. London, in Lord Brouncker's day, though a great political and commercial capital, had little or no relations except through what we should call a feeble and straggling commerce with the rest of the world. Had Chicago existed and been burnt down in his time, the news would have reached England probably in six or eight months by means of brief allusions in commercial or other private letters, and would have been talked of as we talk of the sack of Rome by Alaric or the storming of Constantinople by the Turks. It would have taken two months to get to New York or Boston, and the most charitably disposed man in either city would have speedily dismissed from his mind the little he knew about the calamity. Relief in the shape of stores he could not send for want of transportation, and, long before relief in money could get there, the sufferers would either be past help or able to do without it, and so he would have jogged on his way more than ever satisfied that his concern was with the affairs of his own household and his own neighborhood. On the other hand, the disaster, commercially considered, would have been a disaster for hardly anybody but the inhabitants of the city. Nobody in New York or London or Berlin would have been touched in his pocket by it, or have felt his comfort affected by it. It would no more have threatened the exchanges of these cities with a panic than the burning of Yokohama five years ago. The effect of difficulty of communication in producing a sense of remoteness is one of the familiar facts of history; but the effect of the sense of remoteness in deadening and destroying the sentiment of human brotherhood is something which we only now begin to appreciate. There have occurred within a few years calamities far more terrible, as regards the resultant misery, than the fire of Chicago. Over a million of people have perished in India by famine within a single year since the close of our war, and, at this writing, vast districts of Persia are undergoing depopulation through the same agency. More horrible still, hordes of Turkomans from the great northern desert are riding on through the villages, and lancing or carrying into slavery the unhappy survivors. After making every allowance for the effect of difference of race and of civilization in creating the indifference with which we hear of all this, a large part of it must be attributed to simple distance both in time and in miles. If the railroad or the telegraph brought these awful scenes of suffering to our very doors, neither color nor creed could stop the flow of our sympathy or prevent our sympathy being really active.

It is not true, then, apparently, that the march of science has made the burning of large cities henceforth impossible. Under certain conditions of weather and material, in any modern city, fires may still break out which no machines yet invented can check. It would indeed appear, from the experience of Chicago, that when the fire attains a certain volume its power becomes something which no machine is ever likely to be able to check, and against which no habitable building can be made "proof." Moreover, when a city burns in our time, science carries the desolation over the civilized world. The terror which spread through the streets of Chicago was felt almost as acutely in the streets of New York and London. The flames which raged there threatened full as many homes elsewhere, homes in other cities, with desolation. It was not the savings of the people of Chicago only which were destroyed, but the savings of at least as many more who never came within a thousand miles of it, and with their savings nearly everything that made life sweet. There is something grand about this, but there is also something which everybody must, in his secret heart, find appalling. There is no place on the globe now to which a weary man can go for rest; no "boundless contiguity of shade" to which the storms that shake the busy world cannot find an entrance. The fortunes of the whole race are being so closely linked together by science that there is nobody, from the hod-carrier up to the millionaire, who may not any morning read in the paper news from the uttermost ends of the earth depriving him of his fortune or his daily bread.

On the other hand, while the citizens of London after the great fire, and the citizens of Lisbon after the great earthquake, were, like the famine-stricken Hindoos and Persians, left alone in their misery to battle as best they could with their sufferings and losses, Chicago, after spreading her losses over the civilized world, finds the civilized world come to her assistance. Nothing would probably have astonished Lord Brouncker more than to see countless tons of relief stores hastening, with the speed of the wind, along dozens of our highways to the scene of the disaster, while the fire was still raging, and poured out lavishly on the victims before they had fully waked up to the fact that they were really homeless and ruined. If it be true, as it undoubtedly is, that no sentiment, whether good or bad, can ever become strong which does not find expression in action, the effect of the possibility of relieving distress at great distances in stimulating the feeling of the unity of the human race, and diminishing the dividing force of political boundaries, can hardly be overrated. That this great impulse to brotherly love should come, too, from the working of two mechanical inventions is, perhaps, as marvellous an illustration as was ever seen of the way in which the most material of agencies contribute to the

moral elevation of the race. "May God"—to use the words in which old Grotius closes the great book in which the doctrine of the unity of mankind found the noblest recognition it ever got from jurist or legislator—"write this lesson—he who alone can—on the hearts of all those who have the affairs of Christendom in their hands; and may he give to those persons a mind fitted to understand and to respect Rights, divine and human, and lead them to recollect always that the ministration committed to them is no less than this, that they are the governors of man—a creature most dear to God."

THE PRESS AND THE KNAVES.

We find the following, prefaced by some complimentary remarks, in a late number of the *Commercial Advertiser* of this City:

"The *Nation*, from its prejudice against General Grant, is quite as malignant as his meanest and dirtiest defamers. It stops at nothing—it stoops lower than the *Sun*. It reiterates from week to week the vilest slanders of a partisan press. It quotes the assertions of men of notoriously bad character—men proven to have been engaged in dishonorable practices—men publicly impeached, and who would not be believed under oath. It stays not its hand with the individual—it invades the home-circle—it strikes down the innocent and the sinless to reach the object of its malignant prejudices. Disgraceful as this sort of warfare may be to the partisan press, how much more so is it to a journal that aspires to be the most intellectual, the most refined, the most elevated and dignified of our teachers. See how the *Nation* shines, 'the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.'"

We shall not attempt to refute this, and shall not even take the trouble to contradict it. We believe the *Nation* is read with sufficient care to make it easy for its readers to judge of the truth or falsehood of the *Advertiser's* charges without hearing anything from us on the subject. We quote the passage for the simple purpose of providing ourselves with an excuse for making a very frank explanation of what we conceive to be at the present crisis in public affairs the proper rules and regulations of political controversy. We have sought, ever since the *Nation* was started, not to allow any difference of opinion upon any question on which respectable and civilized men in any age have ever differed, to betray us into personal attacks or comments or criticism. We have endeavored, so far as the weaknesses of human nature would permit, to see in ordinary opponents politicians or journalists simply, and take no note whatever of their private life, antecedents, surroundings, or weaknesses, so long as they themselves chose to withdraw them from observation. We have not guessed, or enquired, or inferred anything with regard to the authorship of articles in newspapers, with the view of helping out our reply by an attack on the men who wrote them. We have always firmly held that these were the resources of feeble minds and malignant tempers; that political controversy was a manly art, and that those who engaged in it should use manly weapons, or else leave it for fields in which ignorance, weakness, and spitefulness would less seriously hinder them. One of the reasons which have led us of late to question the expediency of the entrance of women into the political arena has been the fear, which the female papers and female conventions seemed to justify, that it would greatly increase the tendency, common enough among men, to neglect the merits of public questions, and neglect even the public character of opponents, in order to indulge in little bursts of catlike fury over their birth, parentage, personal habits, and circumstances. When we find a man or woman raving against an anti-prohibitionist because he drinks wine, and enquiring whether an anti-female-suffragist has a mother or sisters or ill-treats his wife, or whether a free-trader is not bribed by foreign merchants, we always long to lead him or her off to the cranberry swamp or the washtub, and forbid either of them ever reappearing again in any newspaper or on any platform.

But, as we have said, we regard this avoidance of personalities as obligatory only in the discussion of questions on which respectable and civilized men have differed in opinion. There is hardly any question of public policy which does not lie within this category, not even slavery and polygamy. As honest, and upright, and conscientious men as the world has seen have approved of both one and the other; and though the presumptions, on the score of honesty, we admit, run strongly against any man who in our day is either slaveholder or polygamist, yet we hold that, if we discuss with him publicly the rightfulness of either institution, we are bound not to fortify our arguments by personal attacks on him. We need not challenge the devil to loyal combat with lawful weapons unless we please, but, if we do, devil though he be, he is wronged by our wearing concealed armor, or poisoning our sword-blades.

The question, however, which now most seriously occupies the public mind is not a question on which there has in any age been any difference of opinion among respectable and civilized men. The question whether it is lawful to steal the public money, or any money, is not one on which any civilized community has ever been openly divided in sentiment. Nor is this community divided on it. There is in the United States, as we have often pointed out, no party which defends corruption or maintains that dishonest men ought to be put in office. The "corruptionists" exist, but they do not form, and never will form, an organization apart. Corruption is denounced on all party platforms; it is even denounced at meetings of the Tammany General Committee and of the "William M. Tweed and Richard B. Connolly Associations." If you get into the pulpit to preach against it, you will find the front pew filled with notorious knaves, their Bibles open on their knees, and their hands clasped, and eyes rolled up in devout expectation. Therefore, as we have often pointed out, preaching against corruption in the abstract does by itself little or no good in politics. We do not mean to say that denunciation of it with voice or pen are barren; if we thought so, we should despair of our civilization. But we do mean to say that, unless these denunciations are accompanied by accusations against particular persons, by proofs of their guilt, and by the prompt and relentless application to their case of such penalties as the law affords, or as public opinion and social opinion have at command, we shall make no progress towards purification. We know nothing of goodness except as displayed in the character of good men; we know nothing of badness except as displayed in the character of corrupt men; we know nothing of corruption except as it is displayed in the conduct of corrupt men. These virtues and vices may exist in the abstract; it is open to philosophers to speculate about them; but for us, as citizens, they are as if they did not exist.

This being true, the questions which occupy the public mind are not, Is there corruption?—we well know there is deep and widespread corruption—but, Are Ben, Hank, and Bob corrupt?—not, Is it right for collectors to steal? but, Has Tom stolen?—not, Is it right for judges to take bribes? but, Has George taken bribes?—not, Is it right for mayors to be receivers of stolen property? but, Has Abe received it, knowing it to be stolen? Secondary and subsidiary to these questions, but hardly less important, are the questions whether, knowing Jim to be a thief, and actually engaged in thieving, it is right to take his brief and his fee to aid him in so resisting or evading the law, or corrupting the bench, as to render his operations successful? whether, knowing Dick and Bill to be rascals enriched by plunder, and flaunting their ill-gotten wealth in the face of honest and struggling poverty, it is right to associate with them, or to countenance them by silence, or by vote, or by speech, or even by ordinary civility? whether, too, believing Dan to be a murderer, and bully, and forger, it is right for you, a high public officer, to appoint him to a place of trust or emolument? or, having done so in ignorance of his real character, to keep him in it in the face of unanswered charges of the gravest kind?

These questions, we admit, are personal questions; they cannot be discussed without personalities, and personalities of the most terrible kind. We know it, and we hate it as much as anybody; but there is no help for it. It is a detestable business, which not only every man who seeks to build up a better society, or to bring in the reign of purer manners and of nobler laws, but every man who desires to save good government on this continent for himself or his children, has to do, whether he likes it or not. A great crisis has come upon us, through various causes. The main feature of this crisis is the appearance in political positions of importance of ignorant, degraded, dishonest, and shameless men, many of whom, indeed we might say most of whom, would, if they got their due, be in the State prison. To apply to our dealings with these people the ordinary rules of political controversy is simply ridiculous. Any discussion we carry on with them is either

in the nature of a warning to them to fly while it is yet possible, or is intended simply to fill up the time while we are waiting for the police. In other words, our object in talking to them or about them is not to persuade them, but to bring them to justice. They are not political opponents, but criminals.

COLLECTOR MURPHY'S CASE.

A MEMBER of the Dix Commission, which enquired into the manner in which Mr. Murphy fulfilled his hat contract with the Government in 1864, has discovered that the stenographic report of the proceedings was still in his possession, and it has been handed to us for examination. We have read it through carefully. It appears, indeed, quite true that there was something unusual, if not extraordinary, in the way in which Colonel Olcott's charges against Murphy were taken up by the Government. They were not acted on for some months, in spite of his continuous pushing, and when acted on, instead of, as usual in such cases, ordering a trial by court-martial on his representations, the War Department directed a preliminary investigation by a committee, mainly civilian, sitting in New York. That this departure from the usual routine was due to the use of political influence on Murphy's part seems very likely, and indeed is not denied by his friends; but they excuse, if not justify, it by reference to the summary and unsatisfactory way of dealing with contractors into which military courts had fallen during the war, and in which a hasty and imperfect trial often resulted in ruin for the accused. Whether the refusal of the Government to allow Colonel Olcott the aid of counsel in this case is to be accounted for in the same way we do not know; but it is certain that they *did* refuse him counsel, and that the refusal was, as far as he was concerned, unprecedented, and it appears probable that it entailed on him serious inconvenience. He had more business of this kind all over the East than he could well attend to, so that he went to trial with little or no preparation, and found himself matched against Mr. Evarts. Mr. John Sedgwick, who had usually been employed by Colonel Olcott in similar cases, was, it is true, present, but only as a friend, and beyond the cross-examination of two witnesses, and the making of one or two objections to testimony, took no part in the proceedings.

The enquiry was strictly limited by the order to the question, "Whether there had been any fraud or failure on the part of the contractors" in the manner of executing the contract; and in carrying out these instructions, the commission confined themselves to ascertaining whether the hats delivered by Murphy were equal in quality to a sample or standard hat produced and exhibited. On this point Colonel Olcott produced seven witnesses, who all testified that the deliveries fell below the standard. Murphy, on the other hand, produced nine, who all testified that the deliveries were as good as the standard or better. In short, all hatters who were taken by Colonel Olcott to see the hats condemned them; while all those whom Murphy took to see them were satisfied with them; and yet there did not appear to be any trace of the use of improper influence or of improper or partial selection of experts on either side.

Nevertheless, it must be conceded that, judging from the account the witnesses gave of themselves, or which was given of them by others, the *weight* of testimony, in so far as experience and standing in the trade give weight, was on Murphy's side. The Olcott witnesses, though apparently very respectable men, were men of less mark as hatters, and they labored under the disadvantage of having to put their estimate of the difference between the standard and the deliveries into dollars and cents, which, of course, gave Murphy's counsel an opportunity of the kind which lawyers love, of tearing them to pieces, by making them accurately apportion the measure of inferiority among the component parts of the hat—so much for the stock, so much for the work, so much for the finish, or so much for the lining, and so on. When Colonel Olcott declared, as he did declare, that he did not question the honesty of the mode in which the contract was awarded, or the honesty of the inspector who passed the hats, there was, we confess, to our minds, nothing left for the commission but to pronounce that there had been no fraud or failure on the part of the contractors.

As to the justifiability of Colonel Olcott's action, it is to be said that the hats, considered in themselves, must have been of a kind to excite suspicion in everybody's mind who had not narrowly compared them with the standard. The standard hat was furnished by Murphy & Griswold themselves, and seems to have been, like those which were modelled on it, a pitiful covering for the human head. Nearly all the witnesses on both sides agreed as to the poorness of their quality. One of Murphy's witnesses called them "miserably poor"; several said there would be no market for them if the Government did not take them; and Mr. Evarts energetically and successfully objected to the question put to one witness, whether he thought it would be possible to make poorer hats than they were? In fact, we gather from the evidence of Murphy's witnesses that he could not, if he had tried, have made worse hats than the sample, at all events, not much worse—which was a strong point in his favor. This accounts in part for the severe terms in which Colonel Perry, the Deputy Quartermaster at Washington, denounced them in the letter from which an extract was published in the *Tribune* of Sept. 22. He said they were of the "meanest quality," which was true; but he said also that "they could only have been received through the incompetency or collusion of the inspector," which was apparently untrue. They were received by the inspector because the standard was of the "meanest quality" too.

We ought to add that at the trial Colonel Olcott made no mention of any witnesses having been "spirited away," or of the absence of any witnesses whose evidence was other than cumulative. Moreover, the two witnesses who made affidavits, or statements in the form of affidavits, and afterwards refused to sign them, Messrs. Burr and Dodd, and whose evidence, we inferred from Colonel Olcott's language in his letter in the *Tribune*, was not forthcoming before the commission, really did both appear and testify at the trial. The affidavits, which were very damaging to Murphy, and gave a woful account of the manufacture of his hats and of their inferiority to the standard sample, were written out by a stenographer in Colonel Olcott's presence, although they were not signed; but the two men appeared at the investigation, and on some points mentioned in the affidavits gave an opposite account or professed ignorance, and on others were asked no questions. As they were Government witnesses, it was of course impossible for the prosecution to impugn their testimony by any imputation of collusion with Murphy. Nor was any suggestion made by Colonel Olcott or anybody else that the standard sample had been changed. Wheeler, the Government Inspector, swore it had remained in his custody the whole time; but it appeared that his "custody" was of a kind that desperate and dexterous men would not have had much difficulty in violating. However, the point was not raised in any way. In our comments on the matter we have spoken of the non-production of the affidavits published in the *Tribune* in the Senate, when Murphy came up for confirmation, as "incomprehensible." Colonel Olcott says that it was found they had been abstracted from the files at the War Department: Murphy's friends say the fact was that no such papers were ever put on file, and that the originals were all along in Olcott's possession. We shall not now take upon ourselves to decide between them. We have satisfied ourselves that, though Murphy did make "shocking bad hats" for the army in 1864, he did not defraud the Government, and that we have done him an injustice in asserting that he did. The badness of the hats appears, as we have said, to have been the result of deliberate choice on the part of the War Department; and the explanation of it we have heard offered is, that hats having risen greatly in price, and the war being apparently near its close, the authorities determined to provide an article which, though poor, would probably last till the close of hostilities.

We would not willingly wrong even a Custom-house politician, and as we have wronged Murphy, we would gladly say no more about him. If he was a private individual, it would be our duty henceforth to let him alone. But unfortunately the refutation of the charge of fraud in his contracts, though it diminishes the scandal of his retention in a high public office, does not do away with it. His appointment was, as we said at the time it was made, an abuse of a great public trust; we are of that opinion still; and we have not, in the course of our enquiries, met with anybody, either among his friends or foes, bold enough to

allege that he was fit for the position he now holds. The opinion of men of all parties who know anything about him, of the President's course in putting him in Mr. Grinnell's place, was well expressed by the New York *Times* immediately after his nomination last year, when it said that his nomination was one that "set rational explanation at defiance"; that those who had rejoiced at it were those "who contributed most to the defeat and degradation of the party in this city"; "that the appointment proved that the parasites of the party were still its masters"; and that "the President had the satisfaction of knowing that he had taken a step which all his enemies would exult over and all his friends deplore." Of the influences to which Murphy owed his appointment, the same journal offered all the explanation that was necessary when it said "that Mr. Conkling had made his arrangements too well to be disappointed," and that "the whole business had been arranged nearly three months before."

Since the revelations that have been made within the past year of the state of affairs in this city, it is not necessary for a writer, addressing himself to honest men of every party throughout the country, to give the reason for his hostility to a politician like Murphy. We do not need that he should be a fraudulent contractor in order to ask for his dismissal from a place of trust and profit. All Republicans now know that when an illiterate hatter, army contractor, and speculator in real estate suddenly appears on the surface of New York politics, and becomes a favored competitor for a position in the public service which should only be given to a trusted and well-known merchant, it is neither to his talents, nor his eloquence, nor his piety, nor his business ability that he owes his good luck, but to the low arts and hidden ways which have given us Tweed and Sweeny and Hall and Connolly and their kind. Murphy, in short, was, to speak plainly, put in charge of the Custom-house of this great port for no other reason than that he was supposed to possess, in an eminent degree, that dexterity in the handling of base tools for base ends which has made Tweed the lordly criminal that he is; and Murphy has in all respects, we must do him the justice to say, answered the expectations entertained of him by his patrons. He "runs" the Custom-house as Tweed and Connolly "run" the City Hall; that is, by filling it, as far as is possible without stopping the whole machine, with unscrupulous and shiftless adventurers dependent for their bread on his will, and ready for any dirty work he may be pleased to assign them, and whom he mulcts unmercifully to pay the expenses of their own degradation. Let us not be misunderstood: we do not expect, in our day, to see the work of politics in this city or anywhere else done by saints; but country readers will admit that we are not hypercritical or oversanguine when we tell them that the two factions into which the Republican party in this city is divided, one of which is headed by Murphy, are not simply a disgrace to our politics, but to our civilization. What we mean by this we shall best explain by saying that listening to the account given of them by those who know them thoroughly (which, we are glad to say, we do not) is like reading a chapter in those old gems of criminal literature, "The Newgate Calendar" or "The Lives of Noted Rogues and Rapparees." "Politics," in their minds, has long ceased to have any connection with public affairs, in the proper sense of that term. It consists in a knowledge of the weaknesses, capacity for evil, petty vanities, and sordid desires of one or two hundred more or less obscure men, nearly every one of whom is accused of offences either against social morality or the laws of the land, and over a considerable number of whom "papers" containing revelations of more or less atrocity are held *in terrorem* by their antagonists. Among the offences with which they charge each other are: 1. Perjury; 2. Subornation of witnesses; 3. Levying blackmail, either as officeholders or editors; 4. Bribery of legislators; 5. Being bribed as legislators; 6. Corruption of judges; 7. Swindling the Government during the war; 8. Connection with the Whiskey Ring; 9. Complicity with the Tammany Ring; 10. Embezzlement of public funds; 11. Embezzlement of trust funds; 12. Habitual lying. The most hopeful patriot will readily perceive that New York politics will hardly repay study, and that nothing very great in the way of reform is to be looked for through the transfer of power from one of these bands to another.

We may add that the suggestion made by some country papers—that the Custom-house difficulty can be solved by giving the collectorship to some respectable Republican from some other State, such, say, as General Hawley, of Connecticut—is based on a misapprehension of the exact state of the case. No honest man, who means to do his duty to the Government, and nothing more, can, in the present state of local politics, and with the "spoils" system in full operation, hold either the collectorship or the marshalship in this district. He might possibly succeed, with more or less wear and tear of mind, and some damage to his moral sense, if the parties in the city were united; but with two factions contending for the "offices," anybody who takes either place before the civil service is reformed must make up his mind to be a thoroughgoing and unscrupulous partisan, without decency or principle, and to associate and co-operate with the principal "scallawags" of the city. General Barlow tried to administer the marshal's office on sound principles, but a deputation of politicians waited on him nearly every week to abuse him for not putting their creatures and tools in office, and finally went to Washington to denounce him to the President. At last the State Committee capped the climax by assessing him for campaign expenses, not on his salary, but on his supposed annual stealings—which they estimated at the enormous sum of $44,000, his lawful salary being only $6,000.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

LONDON, Oct. 2, 1871.

THE "Exhibition," that standing novelty of London, has just closed, having been so far a success in a pecuniary point of view that the commissioners have devoted £2,000 to the purchase of works for the national collection. This was a foregone conclusion, I believe; for any exhibition which does not cost too much in the getting up and current expenses, can be made to pay in London by dint of advertising. There is such a world of sight-seers, who will see everything before they are content, that even if the *Times* told the public that it was the worst thing to be seen that ever was seen, crowds would go to see it because it was the worst. On no other ground can the success of the Exhibition be accounted for. It has been ill arranged, ill managed, and is poor in things of general interest, as well as destitute of articles of novelty. The management seems to me to have been that of *dilettante*—a sort of close corporation of amateurs, who, by official indulgence, had been permitted to play at commissioner while their chiefs, the real commissioners, were occupied with more important things. I have not had the patience to read the reports of the official reporters, but the *Times* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* encourage me to think that I have done wisely in not spending my time or money on them; and as there was absolutely nothing of general interest and decided novelty in the rooms, I don't think the reports can be worth much to the world at large.

Nothing can be worse than the arrangement of the buildings for a general exhibition. Rooms for such purposes should be built on a plan which permits the visitor to pass at once to any gallery or room which he may desire to see, without going through a labyrinth, or even such a peripatetic struggle as it involved, to find anything one wants in the long line of rooms which form the hollow square of the Exhibition buildings. Then, to make matters worse for the general public, the Royal Horticultural Society, which has proprietary rights over the enclosed grounds, does not permit any one to pass across the square without payment of one shilling extra—one of those shoppy and characteristically British things which obtrude themselves on a foreigner in England at every turn, another being the multiplication of catalogues at one shilling each, all of them poor except as to paper and type, and made bulky by the addition of a large number of leaves of advertisements entitled "illustrated appendix," though there are in general no illustrations except trademarks. In fact, the dominant impressions which remain on my mind as to the whole thing are, first, that it is a wretchedly assorted array of incoherent productions; and, secondly, that all that could be done to turn a penny has been done—that, in short, it was a big shop, and not so well arranged as any private establishment of the same importance would have been.

The meagreness of the Exhibition is doubtless due to the war, which has absorbed all the attention and much of the industry and capital of the whole civilized world, and prevented contributions; but if contributions had been much more numerous, what would the management have done

What is, however, excellent, in spite of bad arrangement in parts and sympathetic incompetence in the whole, is the art collection, which we are assured will become a permament matter, and give us in London an annual opportunity to see foreign art; not so much for the sake of English taste, which is likely to be very slowly improved by foreign examples, but because London is a convenient place for cosmopolitan collections of every kind, and strangers here may find in such a collection most forms of modern art. In this sense, we hope that the present Exhibition is but the first of a long series, and that later ones may be still more complete. In fact, the art collection redeems the International Exhibition of 1871 from insignificance, and by its catholicity, if not by its intelligent arrangement, makes it a notable occurrence in the history of English art development. The Royal Academy is a close guild, a shop for the benefit of English artists and mainly for its members, and in which a foreigner has a poor chance of being admitted and a worse one of being seen. The opportunity which an exhibition like the International offers to foreign art is, therefore, not only a new one for the general public, and one which is likely to be most valuable, but one which will in time be of the greatest mercantile value to the artists of all the world. London is the great market for all superfluities which are in the fashion, and the sums now thrown away on English art, if wisely spent in some other countries, would change the conditions of artistic existence; and a great exchange of fine art, such as a catholic exhibition here would become, would be the market for the New World as well as the Old. It will be long before the English purchaser will become catholic, because in England there is little taste and much deference to fashion. It is impossible to make your average Englishman believe that Landseer is a dauber compared with Rubens or even Snyders, or that Millais is an eternity from Delacroix; he may admit it if you assert it energetically and contemptuously enough, overpowered by your energy if not convinced by your demonstration, but he will return to his former faith the moment after. Like an old English friend of mine, whom I assured, in speaking of the magnificent Thames (which is, after all, one of the most beautiful of rivers), that we had rivers in America which would go round England and tie in a knot, he would say, "I must believe it, my dear S., since you assure me of it, but I don't see how it *can* be"—and John comes back to his faith in Landseer and Millais again, his placid nature renouncing your tentative persuasion as a lake effaces the impression of a pebble. English art for the moment exhibits a most admirable illustration of the effects of protection—not legal, but sentimental—for practical free-trade would break down some of the shops, including, if I am not mistaken, the Royal Academy. Therefore, let us hope in the future of the International.

The comparative poverty and feebleness of English art in this Exhibition is to an outsider most striking; and this in spite of its being a "review" exhibition, at which all pictures of living (and, in the case of French art, of some dead) painters are included. There are here some celebrated pictures from previous English exhibitions, such as Millais's "Knight Errant," Walker's "Plough" and "Bathers," several pictures by Landseer, portraits by Watts, etc., etc.; and repeated visits to the Exhibition, passing from the English to the Continental schools, have only fixed in my mind the long-growing impression that the English intellect (and I include in the same expression the American, so far as it has not been modified by other national characteristics) is hopelessly inartistic. Now and then an isolated intellect crops out from the mass of the pure artistic temperament, good for nothing for any other use than the evangelization of beauty; but he is, like John the Baptist crying in the wilderness, without teacher or imitator—nothing but the great gospel follows him. Such was Gainsborough (and, on a smaller scale, Reynolds), such Turner, and such at the present moment Burne Jones, and no other purely English mind—Rossetti, the greatest of English painters of to-day, not being English, but Italian. The mass of painters are alike in certain characteristics, chief of these, even in the best and truest, being a complete subordination of the "notion" of a picture to its plastic element—the telling of a story, the illustration of a passage from the poets, the realization of a moral or representation of a fact, rather than the expression of the harmonies either of color, arrangement, or form, which make and distinguish the great schools, the Greek, Venetian (and Florentine ?). The English artist is hopelessly intellectual; well, if his intellect is of the nobler type, but never so ill if it is of that microscopic character by which the majority of the pictures in the English exhibitions are produced; but, in any case, he cannot cease to *think* out all his results, instead of abandoning himself, as a true artist does, to the emotions in the expression of which art consists.

I cannot illustrate my meaning better than by citing Hogarth as a type of the English mind in its practical application, and contrasting him with Turner. The former was a novelist on canvas, and in all his work the plastic qualities are scarcely sufficient for the logic and rhetoric of his story. He moralizes, reflects, satirizes, caricatures even, much as if he were a Swift educated with a brush instead of a pen in his hand. Turner is the other pole of art—concrete sensuousness—a being sensitive at every pore and tentacle to the beauty and multiform harmonies of the universe; but of ratiocination, philosophy, science, morals, or morality, not a particle, conscious or unconscious, save what his natural impulses bred in him. Hogarth is the father of English art, so far as it is distinctively such; and the isolated natures which are purely artistic, after the type of Titian, Correggio, and Turner, seem to have only an exceptional existence, and to leave no abiding influence either on art or the public taste, which will not be divorced from the idol, the picture-story.

Whether as the consequence of this want of appreciation, original default, or other reason, it does not matter to enquire, but the fact is that English painting almost never rises above mediocrity in plastic qualities, though in the selection and conception of subject it does show at times great dramatic power and freshness of insight into human nature. One feels on passing through the Exhibition, with an undeniable intellectual vivacity and not uncommon poetic sensibility and purity of feeling, a weakness in general treatment, a want of mastery of the material, command of the grammar of art, distinctness and simplicity of plastic treatment, which gives the impression of self-taught (always badly taught) youths, some of an energy almost frantic, but juvenile throughout—a school without a master, and, what is worse, without the feeling of the need of one; and, on passing into the French galleries, the contrast is disastrous. Here, with any quantity of triviality in conception and choice of subject, there is a mastery, an energy and directness in treatment, which, let the impression on your taste be what it may, assure you that you are in the presence of a race of artists. With the exception of some portraits by Watts, I do not find a single oil-picture in the whole English collection which could be classed with really great Continental work, and even Watts is so feeble in handling and drawing that he cannot sit beside such men as Delacroix, Wouters of Belgium, Vinck, or even the landscape painters, Troyon, Daubigny, Dupré, and a score of others, at whose work the average English exhibition-goer turns up his nose in complete indifference. There is a flower piece in the French gallery, by Diaz, which has more art in it than any oil-picture in the whole English department, reminding one of the axiom of Titian, that a bunch of grapes contained all the elements of art.

Yet I heard a very intelligent Englishman say as he passed out of the Belgian room—in which there are more noble landscapes than I ever saw in any exhibition of the Royal Academy, and three or four figure-pictures which would have furnished the whole Academy with ability—"A very poor room that is." And this seems the case generally. You cannot make the English public take anything in an unwonted package—the trademark goes for all. Yet it is extravagantly fond of artistic power when it has the Academy stamp. Millais, who passes for the R. A.'s best man with *οἱ πολλοί*, has in the International a picture which he calls the "Knight Errant," a naked woman tied to a tree (the tree dividing the picture in two) and a knight cutting the cords with a huge double-handed broadsword which he has thrust downward between her and the tree at the imminent risk of her skin—he looking the while intently at her face, which she as steadfastly and with propriety turns away. A swordsman would have drawn his weapon across the cord from the outside; if a clever man he would have taken his dirk to do the cutting with; but in any case he would have looked where he was cutting. The knight is a lay figure in armor, the woman an ordinary model with every imperfection of the model on her, and even traces of her obedience to the fashion of the day. Every dramatic quality, every common-sense consideration, is omitted from the picture. Neither ideality nor imagination is in it. Yet one heard, and hears continually, unqualified praise of it as a masterpiece of modern art, and I doubt if any critic for a London paper would care to speak out the plain truth, which is, that it is a clever piece of brush-work, mediocre in knowledge of drawing, forced and artificial in composition, strong to garishness in color, with incompleted and failing harmony, utterly devoid of point, and palpably only a clumsy pretext to make a picture out of a cleverish study from a nude model. Yet its bravura and brush-work made it the picture of the season to the vast majority of R. A. exhibition-goers. English art is not by any means without value—some forms of it are of great value; the best being in the comic papers and the pictures which follow that vein—the greatest being pictorially what Thackeray hinted at

in his wonderfully clever designs, and realized perfectly in words. But this is a light not from the firmament where Titian, Correggio, Turner, even Phidias and Michael Angelo, burn.

Belgian art in the Exhibition has surprised me, even with a certain knowledge of it for many years. There is, especially in the landscape department, a directness of manner and simplicity of appeal which quite equal French painting, though nothing in power approaches Daubigny and Dupré, and there seems to me more of the peculiar English love for pure nature, as nature, which makes so delightful a feature of the English water-color exhibitions—the impersonality of the Englishman before nature. Two landscapes by a woman, Marie Collart, interested me especially for simplicity, purity, and directness of painting, but the grandest landscape after those of Daubigny and Dupré, and even more tender and true to the theme—a real autumn twilight—was a picture by Lamorinière, "Near Hastière."

The German collection shows nothing new—the same prescriptive treatment of the same natural proprieties, dull and uninteresting, which we know from Düsseldorf so long ago—neither great art nor simple nature—scholarly, academic, and stupid, it must be said, even if honest and true up to a certain range. W. J. Stillman.

Notes.

Macmillan & Co. will shortly issue three text-books remarkable even amid the general excellence of the well-known Clarendon Press Series, to which they belong. These are: "The Philology of the English Tongue," by John Earle, M.A., sometime Professor of Anglo Saxon in the University of Oxford—a manual constructed on the elementary method, "the aim of which has been to find a path through most familiar ground up to philological principles"; "Livy—Books I.–X.," with introduction, historical examination, and notes, by Prof. J. R. Seeley—Book I.; and "Elements of Roman Civil Law," by Gaius, with a translation and commentary by Edward Poste, M.A.—an edition of the palimpsest MS. treatise discovered by Niebuhr at Verona in 1816, "partly addressed to law students, and partly to those who consider some initiation in the principles of jurisprudence as an essential part of a liberal education."——The American edition of Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," edited by Professor Hackett and Mr. Ezra Abbot, originally issued as a subscription book, has now been put by the publishers, Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, in the regular trade, and may be bought and ordered like any other book.——Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. announce that Mr. Bayard Taylor will edit for them a "Library of Travel and Adventure," profusely illustrated, and that Drs. Henry B. Smith and Philip Schaff will edit a "Theological and Philosophical Library"—"intended to cover by means of at least one standard book every principal topic under these general heads," and beginning with Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy." A third library—a second series of the "Wonder Library," but mainly edited by American writers—is also in contemplation. The same publishers republish Jowett's "Plato," and have in press a new novel, "Richard Vandermarck," by Mrs. Sidney S. Harris, author of "Rutledge."——Mr. G. Wharton Hammersley, editor of one of the best papers published in Philadelphia, the *Germantown Chronicle*, has begun an enterprise which has been often undertaken in this country, but heretofore not with flattering success. His weekly *Public Opinion* is a compilation of the current sentiments of the leading journals in this country and in England, on all topics that interest intelligent readers. It is convenient in size and well printed, and ought to find support.

—Our Chicago exchanges slowly reappear, more or less like their former selves. Among them we are glad to receive again the *Chicago Legal News*, which, indeed, though its office was burnt out, was issued punctually, with only the difference of a half-sheet. It was more fortunate than some of its contemporaries in saving its subscription list, but sustained a severe loss in its library of nearly two thousand volumes. This paper is remarkable for being edited by a woman, Mrs. Myra Bradwell, and we believe that it is esteemed by the profession as the best law journal in the country. The issue before us thus states the condition of legal matters in Chicago: "The members of the bar are most of them ruined. Not a single law office remains, either in the North or South Divisions of the city. . . . A large number of the members of the bar are without offices, without books, without money, without business, and with no immediate prospect of any. The records of the courts, State and Federal, have been consumed as well as the records and the deeds. . . . Every volume of the library of the Chicago Law Institute, which was the pride of the bar of the West, was destroyed."

—The Schwabe Gallery of Fallen Heroes has been sold in Boston under foreclosure of mortgage. This collection of about a hundred portraits of officers and soldiers was made in part just before the close of the war, and in part very soon after. Mr. L. B. Schwabe, otherwise known as Count Schwabe, appeared as the former of the collection; but we are unable to say what proportion of the whole work was at his own expense. Some of the pictures and some of the frames were paid for, wholly or in part, by the regiments, or families, or companies of the dead, but some were paid for by Mr. Schwabe, as well. During the four days preceding the sale the pictures were on exhibition. Their condition is dreadful; many of them are wholly ruined by the alteration of the colors, and many have their surfaces cracked all to pieces, and are covered with a network of white lines. This may be caused in part by storage in cellars and the like; but it is caused in great part, also, by their bad painting. Many more than half of the pictures in the gallery are absolutely worthless. So bad a collection of paintings can hardly be found elsewhere. It is to be hoped that it will be broken up very speedily. It is now held by the buyer, Mr. Walker, of Chicago, one of the mortgagees, but it ought not to be kept together. It is reported in the Boston papers that the pictures will be valued, and offered at the valuations to the families interested. If in this way the mortgagees can get back their money, and the family of each soldier whose portrait is in the collection can get their picture, and destroy it, it will be well, and one more wholly unsuccessful scheme will thus pass away and be forgotten. Our memories of our soldiers are too precious to be spoiled by association with it.

—On both sides of the water the present season is marked by great dulness in the book trade, and the paucity of notable literary productions or even expectations. Col. Yule's "Marco Polo" is perhaps the most scholarly and exhaustive, as it is, unfortunately, one of the most costly of recent works. Mr. Darwin's promised "Facial Expressions of Animals" is much the most interesting of works yet to come. From both classes we select the following titles: In biography and history, "A Group of Englishmen (1795–1815)," being records of the younger Wedgwoods and their friends, embracing a history of the discovery of photography, by Eliza Meteyard; "Raphael of Urbino and his Father, Giovanni Santi," by J. D. Passavant, with twenty illustrations; "English Artists of the Present Day," essays by various critics, with twelve photographic illustrations; "The Homes of Other Days," a history of domestic manners and sentiments during the Middle Ages, with profuse illustrations from contemporary manuscripts and other sources, by Thomas Wright; "Popular Romances of the Middle Ages," by Geo. W. Cox; and the "History of the Newspaper Press," by James Grant. This last is one of the most amusing specimens of bad writing and commonplace—and plenty of it, as the work is expanded into two volumes—that have appeared in a long time. The author, who was formerly editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, is not incapable of a sentence like this, for example: "Whoever may have been the author of those letters, this one thing is certain—namely, that his real name was not Junius." There is the usual proportion of works on India: "Eastern Experiences," by Lewin B. Bowring, Lord Canning's Private Secretary; "Western India before and during the Mutinies"—pictures drawn from life—by Maj.-Gen. Sir George Le Grand Jacob; "Wild Men and Wild Beasts," scenes in Indian camp and jungle, by Lieut.-Col. Gordon Cumming; "The Indian Mussulmans: Are they bound in conscience to rebel against the Queen?"—a question of some importance to our British cousins—by W. W. Hunter. With the foregoing Eastern narratives may be classed "Among the Huts in Egypt," scenes from real life, by M. S. Whately; and "The Daughters of Syria," an account of the missionary labors of the late Mrs. Bowen Thompson, edited by the Rev. H. B. Tristram. Illustrated works for the holidays are of good quality, embracing some mentioned above and these others: Carl Werner's "Nile Sketches," mounted fac-similes of the original water-colors, with descriptive text; "Portfolio of Cabinet Pictures," reproduced in colors after Turner, Callcott, Constable, and Birket Foster; "Children in Italian and English Design," by Sidney Colvin, with twelve photographs; "Gems of Dutch Art," twelve photographs from the finest engravings in the British Museum; and "St. George's Chapel, Windsor," in eighteen views by the Woodbury process. A few miscellaneous titles will close our summary: Prof. Jevons's "Theory of Political Economy"; "Spiritualism and Animal Magnetism," by Prof. G. G. Zerffi, a disbeliever in supernatural manifestations; "The Southern States since the War," by Robert Somers; "Lord Bantam," by the author of "Ginx's Baby"; "China's Place in Philology,"

by the Rev. Joseph Edkins, of Peking; "The Slaves, their Ethnology, Early History, and Popular Traditions," by W. R. Morfill; and a "Catalogue of Dictionaries and Grammars of the Principal Languages of the World" (which can be obtained without difficulty)—a very useful compilation which we owe to Mr. Trübner.

—The *Cornhill Magazine* for October contains a very interesting and ably written article, called "Notes on Flying and Flying Machines," perhaps by a member of the Aëronautical Society—for it seems that such a society exists in England. The four conditions of the problem of air-navigation—buoyancy, extent of supporting surface, propulsion power, and elevating power—are briefly but suggestively discussed, and the following conclusion arrived at; "Iron and steam have given man the power of surpassing the speed of the swiftest of four-footed creatures—the horse, the greyhound, and the antelope. We have full confidence that the same useful servants place it in man's power to outvie in like manner the swiftest of winged creatures—the swallow, the pigeon, and the hawk." Most persons will probably be surprised to learn that the wing-surface of flying creatures is not proportioned to their weight, but to the surface of their bodies; that, for example, "the sparrow, which weighs 339 times less than the Australian crane, possesses seven times more relative [supporting] surface"; and that man, consequently, if his muscles were only adapted for the work, would need about such wings as are "commonly assigned to angels by sculptors and painters." The writer seems to be of opinion that buoyancy is much less a desideratum in a flying-machine than equipoise, without which the sustaining force of the air (in resistance of gravity) cannot be made available for swift horizontal flight; and he observes of constructions thus far proposed, that "in nine cases out of ten (if not in all) the machine would be as likely to travel bottom upwards as on an even keel." He does not make any allusion to the most promising invention yet tried in this country—the Californian "Avitor"—which secures, by means of a cigar-shaped balloon, enough buoyancy to just overcome gravity, and relies on machinery for elevation and propulsion. Possibly, however, he had it in mind when he penned the sentence just quoted. The "Aërial Steam Navigation Company," which has allowed two years to elapse since the trial of its model "steamer," ought to make some report of its progress, for the comfort of those who believe in the ultimate success of aëronautics.

—*Art* and the *Portfolio* for October, which are sent us by Brentano, are both of less than ordinary interest. *Art* is the more permanently valuable of the two, by reason of its very clear copy of Albert Dürer's print of St. Eustachius; but what is the use of giving, now and then, a masterpiece like this, when the general run of illustrations is drawn from such commonplaces as "La Bella Giardiniera" of Gordigiani, or such worthless productions as the Hélène of Clesinger? From an editor who can find nothing better than things like these to give his subscribers, not much in the way of instructive writing is to be looked for, and we are not surprised, therefore, to find the letterpress of little worth. The writing in the *Portfolio* is more seriously instructive, though we must record our inability to read Mr. William B. Scott's English. Either his ideas are not clear, or he totally lacks the power to express them. His page of illustrations from Blake, in the July number of the *Portfolio*, was a valuable contribution, however. We wish the article in the October number, on "The Domestic Furniture of the Eighteenth Century," could have been illustrated. Such an essay is almost without value unless accompanied by copies of the designs criticised. The *Art Journal* is very barren this month, but it is never of any great value as an artistic authority or treasure-house, It appeals essentially to the average English art-manufacturer, and to the people who look upon him and his doings with admiration.

—They are discussing in some of the London newspapers and journals the question of a national theatre; whether there cannot be established in the city of London, either by means of a stock company, or by a Government subsidy, a theatre where the best of the old plays, and the best plays that can be written by Englishmen to-day, shall be acted in the best possible manner. The recent visit of the admirable company of the Théâtre Français to London, where they have been very successful, and where they are much missed since their return to Paris, would seem to have set our cousins to thinking whether they cannot have an institution of the same sort in their own country. M. Planché, Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. R. H. Horne, and Mr. Godwin, the editor of the *Builder*, have all been writing, and it seems as if something might come of it. One writer suggests that London will never have anything so good as the Français unless it be insisted on that no play shall be accepted in the ideal institution that has been written by a professional dramatic critic, and that no professional actor shall ever write criticisms upon theatrical performances.

—The *Revue des Deux Mondes* for September 15 contains the first part of an account, by his lifelong friend Guizot, of the late Duc de Broglie (Achille-Léonce-Victor-Charles, Duc de Broglie, born at Paris, November 28, 1785; died at Paris, January 26, 1870). It is not so much a notice of the Duke's whole life as of that part of it after Guizot became intimately acquainted with him—the Duke being at that time thirty-three years of age and Guizot thirty-one—and until they both withdrew from active political life. M. Victor Cherbuliez continues his novel, "The Revenge of Joseph Noirel." M. Charles Broillard contributes a valuable article on the growing scarcity of wood for building and manufacturing purposes (have we a term equivalent to the French "*bois d'œuvre*"?) all the world over. M. Edmond Planchut continues his "Round the World in One Hundred and Twenty Days," begun in the number for September 1st. M. Mézières endeavors to tell us the truth about the "Blockade of Metz," and arrives at a conclusion strongly condemnatory of Bazaine, expressed, however, in very temperate and dignified terms. The *Revue* contains the usual political chronicle and book-notices. Subscribers are informed that the numbers for the end of 1870 and the beginning of 1871, of which, in consequence of the two blockades of Paris, there was only printed a small edition, and which could not be distributed to outside subscribers, are now ready.

—It is hardly necessary to call the attention of the readers of the *Revue* to the story of Victor Cherbuliez, "La Revanche de Joseph Noirel," which has just been finished in the number of Oct. 1. There may be others, however, who will gladly hear of a new novel from his pen, and one which is in many respects—in fact, upon the whole—the best that he has yet written. Even "Prosper Randoce," with all its subtlety, is not so interesting. In that story our chief interest centres upon Didier, who, even if he is not a pathological study, comes so near it that the book will seem to many more interesting than admirable. "Ladislas Bolski" is one of the cleverest novels one can find in a long summer's day, but even this falls below this last story, which is not only quite as clever but far more poetical. Nowhere has Cherbuliez drawn a character so fascinating as "Marguerite." The way in which she is represented, first as a young girl at home, as charming and lovely as possible, then married and in trouble, but growing in fascination as in character with every affliction, retaining in spite of all her suffering her wonderful innocence and purity, warrants us in declaring that Cherbuliez has shown here a power which, previously, it was only in one's power to predict. To draw a charming woman is no light task; Cherbuliez has done it not only with the cleverness with which he gave us Didier's self-analysis and Ladislas Bolski's fiery passion—a quality in which, by the way, he stands almost alone—but with a pathos and sympathy far superior to any such cheap gift as cleverness. While Marguerite stands first in merit, Joseph is not to be forgotten; indeed, there is no weakness shown in the treatment of any of the characters. The plot, which for the last three months has been baffling the readers of the *Revue*, is one of the sort in which Cherbuliez delights, it being complex and not to be easily unriddled, but yet one not too heavy for its author—he is never weighed down by its demands, it seems to trouble him as little as the utterance of one of his numerous witticisms. Some of the descriptions, as, for example, that of the old castle, and the meeting between Joseph and Marguerite in the snow, are models of beauty. One of the peculiarities of Cherbuliez's novels is evident in this, namely, their joyousness in spite of a tragic end—we hope the reader will pardon us for throwing even so much light upon the plot; it tells him but little. This quality seems to us one of the greatest an author can have: to give us sadness, but yet, without cheap consolation, to leave in our minds the impression that there is something beyond it, something which no sadness can touch—a state of mind which is neither hope nor indifference, but the certainty of the grandeur of the world outside of our own petty misery. This Cherbuliez has done. If this praise seems fulsome, we hope that the fault-finders will read the novel, which will soon, of course, appear in book-form. The admirers of Cherbuliez do not need this advice.

—*Nature* quotes from the *Revue Universelle* the statement that "the German Empire, in acquiring an extended frontier from France, has traced the new boundary line not from a topographical plan, but, in all probability, from a geological map edited at Berlin. In fact, it is to be observed that the new boundaries between France and Germany absorb, for the benefit of the Empire, all the rich deposits of the mines of oölitic iron-ore

in the basins of the Moselle and the Meurthe, with the exception of the Longwy group. Save this, which has been reserved, Germany has made herself mistress of the larger portion of the best part of the most important mineral beds in France. These beds extend under the vast plateau which forms the east of the departments of Moselle and Meurthe, and crop out in the valleys from Longwy, in the north, as far as Pont St. Vincent, Meurthe, in the south, and comprise a full quarter of the mineral riches of France. The new determination of boundaries will have the effect of introducing into the productive industry of Germany, according to the statistics of 1867, 23 blast-furnaces, capable of producing 205,000 tons of metal; 9,000 hectares of iron country, yielding 500,000 tons; 14 iron-works, turning out 127,000 tons; and 22,000 hectares of coal-field, from which can be got 180,000 tons of coal." If this be true, the French have evidently been "betrayed" again.

—In the *Chinese Recorder* for July, lately received, we find for the first time an authentic statement of the missionary regulations proposed by the Chinese authorities. A former incorrect report of the contents of this important document has furnished a text for a very general denunciation of the retrogressive policy of the Chinese Government, the justice of which, in the light of the present version, is not so clear. That these regulations are directed mainly against the Roman Catholic missions appears both from the general nature of the acts which they are designed to restrain and from the preamble, in which the "religion of the Lord of Heaven," as the Roman Catholic faith is termed, is expressly distinguished from the "religion of Jesus," or the Protestant faith; and the fear is expressed that, in case of an outbreak, the latter also might suffer, the ignorant multitude not being able to distinguish between them. We are not to suppose that the Government is particularly friendly to Protestant missions, but neither the manner in which they are conducted, nor the small number of converts, compared with those of the Roman Catholic missions, is calculated to arouse in anything like the same degree the hostility of a people which, in matters of religion, is rather indifferent than intolerant. Against the Roman Catholics, on the other hand, their grievances are many and serious, and to the truth of some of them, *e.g.*, the state and authority assumed by the missionaries in the interior provinces, we have as unimpeachable witnesses the missionaries themselves. The following extracts from the preamble put the Chinese side of the question very forcibly:

"When an outbreak occurs, foreigners think only of force to repress it, caring little how they can convince and win the minds of the people, and thereby secure lasting harmony. But the repression of these evils can best be brought about by mutual deliberation, with a full knowledge of the facts; and this is proposed by the members of the Government as the means most likely to secure friendly relations between China and other countries. They have learned that missionaries in other countries get along quietly, making it plain that there must be some rules, and that both they and their converts conform to the usages of these lands; and do not, as in China, arrogate to themselves the state and dignity of officials, oppose the orders of the local rulers, and incite animosity by injuring the people. . . . To have a number of foreigners in the country acting in this independent way is to have so many enemies in the land, and the consequences of such conduct will necessarily ere long produce evils which neither party can repress nor endure. The question is one of the greatest moment to all countries having dealings with China, and the foreign ministers should most carefully consider it in all its bearings. If they decline to come to some arrangement, they cannot excuse themselves, in case another rising should occur, that they had not been made aware of the merits and hazards of the subject; these eight rules are, therefore, now put forward for them carefully to examine."

—The substance of these rules, each of which is followed by a note explaining more fully the nature of the evils which it is designed to remedy and giving in some cases individual examples, is the following:

1. The orphan asylums, if not closed altogether, should at least receive only the children of converts, and the number, ages, etc., of all admitted should be reported to the authorities. The secrecy hitherto observed, and the refusal to allow parents to see their children when once admitted, have caused much suspicion.

2. Chinese women shall not be allowed to visit the churches, nor Sisters of Charity to act as missionaries; both these practices offending against Chinese ideas of propriety.

3. Missionaries should respect the laws of the country, and not set themselves up as independent, nor interfere in behalf of their converts with the execution of the laws. The Government cannot excuse these converts from the payment of taxes or other civil duties, nor can the missionaries release them from the obligation.

4. Missionaries are not to interfere in criminal cases to screen their converts from punishment, nor demand indemnity where punishment has been inflicted.

5. Passports issued to French missionaries are not to be transferred to natives, or to be otherwise improperly used.

6. The character which the converts have previously borne should be carefully enquired into; frequent reports should be made to the authorities of all persons admitted, and any subsequently convicted of crime should be excommunicated. It is charged that criminals frequently join the sect for the sake of the political protection afforded.

7. Missionaries are not to use official seals, or write official despatches to the native authorities, but in their intercourse with the officials are to observe the etiquette prescribed for native scholars.

8. No claim shall hereafter be set up for lands on the ground that they once belonged to the Roman Catholic Church, and in future, when lands or houses are bought or leased for church purposes, the transaction must be public, and the deed must be executed in the name of the church.

The document adds in conclusion that these form only a portion of the grievances against the Roman Catholics; that the Government has no desire to destroy or persecute this faith; but unless some remedy is found for these evils, there is great danger that the indignation of the people will break out in excesses which the Emperor cannot restrain. That this is not an imaginary danger we have recent evidence in the disturbances at Fatshan, in the province of Kwantung, which the vigorous action of the Government only prevented from being in its issue, as it was in design, another Tientsin affair. Reports were spread of certain pills, said to be distributed by foreigners, which caused a mysterious swelling of the body, only to be relieved by embracing Christianity. The excitement reached Canton, and there was at one time imminent danger of an attack on the foreign quarter.

SUBURBAN HOME GROUNDS.*

Not one in a thousand, probably, of all those who, in this country, every year set about the preparation of a suburban home for their families, can readily obtain the aid of a landscape-gardener, properly so called. To those who cannot, Mr. Frank J. Scott, of Toledo, Ohio, undertakes to give elementary instruction in the art, which he defines to be that of "creating lovely examples of landscape in miniature," but which, in its application o such small spaces of ground as he has more particularly in view, might, perhaps, better be stated to be that of preparing agreeable *passages* of andscape scenery. This work is in two parts, the first relating to questions of site, extent, plan, and method; the second, to the special qualities for landscape planting of each of several hundred trees and shrubs. The two parts are of about equal bulk, and might very well have been bound apart; together, they form an inconveniently heavy volume. The advice given in the first part is copious and distinct, and may be understood and applied by most town-bred men. The principles of art are freshly, if incompletely, stated, and although a new and elaborate series of symbols is used, the numerous illustrative plans, upon which it is evident that much study has been spent, are intelligible and instructive.

In one respect, Mr. Scott abandons the usage of the established authorities, and adopts, to the fullest extent, what he regards as an improved, popular American practice. It has generally been thought desirable by the older landscape gardeners, in forming their plans, that certain objects standing outside the ground placed under their control should be given a greater apparent distance, or, perhaps, without entire concealment, should be rendered partially obscure from points of view within it. For this purpose, a plantation is generally laid out along the boundary which s designed eventually to establish a verdant middle distance in the landscape. Perhaps still more frequently, it has been desired to shut out completely objects which were originally in view, but which were discordant with more important landscape elements nearer the points of view, in which case plantations have been planned with the design of forming complete new backgrounds. Skilful use of boundary plantations for these purposes was originally made by Kent and his immediate associates and successors, but the practice being followed, in a mechanical way, by the famous Brown and other stupid pretenders, gave rise to "the belt," so unmercifully ridiculed by Uvedale Price in his prolonged discussion with Repton and others. Mr. Scott uses no boundary plantations, and, unless to shut out some special deformity, would merge the surface of his grounds with whatever may lie beyond them. He would do without a fence if he could, and, not being allowed to, would have it as nearly as possible transparent. It may be said for his plans that, in attempting to secure even miniature passages of landscape *of a complete character* within the usual limits of a suburban building lot, the inexperienced planter would be so likely to run into fussy confusion, that it would almost always be better for him to accept whatever objects there may be on or across the street or boundary as primary matters of interest, and that the main motive of his

* "The Art of Beautifying Suburban Home Grounds of small extent, etc., etc. Illustrated by upwards of two hundred plates and engravings of plans for residences and their grounds, of trees and shrubs, and garden embellishments, with descriptions of the beautiful and hardy shrubs grown in the United States. By Frank J. Scott." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.

planting should be to gain elegance of foreground only. There is a sweet passage in the last work of Repton in which he justifies the pleasure he had taken in a design of this simple character. But Mr. Scott argues that the practice of planting closely along the boundary is a bad conventionalism, handed down from a period of "rude improvements and ruder men"; that it is a peculiarity of English gardening, which "it would be as unfortunate to follow as to imitate the surly self-assertion of English travelling manners"; and, finally, that not to lay our private grounds open to the public gaze is ill-bred, inhospitable, unneighborly, and unchristian (pp. 51 and 61).

We are confident that Mr. Scott, in the passages to which we refer, has got upon a wrong road, and as he has, in general, evidently studied his way with care, we are anxious to see what has led him astray. On reflection, it appears to us that so far as there is a distinct American practice in the respect indicated, it has grown out of the fact that the motive of what Mr. Scott calls home grounds in this country has hitherto been, in most cases, almost exclusively a motive of decoration. They have been designed to be looked upon from a window, or from the street; much less generally than in Europe to be familiarly and frequently occupied and lived in. The difference of custom in this respect has been often remarked, and generally attributed to differences of climate. We are disposed, however, to think that it should be connected with a considerable series of tolerably well-marked distinctions, now passing away, with which climate has had little to do—with habits of more constant, more desultory, and, with individuals, more varied labor; with the habit of looking with suspicion upon anything tending to withdraw attention from productive occupations, unless it were to distinctly religious exercises; with the customs which have forced young people generally to seek social enjoyment much more apart from their parents than is thought necessary, desirable, or prudent, in old countries; and, in short, with many direct results of the necessary privations and hardships of the pioneer period. It is not impossible, even in this country, with patience, ingenuity, and skill, to establish conditions under which, while engaged in many common domestic occupations, we may spend a good deal of time out of doors, but it is much more difficult than in the old countries, and while our emigrating fathers had their full stent to keep the wolf and savage from their doors, it is not surprising that they did not undertake the task. Their houses were commonly built, at most, with but two doors, of which one opened upon a working yard, always more or less blocked up with logs saved for fuel or timber, and the larger implements of the farm, the other upon the trail, which afterwards became a high road or village street. After a certain period, some one in each neighborhood would acquire an enviable distinction by "slicking up" a place, and planting some slips of lilac or poplar, obtained from the older settlements, or perhaps direct from the mother country. The most available ground for such a purpose was just within the door opposite the working yard, where, accordingly, to protect the plants from cattle, a space would be fenced in. As a better class of houses were substituted for the original cabins, with increasing security and prosperity, front-door yards increased in number, until, at length, the distinction was reversed, and it became almost disreputable in many districts to live in a house without such an appendage. The notion of furnishing them with broad, clean, smooth floors of gravel, or carpets of fine, close turf, with sewing and reading seats; of coaxing nature to decorate their convenience, or protect them from sun and wind, or to give them any degree of seclusion or coziness: or of ever using them as *al-fresco* parlors, or tea-rooms, or workrooms, or kindergartens, was not at all entertained. Regarded simply as ornaments of the house front, or as badges of respectability, like chaises and green blinds, it would have been folly to hide them behind walls, hedges, or thickets.

Between home-grounds of this class, however enlarged and improved, and the characteristic miniature pleasure-grounds of the suburban villas of any part of Europe, there can be no comparison. The private planting of public roadsides, and the contribution of a small piece of decorated ground in front of every dwelling to public use, is an excellent custom; and, in contrast with it, the habit of regarding the highway as a strictly government or parish affair, and its improvement in any respect as no man's private concern, and the somewhat stern and often rude face which suburban homes often present to the street in Europe, seems churlish and clownish. But between this extreme and that of forbidding all family privacy out of doors, there is a wide range. Croquet is doing something to unsettle the traditional idea that the only use of a home-ground is to set off the house; but few among us yet suspect how much time can be spent profitably, agreeably, and healthfully, or how large a share of our ordinary household duties, as well as our recreations, can be attended to in the open air, provided we have grounds suitably arranged and furnished.

There is reason for questioning whether women in this country are not gradually becoming disqualified for much enjoyment of nature. We have spent some months in a neighborhood so famed for its landscape beauty that it was, at the time, visited by hundreds of strangers. Notwithstanding the fact that there were the most inviting groves, ravines, and mountains on all sides, far and near, that the temperature was generally agreeably cool, and the walks in several directions not at all difficult, it was rare to meet women on foot a mile away from the houses at which they were staying; rare to meet them out of doors at all dressed otherwise than as for church or a shopping expedition in Broadway. In their driving and sailing, it was obviously the social opportunity, not the scenery, that was sought. A flower in the grass, a bunch of ash-keys, a birch trunk, the bark of which suggested the making of a house ornament, the most commonplace objects thus associated with indoor life, would at once take, and completely withhold, attention from the finest view. To have been once upon a certain road, or to a certain point, was a reason for not going there again. We have seen also, recently, seven carloads of people wait at Suspension Bridge, the greater part all the time in their seats, for half an hour of a fine autumn afternoon, but two of the whole number, and these men, taking the trouble to step the length of the train ahead, where, instead of the gloom of the station-house, there was a view that would repay a voyage across the Atlantic. To be sure, the greater number had been over the road, and had seen it before, from the car-windows, as they passed the bridge. Not one in a hundred of the women who can command a carriage in the Central Park has ever been in the Ramble; not one in a thousand has cared to walk in it twice. This lack of interest in nature is not often found in Europe except among the lowest peasantry. The vulgarest Englishwomen make at least an effort to appear superior to it, and they cannot do this without benefiting their children. At places of resort in Great Britain and Germany which may be compared with that we have referred to, go where we would, within a good half-day's walk, we have always found scores of women and girls, many of them showing by their attitude and occupation that they were not only really enjoying but studying nature with earnestness and deliberation. If there is such a defect, and it is growing upon us, how is it to be accounted for? We are inclined to think that the too exclusively indoor life, with intervals of church, lecture-room, and street, to which the better part of our women have been hitherto led, tends to disqualify them for observing truly, and consequently for enjoying, the beauty of nature on a large scale. With constant training of his faculties, no artist feels that he can appreciate or fully enjoy a landscape the first time or the first hour that he looks upon it.

Our American homes are, in some respects, the best for women in the world, but they are far from faultless, and they do not, in all respects, compare favorably, class for class, with those of the Old Country; and the weakest point of our suburban and rural homes is their lack of open-air family apartments, adapted to the climate and other conditions of our country—pieces of ground designed not so much to form pretty pictures from the windows, and thus add to our wall decorations, or from the street, and thus add to our cheap and showy house-fronts, but to be enjoyed from their own interior; to be occupied and lived in as an integral part of the home, as the grounds of Old-Country homes so much more commonly are. In suburban building-lots of the ordinary dimensions, the space between the building line, established by a good custom, if not by law, and the street is not often a suitable one to be used for this purpose, while the limited space in the rear of the house is commonly required for other necessary purposes. Mr. Scott urges that building-lots should generally be laid off twice the depth they usually are; but his plans are adapted to the customary conditions, and the question of attempting to secure family privacy out of doors by means of close plantations, under these artificial conditions, may, as we have already admitted, be considered as an open one. We simply protest against the principle involved in his argument. His work is intended and adapted to have a large influence in cultivating out-of-door habits and a love of nature, and the apparently unqualified support given in such passages as we have cited of a common prejudice against out-of-door domestic privacy is the more to be regretted.

In the second part, some seven hundred species and varieties of trees

and shrubs are enumerated, and, as far as practicable, their landscape qualities indicated. The report made in regard to many of the acquisitions of the last twenty years is the best that we have seen; and it is gratifying to observe that, in numerous instances, it is based on observations of specimens found in our public grounds. In regard to many novelties, the mature character of which in this climate cannot be known for some years to come, we are glad to notice a commendable and unusual caution observed. The foliage of many of the new conifers, which is most attractive while they are in the sapling stage, changes character so greatly when they begin to bear seed, as to render them quite valueless for home plantations. With regard to shrubs, Mr. Scott truly says that if half a dozen of the commonest of the old kinds are thrown out of the long and bewildering series named in the catalogues of the great foreign nurseries, we shall find it difficult to select as many that will be their equals in beauty of form, foliage, or bloom. But it should be known also that, notwithstanding the number of high-priced and far-fetched novelties now offered, for some of the bushes that are of the highest value for landscape planting, we shall ask both our own and the foreign dealers in vain. We must look them up, as Mr. Scott shows that he has done, in our woodland pastures and along our neglected roadsides.

Of each part of Mr. Scott's work it may be said that it is the most valuable of its class that has been published in America since Mr. Downing's "Landscape Gardening."

SOME NEBULOUS PROCEEDINGS.*

The American Association for the Advancement of Science is among the best supported of our scientific societies, being not only the largest in numbers, but one of the very few able to publish an annual volume of proceedings with the current contributions of its members. Founded in 1848, it bore upon its rolls nearly all the names most illustrious in American science. It was the chosen assembly before which the highest problems of science were discussed, and to which such men as Agassiz, Bache, Henry, Peirce, and Silliman communicated their choicest investigations. At first, membership was, we believe, somewhat select, being confined to the ranks of the known cultivators of science and learning. For several years respectability, if not eminence, in some branch of knowledge continued to be a condition of membership. But the standard then began to be lowered, and, as every batch of new members admitted had a voice in subsequent elections, it continued to drop, until nothing was required but social respectability. We are not sure but that even this requirement is now abandoned in favor of willingness to pay the admission-fee.

We do not object to any of these steps, except the last. The number who, by properly combined effort, can do something for the advancement of knowledge is very great. Nor do we think such an association has anything to fear from the introduction of men of high character sufficiently intelligent and educated to appreciate a scientific discussion. There are few speakers to whom a large audience is not more attractive than a small one, and a certain attendance is necessary to give a meeting that social interest which forms one of its chief attractions. But there is a class who form the pest of all our scientific associations, and, indeed, of every learned society the world over which does not sit with closed doors, and who ought to be rigidly excluded. We refer to a class of sciolists, who, possessing no knowledge of the facts or principles of science, or the methods of scientific investigation, except what they have picked up from antiquated school-books, are yet anxious to gain a temporary notoriety by reading long papers before the Association. They form a not uninteresting study in human nature. The subjects to which they seem to take naturally are the nebular hypothesis and the constitution of the ethereal medium. They are never known to observe any fact in the realm of nature, or to attempt an investigation of any natural law. Their Pegasus stoops not to such drudgery. His fields are the celestial spaces, where he disports, untrammelled, amid ether, atoms, and nebulæ. In spite of every precaution, the Association frequently finds itself compelled, through courtesy, to listen to the lucubrations of these charlatans. Fortunately, one of the rules requires the printing only of such papers as are approved by the "standing committee," and no notice, *"even by title,"* is taken of papers not approved. By this rule the lucubrations in question have hitherto been kept from circulating beyond the limits of the local newspaper, and the society has not been compromised. But we now find, from the volume before us, that every rule has become insufficient to prevent the publication of a mass of matter most discreditable to the Association.

After a couple of very short papers, we meet Mr. Jacob Ennis with "The Discovery of the Force which originally imparted all their Motions to all the Stars." His periods are smoothly rounded, but we have searched in vain for anything like a "discovery." We find only a commonplace account of many things, possible and impossible, which he thinks might have happened while the universe was condensing from a supposed nebulous mass, not one of which can be proved. A regard for Mr. Ennis's reputation for intelligence and sanity prevents our making illustrative quotations from his paper. In all, thirty-four pages are occupied by Mr. Ennis and Mr. L. Bradley with baseless speculation about "Matter and Force," "Ether," "Nebula," "Motion," "Nebular Rotation," etc., without advancing a fact, principle, or idea of interest to any seeker after knowledge. When we reached "Aurora Borealis," by L. Bradley, we hoped for something better, because the spectroscope has shown that the aurora must be something more than electricity moving through rarified air, as was formerly supposed. But, far from being able to throw any light on the question, Mr. Bradley does not seem acquainted with the existence of spectroscopic observations, and the most important thing he does is to collect a few of the older and more doubtful suppositions, at second-hand, to support an untenable theory of his own. When the scientific investigator has to deal with forces, he is under the disagreeable restriction of allowing them to act only in accordance with their own laws, while the writers referred to have the happy faculty of making them do anything that may be required. Thus, Mr. H. F. Walling not only ignores the law demonstrated by Newton, that a solid body cannot be formed by gravitation between its particles, but dispenses with impenetrability and repulsion as properties of matter, making gravitation do everything!

For vacuous writing and independence of grammar the palm must be awarded to Mr. S. J. Wallace's paper on "Elasticity as a Feature in Physics," unless, as we suspect, Mr. Wallace be some humorist who has been hoaxing the learned body, with the aid of a technical dictionary. His division of springs into "fluent springs" and "compress springs" gives color to this suspicion, as every one knows that such puns are not knowingly admitted into the transactions of learned societies. We can hardly imagine a more earthy subject than elasticity in ordinary bands. But it carries Mr. Wallace through the ether at a rate that leaves Ennis and Bradley behind. For example:

"*In Vacuity.* There are two forces, gravity and radiance, which pass the interstellar space with forcible fulness and variety. Their passage is by far the most rapid of known actions, and shows no change of directions, and no loss or change of kind, of the forces, and other clear facts. These give important elements of the problem. They require of vacuity the highest possible condition of substance for conveying force with rapidity and purity: the free motion of a body in space, the most pure transmission of force; and there is no known limit to its possible speed through vacancy. But, as the interstellar space contains continuous actions in an infinitude of directions, there must be interminable interferences. This becomes a feature of the problem, and requires a review of the essential and potential terms involved."

He concludes a dozen such flights by alighting on the earth in this tame fashion:

"*Conclusion.* If gravity and its congeners—adhesion, cohesion, mass-motion, and, perhaps, others—as principals, and the other forces as secondaries, all interchangeable, with different degress of facility, hold masses of matter together, or in particular states, by constant action, as reviewed in these statements and suppositions; then we have a basis for the theory of elastic action, but requiring yet the laws to be developed and discovered."

Nearly half that part of the volume devoted to physical science is taken up with the matter we have reviewed. When we pronounce it discreditable to American science, it must not be supposed that we are measuring it by a high standard. Not one of the papers referred to can, from the most liberal standpoint, be regarded as a contribution to any department of knowledge. In no respect do they rise above the average standard of a village lyceum, except, possibly, in smoothness of diction and fertility of imagination; and here they can be outdone by the productions of any respectable trance medium. We hope the leading members of the Association will do something to prevent its falling into the public contempt which inevitably awaits it if the standard of its proceedings continues as low as is indicated by the present volume.

Lectures on the Study and Practice of the Law. By Emory Washburn, LL.D., Bussey Professor of Law. (Boston: Little & Brown. 1871.)—Mr. Washburn's object is not to show from books what legal learning is so much as to offer hints upon its acquisition and practical use, derived

* "Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Nineteenth meeting, held at Troy, N. Y., August, 1870." Cambridge: Published by Joseph Lovering. 1871.

from his own experience and observation. He aims at something more useful than a manual of reading or an essay on professional ethics. And he gains his end, without formal didactics, in illustrating the routine of a young lawyer's everyday work, point by point, by the principle and self-respect that ought to inspire it. The fact of speaking literally *ex cathedrâ* perhaps disinclines the author to press earnestly the advantages of schools as a means of legal training. There may be deeper reasons, drawn from historic analogy, than any he suggests, why the usage of ancient states in that respect should become general among us. Since the days of Rome, even after the Republic, there has been no country in which lawyers took the lead in public affairs as they do in ours, and therefore none in which their complete education is so peculiarly a matter of concern for the state. England, with her sharp division of the profession into classes, knows nothing of law-schools. In Germany, the necessary preparatory course at a gymnasium ensures the mental discipline which so many students of law on entering our schools want. But any one who considers the headlong haste with which young Americans rush into active life, and their utterly false and foolish theories of the honor due to "self-educated" men, must admit their vital need of institutions that will give them definite and comprehensive ideas of legal science, and a just estimate of their own powers as compared with those of others. Besides, the misleading attractions of political life for our young lawyers do not need to be heightened by contrast with the dulness and narrowness of solitary reading or office-training.

Teaching how to study, and what to study, is the chief use of a law-school, and of these topics the lecturer's treatment is full, apt, and direct. Instead of prescribing the catalogue of a library, he shows the pupil how to choose one for himself, and use it with judgment when chosen. After the sound advice to buy all the best books possible before anything else, he leads the young practitioner carefully, with encouragement and warning at every step, through all the variety of work in court and office to which the early years are likely to call him. His precepts for the practice are directed exactly to the points in which a beginner most needs the light of experience, and the illustrative anecdotes are pertinent and new. He inculcates a just contempt for mere fluency, enforcing the effectiveness with juries of logic, plain statement, even temper, and fair dealing. And he dwells encouragingly on the assured results, from constant habit, of confidence, facility, and even a fair degree of oratorical power. Of course, the occasion is not lost for condemning caucus-made judges, and simplifying codes, with their sixty attendant volumes of practice reports. The chapters on the examination of witnesses are full of practical counsel, especially in regard to the testimony of experts, of whose fallibility the attentive reader of New York cases will recall some strange instances. But we confess surprise at the statement, which will hardly command general assent, that intelligent women make the best witnesses, although the sex in New England may possibly be "privileged beyond the common walk of life" in respect to unprejudiced accuracy.

Most clever youths loftily accept the sheepskin from our colleges with a conviction that the world is waiting for them, and they have only to step into their place. These lectures, if they fail to teach modesty beforehand, will soften the shock of disappointment on learning that the business world cares nothing for diplomas, and will keep their owners waiting long years for the proof of their qualities. They will show how patience may be well employed, and the first steps to success wisely taken. Even the greater part of practitioners, if not too old to unlearn, may gain from them useful hints as to conduct. If the high standard this volume holds up is closely copied, the legal profession in America will not need to wait a generation for the recovery of its ancient prestige and influence.

Behind the Veil. By the Author of "Six Months Hence." (Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871.)—In spite of its melodramatic title, and a certain amount of melodrama in the action, with a mysterious murder in Australia, and consequent suspicions and complications, this is an interesting novel. And just those parts are best for which the author apologizes. The simplicity and charm of the family life, the attractiveness of the girls, the manliness of the boys, in short, the whole account of this simple, domestic, innocent household is much more entertaining, because evidently drawn from the life, than the unravelling of mysterious murders in the bush of Australia. The love passages are not particularly well done. The lovers misunderstand one another persistently, and nearly die of broken hearts when a single word would have set all right, in a way that people in the flesh can seldom be accused of doing. This is more especially true of the younger sister and Mr. Beresford. There was some excuse for the others. As for the men, we think we can recognize in the way in which they are described a woman's hand, in spite of the use of "he" and "him" in the preface. The astounding declaration of love on page 83 was never written by a man, or, if it was, he is very simple. Mr. Beresford and Noel have such curious arrogance in their manners, such a way of pretentious bullying towards the poor women, who seem awe-struck by their mysteriousness—they are, in short, so much less well drawn than the two girls—that there can be but little doubt on the subject. But be that as it may, the novel on the whole is worth reading, more, perhaps, from what it promises than from what it gives us. If the writer will not search heaven and earth for horrors, but will record the calmer scenes of life with which she is more familiar, she will be able to give us very readable novels. There are, too, faults of style which it would be well to avoid. For instance: "A solitary figure moving along the track, carrying something. Time enough to observe what, dusk as it is; for the burden is heavy, and the motion slow in proportion," etc. This is too much like Walt Whitman to be commended.

The Last Knight. A Romance Garland. From the German of Anastasius Grün. Translated, with notes, by John O. Sargent. (New York: Hurd & Houghton, 1871.)—There is something about poetical translations of second-rate books which demands the indulgence of the critic. They hardly make any further claim than that of exhibiting a certain amount of leisure and dexterity with the pen on the part of the translator; and in this case the analogy which is pointed out between the change in Germany during the last year and the subject of this poem is extremely vague, hardly strong enough to tempt the most ardent admirer of German principles. Then, too, a poem of remote wars, written in the enthusiasm of the year 1830, by an author who is said to belong to the school of Heine, but who shows unmistakably that Heine's fame as a poet will outlast that as a teacher, and translated with such an occasional lack of the true poetic fire as is shown in the following lines:

> "By his bedside Convalescence, the beautiful matron, stood,
> Kissed him on the cheek and forehead, and staunched the flowing blood.
> Without, a harp once sounded in the evening twilight dim,
> And thus the winds of the Occident wafted the song to him:
> 'From many an arrow woman the heart of the loved one shields,
> And but when the storm is over to the flood of suffering yields;
> So the hero beckons his army where danger and glory be,
> Before they bandage his wounds with the banners of victory'"—

such a poem, we say, needs no earnest denunciations against indiscreet admiration. The public is unwilling enough of itself to be taught history when it demands amusement, and it is always cold enough about the best translations to avoid those which are of inferior importance. This translation is accurate; and if it is often unpoetical, that is as much the fault of Grün as of the translator. German is a language in which it is so easy to write poetry that is poor, but yet bears a strong resemblance in form to really good poetry, that the original has a certain likeness in the simplicity of its words and constructions to what Heine did so much towards introducing into German poetry. But that is only the husk; the poem lacks interest, wit, and, in a word, poetry. For the printing, we can praise the publishers. In this respect, the original is surpassed. That, however, is no eulogy; let us rather say that this is really a very handsome book.

Cameos from English History. The Wars in France. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." Second Series. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1871. 12mo, pp. 415.)—Miss Yonge, in transferring her energies from fiction to history, has carried with her at least one most serviceable quality from her former field of labor. She tells a story remarkably well; and inasmuch as it is from a well-told story that the spirit and manners of an age can be best learned, she has produced a book—a series of stories—from which one can derive a very vivid and accurate idea of the times. Her intention was to bring the work down to the close of the Middle Ages; but her materials so grew upon her hands that the volume covers only the period of the "Hundred Years' Wars"—the last "cameo" being the "Congress of Arras," in 1435. The title *cameo* is rather a misnomer. It would lead us to expect a series of independent and almost disconnected sketches; whereas, in point of fact, they form a tolerably consecutive narration, with many digressions and episodes, to be sure, but on the whole giving a quite complete history of these wars. The titles of the several "cameos" are attractive and suggestive, if sometimes a little over-romantic, but the chapters are rarely confined to the subject thus indicated, which is only the principal or most interesting topic treated; indeed, in the Table of Contents, each has a date covering something of a period (as "Death of Du Guesclin, 1377–1380"), so as to show that the chapter is really a history of those years.

One must be fresh from all Miss Yonge's special studies to criticise the

accuracy of these multitudinous details. So far as we have examined, her work appears to have been the result of conscientious industry. It is no discredit to any one to confound the several Burgundys that puzzle the student of mediæval history; but it may be worth while to notice that (on p. 3) Artois came into the hands not of the *Duchess*, but the *Countess* of Burgundy. That is, the Countess Mahault (Matilda) married the ruler of the *county* (*Franche* Comté), of Burgundy, which had nothing to do with the *Duchy* of Burgundy, but was a part of the empire, as the Duchy was a fief of the French crown. This marriage united under one rule the two widely separated counties of Artois and Burgundy; her grand-daughter, their heiress, married Louis, Count of Flanders—the one against whom James van (not *von*) Artevelde revolted, and who was killed at Cressy; thus was formed that group of provinces, Flanders, Artois, and Franche Comté, which passed to the *Dûcal* House of Burgundy by the marriage of their heiress to Philip the Bold.

Fine Arts.

MUSIC.

MRS. CHARLES MOULTON'S CONCERTS.

THERE are doubtless very few of our readers who have not at some time heard of Mrs. Charles Moulton. No amateur has made herself so widely or so favorably known. Even while she was still Miss Lillie Greenough, and before she had passed her teens, she was the delight and wonder of many a musical party, both in Cambridge, Boston, and New York. When she went abroad, her studies in this art were taken up with new vigor. Stories of her triumphs, social as well as artistic, were constantly floating about in society. She had become the *protégée* and friend of the great composers; Rossini and Auber had set the seals of their commendation upon her. She was the companion of an Empress; walked with her, dined with her, skated with her. She was the intimate of princes, and the Emperor of the French never tired of paying her attention.

It is not to be wondered at that, when she came back to this country, society hastened to pay homage to talents so conspicuously honored. Nor is it matter of surprise that one who had used her gifts with such effect before so many private audiences, should desire to step upon a broader stage, and strive for wider and more varied conquest. Of course, an *impresario* was not long wanting who was willing to guaranty the lady a sum that the most renowned prima donna might be glad to command.

Accordingly, on Monday evening of last week, Mrs. Moulton commenced her professional career. Society, of course, followed her from the drawing-room to the concert hall. Three concerts and a matinee were given in the course of the week, and at all of them the culture, intelligence, and refinement of the city were largely represented. Not only had the singer a multitude of personal friends, but the report of her talents was widespread, and a natural interest was excited in many, who did not know her personally, to hear the famous amateur of whom so many marvellous things had been said, who, it was prophesied, would lend new lustre to American art, and take her place among the foremost singers of the world. Indeed, the programme announced her in anticipation as "America's most gifted songstress," and the pamphlet published in her honor asserts that

"Mrs. Moulton unites to a voice of extreme sweetness a soul of fire, and, at the same time, an extreme tenderness and sensibility. She phrases like a master, and she pronounces every language in which she sings so perfectly that we cannot discover her own nationality. Add to all this the most exquisite amiability, the most charming grace, the refinement and grace that are patrician, and the wit of a Parisian, and you will have a feeble outline of the ravishing queen of society whom they call Madame Moulton."

The four concerts of last week furnished a sufficient opportunity to test the accuracy of this somewhat glowing description and to determine the place that Mrs. Moulton will be likely to hold in general critical estimation.

The first thought that probably came into the minds of many of those who then heard Mrs. Moulton for the first time was in regard to the reposeful character of her art. Whoever looked for startling effects was disappointed. That is not the direction in which nature has endowed her. Her effects are quietly produced, and are the results of purity of voice and perfection of method, and not of any phenomenal range or power. Those who look to be astonished by either wealth of voice or intensity of method will look in vain. Mrs. Moulton's art must be enjoyed by giving one's self up in a quiet spirit to the appreciation of beautiful tones beautifully produced. Every phrase will then be found to be charmingly sung, and every passage, however intricate, perfectly vocalized. Work, however, of such fineness is not of the kind that commands most fully popular applause, and we doubt very much whether Mrs. Moulton will be found to possess the quality of talent that most surely excites the enthusiasm of the public. Her voice is neither large, nor powerful, nor vibratory, nor of great compass and extent, and her style is not dramatic. There is nothing electric in her singing, nothing vivid in the color that she gives to the music. Her own manner is calm and dispassionate, and she fails to quicken the pulse of her hearers or to excite any other emotion than that of contentment at the perfection of the art.

We recognize in Mrs. Moulton a voice of delicious softness, rich and warm in its quality—though her singing is not warm—flexible, and under perfect training. She possesses, also, the capacity of singing with *demi-voix* more perfectly than any other person we have ever heard, together with true intonation and personal characteristics that are in her favor. But, on the other hand, her style, though a highly cultivated one, does not seem to us in the highest sense artistic. That art is only truly noble which subdues the personality of the singer to itself, and puts the sentiment of the music first in importance, the vocalism second, the artist last.

We also find Mrs. Moulton, as an artist, lacking in earnestness of purpose. Miss Wynne, a much inferior singer so far as natural endowments were concerned, through the possession of this quality impresses herself far more strongly upon her audience. Hearing the two singers at the same hall on consecutive evenings, the difference in effect upon their audiences of their ballad-singing could not fail to be remarked. The latter seemed to forget herself, and to desire to impress only her musical thought upon the listeners, the latter to interpose herself between the song and the audience.

Mrs. Moulton is, undoubtedly, a very perfect parlor singer, but her capacities do not seem to have expanded themselves as yet to the limits of the concert-room, and, unless her art deepens and broadens itself, we greatly doubt whether she will meet with those triumphs that her friends have so confidently predicted for her.

TAINE'S ART IN GREECE.

16mo, Cloth (uniform with "Taine's Art in the Netherlands," "Ideal in Art," etc.), $1 25.

GOETHE'S POEMS AND BALLADS.

16mo, cloth (uniform with "King Rene's Daughter," "Nathan the Wise," "Frithiofs Saga," etc., and making No. VII. of the series), $1 50.

The above are just ready, and will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

HOLT & WILLIAMS, Publishers,

25 Bond Street, New York.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE MIGHTY WORKS

OF

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Meditations from the Works of Augustine, Chrysostom, Bishop Andrews, and other writers.

WITH TWELVE PHOTOGRAPHS

after Raffaelle, Rembrandt, Ary Scheffer, Overbeck, and other Masters.

Small 4to, cloth, gilt and illuminated, $6.

POTT, YOUNG & CO.,

Cooper Union, New York.

LADIES DESIROUS OF LEARNING TO sing in the pure Italian School, will address SIGNOR GIANNETTI, care of Wm. Hall & Son, 751 Broadway.

PRICED CATALOGUE No. 21

OF

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS,

Comprising Standard and Valuable Works in

ANTIQUITIES, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, VOYAGES, TRAVELS, ETC. ETC. ETC.

☞ Just published, and will be forwarded FREE to any address.

DAVID G. FRANCIS,

Dealer in New and Old Books, 17 Astor Place, N. Y.

NEW LAW BOOKS.

DANIELL'S CHANCERY PRACTICE.

FOURTH EDITION.

3 vols. 8vo, law sheep, $22 50.

PLEADING AND PRACTICE

OF THE

HIGH COURT OF CHANCERY.

By E. R. DANIELL, Esq.

Adapted to the present practice of the English Courts, by Thomas Emerson Headlam, M.P. Fourth American Edition, thoroughly revised and corrected, to which are added several entirely new Chapters and copious Notes, suiting the work to American Practice in Chancery, together with Appendix of Forms of all the Proceedings in the Prosecution and Defence of Suits in Chancery, and a Full Collection of Forms of Decrees, collected from the latest and best English Precedents and from the Records of the American Courts. By Hon. J. C. Perkins.

This American Edition of Daniell's Chancery Practice has been adapted to the great and important changes recently made by Acts of Parliament, and Rules and General Orders of Court, in the Chancery Practice of Great Britain. But, in all cases where these recent changes in the English practice have resulted in the omission of any part of the former editions of Daniell, which has been found to be still useful in American practice, that part has been carefully restored, or the omission of it supplied in some other way; and no part of the last (fifth) English Edition has been omitted which bears upon the present practice in the American Courts of Chancery, or which may furnish models for future changes in this country, if found desirable.

An entirely new feature in this work is the Appendix of Forms.

The editor has also added to the Appendix an entire collection of the Rules of Practice for the Courts of Equity of the United States—those adopted and promulgated by the Supreme Court of the United States, in January, 1842, and all those that have been adopted by way of amendment or otherwise since that time. No other full collection of these is known to exist in any other publication.

The substance of the recent General Orders, of February, regulating the mode of taking testimony to be used in Chancery suits in England, has also been added to the Appendix.

Over sixteen thousand cases—about ten thousand in the English edition and over six thousand in the American edition—have been cited and referred to in this work.

During the time necessarily consumed in the progress of this edition through the press, important decisions have been made, which could be availed of only in the shape of addenda; and, in order that the benefit of these decisions may not be lost to the edition, a department of Addenda has been prepared and inserted in the second volume.

LANGDELL'S SELECT CASES

ON

THE LAW OF CONTRACTS.

8vo, sheep, $7 50.

A Selection of Cases on the Law of Contracts, with References and Citations, by C. C. Langdell, Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University.

Prepared for use as a Text-Book in Harvard Law School.

This volume begins the subject of contracts, and embraces the important topics of Mutual Consent, Consideration, and Conditional Contracts.

CURTIS'S CONVEYANCER.

Crown 8vo, sheep, $2 25.

New and enlarged edition. Containing a large variety of Legal Forms and Instruments in use throughout the United States, with Forms and Directions for applicants under the Patent Laws of the United States. By George T. Curtis. Revised and enlarged by M. H. Durgin.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.,
PUBLISHERS.

GAZZAM'S TREATISE

ON THE

BANKRUPT LAW.

THIRD EDITION JUST OUT.

For sale at all Law-Book Stores.

F. J. HUNTINGTON & CO.,

103 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE GREEK LANGUAGE,

For Beginners, in a compendious Grammar of Attic Greek, with copious Exercises. Second Edition. By Charles D. Morris, M.A., late Rector of Trinity School, New York, and formerly fellow of Oriel College, Oxford.

Also, by the same Author,

A COMPENDIOUS GRAMMAR OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE,

With Parsing and Reading Lessons, separate in paper covers for each work. Price, $1 75.

The critics object, but the Latin and Greek professors in Harvard, Yale, Trinity, and Columbia Colleges recommend, and many of the best schools in the country use, them, because while they confirm the able, by them feeble pupils help themselves.

NOW READY,

By the same Author,

A SERIES OF QUESTIONS,

designed to test the progress of learners in the Latin Language. Adapted to the principal Latin Grammars now in use. Price 34 cents.

BRET HARTE'S NEW VOLUME.

PUBLISHED THIS DAY:

EAST AND WEST POEMS.

BY BRET HARTE.

1 vol. 16mo. Uniform with "Poems" and "The Luck of Roaring Camp." Bevelled boards, $1 50.

The book includes the poem pronounced before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University in June last, The Lost Galleon, numerous poems that have appeared in periodicals since the publication of Mr. Harte's last volume, embracing "Truthful James's Answer to her Letter," "Further Language from Truthful James," "Sequel to Maud Muller," "A Newport Romance," "A Greyport Legend," and several poems that are now first printed. The volume is a fresh proof of the varied genius and poetic power of the author, and will be cordially welcomed by the multitude of Mr. Harte's admirers.

For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers,

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.,
BOSTON.

JUST PUBLISHED,

WOMEN;

OR,

CHRONICLES OF THE LATE WAR.

BY

MARY TUCKER MAGILL.

"The most readable book of the season."

For sale by all Booksellers, or sent, post-paid, upon receipt of price, $1 75.

DUKESBOROUGH TALES.

BY PHILEMON PERCH.

"A book of rare humor."

"As humorous sketches of character, they rival the best of Judge Longstreet's in that direction."—Savannah News.

Fine cloth, price $1 50.

TURNBULL BROTHERS, Publishers,
BALTIMORE, MD.

OLD AND NEW.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

EDITED BY

EDWARD E. HALE.

NOVEMBER NUMBER NOW READY

Containing Chaps. VI.–IX. of

GEORGE MACDONALD'S

NEW STORY,

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER,

Published in America, by our special arrangement with the author, as a serial in "Old and New."

This story is one of Mr. Macdonald's happiest efforts, and being autobiographical, makes it doubly interesting.

The November number also contains:

THE MODERN ENGLISH NOVEL. Henry W. Bellows.
THE LANGUAGE OF BRUTES. Leonard A. Jones.
THE DANGERS OF DISCOVERY. D. A. Wasson.
UPS AND DOWNS. (Chap. X.) E. E. Hale.
FROM DRY GOODS TO STOCK-RAISING.

And various other papers of practical interest.

For sale by all Book and Newsdealers.

THREE MONTHS FREE.

New subscribers for 1872 will receive the October, November, and December numbers of 1871 FREE.

TERMS: (payable in advance) $4 per annum; $2 for six months; single numbers 35 cents (mailed post-paid).

☞ Subscriptions should be addressed to GEORGE A. COOLIDGE, care of

ROBERTS BROTERS, Publishers,
142 Washington Street, Room 26, Boston.

TERMS OF REUNION WITH ROME.

8vo, pp. 48, price 1s. 6d.

A Reply by the Rev. Pierce Connelly, M.A., to the Memorial presented by Rev. Noah H. Schenck, D.D., and others to the Rt. Rev. Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States.

ROBT. JOHN BUSH, 32 Charing Cross, LONDON.
R. TURNER, 596 Broadway, New York.

HENRY K. VAN SICLEN,

BIBLIOPOLE,

133 NASSAU STREET,

Catalogues sent on application.

Special attention given to orders by letter.

THE "NATION" ABROAD.

Subscriptions and Advertisements for the *Nation* are received in Europe by the following

AGENTS:

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE COLONIES: George Street, 30 Cornhill, E.C., London.

FRANCE: Bowles Brothers & Co., 12 Rue de la Paix, Paris.

SWITZERLAND: Vérésoff & Garrigues, Place Bel-Air, Geneva.

ITALY: Furse Brothers & Co., 9 Piazza di Spagna, Rome.

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL.

Is the Oil you burn reliable and safe? Few families appreciate the importance of this question. You can obtain a cheap and perhaps good light from unsafe oil, but endanger your life and property by using it. Be wise in time, and avoid the possibility of danger by burning only Pratt's Astral Oil.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1871.

The Week.

MR. SAMUEL J. TILDEN has brought Tweed's guilt home to him by a remarkable piece of work, which fully justifies what we said last week of the unpleasantness, if one had been erring, of being pursued by him. The Ring got inserted in the charter a clause creating a county "Board of Audit," composed of their precious selves. The "Board" met once for but ten minutes, and turned the whole "auditing" business over to Tweed. This sounds like a joke, but is true. Tweed then went to work ,and "audited" as hard as he could, Garvey and other scamps bringing in the raw material in the shape of "claims," and he never stopped till he had "audited" about $6,000,000 worth. Connolly's part in the little game then came in, and that worthy citizen drew his warrants for the money, which that simple-minded "scholar and gentleman" the Mayor endorsed, without having the least idea what was going on. Another citizen named Woodward, holding a subordinate office in the Supervisor's office, but living in luxury at Norwalk, Connecticut, then took the warrants down to the Broadway Bank, having forged on the back of them any names of which his own or Garvey's graceful fancy had suggested the insertion in the body of the document. Here he divided up the sum among the confederates by making deposits to their credit. Uuluckily for Tweed, he, Garvey, and Ingersoll kept their accounts at the same bank as Woodward, and Mr. Tilden, getting hold of the books of the bank, "decomposed" the deposits, as he says, and brought Tweed's share of the plunder home to him—about $1,000,000 in all. The Joint Committee have reported on the condition of the city's finances, and declare that the discoverable stealings of three years are $19,000,000, which is probably only half the real total.

It is probably no fault of Mr. George Ticknor Curtis that he has come before the public with an opinion denying the right of the State to sue Tweed, Hall & Co., and reserving that right to the city and county of New York, inasmuch as he has only answered questions propounded to him by the Corporation Counsel. But it is unfortunate for him that his views have been published just now, inasmuch as the public has not got quite over that other "opinion" of his about the Erie litigation, which showed that the proceedings therein were, from first to last, as harmless and edifying as a prayer-meeting, and Judge Barnard as pure as a sucking dove. Moreover, he has, in this instance, brought himself within reach of Mr. Charles O'Conor, whose grasp is unpleasant, and who shakes him up in a somewhat remorseless fashion in a letter to Mr. S. J. Tilden, in which he insinuates that the questions and the opinion are parts of an attempt to impede the Attorney-General's action, and to turn the public mind away from the fact of the thefts to technical quibbles about the proper mode of punishing them. Mr. Curtis's opinion on the point of practice Mr. O'Conor treats almost contemptuously, and instructs him that the State, "as *parens patriæ*, has power to correct by action at law or in equity abuses of corporate and official authority, and may exercise that right in pecuniary matters, though the money abstracted or misapplied should belong to a municipal corporation." Mr. Curtis's "little technical point," as Mr. O'Conor calls it, did occur to the Attorney-General's counsel, he says, and they duly considered it, but passed it by as of no weight. We cannot question Mr. O'Conor's law, but we take leave to remind him that Mr. Curtis is a fellow-creature.

Mr. Charles O'Conor has been offered a nomination for the Assembly, but has declined in a letter of great power, in which he reviews the whole situation, and throws the main responsibility touching reform on the Legislature. He refuses to go into it himself, on the ground that he expects to be occupied closely for some time to come with the legal pursuit of the thieves, and is unwilling to have any suspicion roused about his disinterestedness by appearing in the political arena. Mr. Horatio Seymour will probably be offered the nomination in his place. There is nothing very new in the rest of the field. Two excellent nominations have been made for the Superior Court Judgeships, William E. Curtis and John Sedgwick, by the Reform Democrats and Custom-house Republicans. Mr. Ledwith, who has been figuring ever since last year as an indomitable reformer, and a convert from Tammany, has "sold out" for a Tammany nomination for the Supreme Court. His resemblance to Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold now occurs to a great many people. Mothers will frighten their children by the mention of his name, and when he goes to church the other worshippers will "mutter a prayer" for him, as some papers told us they would do for Winans.

The *Tribune* thinks that, in acquitting Murphy on the charge of cheating the Government in his hat contracts, we only do him "shoddy justice." We, however, do him all the justice the case admits of, or requires at our hands. We by no means present him to the public as an innocent and much injured man. There are some incidents in his career which the Dix Commission leave just as they are, and which are, to our mind, very little short of cheating in contracts—his appearance, for instance, in Tweed's Broadway Widening Commission. We are told that the commission which took the place of the one in which he served made higher awards than his did, but we are not affected by this little circumstance. In matters like this, we walk by faith, and not by sight. We are sure, and sure with a sureness which it is not in Murphy's power to shake, that Tweed did not put him or any other man upon that commission because he thought him honest, and Tweed is not a bad judge of dishonesty. We will go further, and say that no man is fit to be collector of this port or to hold any Federal office, high or low, whom Tweed has put on a commission for the awarding of compensation or assessing of damages. We are, too, of the same mind as ever about Murphy's appearance in real-estate speculations with Sweeny, Tweed, and Connolly. He cannot persuade us, and he has, let us tell him, persuaded nobody, that a combination of this kind was accidental or innocent. We have all got past the stage in which illusions of this kind were possible. We have to repeat that he owes it to the President, who has been extraordinarily kind to him, to resign; and if he will not resign, the President owes it to the community whose affairs he administers to dismiss him.

The Administration has again made a happy stroke about the Washington Treaty in appointing Messrs. William M. Evarts, of this city, and B. R. Curtis, of Boston, as counsel for the United States, to appear with Caleb Cushing before the Geneva Board, in place of Mr. Meredith, who declines on account of ill-health. It would have been difficult to make two better selections if we put aside Mr. Richard H. Dana, Jr., whose non-participation in this great contention everybody must regret. Messrs. Evarts and Curtis were the only two men who achieved any distinction in the Impeachment trial, Mr. Curtis's speech, in particular, being a remarkable piece of forensic oratory, and they made the intellectual poverty of the "managers" painfully manifest. And it is rather odd, and shows how sane views of politics are gaining ground, that after being savagely abused as confederates of "the greatest criminal of this or any other age," they should now be sent by a Republican Administration to represent the nation in the weightiest cause of modern times.

We do not think any good is done by *refuting* Mr. B. F. Butler. There is probably no more worthless character "in politics," which is saying a good deal, and we doubt very much whether he has, in his speeches or other performances, any object in view beyond notoriety, and the gratification of a satanic love of mischief, which seems to be part of his moral constitution, and of which, at his age, he probably could not rid himself, even if he tried. Moreover, we doubt whether he has any influence anywhere outside of his own district, or can ever acquire any

influence anywhere, by voice or pen. His power over men, such as it is, like that of his great master, is acquired by subterranean personal intrigue and activity, and, of course, the area over which a mere man can use these instruments is necessarily very limited. Therefore, we do not believe it was worth anybody's while arguing against his late utterances at Philadelphia on the Treaty of Washington. Nevertheless, we are not sorry that they called out an article in last week's *Independent*, in which an able hand takes up the few points in the treaty which Butler managed most grossly to misrepresent, and sets them in their true light before the country. It shows, in the first place, that Butler did what the *Tribune* calls "telling a wicked lie" when he said that, "as appears by the protocol, the British commissioners demanded that they the [three rules] should be enforced on every other maritime nation before they [Great Britain] would be bound by them." There is no mention of any "other nation" in the protocol to which Butler refers, and the treaty itself simply binds the parties to "bring the rules to the knowledge of other maritime powers, and invite them to accede to them"—a wise and humane and enlightened pledge, which must have made Butler's master roar and scratch terribly when he heard of it. Butler also said that the treaty "does not settle, in terms nor by implication, how far the claims of British subjects shall be recognized in property to their slaves freed by the war and by the proclamation of President Lincoln." Now, he had before him, as the writer in the *Independent* shows, the very protocol which reports that the American commissioners asked the English commissioners what they were to expect on this very point, and that the English commissioners replied, "that, by the law of England, British subjects had long been prohibited from holding slaves, at home or abroad," and that "no claim on behalf of any British subject for slaves, or for any property in slaves, would be presented by the British Government."

In illustration of what we said last week about the low opinion entertained of each other's morals by the two factions of the Republican party, we may mention that since then the *Tribune*, having called attention to the fact that Bob Murray, late United States Marshal of the district, offers "to go into court" and prove Tom Murphy guilty of bribing detectives to abandon the collection of evidence against him on a charge of defrauding the Government, the *Times* replies by calling attention to the fact that Hugh Hastings offers "to go into court" and prove Senator Fenton guilty of selling his veto when Governor of this State. Would that all the gentlemen who have charges against each other, or hold "papers" over each other, could be induced "to go into court" together, and make a clean breast of it! If they would appoint a day when they would all march in procession to the City Hall for that purpose, we think we could promise them as large an escort of delighted citizens as ever turned out on any public occasion. The only possible objection we can think of to their all rushing to the bar together is the interruption it would cause to the regular judicial business of this great commercial community. But we would heartily support a measure creating a court for their special use. It would, however, in order to be thoroughly effective, have to be armed with every kind of procedure known to human jurisprudence—civil, criminal, and military.

The end put to the isolation of Utah by the building of the Pacific Railroad proves to be, as every one must have foreseen that it would, the beginning of the end of the Mormon State. The same joint action of the military and the United States courts which we are witnessing in North and South Carolina has brought the Mormon leaders within the reach of the law, and in the past ten days a prominent elder, the Mayor of Salt Lake City, and Brigham Young himself, have received sentence as criminals, or been held for trial. Elder Thomas Hawkins, an Englishman, was convicted last Friday of adultery, on the complaint of his first wife, who came over with him, and sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor for three years, and to pay a fine of $500. A Mrs. Cook has been successful in a suit against Brigham Young, which was tried before a mixed jury of Mormons and Gentiles, in recovering certain trust moneys for which he had failed to account. Mayor Wells was arrested on a charge of murder committed some time ago, but was allowed bail by the judge, that he might continue to attend to his official duties. These three suits illustrate very well the three sides of Mormonism on which it is exposed to attack. As for polygamy alone, a better mode of disposing of it could hardly be selected or desired, and its death promises to be easy and natural. The class among which the saints found their dupes so readily is likely to be cowed by the arraignment, through superior force, of their prophets and rulers, and the disposition either to migrate again or to resist has no longer any support in their geographical relation to the rest of the country. But there will be neither statesmanship, justice, nor humanity in pushing on this process without regard to the effect on families, and particularly on women, of a sudden break-up of the Mormon social organization. What is to become of the women who are to be thus driven from their husbands? As they have been led into this organization with the connivance or countenance of the United States, Congress should certainly offer them some temporary refuge, at least, from destitution. This consideration is made all the more imperative by the fact that we are outraging the religious feelings of a large body of people in carrying out our views of social propriety. One's satisfaction, also, in the suppression of the Mormon contrivance for the unlimited gratification of lust is tempered by the thought of the easy divorce arrangements of so many Northern States, which contribute to the same end.

The Ku-klux arrests in South Carolina continue lively, and on a large scale. Those made in Spartanburg consisted mainly of "low white trash," who implicated, however, leading citizens and politicians, so that some of these have deemed it expedient to quit the State abruptly. We believe it is to be said, in justification of the application of martial law, that the *number* of disturbances was very much greater than the telegraph or the newspapers have ever reported. The aggregate of violence has not, perhaps, been underestimated, but this is owing to the exaggeration of the few outrages that have come to light, and the suppression of the rest. Business men who have had dealings with South Carolina have been enabled to judge more correctly of the widespread demoralization of society in that State; and they will not deny that this chronic disorder, rather than any exceptional and sporadic atrocities, demanded military intervention, if that remedy was to be used at all. Here, as in North Carolina, and *a fortiori*, we must be allowed to doubt the permanence of the cure. With much good material and good-will among the better class of Southerners, in Charleston and Columbia particularly, there is wanting a grasp of the situation, a perception of the only way out of it, and even a slight movement towards that way; and the spectacle is anything but encouraging. All the weakness of the State might be summed up in one word—ignorance; and there is as yet no party which can be called the party of light. The poor whites and the negroes who are arrayed against each other are companions in that intellectual and moral darkness which the school-house can only partially dispel, and which must probably be left to the slow-working agency of death.

We seem to have conveyed the impression by our remarks last week on General Barlow's experience in the marshalship of this district that he was driven into resigning by the importunities of the local politicians about offices. It was, however, not our intention to do anything of the kind. The fact was, we understand, that their complaints produced no effect whatever on the President, and their impudence and assiduity produced none on General Barlow, or, as he might say, if he wished to be "scathing," only excited his pity and contempt. He went out of the office solely because it required a greater pecuniary sacrifice than he was willing to make—the salary being small, apart from the stealings, which an active and unscrupulous patriot can make considerable.

Judge Pearson, of Harrisburg, has discharged Mr. Evans, the Pennsylvania claim agent, from arrest on the charge of embezzling State funds. He said he would have held him to answer before a jury if he had been a State officer, which he was not, but an attorney-in-fact, with a right to withhold his compensation from money in his hands belonging to his principal. The court said that he was not

entitled to ten per cent. on his collections under the Governor's power, but the State authorities erred when settling with him in refusing to allow him any compensation whatever. In the civil suit, which is also pending, the Court reduced the bail from $400,000 to $100,000. The counsel of Mr. Evans in this city wrote to us after our last paragraph appeared, complaining that we insinuated that Mr. Evans had made an improper use of the first $2,000,000 he collected for the State, whereas he paid it over to the United States, to whom it was due. We did not intend to insinuate anything of the kind. We simply charged Mr. Evans with making no reports for four years about a fiduciary transaction on which he had bound himself to report half-yearly, which we said, and say still, was suspicious behavior, and gave anybody a right to make any surmise he pleased about the motive of his silence.

There is an unusual lull in French politics, owing to the recess of the National Assembly, the somewhat indefinite, and, therefore, little-exciting, result of the elections for the councils-general, and the conclusion of the triple convention with Germany, which seems to have settled the relations between the Republic and the Empire for a long period to come. In accordance with that treaty, the Germans are evacuating —if they have not completely done so—the six departments in the East, "the occupation of which, according to the terms of peace, was to last until next May"—to use the words of the Emperor William, in his late opening address to the Reichstag, who paid M. Thiers the compliment of stating that he permitted their immediate evacuation, "relying upon a steady, continuous development of the internal condition of France." The principal obstacle in the way of this development is, and unfortunately will be for a long time still, the "steady, continuous" flow of indemnity money into the treasury of the accommodating emperor, which not only tasks the resources of France and the financial ingenuity of her statesmen to the utmost, but has also created a very unpleasant scarcity of the circulating medium in commercial circles. Could M. Thiers for a moment forget the difficulties of the financial situation, his political position, in the present juncture of affairs, might appear to him favorable and encouraging beyond expectation. The reorganization of the army is steadily advancing; the political prisons are being emptied; the invaders are rapidly withdrawing from French territory; the relations with foreign powers daily becoming more friendly; affairs in Algeria are slowly improving; and, what is more, none of the parties contending for the future rule of France is at present in a condition, or even in a mood, to trouble her peace. The Bonapartists themselves seem to have determined upon a reconquest of their former glory by the slow process of a peaceful propaganda, beginning with the exaltation of their fallen chief into a "martyr of Sedan." Their main organ, the *Ordre*, has already made a number of converts to this new imperialistic dogma.

Paris is having the cost of going to war, and then setting two revolts on foot, and standing two sieges, placed before her eyes in a way that is quite new to her. A report on the actual condition of her industry has just been made to the Municipal Council, and it is indeed a dismal tale. The hotels are less than two-thirds full; a large number of the smaller restaurants are closed, the customers being dead or gone. Of 30,000 persons engaged in the fine-boot manufacture, 6,000 were foreigners, who have all fled, and of the 24,000 French 12,000 have disappeared, "slain, imprisoned, or in flight." Of the 30,000 tailors, one-third have disappeared, and the trade has fallen off one-half. Of the cabinet-makers, 5,000 out of 20,000 are missing, and their places are being supplied by Germans, but the best workmen have emigrated, and for good. The best jewellers and goldsmiths have gone to Brussels, London, and New York. In short, Paris has lost about 100,000 of her most skilful workmen and half her industry. Orders which now come into Paris for work for which she used to be famous cannot be executed, and the probabilities are that in many branches her supremacy is permanently lost. The empire has at last fairly closed its existence, by the sale at auction of the Emperor's and Empress's old clothes left in the Tuileries, among them what one French paper calls "les objets les plus intimes de la toilette." A more appropriate ending to that great imposture could hardly have been devised, though it would have been more effective if some of the raiment of the court-circle could have been knocked down too, including the gorgeous robes of the "Americans in Paris," who were amongst the humblest and most grateful of the hangers-on of the Tuileries.

The late French Minister at Berlin, Benedetti, who was one of the best abused of all the men connected with the outbreak of the late war, has written a book in his own defence, which has just appeared. He says the story of the insult to the king on the promenade at Ems is pure fiction. His intercourse with the king was pleasant throughout. He asserts and proves that, so far from leaving his government in ignorance of what was going on at Berlin, he kept them well informed as to the formidable character of the new Prussian military organization, and this, coupled with Colonel Stoffel's reports, makes the conduct of the Emperor still more inexplicable. M. Benedetti maintains his old position as to Bismarck's having dictated the famous draft of the "secret treaty" to him, and strengthens it by bringing to light his own report of a hint received during or just prior to the Austrian war, that France might compensate herself for Prussian aggrandizement by the annexation of some French-speaking territory (either Belgium or Geneva), but that the king would not cede any portion of Prussian soil. He adds, moreover, that he distinctly warned his government that something in the nature of an alliance was being projected between Prussia and Italy in 1866, but nothing seemed to rouse Napoleon from his lethargy, and when he did rouse himself he found Bismarck utterly indifferent to his feelings or his action. M. Benedetti distinctly fixes on the French government the ultimate responsibility for the war, by showing that they were lashed by the taunts of the Opposition press into making the absurd demand, not only that the king should obtain the withdrawal of the Hohenzollern candidature, but should promise never thereafter to permit it, and that they rushed into hostilities because, being conscious of want of preparation, they were anxious to anticipate the Prussians, and get the first blow, and therefore hurried to the Rhine half-organized, and ripe for the ruin which came right speedily.

We have heard as yet little from the German Reichstag, opened a fortnight ago. The Government, as the Imperial opening address, now before us in full shows, will introduce at this session no project of a new army budget, which, as was feared, would have given rise to very serious, and perhaps very untimely, debates, but demand "that the period of transition for the military budget, which, according to the constitution, expires at the end of this year, shall be extended to the coming." The reference in the speech to the relations with the Austro-Hungarian empire, though not couched in the words transmitted in the Cable abstract, is as friendly and decided as reported. These relations, placed on so "friendly and neighborly" a footing by the late imperial and diplomatic meetings at Ischl, Gastein, and Salzburg, are now likely to become the more undisturbed, as the German policy, represented by Chancellor Beust, has finally achieved a decided triumph in the councils of Francis Joseph over the Slavic policy inaugurated by Count Hohenwart and his Cisleithan Cabinet. The Czechs, flushed by the victories of the Slavic populations in the recent elections in various provinces of the empire—victories achieved with the aid of Ultramontanes, Feudalists, and Government officials—pressed their claims to national autonomy, in the address of the Bohemian Diet, to a degree which Francis Joseph, after having made them extraordinary concessions in his opening rescript, deemed incompatible with even the feeble remnant of integrity and centralism he intended to preserve for the Cisleithan half of his already divided monarchy. Count Andrássy, the Premier of the Hungarian half, in vain proposed a compromise. His mediating scheme was rejected by the Czech leaders. The resignation of the Hohenwart Ministry was the consequence, and the Emperor—much to the surprise of the Czech hotspurs, we presume —accepted it.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

The strike at Newcastle-on-Tyne, which has at last come to an end, has been in many ways the most remarkable of all strikes. Its magnitude as well as the costliness of this method of settling disputes between labor and capital, may be inferred from the fact that, according to the estimate of a competent authority, it caused a loss to the trades during the five months of its duration of $1,200,000 in orders, and to the shipping of $500,000, to say nothing of the enormous sums spent in the support of the workmen, of the severe injury inflicted on the small subsidiary industries, and of the departure of some of the best mechanics to other fields of labor. That the suffering among the strikers must have been very great in spite of the unprecedented efficiency of the trades-union organization by which the strike was supported, and of the liberality of the contributions made to its funds by men of other trades all over the kingdom, may be inferred from the fact that the death-rate at Newcastle rose, during its continuance, from 25 to from 40 to 50 per 1,000—that is, nearly doubled. In short, the struggle was marked by almost as much destruction of life and property as if it had been an armed conflict. It must be confessed, too, that when one comes to examine the points in dispute, and the results finally attained, it makes on one almost the same painful impression of waste, barbarism, and absurdity as the plan of deciding international controversies over questions of legal or moral right by killing large bodies of young men.

What the men sought was the same pay for fewer hours of labor; what the masters sought was the same amount of work for the same amount of wages in a season of unusual prosperity. After trying desperately for nearly half a year to ruin each other, they have ended their differences by a compromise. The men sought to make nine hours instead of ten in five days, and nine on Saturday, or fifty-four hours a week instead of fifty-nine, the limit of their labor; they now go to work for three months at fifty-seven hours a week, and from the first of January at fifty-four; that is, they have carried their point as to time, but not immediately. The masters, on the other hand, have won the concession that overtime, which is paid for at an extraordinary rate, shall not count until the man has made his fifty-four hours in the week; that is to say, that it shall not be open to a man to idle one day and work overtime the next. The principal result of the struggle is that nine hours becomes a day's work in the engineer's trade.

This is the dark side of the strike; the bright side we find in the fact, which even journals which have as little sympathy with the working-classes as the *Pall Mall Gazette* acknowledge, that in the conduct of the controversy—in patience, in temper, and in skill—they had decidedly the advantage over their antagonists; they produced from their own ranks advocates who, at nearly every step in the discussion, put the masters in the wrong, by their courtesy, self-restraint, and dialectical ability. In particular, they exposed, without directly calling attention to it, the absurdity of the double mode of treatment in which the masters, in these disputes, have frequently indulged, which consists in treating a strike as at one and the same time the mutiny of an army against its officers, and a quarrel in open market between buyers and sellers over the price of a commodity. If labor be, indeed, as the masters strenuously insist, a commodity, it is folly to treat the exorbitance of the men's demands for it as disrespectful—ground which, at the opening of the strike, Sir William Armstrong, the celebrated gunmaker, who conducted the masters' case, seemed to take. We may assume now, that when disputes of this kind occur hereafter, masters and men will treat each other in form as what economists say they are in fact—equal parties to a bargain. The London *Economist*, as sensible and considerate a paper as exists, was at the outset disposed to treat the complaints of the men in the Newcastle strike on this score as silly, and perhaps from a purely philosophical point of view they were silly; but the divisions between classes which are the bane of modern society and of modern industry are not to be settled from a philosophical point of view simply, and are largely affairs of sentiment and of manner. At all events, sentiment and manner have a good deal to do with keeping them alive. The sensitiveness of the working-classes on this point is hardly to be found fault with, seeing the enormous part manner plays in regulating the intercourse of the members of the employing class with each other; and we doubt much whether this division will ever be bridged over without greater assimilation than now exists in the forms of intercourse between class and class, to those which prevail among members of the employing class. The somewhat brutal self-assertion of the democratic workingman will never disappear until the democratic capitalist gets rid of some of his arrogance.

The Newcastle strike is perhaps most valuable, however, as an illustration of a point which we have often raised in these columns, that is, the fallaciousness of the doctrine that the law of supply and demand can be relied upon to settle the rate of wages at a given place and within a reasonable time, as long as there exists the present gross ignorance as to the condition of the market on the part of one of the parties to the bargain. One of the peculiarities of modern industry is, that seasons of prosperity come suddenly, and are often brief in their duration. The increased demand for labor which they create may not, and mostly does not, make itself felt in the market until they have passed away. In such a trade as that of the mechanicale ngineers, for instance, requiring enormous plant and capital, it is sheer nonsense to talk of sudden increase of profits creating a corresponding competition for labor on the part of capitalists within any reasonable period. No doubt steady and prolonged increase in the demand for the products of this industry would gradually draw into it a greater quantity of capital, and thus raise wages, supposing, as it is fair to suppose, the quantity of skilled labor like this undergoes no correspondingly rapid increase. The rule, however sound it may be in the long run, does not work in brief periods of prosperity, such as English industry is now enjoying, and in the fruits of this prosperity English workmen, being human, desire a share. Perhaps on a general view of the profits of capital through a series of years, they are not entitled to share in it, but, like the rest of the world, they want to make hay while the sun shines; and if the masters have to make provision for seasons of depression, so have they.

No plan has yet been discovered of preventing the working-classes from expecting and demanding, and seeking to obtain by every means in their power, a share in the profits resulting from increased briskness of trade, however brief. Legislation, denunciation, admonition, have all been tried for this purpose in vain. The sole protection which the master now enjoys againt their exactions is their ignorance of the condition of the market, if indeed this can be called a protection, for we venture to assert that it leads nearly as often to strikes for an increase of wages when the state of trade will not admit of it as when it will; that is, the workingmen strike half the time in vague suspicion that the master is making money rapidly. They are sometimes right, but they are sometimes wrong; and, whether right or wrong, this mode of getting at a simple business fact is a disgrace to our civilization as well as to our industrial organizations.

Nobody can watch any strike without seeing that, after making all allowance for defects of temper from the operation of class-feeling on the part of the men, the one thing needed, either greatly to reduce the number of strikes, or to do away with them altogether, and, in fact, to destroy the feeling of antagonism between labor and capital, is the provision of some means of making the workingman familiar with the machinery of industry. The responsibility of this for the present lies mainly with the capitalist. It is pretty plain now that he does not retain the control of his business by hiding his affairs from observation. He conceals the amount of his profits from his laborers at present at a cost which threatens before long to leave him with little or no profits. It seems as if it was for him to discover some rational mode of letting the workingman know when a rise in wages can be borne, and when it cannot. But we confess we doubt still whether any complete solution of the difficulty will ever be reached except through the conversion of a large proportion of the working-class into co-operative associations or "industrial partnerships." The difficulties and conditions of business cannot be understood by persons of small education and little used to speculative enquiry except by practical acquaintance with it. The trials of a capitalist will never be understood by a workingman until he shares them in a greater or less degree. The talk one hears at labor conventions about the tyranny of capital seldom comes from men who have "been

in business for themselves." The horror which is expressed at the meetings of these bodies over the accumulation of large masses of wealth in the hands of few individuals, curiously enough seems to be rarely inspired by the obvious objection that great wealth gives a man great power. On the contrary, it seems mainly to flow from a vague belief that the great mill-owner or railroad man or coal-miner lives in the gratification of his sensual appetites; in other words, in pure luxury; while the poor man is starving on the sidewalk or shivering in his garret. How very little reflection those who say most about this matter have really bestowed upon it, is revealed by the question which they never ask themselves, and never answer—What do the rich men in our industrial world do with their money? Why, they invest it; that is, use it in production, just as a co-operative association would do; and it is of the highest importance to the community that such men should have great sums to invest, because they have proved themselves good judges of what will pay and what will not; that is, of the best mode of employing the wealth of the country so as to produce more. The notion that workingmen would, if they had the money, turn it to better account for themselves even, is utterly baseless. So is the notion that what the capitalists spend on themselves forms any considerable portion of the returns of industry. We doubt if it is an exaggeration to say that the annual amount devoted to the personal expenses of the great capitalists of the United States would not, if divided, give the workingmen a dollar a piece. That great capitalists often abuse the power that money gives them, we do not deny, but we doubt very much whether any of these abuses has as yet resulted in the material injury of the working-classes.

One of the curious signs of the times was the active participation of a lady in the Newcastle controversy, by means of a pamphlet of remarkable ability, showing the absurdity of the workingman's prejudice against capitalists, as such, and of the belief that the possession of capital in large quantities by individuals was injurious to working-class interests. It had a very wide circulation, and is said to have exercised a good deal of influence in producing the remarkable calmness and self-restraint which characterized the labor side of the conflict. We are being treated on this side of the water to an equally favorable indication of the growing supremacy of good sense, in the appearance of Miss Anna Dickinson with a lecture in the form of an assault on the noisy male windbags who now go to and fro through the land stirring up the workingmen against their employers, and driving all rational views of life and social organization out of their heads with vapid declamation about "wrongs" and "rights." If Miss Dickinson can stick a pin in these "organs," she will do the state some service, and make us all regret the labor she spent on "caste" and other airy abominations.

JUDGE UNDERWOOD AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

An important fact was recently made public. Judge Underwood, of the United States District Court in Virginia, has pronounced an opinion—extra-judicial, it seems—that through the operation of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, women have now the full and absolute right to vote at all elections, State and national, and that the cause of woman's rights, so far as it has a political aspect, is thus already won. When Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull announced this doctrine to the amazed advocates of woman suffrage, and was thereupon, with only a murmur of opposition from the "Boston clique," placed at the head of the movement, we must confess we gave little heed to the new gospel, because we did not then know that she received her inspiration directly from the angelic and spiritual world, and was assisted in getting up her arguments by Demosthenes himself. When General Benjamin F. Butler gave his adherence to this latest constitutional construction, we still doubted; because, for some reason or another, there is "a feeling abroad in the land," as the reporters say, that the General's convictions do not always keep pace with his utterances. But now, when that great and good jurist Underwood ranges himself on the side of this doctrine, we confess we feel shaken. We must pause and examine the ground on which we stand.

Still, even at point-blank, some impertinent questions suggest themselves, and will not be suppressed. Why, for instance, did the Judge make choice of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments as the basis of his opinion? Why did he not take other amendments, and read them large enough to cover Woodhull, Claflin, and all their disciples? There, for example, is the Thirteenth. To be sure, it does not say a word about women nor about voting; but that should be no difficulty in the way of a free interpretation in the interests of progress. It declares that slavery shall not exist within the United States; and is not the condition of women that of slavery? And is not the deprivation of the right of self-government, the electoral franchise, one of the plainest badges of this servitude? In fact, if Judge Underwood will only examine it, he will find this Thirteenth Amendment full of matter from which a hundred different reforms could be constructed by those vigorous minds which, like his, are liberated from the authority of base precedent, which despise the inconvenient trammels of intention and design, and work under the broad rule, "they builded better than they knew." Nor is it to be doubted that most of the other amendments would, upon a careful scrutiny, be found to contain, in a germinal and undeveloped form, the very same principle which, we are told, is fully expressed in the latest additions to the Constitution. Another of the impertinent questions that will suggest themselves is, why is the operation of these fruitful amendments confined to women? They make no mention of women; they ignore the existence of sex; they speak only of "persons" and "citizens." It was natural that Mrs. Woodhull should have overlooked this point; her nature, we are told by a sympathizing biographer, is airy, seeking solitude upon the house-top. But Judge Underwood is a jurist; he has a judicial mind, trained by study, and by forensic disputations, to look at every side of a legal or a political doctrine. He knows that a babe just born into the world in these United States is as much a citizen of this great—and, out of deference to the Judge, we will say glorious—country as his grandmother who is just about to drop into her grave. The Judge knows, also, that whatever rights the amendments in question confer upon "persons" or "citizens" belong to that little babe as fully, as completely, and as absolutely as they do to Mrs. Woodhull or to the grandmother to whom we have referred. Why, then, we repeat, did the Judge restrict himself to women? Does he think that great movements, stupendous reforms, should be made by instalments? Can he have adopted the cowardly opinion, hateful to all true professional reformers, that a part, though not so good as the whole, is better than nothing? We cannot believe this of the Judge; it is a doctrine which savors too much of the blind conservative; it is altogether foreign to the nature of the true disciple of progress.

We shall, though we feel that we owe our readers some apology for doing so, now say a few words on the matter, because the preparations for the winter campaign already begin to be heard in the woman's rights camp, and because, as experience proves, there is a considerable number of tagrag politicians, both at Washington and elsewhere, awaiting conquest and conversion. We do not care particularly whether these people give in their adhesion to "the cause" or not, but they are men, and we desire, for the honor of their sex, that, if they do so, they shall give some better reason for it than that with which Demosthenes has supplied Butler and Underwood. The whole thing is a farce, but farces in which American Congressmen and judges play a part reflect discredit on the whole country.

The original movement which had for its object the attainment of political capacities and rights by women was legitimate, and entitled to respect. It fought its way by argument, and could only be successfully opposed by argument. In constitutional governments, every great reform has been accomplished by a long-continued and skilfully-managed agitation, which has finally brought the truth and conviction with it home to the whole people. It was in this manner that the Reform Bill, Catholic emancipation, the repeal of the corn-laws, legal reform, and many other causes triumphed in Great Britain; it was thus that preparation was made for the overthrow of slavery in the United States. An agitation, therefore, in favor of woman's political rights was proper; it commanded respect even where it had not produced conviction; and it is possible that it would have accomplished its object. But now this

agitation is abandoned; the old leadership is surrendered, and a new policy is adopted which seeks success by a trick. We are told that woman suffrage has already been conferred, and that all a woman has to do is to insist upon voting. This claim is in itself hardly worth the trouble of an argument to refute it. It is based partly upon ignorance and partly upon effrontery. It ignores or denies all that has been settled in the public law as to civil rights as distinguished from political capacities and rights. It seeks to force itself upon a people which is unconvinced, and upon courts and legislatures which are hostile. But there is another and graver aspect of this matter. The advocacy of the doctrine tends to bring the Constitution into contempt, and to weaken the popular belief in it as the fundamental legislation of the land. If this doctrine were pushed to its legitimate results, it would simply destroy the Constitution as a conserving element and influence in the national jurisprudence and politics. Many persons, when they hear that Butler and other legislators, or Underwood and other judges, pronounce in favor of the interpretation which was conceived in an adventurous woman-stockbroker's office on Wall Street, are ready to give up all faith in any form of sound words, and to adopt the popular whim or impulse of the hour as their only political guide. This, and not any anticipated adoption of the heresy we are examining, is the danger to be met. The organic law should be treated as a collection of broad general principles, easy to be understood and to be interpreted by a common-sense standard. It should not be treated as a pettifogger in a horse suit would construe a statute.

We have said that the interpretation to which General Butler and Judge Underwood have given their adhesion is a mere trick. This is evident when we recur to the history and design of these two amendments. Congress had passed a statute known as the Civil Rights Bill, with the avowed object of protecting colored persons against lawlessness and against the injustice of State legislatures and courts. This statute defined citizens, and placed them, so far as their civil rights are concerned, upon an equality. A doubt existed whether this statute was valid. The first section of the Fourteenth Amendment was proposed to remove such doubt, and to be the broad and equitable foundation for a protection of civil rights against State usurpation. Not a word does it contain in reference to the electoral franchise or any other political capacity or privilege; nor, while pending before Congress and the States, was a suggestion made that it interfered with, or had any effect upon, the matter of voting. That matter was, so far as this first section is concerned, left where it had before been, under the control of the States. But if the States were to remain supreme in respect to the electoral capacity of their inhabitants, it was feared that, in all the Southern States and in many Northern ones, the blacks would be excluded from the polls by local legislation. This contingency was provided for by the second section of the amendment, not by taking away the power of such legislation, but by imposing a penalty upon its exercise. When the right to vote "is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State," etc., the representation in Congress is to be lessened. This section, it will be observed, is the only one which expressly refers to voting. By its penal provisions, it declares that the first section does not have the effect now claimed for it—does not confer the electoral franchise among the rights and privileges of citizenship; for, if the first section has such a wide effect, it reaches negroes as well as women—for both are citizens—negroes are enfranchised by it, and the State power of legislation is taken away. The second section, therefore, becomes useless—a blow aimed at a State power which had just been utterly destroyed. If, then, General Butler and Judge Underwood are right, this second section is not only unnecessary, but is contradictory to the first, and very much weakens its meaning and effect. But, again, the second section, by confining its penalties to those States which prohibit "males" from voting, either recognizes the fact that women are not at all within the purview of the amendment, or else expressly authorizes States to deny the franchise to women without incurring any penalty. We care not upon which horn of this dilemma Judge Underwood transfixes himself; each is equally sharp and fatal. The history of the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment, its object, as openly expressed by its friends while it was pending, and its intent, as gathered from its clauses, are all opposed to the construction which is now placed upon it. It is this very running in the face of historical fact, this very denial of obvious intent, which tends to make all constitutional interpretation, in the eyes of the public, a farce.

Passing now to the Fifteenth Amendment, the testimony given by its history and design is equally convincing. It was seen that the penal consequence of a State's refusing to admit the blacks to the electoral franchise was not sufficient for the political protection of the colored man; the door was kept shut, and the penalty endured. To remedy this evil, to override the State resistance, to secure for the negro the full rights of suffrage, was the design, and the only design, of the Fifteenth Amendment. Conceding that it accomplishes this purpose; conceding that, without the aid of Congressional legislation, it sweeps away all local statutes and affirmatively clothes a class of persons with a new capacity and a new right, it does no more. "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." Unless women are a "race," or unless their feminality constitutes a "color," or unless they were, as a sex, in a "previous condition of servitude," no suffrage right for them lies concealed in this language.

When we look at the Constitution as a whole, the conclusion is so obvious that argument seems impertinent. Citizenship always existed as it now is. The theory of our Government did not, except in one or two instances, link political rights and citizenship by an inseparable bond of union, so that the one should flow from and be badges of the other. The whole matter of the electoral franchise was entrusted to the States, to be regulated according to their notions of policy, with the single restriction that a republican as opposed to an aristocratic or an autocratic form of government must be preserved. The States have no settled policy and adopted no uniform rules. In none was the suffrage granted to all citizens, for it was everywhere withheld from women and from minors of both sexes. In a few, it was not conferred upon any naturalized male citizens. In many, it was denied to all male colored citizens. On the other hand, in certain States, it was once bestowed upon male persons who were not citizens, upon resident foreigners who had not been naturalized. This general theory yet remains exactly as it stood before the war. There has been no attempt to change it as a whole. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments only limit its operation in one direction; they take the blacks out from its effect, and place them under the protection of national legislation. We have seen that the Fifteenth Amendment and the second section of the Fourteenth have reference solely to negro citizens, and that the use of the word "male" in the latter completely cuts off any application of it to woman suffrage. We have nothing left, then, but the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment, which only professes to protect the "privileges and immunities of citizens," and to preserve for all persons the rights of "life, liberty, and property," and the "equal protection of the laws," against State tyranny and injustice. The electoral franchise is certainly not involved in the preservation of "life, liberty, and property," nor of "the equal protection of the laws." To say that it is one of the "privileges and immunities of citizens," is to falsify our history, and to overturn the theory upon which the whole Government is based, and to destroy the distinction which exists in every nation and under every form of government, and nowhere more broadly and plainly than with us, between civil and political rights; between rights which make up the legal status of the citizen (*civis*) irrespective of all other considerations, and those rights which are conferred by the State upon a class—large or small—as a part of its public policy and of its system of politics.

CHRISTIANS AND THIEVES.

WE are unable to discover, in the authorized report of Henry Ward Beecher's late sermon on municipal corruption, any justification for the severe strictures passed on it by the *Times* and the *Independent*, both of which must, we imagine, have based their judgment on the newspaper summary of it. The whole discourse is, in fact, the ablest and most searching examination of the real cause of the operations of the Ring we remember to have seen anywhere. It passes condemnation on them in language full as strong as anybody has employed, but it urges, and with

great force, the view, which we believe to be thoroughly sound, that it will not do to treat the members of the Ring as isolated criminals; that they are the product of a corrupt social state which we have all helped to create, by looseness in our commercial dealings, by connivance at small frauds and falsehoods, and by the persistent pursuit of low aims. Therefore, we are all in a measure responsible for Tweed, and Connolly, and Hall, although it is true and just that Tweed, and Connolly, and Hall, having stolen, ought to be punished. The passage, and the only one in the whole sermon, in which Mr. Beecher has furnished excuse for the strictures on him, is the following:

"You know that I have been blamed for severity and vehemence and denunciation. Yes, when everybody else was still, I did speak, and I spoke loud; but now, when everybody else is making a racket, I feel more like comforting those who are cast down. *So far as I can do it in consistency with public justice*, I would stand by their side, that they be not overwhelmed. For they are men; and they suffer, many of them, doubtless, as you never suffered. I would never forget in the culprit the humanity. I would look as I suppose God looks upon the great sinning world, abhorring iniquity, and longing to save men out of it. I look upon men who in many respects have good qualities, and long for their redemption. And I would take part of the blame myself. I would also distribute part of it on you."

The italics in the above are ours. It is hardly fair to read or comment on this passage apart from the rest of the sermon. Nevertheless, there are one or two points in it which will, just as they stand, bear criticism. Mr. Beecher here takes what we may call a professional view of the sinner, which ministers, discoursing of these matters, often feel bound to take, but it is not one which, in our opinion, can be properly offered to any citizen, as such, as a rule of conduct. It is not possible, the world being what it is, to stand by Tweed's or Hall's side without weakening the righteous indignation on which the execution of "public justice" depends; and this would be true even if these men had submitted themselves to the law. In addition to this, we doubt the theological soundness of Mr. Beecher's position, though we do so with proper lay diffidence. We deny that there is in the Christian system, or any other system of ethics on which it is possible to base human society, any obligation to pity, or sympathize with, or succor any wrong-doer who has not repented of and sought to atone for his offense. A contumacious thief, who does not deny his theft, but brazens it out and holds on to his plunder, is, we affirm, not entitled to a Christian man's "comforting" or support. As long as this state of facts lasts, the Christian's place, as Christian, is at the side of those whom the thief has robbed, and any pity or sympathy he has at command is their due. We believe there is no Christian sect which does not make repentance a condition precedent to reconciliation, and we believe, further, that there has been in the practice of the church, from the earliest ages, no departure from the sound and wholesome rule that a "notorious evil liver" is not a fit subject for a Christian man's company and countenance. Mr. Beecher is not entitled to assume, as he does assume, that Hall and Tweed have "suffered," in any sense of that word on which they can base a claim to forbearance or protection. They have given as yet no evidence of any suffering, except such as a criminal necessarily undergoes when he finds himself hard pressed by the police. Tweed does not give any sign even of this. Connolly is the only man of the party who has established the smallest title to any sympathy which a Christian can really give—that is, sympathy with a man who has done wrong, and is sorry for it, and shows that he is sorry by seeking to make amends. We deny altogether that there is in Bible, canons, or traditions, any warrant for the doctrine that sympathy with the perplexity of a criminal who is trying to escape without abandoning his "swag" is a Christian duty, even of imperfect obligation. We may add that any one who finds himself haunted by any such feelings may be satisfied that his moral vision is perverted, and that his breast is the seat of emotions which, from whatever quarter they come, do not descend from heaven.

We will go a little further and say—and we mean no pleasantry in saying it—that the practice of trying to look at the world and at our fellowmen "as God looks at them," in which so many excellent people indulge, is a failure, and had better be given up. There are one or two obvious objections to it. The first is, of course, that God's eyes are all-seeing, while our range of vision is very narrow, and that his voice is almighty, while ours is very weak. That is, when he looks at Tweed, and Hall, and Connolly, he sees the very secrets of their hearts, and knows exactly the degree of their guilt, and can in no wise be deceived by their conduct or their talk. Moreover, it is a matter of complete indifference, so far as the ends of divine justice are concerned, whether they repent now or fifty years hence. From that justice there is no hiding-place, and it is barred by no statute of limitations—an idea which is expressed in the often-quoted saying that "the mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small." When, therefore, we see a rogue prospering through long years, proud of his roguery, and revelling in the luxuries it brings him, we have no right to assume that the forbearance of Providence, which is displayed in his case, furnishes a model for our imitation as citizens. In fact, the more firmly a man holds to the theory of the moral government of the world by a personal deity, the further from him should this notion be put. God is not under the necessity of influencing the elections, or bringing the Democratic party to shame, or even of "saving the Republic." Indeed, for aught we can tell, it may be in the courts of heaven a matter of no consequence whatever whether the Republic lasts to the end of a century or not. It may be part of the plan of human education that the experiment which is now being made on this continent, fair and full of promise as it seems to us, should fail utterly at the very outset, and leave behind it chaos and despair. Things not unlike it have happened in the world's history, and after-ages have recognized in them, after all, steps in that tremendous march out of mystery into mystery in which the race is engaged, and which, marked though it is by faltering here and falling there, and much weariness everywhere, is, we know, on the whole an *upward* march. To any man who looked out on the world at the close of the fifth century, it seemed as if endless night was settling down on the earth, and yet in the very horrors of that time the foundations of a better civilization were being steadily laid. We doubt indeed if there be any weakness which has done more to bring about the corruption and looseness which we are all mourning over, than these Sentimentalist attempts to imitate the Divine government in the matter of dealing with offences against social morality. God can well afford to let a thief run, because he can catch him whenever he pleases, but we must catch him before he takes the steamer or disposes of the goods. God can indict and convict him now, or half a century hence, with the certainty of doom; we must indict him while the witnesses are living and the courts sitting. It is, of course, open to any of us, as a matter of private moral and religious discipline, to pity him, or forgive him; but our duty as citizens is none the less to join the sheriff in pursuing him, and while on the track to refrain from demoralizing or discouraging the posse, by expressing doubts whether, as we are all sinners, it is worth while to chase him; or whether, when God has borne with him so long, we ought not to bear with him too; or by enquiring how we should like to be hunted down ourselves, or whether his father or mother, or society in general, was not to blame for his thieving.

The government of the world, and the government of human society, as far as Christians or any other men have to do with it, is a government of *consequences* from first to last. Every man is educated, in large part, and guides his conduct in large part, from the cradle to the grave, by the consideration of consequences. In fact, the work of civilization consists mainly in the diffusion through the human species of an increasing knowledge of and regard for consequences. The more of them a man has, the better citizen, father, and husband he is. We know there are higher motives for right-doing than the consideration of consequences; but they are motives as yet which influence but a few individuals. Ages hence society may possibly be built on them; but at present there is no society which is not held together by the thought of consequences; and the goodness of the government is in the direct ratio of the strength with which the majority of the members of the community are influenced by it. We do not care, therefore, what the reason may be, for which any Christian refrains from cheating and stealing; we hold that he is bound, as a citizen, to take cognizance of the fact, that the reasons for which most men refrain are the fear of legal penalties, and the fear of losing the good opinion and friendly intercourse of their neighbors, and to govern himself accordingly both in his political and social action and in making his contributions to the opinion of his time. Whenever this fear for any reason disappears, Tweeds and Halls spring up at once, and the business of honest men is not to determine the exact degree of their guilt in the eyes of Supreme Justice, both because no men are competent to any such task and because Supreme Justice may safely be left to do its own work; but to see, first, that there is a stop put to their thieving, and, secondly, that the stop is of such a kind as to discourage others from engaging in similar enterprises. The only way of doing this is to take care that adequate legal penalties are annexed to this class of offences—that is, penalties which experience warrants us in believing to be deterrent and capable of enforcement, and that behind the officers of the law there is maintained a sufficient social reprobation

of thieves and receivers, and of the aiders and abettors of thieves and receivers, to keep the officers of the law up to their work, to afford a proper moral basis for legislation against thieving and receiving, and to impress the minds of the young in their tender years with a wholesome horror of them. If we are right in these positions, any man who receives thieves and their confederates at his house on a friendly footing, or shares their "swag," or finds excuses for them in public or private, or seeks to moderate the public indignation which is sometimes necessary, as in the present case, to give the law momentum enough to override their strength and audacity, undoubtedly does a grievous injury to the state, and, as we believe, if he be "a professing Christian," does incalculable injury to the church.

We say incalculable injury to the church, because it is useless to try to conceal the fact that there is a widespread and growing feeling amongst a very valuable portion of the community, that there is springing up between religion and morality a divorce, or want of connection, like that which swept paganism away seventeen hundred years ago. The early church achieved its triumph by making war on immorality, and it made war on immorality, not simply by preaching against it, but by seeing to it that its members were chaste, temperate, honest, at all events, to all outward appearance. It allowed no man to remain in its fellowship or communion who did not prove his sincerity by his works. That is, it was not open to an early Christian to maintain his standing without purity of life; nor was it open to any man to come into the fold, on the ground that, though not good, he was trying to be good, while all the while stealing and whoremongering. The answer of the church discipline was plain and prompt: "It is possible you really desire to mend your ways; but we must have something more than your word for it; you must give up your particular weakness. If it be swindling, you must from this moment desist; if it be impurity, you must from this moment abandon it. Otherwise, you must depart. We cannot have you here; if we did, the heathen would all laugh at us; our religion would become a byword and a reproach, and you would gain nothing by our society, while we should lose much by yours. We shall not stand by you, or sympathize with you, or pity you. You are a bad fellow as you are; we shall not help you to become a hypocrite also. Be off."

If religion is to retain much influence on human affairs, the church must return to its ancient ways. Not only must it rebuke immorality, but it must not furnish a sanctuary for criminals. It fell into that error once before, in evil days, and it atoned for it heavily. For, although it is doubtless true that the spectacle of corruption, and of successful and unabashed corruption, in every variety of form, is very debauching, and that the state of things in this city is very likely to demoralize profoundly a very large proportion of the generation which is growing up under it, and which retains no traditions of the earlier and better time, it is also true that the great cause of morality is never left without champions and defenders. The sight of ruffians on the judgment-seat, selling justice with ribald jokes; of ruffians in the legislature, selling laws; of ruffians stealing millions of poor men's money every year, and spending it in "toys and lust and wine"; of great bankers and merchants conniving at their theft and smiling on them, as they gorge themselves; of church members taking their wages to do their bidding and further their schemes—may well be believed to be playing terrible havoc with the manners of the millions of young men and women who, standing on the edge of the arena, are asking themselves the tremendous question, What weapons are lawful in this great battle of life? But, then, it must not be forgotten that spectacles of this kind disgust and rouse, if not as many as they seduce, enough both to save society and avenge it. We believe that there are coming forward enough young men, horrified and outraged by these exposures, to make the story of the Ring as strange to the next generation as the story of the *Parc aux Cerfs* is to us in this. It will be a bad thing for religion if they find the thieves and peculators clinging to the horns of the altar, for they will assuredly tear them away, and with much damage and desecration to the holy place. And when that day comes, too, we would advise all Butlerite "divines" and "good Christian men" generally, who support rascally adventurers for office, if they are in the city, to flee to the country, and if they are in the country, to flee to the city; at all events, to avoid their usual haunts.

ENGLAND.—CONSERVATIVE TACTICS.

LONDON, Oct. 13, 1871.

THE various agencies for the reformation of the world by means of unlimited talk are just now in full operation. The clergy are having a congress at Nottingham; they yesterday settled to their own entire satisfaction the proper mode of confuting the infidel, who, however, will perhaps have a kick or two left in him still. The Social Science philosophers have been employing themselves at Leeds in even more sweeping reforms. No kind of reform escapes their searching gaze. The *Times* has day after day filled five or six columns with inaugural addresses from the presidents of sections which I can neither read nor criticise, because, like Sam Weller's vision, my knowledge and my patience are limited. The Social Science Association has in fact succumbed to the evil which from the first appeared to threaten it. It has been turned to account by two disagreeable classes of mankind, the bore and—to speak in the Carlylese dialect—the windbag. Gentlemen of the heaviest respectability, stump orators on the look-out for a good method of advertisement, and strong-minded ladies, too glad of a seat in even a mock-parliament, contribute chiefly to swell the flood of oratory. Of course it sounds cynical to ridicule people many of whom are doubtless actuated by the most sincere and amiable desire for the good of their fellow-creatures. Yet there are times when flesh and blood revolt against the dreariness and the pomposity and the emptiness of such gatherings. It may be urged with undeniable force that a bore may be a good man, and is very often an extremely useful one; but after endeavoring to reconcile myself to the association by that and similar reflections, I must confess that it seems to me to have been hitherto of remarkably little use—unless it is useful to flatter the vanity of a few second-rate politicians.

Meanwhile, another association, intended for more practical purposes, has just been announced. The composition of this body is remarkable in the extreme. One branch of it consists of Lord Salisbury, Lord Carnarvon, Sir J. Pakington, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, and several other ex-ministers of the same persuasion, that is to say, of the strictest sect of Conservatives. The other branch is formed by several of the men who have recently made themselves most prominent in defence of trades-unions and the rights of labor. You may perhaps remember the names of Mr. Applegarth and Mr. G. Potter, and, if so, you will wonder, as the British public is wondering, what has brought together so strange an alliance. It would seem that the two opposite extremes of political party are being brought into contact. The bitterest aristocrat in England is Lord Salisbury;* his new companions are amongst the most violent democrats; on what terms and for what purposes can they join? The answer is supplied partly by seven resolutions which they have passed: affirming, first, the importance of removing the poor man's home from the back lanes of a city to country air; secondly, the need of an improved organization of local boards, with a view to carrying out the above object; thirdly, the desirability of limiting a day's labor to eight hours; fourthly, fifthly, and sixthly, the importance of providing good schools of a superior grade, "places of public recreation, knowledge, and refinement," and markets for the sale of goods in small quantities at wholesale prices; and seventhly, the desirability of providing "a great extension of the organization of the public service, on the model of the Post-office, for the common good." It is not a little puzzling at first sight to understand the true bearing of this remarkable announcement. No one will deny that it is highly desirable to improve the condition of the English poor, to give him better lodging, purer air, shorter labor, more education, and greater means of refined enjoyment. Neither will any one deny that it would be an excellent thing for the English aristocracy to employ itself in a really vigorous effort to confer some of these blessings upon its poorer fellow-countrymen. But it is rather difficult to understand the nature of the machinery brought into play for the purpose. The composition of the board gives it the appearance of being a political trick.

Why should no Liberal peers have been asked to join a movement which is avowedly to be free from political purposes? Radicals will naturally suspect that the scheme is a mere manœuvre intended to take the wind out of the present ministry's sails. The Conservative nobles, it will be thought, are trying to bid against Mr. Gladstone by offering to carry out social reforms in which they are to have the lead, whilst diverting attention from political changes. However this may be, it is at least highly improbable that an association resting on such a singular basis can be successfully worked; and, indeed, the language of its promoters has a rather impractical sound. Meanwhile, I will simply remark that whatever becomes of the new project, it is significant enough that men like Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gathorne Hardy should have put their names to propositions so strongly tainted by communism. What is meant by the "extension of the organization of the public service on the model of the

* Lord Salisbury has since denied all knowledge of the movement.

Post-office" is more than I am able to understand; but in a general way its leading ideas seem to be that Government is to undertake to make everybody rich and happy, and give most people places; and that on that condition it is tacitly understood that the Government is to be the aristocracy. Leave us our places in the legislature, say Lord Salisbury and his friends to the artisans, and we will do our best to satisfy all your social demands. The plan as now put forward is obviously very crude; and I should have presumed—were it not published on apparently official authority—that there must be some misconceptions in the statement. But in one way or other it indicates an intimation on the part of the aristocracy to say, Don't abolish the House of Lords, and we will back labor against capital.

However ill-considered the present scheme may be, it is in other respects not an unfavorable symptom. Radicals have begun to discuss the propriety of abolishing the House of Lords. Mr. Fawcett has an article in this number of the *Fortnightly*, setting forth the terms on which a second chamber may be permitted to exist; and more than one member of Parliament has discussed the matter in recent addresses to constituents. I doubt whether people at present care enough about the matter one way or the other to allow an agitation to be sustained. If the Lords ventured to oppose any strong current of popular feeling they might get into difficulties, but neither the Ballot Bill nor the Army Bill was really supported by any popular enthusiasm. Popular interest is more and more drifting away from political to social questions; the relations of capital to labor are felt to be of much greater importance than the precise constitution of our Legislature. If it were possible for the House of Lords really to put itself at the head of any great movement for social reform, political objections to the principle of hereditary legislation would be easily overlooked. Probably any such vision is chimerical; but it is as well that the need of entertaining social questions should be recognized in any way by our statesmen, for good or for evil. They will have to face serious difficulties. If any of your readers would like to see the state of mind of the English working-classes painted in the blackest colors, but by a man of ability and knowledge of his subject, they may turn to an article in *Fraser* for October, by Mr. Wright, who calls himself "the working engineer." The misery of large classes in our great towns, their growing discontent with the institutions of the country, and their despair of any improvement at home, and their consequent tendency to look to America and Australia as the only places of refuge, are set forth with considerable force. That such evils exist and that a dangerous degree of discontent is being generated, is, of course, undeniable; the spirit of the International is spread too widely to be pleasant. To what extent, however, this description is true in general may be a matter of doubt; and better symptoms are not wanting. I do not think much, to say the truth, of the coquetry between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Applegarth, the typical English peer and the typical artisan, for such unions are generally of brief duration. But I think it would be hard to deny that in many ways the feeling between the two classes of which these are specimens has been distinctly improved.

It has been very remarkable, to any one who looks back for a few years, to observe the progress of the recent strike at Newcastle. The workmen have on the whole triumphed; though the conclusion ultimately reached was called a compromise. They have established the direct reduction of the hours of labor. The curious thing, however, was the skill with which they fought the battle and the remarkable extent to which they were backed by public opinion. There were none of the old appeals to the "inexorable laws of political economy," or the condescending assurances to the workmen that they were cutting their own throats. Indeed, I should be induced to say that political economy was treated rather too superciliously, even by those who professed to believe in its teaching. But the workmen, as represented by a Mr. Burnett, the chairman of their league, succeeded in convincing people that they were sincere in desiring a reduction of time rather than an increase of wages; and in the controversy which was carried on between the combatants in the *Times*, they had, to a remarkable degree, the advantage in style as well as in argument. It was clear that they had very able leaders, and that the old plan of treating them *de haut en bas* was singularly misplaced. They knew, in short, how to get the public ear, as well as to carry their point. This, I think, is a remarkable fact, and, amongst other reasons for this, whatever revolutions may be taking place in this country and whatever reforms may be imperatively needed, it seems to be pretty clear that the working-classes, as trained by trades-unions, are rapidly becoming a power which will be able to make its demands heard effectually in Parliament. Violent revolution is improbable, because under such circumstances it is unnecessary. If, then, the artisans thoroughly make up their minds to carry a political change, it will be carried. It would be well if we were as sure that it would be a wise change, and that the same common sense which has been shown at Newcastle would be exhibited in other fields of action. But I must not be drawn into further speculation.

It seems desirable to say, however briefly, that the news of the burning of Chicago has just reached us. Every effort will, I am sure, be made to give a fitting practical expression to the sympathy which is everywhere felt. I will not repeat to you the commonplaces which fill the papers as to the sensation produced in various English towns; but I may say briefly that I hope and believe that this terrible disaster will at least contribute incidentally to illustrate the good feeling which is springing up in this country towards the United States.

Notes.

Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, announce new editions of Hood's "Tylney Hall," Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and Tennyson's Poems; the "Dessert Book," and "How to Make Confectionary."——Mr. Amasa Walker's "Science of Wealth" will be republished, in a condensed form, by J. B. Lippincott & Co., who also have in preparation "Seven Decades of the United States," by Governor Henry A. Wise, and "Legends and Lyrics," by Paul Hayne. The same publishers state that they have purchased, "at a large price," the advance sheets of the promised "Life of Charles Dickens," by John Forster.——Messrs. Rivington, London, have announced for publication, in October, the following among other theological works: "A Short Treatise on the Holy Catholic Church: Its Divine Ideal, Ministry, and Institutions," by Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D., and, by the same author, "The Gospel of the Childhood" (Luke ii. 41 to the end); "A Key to the Knowledge of Church History (Modern)," by John Henry Blunt, M.A.; also, edited by the same, "Dictionaries of Sects, Heresies, and Schools of Thought," by various writers; "Elements of Religion," lectures by Canon Liddon; Neale's "History of the Holy Eastern Church," edited, with a History of the Patriarchs of Constantinople, and an introduction, by the Rev. George Williams; "Fables respecting the Popes of the Middle Ages," from the German of Döllinger; "Physical Facts and Scripture Record; or, Eighteen Propositions for Geologists," by Rev. W. B. Galloway; and these three works, already named by us in previous summaries: Rev. Orby Shipley's "Glossary of Ecclesiastical Terms"; Dr. John Steiner's "Theory of Harmony"; and Miss Maria Francesca Rossetti's "A Shadow of Dante: being an Essay towards Studying Himself, his World, and his Pilgrimage," with illustrations.——Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger have in press "Homo *vs.* Darwin;" "The Organization of Labor in accordance with Custom and the Laws of the Decalogue," by M. F. Le Play; "Living Female Writers of the South"; and a number of novels and juvenile books.——We have so often expressed our opinion of the value of the Jarves collection of paintings by the old masters, and the desirability of its being kept together, that we need only call the attention of our readers to the approaching sale of it at its present place of deposit, the Fine Arts Gallery of Yale College, on Thursday, November 9 (this day week), at ten o'clock A.M.

—Readers of the *North American Review* who take an intelligent interest in the body of speculations and hypotheses known under the comprehensive name of "Darwinism," will remember a remarkable article by Mr. Chauncey Wright, of Cambridge, published in the number for last July, in which, under the form of a review of a recent book by Mr. St. George Mivart, the Darwinian doctrine itself and certain of its developments are explicated, and the general position of the Darwinian forces improved by the pretty complete baffling and defeat of such attacks as Mr. Mivart and his friends and other assailants have for a long time been making upon it. It has not been Mr. Darwin's habit to go into the arena of controversy and defend the views of the Darwinists when assailed—partly, it is possible, for the same reason that made John Wilkes decline to defend the Wilkesites, because, namely, he himself had never been one. Whatever the reason has been, and whether Mr. Darwin is a Darwinist or not, he has been content usually to put his work before the scientific world and such other worlds as found themselves interested in it, and let it stand on its merits, without polemical championship on his part; but he, nevertheless, may have been pleased to find of a sudden so thorough a master of his books and so able an expositor of them as Mr. Wright doing battle for him of his own motion, and doing it with

such effect. This pleasure may reasonably have been the greater because it has not always happened that Mr. Mivart, in combating Darwinian hypotheses, has been at pains—or, at all events, he has not always been successful—in stating with exactness the position which he was assailing. On the appearance of Mr. Wright's article, then, Mr. Darwin got leave from Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. to reprint it in a pamphlet, of which he has struck off a small edition for distribution among men of science interested in the subject. The pamphlet contains a page or two of matter which is not in the article as printed in the *Review*, but the addition, while worth having for itself, cannot be said to have importance as regards the purpose of the argument, and the *Review* article is quite as good as the pamphlet for the use of those who wish to inform themselves of Mr. Wright's views. The essay, we warn intending students of it, will not be found easy reading, though the writer evidently consulted the interests of the unlearned Darwinist in writing it, and in great part it is as clear as needs be, and almost a model of scientific exposition. Other parts of it, however, will be more readily understood at first reading by a scientific man who has spent some time and much thought on Darwinism and kindred subjects than by a wayfaring man. Such are the inherent difficulties of the subject that, unless care is taken in the reading, it is possible to err therein. Mr. Darwin's opinion, that it is the best deliberate or systematic reply that has yet been anywhere made to the opponents of the doctrine of evolution of itself, makes the article attractive.

—On Thursday, Oct. 26, at Lancaster, Ohio, died Thomas Ewing, senior, one of the most venerable and respected statesmen of the old school still remaining among us. He was born in West Virginia, Dec. 28, 1789, so that his life embraced the momentous period in modern history which opened with the French Revolution and closed with the conquest of France by Germany, and which is also co-extensive with the constitutional existence of the United States. In the government of his country, Mr. Ewing played a prominent part, twice as U.S. senator and twice as a member of the Cabinet—singularly enough, in administrations where the Vice-President succeeded upon the death of the President. He was Harrison's Secretary of the Treasury, and withdrew with his colleagues (save Webster) under Tyler; he was Taylor's Secretary of the Interior (the first incumbent), and retired under Fillmore. He was, while in political life, identified with the Whig party, and had anti-slavery leanings, if not strong convictions. His second case as a lawyer, in the town where he has died, was handed over to him by Mr. (afterwards Judge) Sherman, whose son, the present General, Mr. Ewing subsequently adopted, becoming at last also his father-in-law. He followed his own father to Athens Co., Ohio, early in 1798, at a time when Eastern emigrants had just begun to open up the wilderness and to plant there a "university." By his own efforts he acquired an education at this institution, and was its first A.B. Prior to this, as he himself has said, "the excessive use of alcohol was the indirect means of furnishing him with school-teachers," who were scholars, as he explains, "banished, no doubt, for intemperance." The changes which Mr. Ewing saw wrought on the face of this continent are marked by his passage down the Ohio in a flatboat, and the completion, in his lifetime, of the Pacific Railroad. He could, even at the age of eighty, remember well the first beef he tasted, which he thought "coarse and stringy, as compared with venison." He recalled, too, how, as a boy of twelve, reading aloud to his father and his hands, he found attentive listeners to a translation of the Æneid, and how

"At that point in the narrative where Æneas discloses to Dido his purpose of leaving her, and tells her of the vision of Mercury bearing the mandate of Jove, one of the men sprang to his feet, declared he did not believe a word of that—he had got tired of her, and it was all a made-up story as an excuse to be off, and it was a d——d shame, after what she had done for him. So the reputation of Æneas suffered by that day's reading" (p. 399, "History of Athens County").

—We do not know whether, with the literary forces at its command, the new German politico-literary weekly, *Im neuen Reich* ("In the New Empire," simultaneously with the rise of which, January, 1871, it was started), could not be made much more interesting, especially to non-Germans, than it now is; but we do know that it is a very readable and instructive periodical, which we should be glad to find in such American homes as are not unfamiliar with the language and current literature of Germany. *Im neuen Reich* is by its full title, if we understand it aright, limited to things connected with the activity of the German people in politics, literature, and art; but, in reality, it far transcends that sphere, and embraces subjects as foreign to it as the following—to notice only articles contained in the last ten numbers before us: "What makes Darwin popular?" (treated by Alfred Dove, the editor); the "Origin of the Dead Sea" (by Th. Nöldeke, the celebrated Biblical critic); the "Treaty of Washington" (correspondence from New York); "Shakespeare as an Observer of Insanity (by M. Bernays); the "History of the Capitoline Museum" (by Justi); "Russia in Asia" (by F. Marthe); "Periclean Structures" (by R. Schöne). The principal topics, however, are such as refer to the past and present of Germany, the development of the new empire claiming, of course, attention above all other topics. Gustav Freytag is one of the leading contributors. The tendency of the journal is liberal, with a slight and not very consistent leaning towards radicalism. Its tone is very moderate, its style clear and elevated, though occasionally tinctured by a sentimental optimism, mainly the result of the late great achievements of the Germans; and not a few of the articles betray how far these achievements have not only dazzled the eyes of the German people, but also perverted the sense of justice of many a German liberal. A correspondence on "universal military duty in Alsace-Lorraine" (in No. 30), which advocates the immediate conscription of the French youth in those provinces for service in the next war against their brethren and fatherland, is a shocking instance of patriotic perversion. Mr. L. W. Schmidt, of this city, is an agent of this periodical, which recommends itself by its form and print no less than by its contents.

—An article by Didolff, in the *Historische Zeitschrift*, calls attention to the interesting fact that the year 1870 was the thousand-year "Jubilee" of the territorial unity of Germany. In 870, after the death of Lothaire, Charles the Bald was obliged to agree to a partition treaty (at Mersen) with Louis of Germany, by which the German part of Lotharingia, east of the Meuse, was incorporated with the German kingdom. If for a few years it was somewhat wavering in its allegiance, submitting now to the king of the East-Franks, and now to the king of the West-Franks, yet on the whole this essentially German territory continued a part of the empire until modern times; and the events of last year have restored at last those portions of it which France had got into her possession, and made the political boundary coincide with the line of nationality. Another article, without signature, and therefore, it is probable, by the editor, Von Sybel, himself, discusses the Vatican Council from the point of view, in general, of Döllinger and the anti-infallibilists. After a sketch of the history of the Council and of the dogma of infallibility—in which the striking point is made that this was the first Council in which only ecclesiastics sat, and, since the *theologians* were excluded, only the higher clergy—the writer proceeds to speak of the future. He shows that the treaty which has heretofore existed between church and state assumes the Confession of Trent as its basis. If the church discards this traditional character, and its relation to the state and to other confessions is essentially altered, the contract is virtually broken, and the other party is freed from all its obligations. It is for Germany to say, then, whether the primacy of Rome is any longer to be acknowledged. Here comes in another historical anniversary. The year 70 severed the connection of the Christian church and the Jewish synagogue; the year 1870—witnessing the destruction of old Catholicism at the hands of the Pope himself, and of the temporal power at the hands of Victor Emanuel—opens the way to a new and free organization. "Andere reissen nieder"; he closes, "Du, Deutschland, baue auf!"

—Just at present, there seems to be no great activity in Paris among the publishers of books relating to the fine arts. Mr. Christern has received the parts that have been issued of the "Archives of the Commission on the Historic Monuments of France," published by order of his late Excellency, M. Achille Fould, Minister of State. For the present, this publication is suspended. It consists of folio plates, with a letter-press illustrating the restorations of the churches, palaces, and public buildings of France, undertaken and carried on by the late government, with the assistance of the ablest architects. The work of restoration in which Napoleon III. was so much interested, and on which he spent so much money, was one of the chief elements in the bread-and-circus policy with which he kept his people quiet so long. It appealed to the educated, art-loving worshippers of the past with which France abounds, and it was always splendidly, often tastefully, though, it must be confessed, sometimes barbarously carried out, as in the case of the château of St. Germain. Other publications, relating to the fine arts, received lately by Mr. Christern, are "Instrumenta Ecclesiastica: Choice Objects of Religious Art, belonging to the Middle Age and to the Renaissance, exhibited at Malines in September, 1864." The objects in this work, which does not bear the imprint of any publisher, are all photographed, and though the mechani-

cal part of the work is not done in the most satisfactory manner, the objects photographed are very interesting to the lover of such things, and to the man instructed in them. Such a book will form a valuable additional atlas of plates to Viollet-le-Duc's encyclopœdia of architecture or to his book on furniture. "Studies for Funeral Monuments suited to Modern Times," by J. Boussard (Paris: Baudry), is a pretending atlas of designs, very few of which we find pleasing, though we confess to a taste in such matters that is far from catholic. We confess, too, to thinking that the French taste, in the matter of monuments to the dead, is the worst in the world, its only rival in affectation and in ostentation being the American. Among French designers, M. Boussard is not the worst we could name, and, if this should be thought damnably faint praise, it is the best that, in our judgment, he deserves.

REVISION OF THE UNITED STATES STATUTES.*

In the year 1866, Congress authorized the President "to appoint three persons as commissioners to revise, simplify, arrange, and consolidate all statutes of the United States, general and permanent in their nature, which shall be in force at the time such commissioners may make the final report of their doings." The law establishing this commission provides for a systematic arrangement of matter, for the omission of redundant or obsolete enactments, and for the "making such alterations as may be necessary to reconcile the contradictions, supply the omissions, and amend the imperfections of the original text"; but it does not contemplate any substantial change in the provisions of the statutes themselves, similar to that made by the revisers in New York. The work of the commissioners is, therefore, not creative; it consists chiefly in devising and executing a plan of classification, by which all the existing and permanent statutory matter shall be brought together, condensed, and arranged. The Board, which now consists of Mr. Victor M. Barringer, Mr. Benjamin Vaughn Abbot, and Mr. Charles James, has made public the results of its labors as far as reached. It is proposed that the revised statutes of the United States shall be divided into five parts. Part first will contain the revision already described, and will be separated into seventy-six titles. Part second will simply be a list of acts repealed. It is conceded that these two portions will exhaust the authority given by Congress. The commissioners will prepare, however, a third part, which will comprise all such public acts as cannot be included in the revision, and which will be republished without alteration, merely for purposes of convenience; a fourth part, relating exclusively to the District of Columbia; and a fifth part containing treaties. Of the seventy-six titles into which the revision proper is to be divided, they have already drafted, printed, and distributed for examination Title I., "General Provisions," containing three chapters; Title II., "The Legislative Power," containing nine chapters; Title III., "The Executive Power," containing two chapters; Title LXXIII., "Of Crimes," containing nine chapters; and titles relating to the slave-trade, to the flag and seal, to the militia, to the seat of government, and to arms, armories, and arsenals. Messrs. Barringer and Abbot, without the concurrence of the third commissioner as it appears, have addressed a circular letter to the committees of Congress having the matter in charge, reporting with great minuteness the methods pursued by the commission, with the present results, and urging that Congress take speedy or immediate action upon the revision as far as completed.

We fully recognize the importance, and even necessity, of such a revision as the statute contemplates; we go further, and desire that this commission should be clothed with authority to propose some radical changes in the body of the law itself. We cannot, however, agree with the Messrs. Barringer and Abbot in the suggestion which they make; and we hope that Congress will postpone all final action in the matter until the system which the commissioners adopt has been completed by them, and has been subjected to the close and discriminating scrutiny of professional and business men throughout the country. We purpose to offer some reasons in support of this position, and these will necessarily involve a partial discussion and criticism of the plan recommended by the Board and of the work already done by them.

Congress, through the means of this commission, is about to legislate for a long future. The system accepted by them will for a considerable period of time be fixed. We cannot anticipate any substantial changes in it when once it has passed into the condition of positive law. For better or for worse, it will give form and character to the permanent jurisprudence of the nation. It will be the nucleus about which further additions will be grouped, the foundation upon which the subsequent structure will be built. These facts show that if a revision is important, and even necessary, it is no less important and necessary that the revision should be as perfect in its outlines and general principles as knowledge, experience, and care can make it. As we have already remarked, the principal duty of the commissioners is to devise and execute a system of classification. Simple and easy as this task may seem to some, it is in the highest degree difficult. The very fragmentary nature of the national legislation increases this difficulty. We do not hesitate to say that, with all the aids to be derived from the experience of other countries and from the labors of jurists, it would be easier for the commission to frame a complete code of jurisprudence upon a basis at once scientific and practical, than to frame a satisfactory revision of the United States statutes. The commissioners plainly appreciate the difficulty. They tell us, in their notes to the first title, that five systems of classification have been suggested: the chronological method, an alphabetical arrangement, an arrangement based upon the order of clauses in the Constitution, the logical or philosophic method, and the practical or manual method, which, they say, deserves consideration. This last "would consist in a collocation of acts guided by the convenience of those who are chiefly concerned in using them; thus placing, as far as possible, statutes guiding the action of courts and judicial officers in one division, statutes affecting those concerned with the collection of the revenue in another, and so with other topics." Among these different plans we are told that "the decision reached has been to employ the logical method as governing the general arrangement of the work; modifying it freely in all questions of detail by the considerations of the practical convenience of those who are to use the statutes." The result which the commissioners must aim at is to make the particular enactments of the revised statutes easily accessible to business men, to lawyers, to courts, and to legislators.

We learn from the preliminary remarks to one of the titles that, "in classifying the various provisions of the statutes for revision, the commissioners have followed the unvarying rule that no provision may be repeated; none may be inserted twice under different titles." How shall that provision be placed in order that its position may be natural or necessary, and that it may be turned to almost as a matter of course, with a reasonable certainty of finding it? This is the problem which the gentlemen must solve. From the antecedents of some of the commission, and from the titles themselves which have been published, we are afraid that too much reliance will be placed upon what has been described as the "practical" method of arrangement. The fault of this method is that it is based upon and follows no conceivable system. If it was possible to ascertain the practice of all the persons who shall have occasion to use the statutes, and if there were any uniformity in this practice, then we should have a basis of common convenience. But it is impossible to ascertain any such practice, nor would there be any uniformity in it when discovered. In fact, the gentlemen of the commission have no standard of personal convenience upon which to proceed except their own. If the revision is arranged upon the basis of "practical convenience," as described by the commissioners, it will represent simply the habits of Mr. Barringer, of Mr. Abbot, and of Mr. James, and perhaps of no one else. In the portions already drafted, the commissioners have yielded too much, we fear, to the notion that such or such a man would look for a particular provision under a certain head; and the result is a lack of system, and an absolute antagonism of principles in the arrangement of some important titles. One example will illustrate our meaning. Title III. is concerning the "Executive Power." It contains two chapters; one on "Presidential elections," and one on "the powers and compensation of the President." By the "practical method," as before described, we should expect to find in the latter chapter a complete enumeration of the powers which the chief magistrate may wield. In the text, however, the only powers mentioned are to appoint an official household, to remit part of a double punishment, to treat with a State for the acquisition of land for public buildings, and to control or dispose of land conveyed to persons for the use of the United States. This is certainly a meagre show. Turning to the preliminary remarks, we learn that "the *powers* of the President, and the mode in which it is his duty to act with reference to given subjects, are placed under the titles comprising the subject-matter of his official action"; that is, are scattered through the whole revision. Assuming this to be correct, all of the four topics just enumerated, except the first, should be taken from the chapter in which they are found, and distributed under other titles. But is the same principle

* "Revision of the United States Statutes, as drafted by the Commissioners appointed for that purpose." Sundry Titles. Washington. 1871.

carried out in treating of other subjects? In the list of seventy-six titles we find one called "The Judiciary," and no other one having the slightest reference to the practice and proceedings in courts. The preliminary remarks to the title "Crimes" inform us that "what commonly passes under the name of 'Criminal Procedure' will not be found in the present draft of this title. The place of trial, and the manner of trial, and the like particulars, have been allotted to the title on the 'Judiciary,' which is in the course of preparation." The same is evidently true of civil procedure. Everything, therefore, pertaining to a civil action or remedy, or to a criminal prosecution, is to be found in the "Judiciary." We are confident, in the first place, that no lawyer would ever think of looking for these particular subjects under that head, and, in the second place, that the commissioners have abandoned the principle which they professed to take for their guide in preparing the title upon the executive. We urge upon them that one system must be pursued throughout the entire revision. Better a faulty method than no method at all; better any principle than the abnegation of principle. The "practical convenience" scheme will produce universal inconvenience.

Our space will not permit an examination of each title that has been completed; we shall, therefore, confine our further discussion to the one on "Crimes," because it was first published, and is surpassed by none in importance. The commissioners say that as the legislative power of Congress is of special and limited jurisdiction, the system of classifying crimes which has been usually adopted in general codes and by judicial writers is practically impossible. "It has been deemed best to attempt a scheme of arrangement founded rather upon the grants of legislative power contained in the Constitution, as near as may be, or upon the considerations which, under the general operations of the fundamental law, have led Congress to denounce and punish particular offences." They have, therefore, separated the title into nine chapters, of which the following are the heads indicating the matters contained in each: General provisions; crimes against the existence of the Government; crimes arising within the maritime and territorial jurisdiction of the Government; crimes against justice; crimes against the operations of the Government, including forgeries and frauds, counterfeiting coin, postal crimes, etc.; official misconduct; crimes against the elective franchise and the rights of citizens; punishment of accessaries; concerning discipline and treatment of prisoners. It is due to the commissioners to say that this scheme is not satisfactory to themselves. To this whole plan of classification there are many and grave objections, and we are confident that it should be abandoned. The facts which have been chosen as the basis of the arrangement have no connection with the nature of the crime; they are mere jurisdictional facts, and do not in the least indicate *what the crime is*. We might as well, in framing a penal code, divide crimes into those over which a court of sessions has jurisdiction, and those over which a court of oyer and terminer has jurisdiction. Again, the system proposed by the commissioners makes it necessary that provisions defining crimes of exactly the same name, nature, and grade should be repeated. Thus, we might have murder or robbery on the high seas, or within districts under the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, and murder and robbery in resisting the operations of the Government. The title, as completed, contains several instances of this reduplication, and Congress will be constantly increasing their number. But, in fact, the difficulty in the way of a comprehensive classification, according to subject-matter, does not exist. The title should be framed with a view to what Congress *may* do, what powers it possesses under the Constitution, not with a view merely to what it *has* done. Congress possesses ample powers of criminal legislation, but has not, as yet, exercised all of them; that it will in future exert them more freely, and legislate over a wider range of subjects, the experience of the last few years makes certain. Within the maritime and admiralty jurisdiction, certainly if without the jurisdiction of any particular State, and within districts and territories under its exclusive control, it may denounce and provide for the punishment of every species of offence. Here, then, is ample opportunity for the outline of a complete system of classification. Again, by virtue of its powers to enact laws on a large variety of subjects, and to provide for the enforcement of these laws and for the punishment of resistance to their enforcement—in other words, within the sphere of resistance to the operations of the Government—it may certainly define and provide for the punishment of all crimes of violence against the person, from homicides down to assaults and batteries, excepting a few which can by no possibility have any connection with the administration of the laws, such, for example, as rape. Again, because the United States is the owner or custodian of property, and because, by means of its system of national banks, a vast amount of private property is brought under its jurisdiction, almost all crimes against property fall within the scope of Congressional legislation. We have thus suggested enough to show that a comprehensive and orderly system of classification of penal offences is possible, and, if possible, then necessary. The basis of such a system must primarily be the essential nature of the delict itself. This being determined upon, all the accidental facts could easily be provided for. Thus, murder should be once defined, and then the places where or the circumstances under which murder may be committed, so as to be justiciable in the national courts, should be stated. The same method should be followed with other crimes.

In looking through the substance of this title, we find a few matters which we cannot pass by without comment. The second chapter relates, of course, to treason, misprision of treason, sedition, and the like. The only provision concerning treason is a section declaring its punishment. The commissioners say, in a note, "The Act of 30th April, 1790, is omitted as redundant. That statute is a mere re-enactment of Article III., Section 3, of the Constitution." If, therefore, this title should be adopted as it stands, there would be no statute defining what treason is and who may commit it. The Act of 1790 omitted by the commissioners was passed at the very first session of Congress, and provides that, "if any person or persons owing allegiance to the United States shall levy war, etc., such person or persons shall be adjudged guilty of treason." If this clause is finally rejected, could there be any conviction of treason, and would the crime itself exist? We doubt it. We cannot conceive that an indictment could be based upon the constitutional provision itself. That provision is not so much a grant of power as a restriction. "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them," etc. The meaning is clearly the same as though the section read, "Nothing shall be treason except levying war," etc. The language is negative, not affirmative. The general grant of judicial power in the first and second sections of Article III. is far more positive in its terms; and yet it is settled that, without a statute giving effect to this grant, the courts could do nothing. But even if the Constitution does in terms create the offence, it does not declare who may be guilty of it. Here the statute comes in, and, in accordance with the common-law doctrine, says that the offence can only be committed by persons owing allegiance to the United States, which allegiance may undoubtedly be that of a citizen or the temporary duty of a denizen. We can conceive of no reason for dropping the old Act as redundant. Even if there only existed the vaguest doubt, that doubt should be removed by restoring the statute of 1790.

Passing to other provisions of the title, we find a very general absence of definitions and descriptions of crimes. Thus: "Every person who [within the territorial jurisdiction or on the high seas] commits the crime of murder . . . shall suffer death." We know that all these sections are taken from old statutes. The commissioners have not been directly authorized to make substantial modifications and improvements. This leads us back to a point mentioned at the commencement of our review. We hope the power given to the board will be enlarged. These statutes merely mentioning the crime "murder," and the like, require the courts to apply the old common-law definitions. The penal laws of nearly all the States have long ago been reformed; they have become the expressions of higher principles than those which animated the Draconian code of the ancient common law. It is disgraceful to the nation that its penal legislation, alone among the enlightened states of Christendom, still reflects the temper and ideas of a barbarous age.

We must add, in conclusion, that what we have said has been in no captious and fault-finding spirit. We know somewhat of the difficulties which the commissioners have to encounter; we appreciate the magnitude and importance of their work; we can plainly see how thorough and conscientious have been their labors. They have asked for criticism, and we have responded candidly, certain that, if there be any merit in our suggestions, the board will give them their due weight.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR OCTOBER.

THE opening paper of the October *North American* is by Professor J. D. Whitney, and is entitled "Volcanism and Mountain Building." Scientific men will not need our commendation of it, but we may properly bespeak for it the attention of general readers. Such readers will find in it a spirited presentation of a great mass of facts gathered together by a geologist whose extensive experience, in fields affording most excellent examples of the phenomena he discusses, give him a weighty claim to be listened to as having authority. The article abounds in suggestions

concerning the physics of the exterior of the globe which will make it of great value to the student, while the vigor of the criticism which it applies to some of the most considerable contributions made to orographic geology, cannot but provoke among the magnates of the science a discussion which may or may not be warm, but which can hardly be otherwise than profitable. Incidentally, Professor Whitney attacks the modern theories of the metamorphic origin of granite rocks; but his principal object appears to be first to call attention to Richthafen's theory of volcanic activity, and, secondly, to demolish all existing theories of mountain building, especially those put forth by Messrs. H. D. Rogers and James Hall. Doubtless this article, and two that have preceded it in the *Review*, sooner or later, will be obtainable in book-form.

Much as may be everywhere read on the subject, by far the best essay that we have anywhere seen in the controversy between the friends of "modern science" as a means of education, and the friends of "classical training," is Professor W. D. Whitney's essay, entitled "Language and Education." It is an essay for which the writer will, we think, receive the thanks of almost every one who has tried to bring the discussion to a conclusion satisfying to his own mind. Professor Whitney sets out by saying that we, in this country, cannot wish too heartily and cannot work too earnestly for the success of all efforts towards improving the lower grades of education: "We have undertaken to let our government and the constitution of our society represent the average of virtue and intelligence in the whole community. We cannot now abandon the plan if we would, and we ought not to flinch from it if we could; but it is an undertaking fraught with danger; we shall tear one another in pieces if we do not succeed in restraining and transmuting, by educational influences, the aggressive selfishness of individuals and communities, of wider but limited classes, and of aristocracies. Men will strive after what seems to them happiness; and to raise the ideal of happiness, to make men really love better things, is the object at which we are directly to aim, if we would benefit and save our country." But, he continues, the progress of the lower education depends in no small degree on that of the higher, so he proceeds to examine briefly the condition of university education in America, and, of course, is obliged to offer for the consideration of educators his views as to the lively if not violent contest going on here and in England between classical and scientific studies; and, ranging himself on the side of linguistics—which has certainly been put upon its defence by many extremists of one sort, as it has certainly been put in needless jeopardy by pedants of another sort—he devotes his essay to taking "such a view of education on the one hand, and of language on the other, as to show us what is the relation of the latter to the former, and what the place of linguistic and philological study in the general scheme of human training." He is, however, not in the least polemical, in the bad sense of the word; and of the two classes of disputants who might be profited by what he has to say, if they would carefully peruse it, we do not know that those persons who make the old-fashioned "disciplinary" claim for the classics will not find themselves more specifically rebuked than those friends of the sciences who regard Professor Whitney as "a consumer and not a producer," and those others who, with Professor Huxley, are inclined to think that poetry is, for the most part, "sensual caterwauling." "The essence of discipline is simply preparative," he says; "that is a disciplinary study which duly leads the way to something that is to come after"; and he sums up under this head by saying: "No discipline without valuable knowledge; all valuable knowledge available for discipline; the discipline in proportion to the amount and value of the knowledge acquired: these are fundamental truths in the theory of education."

We have not space to quote from the more interesting parts of the essay in which Mr. Whitney deals with that particular phase of his topic as to which he is qualified by his own special training to speak. We would gladly do so, for we fear the *Review* will be seen by too few of the readers whom it would most benefit to become acquainted with Mr. Whitney's thoughts on this important subject, and we are sure we should be doing good service in assisting to disseminate them as widely as possible. Still, ideas of this degree of value, though it may be impossible to pour them in directly where they seem most needed, are yet sure to be infiltrated sooner or later, and that, no doubt, is the best mode of imparting them to the public mind. We may remark that the essay gains on a second and third perusal, and that it will be found to repay close and heedful study.

"The Misgovernment of New York" is an article in which Mr. Charles Nordhoff seeks to find a remedy for the evils under which this community is laboring. In fact, he suggests a remedy, which in substance is this: The people of the city of New York are fit for self-government, and should be entrusted with the management of their own affairs, instead of being, as now, to a very great extent, under the control of officers and boards of officers whom the Legislature at Albany has made independent of the citizens. Let the people elect a mayor who shall hold office during but a short term, who shall appoint all his subordinates, and who shall be directly responsible to the citizens both for himself and for the men he appoints. The city judiciary also the mayor shall appoint, the judges holding office for life, unless removed for cause. As for the legislative department of the municipal government, it should consist, Mr. Nordhoff thinks, of a common council composed of councilmen elected not on what is called a "general ticket," and by the voters at large throughout the city, but on a district ticket, by the voters of the district in which each individually dwells. Obviously, Mr. Nordhoff's scheme of applying to New York the form of government which has been found satisfactory when applied to the whole Union has its good points, and no one will doubt that if it were put into a charter and tried in this city, it would, for a certain length of time—be the same shorter or longer—work better than some other forms of government that have been tried here within the twenty years last past.

It is hardly worth mentioning, but it is odd to find the writer of an essay such as this we have just been glancing at stopping all at once to put into his enumeration of the blessings a responsible mayor would bring in his train this boon—that he might even by-and-by be goaded into abolishing the absurdity of ringing the bells when a fire is discovered, the telegraphic alarm having already informed the firemen, who alone can usefully appear at a fire. There is something of an absurdity in it, no doubt; if absurdity is precisely the term for a practice which, as Mr. Nordhoff points out, signals thieves and pickpockets to favorable fields. But we should say that it would have occurred to but few writers, curious in their art, to enumerate this particular evil among those which are to be destroyed when once we have secured local autonomy and our rights as freemen.

"French and German Diplomacy after Sadowa" is a clear, intelligible, and, as we judge, correct and true account of the diplomatic contest—to call it so—between Napoleon and Bismarck, from the time just preceding the war of 1866 to that just preceding the war of 1870. It is by a writer unknown to most of our readers, Professor C. K. Adams, who fills a chair of history in the University of Michigan. His article deserves the praise—not too commonly deserved by this sort of articles—of being to all appearance not only well informed, but also candid and unbiassed. The "quidnunc" of a hundred years ago, who knew "What the Swede intends and what the Turk," and the secret article in the Spanish treaty, is nowadays pretty thoroughly gone out of literature, except, indeed, as a despatcher of telegrams; but it is still certainly not rare to find in literature of more pretensions than newspaper literature the self-blinded partisan who, whether or not he is full of misinformation or information as to political facts, is as good as an insane man or a seventh son of a seventh son when he comes to moralize events and prophesy results. Unusually large the crop of such prophets and philosophers has been during the past two or three years, and it is agreeable to come upon a writer who, without taking occasion to say anything very profound, treats sensibly of the matter. The *North American's* critical notices, by the way, include one which handles cleverly and amusingly a fair specimen of the wild kind of political writing to which we refer. It is the one which appears in the table of contents as "The Fall of England," and which reviews the "Dorking" literature.

"The Regeneration of Italy" is an essay by Mr. E. Gryzanowski, a gentleman who has been for years a philosophical student of European politics in the narrower as well as in the wider sense, and who, so far as we know, has never written anything that is not exceptionally worthy the attention of those who are interested in the topics which interest him. He has, too, an exceptional gift of attracting and holding attention, for there are not many foreigners—or Englishmen or Americans either, for that matter—who use our language with more at once of precision and force than he, and not very many writers for the periodical press whose opinions and reflections better deserve to be well presented. The opinions are, to be sure, sometimes a little pronounced, we think, and put forth with too little limitation, and the reflections do not in absolutely every instance strike the reader as perfectly sound, though they are almost sure to be, at all events, interesting. It is, for example, not what would be called very profitable speculating to ponder the question why the isl-

and of Sardinia makes no great figure in history; not a very valuable conclusion to conclude that the island has no history because it has never had a sovereign of its own, and is at some distance from the mainland. It would seem as if a question to which that is the answer were hardly worth asking. It is many generations since navigation brought Sardinia near the mainland, and kings were never scarce where subjects were of a desirable kind, and numerous enough.

Perhaps a more favorable illustration of Mr. Gryzanowski's tendency to philosophizing is afforded by this passage, though we confess to a fear that in quoting it we may somewhat discredit our praises of a moment since. That it completely explains the fact, if it be a fact, that the lettered Italian is a passionless being when compared with his unlettered compatriot, is something to which we have not committed ourselves. Still, as we have said, it is, at all events, interesting, and no one will mind saying that it has a great deal of truth in it: "It may not be generally known, but it is true beyond question, that the natural rapidity of human thought and emotion is enormously retarded, first by the habit of articulate speech, later by the power and habit of reading and writing. Deaf and dumb persons [deaf-mutes] are generally quick, passionate, and vindictive. With them, sight, resentment, and action follow each other with such rapidity that bystanders sometimes fail to discover their logical connection. And people who cannot read or write have this in common with the deaf and dumb, that their speech is not strictly articulate. They do not think in sentences, but in ejaculations, and they get through a long string of successive emotions with a rapidity unknown to those who cannot help distinguishing between nouns and verbs. The changes wrought by elementary education in the Italian savage are, indeed, surprising. The writing Italian not only loses the remarkable retentiveness of his memory, which is, of course, a great loss, but he also loses his quickness of resentment and of action, which is a gain and a blessing to him. The educated classes in Italy are altogether sedate, and seemingly passionless," etc., etc. Perhaps, however, now that the reading and writing Italian has a country, and something to do besides archæology and the emendating of Petrarca, and other sedentary pursuits, he may become more violent. Mr. Gryzanowski's readers may, by the way, find it well, after reading what we have quoted from him in regard to the power of self-restraint which is gained by learning to use articulate speech, to compare the passage with what Professor Whitney has to say concerning the influence exerted on the individual and on the race by the learning of a language.

There are six critical notices this month, and they compare favorably, for weight and learning, with the rest of the number, which, taken altogether, is a very good one, with nothing bad in it, and much that is very good, and having, indeed, no fault except the good-sized fault, that it is deficient, almost to destitution, in purely literary matter, and that, for a "Review," it notices not many books. Those which it does notice, however, it treats with all the customary care. They are these: Delbruck's "Uses of the Conjunctive and Optative in Sanskrit and Greek"; Dr. J. F. Clarke's "Ten Great Religions of the World"; the sixth edition of Professor Max Müller's "Lectures on the Science of Language"; the second and third volumes of Greene's "Life of Major-General Nathanael Greene"; Professor A. C. Fraser's edition of "Berkeley's Works"; and the "Battle of Dorking"—to the remarks upon which we have already referred. The initials "C. S. P." are appended to the review of Berkeley, and, doubtless, they stand for Mr. Charles S. Peirce, who, it is probable, has of all men paid most attention to the subject which he handles in this essay. It is much more than a mere notice of Mr. Fraser's volumes, and we must reserve till next week what we have to say about it.

Of the other book reviews, the most noticeable is that in which Professor Max Müller is put in anything but an agreeable position. It would seem sometimes as if, in England also as well as in the United States, the constant attitude of condescension which is imposed upon the *savan* in his intercourse with his inerudite neighbors is apt to induce in him a frame of mind which is hostile to a graceful humility, not to say injurious to sound habits of thinking and writing. Over here we see plenty of it, and have seen more than one distinguished person's usefulness impaired by a long course of arrogance and of pity for us. And there have been signs before now that something of much the same kind was happening in England.

THE MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

THE November *Galaxy* has several articles that are worth reading, and one that is a contribution to history. It is the beginning of an account, by Ex-Secretary Welles, of the measures taken by the Navy Department for the capture of New Orleans, and it has very much of the satisfactory quality that belongs to writing done not for its own sake but because the writer is in possession of facts which it is important should be known. Its business-like character makes it good reading, and, apart from any such pleasure that it gives, the reader finds himself thinking better of the navy and of the Ex-Secretary than was common when, nine or ten years ago, we all in our haste were denouncing the navy for inefficiency, cursing the *Alabama*, and stigmatizing Mr. Welles as the "old man of the sea," forgetting that he was a Secretary without a navy, necessarily ignorant as to the loyalty of very many of the officers in service, and burdened with the almost overburdening task of setting on foot naval workshops and stores for the preparation of all kinds of supplies. It will be surprising if it does not turn out that public opinion concerning him is not to undergo thorough revision, as already it has no doubt been in part revised. Comparatively impassive as Mr. Welles seemed during the war, and free from anxiety as to his popularity at all events, not to say his reputation, he now shows an honorable solicitude to stand justified in the second thought of his countrymen and before history. Equally now and then his course is of good and needed example. Without dwelling upon it too much for the interest of his own dignity, Mr. Welles lets us know one of the causes why he got fewer good words than some others, and was, indeed, roundly abused at the time when Mr. Cameron, for example, was nothing less than our "patriotic and energetic War Minister." In speaking of the naval successes at Hatteras Inlet and at Port Royal, he says that

> "Both expeditions originated in the Navy Department. They were quietly planned, and matured with a secrecy unknown to the military operations of that period. Hence, probably, the correspondents and writers of the day, who usually obtained their first information of events through the War Department, or from army officers, misstated and gave erroneous accounts of these and other expeditions, and not unfrequently awarded credit to military officers which strictly belonged to naval commanders. Naval officers were invariably prohibited from giving information of naval movements for publication, and newspaper correspondents, always inquisitive, and generally intelligent, were, for this reason, carefully excluded from the expeditions, and, as far as possible, from all knowledge in regard to naval operations."

Hence arose heartburnings, and piques, and perversions of fact, which are now embodied in the histories, so that we have, for instance, not "Flag-officer Stringham's Expedition to Hatteras," but "Maj.-Gen. B. F. Butler's Expedition to Hatteras," and the like. There is to be more of Mr. Welles's article, which will be more interesting in the next instalments than in this, but which is good from the beginning.

Another article relating to the war is by General Imboden, of the Confederate service, who sets down with straightforwardness some reminiscences of General Lee and General "Stonewall" Jackson, which are not particularly valuable, but which it is, nevertheless, well and pleasant to have. General Lee, it appears, was certainly never sanguine of success for the Confederacy, and we should say, taking General Imboden's testimony as conclusive, that he can hardly be said to have ever been so much as hopeful. Of General Imboden's reminiscences, also, there are to be further instalments.

We believe there is not much else in this number of the *Galaxy* that will attract any but habitual readers of magazines. Mr. "Carl Benson" has some sensible remarks to make on various topics; but there surely seems to be a vastly disproportionate deal of creaking in the vehicle that carries his thought when the intrinsic value of the thought is considered. There is actually a woodcut, "a simple diagram," to illustrate the truth, or rather the occasional falsity, of the saying, that a man is known by the company he keeps—or "the Noscitur a Socio Fallacy," as "Carl Benson" calls it. "Socius," he justly remarks, must be construed with a certain reasonable sense of proximity. The example of a man who lives in Russia, or who lived two centuries ago, will hardly be relevant for the State of Massachusetts, A.D. 1871. Still, as we say, if there is sometimes something to laugh at in "Carl Benson's" way of presenting his opinions, they usually embody some sound sense. Another good article is on "The Pike Poetry"; that is to say, its criticism of Messrs. Hay and Harte is not good criticism of poetry; but it appears to be honest and careful throughout, as well as right more often than wrong. It is, however, easily possible to be radically wrong in criticism of poetry, and, when that happens, to be right in places is not to make good criticism, but is only to be very much less tiresome than the mass of writers who welcome or denounce new poets on account of their religious views, say, or for this or that entirely superficial reason. Why, for instance, in talking about poetry, should one say that there is more poetry in Mr. Harte's stories than he

will put into his verses if he writes verses for a lifetime? The fact seems to be that in all essentials the verses and the prose are one and the same thing, but that the author succeeds in being perhaps more objective and less sentimentalistic in his verse than in his prose, while, on the other hand, he makes more obvious failures in verse than in prose, because in his verse he attempts poetry, and has more or less ill-success according as he goes further or less far away from the figure-painting which is the work he does best, if, indeed, it is not the only work in which he can be said to do well at all. In other words, it should not be said that either in prose or verse has he anything to do with poetry, nor that "The Heathen Chinee," with its moral, is not much better than all the "dialect" verse and all the noble-gambler prose. The sentiment or sentimentality in that piece is nothing; and the figure-painting is coarse and hasty enough; but what there is of the latter, conjoined with the fortunate embodiment in phrase of the brutal Caucasian "platform-plank," that "we are ruined by Chinese cheap labor," and that as soon as we cannot cheat the Chinaman, we must knock him on the head—these two elements make "The Heathen Chinee" infinitely better than anything else of Mr. Harte's. The cynical humor and brutality under the exaggeration of Truthful James's "Society upon the Stanislaus," entitle that to the second place; and these two of Mr. Harte's performances are confirmatory of the opinion, to put it briefly, that the less of himself there is in his work, the stronger and better it is likely to be. However, we had only meant to say that the *Galaxy* critic of "The Pike Poetry" says several things worth hearing.

For the rest, the *Galaxy* has more of Anthony Trollope's and Mrs. Edwards's continued stories; a short story by H. James, jr., not of his best; a scientific miscellany; a "Galaxy Club Room," or humorous department, of a feebleness that forebodes demise; and an article by Mr. Justin McCarthy on "The Two Newmans." This last is like most that is written by Mr. McCarthy, who must be extremely useful about a magazine office. Apparently he would write with equal readiness on Miss Pauline Markham or the procession of the equinoxes, accordingly as there should be demand at the news-depots for articles on the one more than the other. John Henry Newman and F. W. Newman, "*par nobile fratrum*," as he calls them, form Mr. McCarthy's subject in this article. We may say here that it is doubtless a mistake to suppose that J. H. Newman is less known in this country than his brother. There are the old Abolition circles, to be sure, who knew Professor Newman as a sincere and courageous though crotchety "friend of the country"; but, on the other hand, there are the Anglicans whose communion J. H. Newman left, and the Romanists whose communion he joined, amid loud welcomings from them and loud laments from his former fellow-believers, and, besides these, there are large numbers of readers of the best English literature, or, rather, the best English writing of our time, who hold J. H. Newman in honor while they know his brother mainly as one of the translators of Homer. This is not a great matter. But a man should be on his guard even when he is writing only for the magazines. Again, Mr. Disraeli is a very wicked man, no doubt, and no supporter of Garibaldi, as Mr. McCarthy is, but that is not a reason for saying that he does not know English. In his "Lothair," Disraeli says that Newman's going over to Rome is an act that "has been apologized for, but never explained"; in spite of which witticism, Disraeli probably has Latin and Greek and English enough to know that Newman's "Apologia" was not an apology for his course, but a defence of it. And, indeed, not all men who have read that book will say that Disraeli's characterization of it is unjust or untrue. It may be worth while, too, to say, as we think we have said before, that the often-quoted passage in praise of "England's Saxon Bible" of which Mr. McCarthy speaks, was not written by Newman, but by F. W. Faber. That is not the sort of "noble and touching apostrophe" that Newman writes.

In *Lippincott's*, Mr. Whymper's "Scrambles Among the Alps" continues to be the most readable article, and the illustrations also are good, being well reproduced. In these chapters Mr. Whymper gets a fall of two hundred feet or so, not sheer, but in seven or eight twenty-five foot stages, and which he says was, in some respects, not disagreeable. His memory, however, is not now so retentive as formerly, and he lost permanently the tips of both his ears, as well as received some cuts, which were painful temporarily, for the guides rubbed vinegar and salt into them, after the custom of the country. "Ouida" begins a short story which has promise, and which will be finished in the December number of the magazine. Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard writes with customary smoothness and good feeling of "A California Seaside"; and Mr. Amasa Walker, in a short article which will bear quotation in all the country papers, asserts and maintains that the currency of this country to-day has no more relation to gold than it has to potatoes, and enquires how long the people are going to tolerate this engine of impoverishment.

Readers of Tennyson will be pleased with Mr. E. C. Stedman's article in the *Atlantic*. Mr. Stedman, who has been for some years working at "Theocritus," undertakes to point out those poems and passages of the Sicilian's which Mr. Tennyson has done him the honor—that appears to be somewhere near Mr. Stedman's view of the matter—to make use of in writing "Dora," and "Audley Court," and "Edwin Morris," and "The Golden Year," and "Walking to the Mail," etc. So far as we know, Mr. Stedman discovers in "Theocritus" more of Mr. Tennyson than has ever before been found of him in one place. Mr. Stedman, we are glad to see, is a warm friend of "a broad and elegant culture," as distinguished from that idolatrous worship of the Second Aorist which is preached by so many instructors in our so-called institutions of learning.

Other articles in the November *Atlantic* are the Fifth Part of Mr. Howells's "Wedding Journey," with the disastrous quarrel of the newly-wedded pair—Isabella going upstairs to her room, away from Basil, and sitting down desolate "with all her things on"; more of Mr. De Forest's "Kate Beaumont," and of Mr. Fields's "Whispering Gallery," which still talks of Dickens; an article by Mr. Clarence King about a family of Missouri Pike County wanderers, whom he fell in with somewhere in the Far West; the Fourth Part of Mr. H. James's "Watch and Ward"; some rather laudatory book-notices, and a description of the mad-houses in Constantinople which bears the title of "The Bedlams of Stamboul." This last has a quantity of desultory but apparently correct and reasonably useful information, conveyed with a sort of smartness that is not altogether pleasant, nor wholly unpleasant. It reminds one of the conversation of the mess-room, where, in the scarcity of topics of conversation such as can be freely handled in an unselected company of persons who yet must live together, each gentleman is expected to play the good companion, and pay a fair quota of such jokes as he may be favored with into a fund for the general amusement. Mr. King's article has evident truthfulness, but gives, too, the impression of being overcharged with "local color." The young Yankee artist, as set before us by Mr. King, has something of that look of incredibility which the fact that he actually existed does but little to diminish. One should be able to make affidavit to one's description of such a person, or else should utilize him. In "Kate Beaumont" the interest flags, there never having been much in any of the other characters, and the reader having had almost too much of Peyton Beaumont's movable eyebrows, and chivalry, and brandy-and-water, and of the pistol-practice and whiskey-drinking of his sons and neighbors. Neither the heroine, nor the hero, nor the plot is of a kind to make one interest one's self too long in the views of Southern society, which Mr. De Forest certainly does give with very much truthfulness. This admirably serviceable material for a volume or two of Southern sketches, wholly or partly true to fact, is of less service to him in a novel; yet it is upon this material that his novels, if we are to judge by "Kate Beaumont" and its predecessor, must, to a very great extent, depend for any noticeable goodness that they will have.

Old and New promises, in that prefatory part of it called "Old and New," a novel which is to be written jointly by Mrs. Stowe, Miss Susan Hale, Mr. F. W. Loring, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Rev. E. E. Hale, and a Mr. Perkins. The "Record of Progress" has an obituary notice, by J. P. Lesley, of the late Mr. Joseph Lyman, who appears to have been in many important respects a man worthy of admiration. In the same department of the magazine may be found something, by Mr. Francis Gardner, about the system of pronouncing Latin now finding favor in this country and England; a lively description of stock-raising under difficulties in Newton County, Missouri, where a Boston dry-goods man has been trying his hand at roughing it in the roughest fashion; and a word or two about Scottish preparatory schools. The body of the magazine is filled with contributions by Dr. H. W. Bellows ("The Modern English Novel"); George Macdonald ("The Vicar's Daughter," a serial story); Rev. E. E. Hale ("Ups and Downs," a serial story); poetry, by "H. H.," Rev. J. W. Chadwick, and others; "Talk About the Tea-Table," by some writer to us unknown; some reviews of books, and various other matters which we do not know that we can describe very accurately.

In *Harper's*, Mr. Curtis quotes some verses from a forthcoming volume of poems by Mr. W. E. Channing, a nephew of the famous Unitarian clergyman of that name, and a man known to one set of readers as a companion of Margaret Fuller's, Hawthorne's, Thoreau's, and Emerson's, and

to quite another set, and a much smaller one we suppose, and an inferior one, as a verse-maker, laughed at by Poe in his now almost forgotten criticisms. It might not be hard to find a reason why Mr. Curtis, who knew Mr. Channing when both were younger, should rate him higher than he will be rated by any one who, coming entirely from the outside, attempts to form a judgment of the poet on his merits. Who can judge dispassionately of poems that were a part of his youth—a part, too, of that manhood which we have in youth, in dreams, the poet helping us—and which never comes so near realization as when, with him to help us, we dream of what is to be? But if the value of Mr. Channing's poetry may fairly be measured by these specimens which Mr. Curtis offers for consideration, we should say that his verses reveal a native capacity for receiving poetical impressions; and an ability to express them when they either are such as may be expressed by one or two more or less incoherent poetical images; or when they are such as require to be expressed with more or less certainty and precision than a too brief snatch of rhythmical melody vaguely can afford. Thoughts of wide comprehension and of a depth and subtlety not usual; purity of feeling, without any alloy of earthiness, and yet intense; fine susceptibility and much delicacy of sympathy with nature if not with man—these, it is probable, are among Mr. Channing's endowments. But it would seem that talk he cannot. It may doubted if he can talk even to himself; or, at any rate, if he has ever had the patience to do so, setting clearly before his mind his thought and feeling. However that may be, if poems of the kind before us are the only kind that Mr. Channing writes, it seems plain that he cannot talk very intelligibly to others certainly, unless when he has other helps than printed words can give him. In the face of this fundamental limitation of his nature—or his nature's refusal to submit to limitations, if that is a better way of putting it—it is not much worth while to say with Poe, that metres and the useful art of grammar Mr. Channing is apt to disregard. That he does; but his real difficulties are deeper, and these but the surface indications of the real ones. To his private friends he may be much —we may be allowed to say so; for it is his avowed private friends who bespeak for him the respect of the general public. But the world has to look for a poet in his pages. That it will find nothing in Mr. Channing's pages we are not able to say; but for whatever reason, whether that there was not much in him, or that, like some of his school, he was better pleased to see his thoughts and feelings pass before him than he was to reduce them to order and train them—for whatever reason, less will be found in him by the world at large than some have been asserting would be found. Yet this little poem, entitled "Gifts," is too good to throw away:

"A dropping shower of spray
Filled with a beam of light,
The breath of some soft day,
The groves by wan moonlight.
Some river's flow,
Some falling snow,
Some bird's swift flight.

A summer field o'erstrewn
With gay and laughing flowers,
And shepherd's clocks half-blown,
That tell the merry hours;
The waving grain,
The soft spring rain,
Are these things ours?"

Other articles in *Harper's* are an unexpectedly good one, considering the quantities that have been written about it, on the Oberammergau Passion Play; an illustrated article describing the pretty town of Stockbridge, Massachusetts; "Edouard Frère and Sympathetic Art in France," by a writer who appears to us to make quite as free with Mr. Ruskin in print as most people would like to have done in their case by a person whom they had received with hospitality; a piece of verse by J. G. Saxe; and much other matter.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Abbott (J. S. C.), History of Louis Philippe	(Harper & Bros.)	
Abbot (E.), Literature of the Doctrine of a Future Life	(W. J. Widdleton)	$2 00
Aytoun (W. E.) and Martin (T.), Poems and Ballads of Goethe	(Holt & Williams)	1 50
Ball (Prof. R. S.), Experimental Mechanics	(Macmillan & Co.)	6 00
Bryant (W. C.), Poems	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Catholic Family Almanac, swd	(Catholic Pub. Soc.)	25
Chambers (Dr. T. K.), Restorative Medicine	(Henry C. Lea)	
Demonstration in Honor of the 25th Anniversary of Pius IX	(J. Murphy & Co.)	
Dickens (C.), Old Curiosity Shop, and American Notes	(D. Appleton & Co.)	75
Farjeon (B. L.), Joshua Marvel: a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	40
Harte (B.), East and West Poems	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	
Harris (Mrs. S. S.), Richard Vandermarck	(Charles Scribner & Co.)	1 50
Illustrirte Kriegs-Chronik, Part 27, swd	(B. Westermann & Co.)	
Im neuen Reich, Nos. 38, 39, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)	
Jowett (B.), Dialogues of Plato, 4 vols	(Charles Scribner & Co.)	12 00
Lazarus (Emma), Admetus: a Poem	(Hurd & Houghton)	2 00
Letter to an Alarmed Friend, swd	(Pott, Young & Co.)	05
Life of the Rev. Mother Julia	(Cath. Pub. Soc.)	1 50
Littell's Living Age, Vol. CX	(Littell & Gay)	
Nast (T.), Miss Columbia's Public School, swd	(F. B. Felt & Co.)	50
Neill (E. D.), Memoir of Rev. Patrick Copland, swd	(Charles Scribner & Co.)	50
Powers (E.), Artificial Production of Rain	(S. C. Griggs & Co.)	
Sand (Mme. George), Monsieur Antoine, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	75
Fanchon, the Cricket	" "	1 00
Smith (P.), Ancient History of the East	(Harper & Bros.)	
Taine (H.), Art in Greece	(Holt & Williams)	1 25
The Land of Lorne	(F. B. Felt & Co.)	2 00
The Workshop, No. 10, swd	(E. Steiger)	40
The Great Fires in Chicago and the West, swd	(J. W. Goodspeed)	50
Whitney (Mrs. A. D. T.), Real Folks	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	1 50

TAINE'S ART IN GREECE.
16mo, Cloth (uniform with "Taine's Art in the Netherlands," "Ideal in Art," etc.), $1 25.

"One feels at moments as if, before this writer, there had been no critics, no travellers, observers, or æsthetic inquisitors."—Nation.

GOETHE'S POEMS AND BALLADS.
16mo, cloth (uniform with "King Rene's Daughter," "Nathan the Wise," "Frithiofs Saga," etc., and making No. VII. of the series), $1 50.

AROUND A SPRING. By Gustave Droz. Translated by M. S. 8vo, paper, cloth-lined, 75 cents.
"A masterpiece of fiction."—Nation.

KEY TO THE PENTATEUCH.
Part I.—GENESIS. By Dr. Solomon Deutsch. 12mo, cloth, $1 50. Parts II. and III., completing the work, will soon be issued.

"This work is very elaborate and very carefully done, and its Hebrew portions are remarkable for distinctness and correctness."—Nation.

NEARLY READY.
TAINE'S ENGLISH LITERATURE. 2 vols. royal 8vo.
TAINE ON INTELLIGENCE. Royal 8vo.

HOLT & WILLIAMS, Publishers,
25 Bond Street, New York.

PRICED CATALOGUE No. 21
OF
ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS,
Comprising Standard and Valuable Works in
ANTIQUITIES, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, VOYAGES, TRAVELS, ETC. ETC. ETC.

☞ Just published, and will be forwarded FREE to any address.

DAVID G. FRANCIS,
Dealer in New and Old Books, 17 Astor Place, N. Y.

VALUABLE WORKS ON GEOLOGY.

GEOLOGY OF PENNSYLVANIA. A COMplete Scientific Treatise on the Coal Formations. By Henry D. Rogers. 3 vols. 4to. Plates and Maps. Boards, $30.

GEOLOGICAL RECONNOISSANCE IN California. By William P. Blake. 4to. Illustrated. $6.

ACADIAN GEOLOGY. NOVA SCOTIA, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island. By J. W. Dawson. Second Edition. 8vo. Illustrated. Cloth, $7 50.

GEOLOGY OF NEW JERSEY. By George H. Cook. Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth, $6 50.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF ILLINOIS. Illustrated. 4 vols. 4to. Cloth, $24.

GEOLOGY OF LAKE SUPERIOR. By Foster and Whitney. 2 vols. and Maps. Cloth, $25.

D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher,
23 Murray Street and 27 Warren Street.

CRITICAL AND SOCIAL ESSAYS. Reprinted from THE NATION, and in some measure supplying the place of the first two volumes of the paper, now somewhat scarce. Price $1 50. Address, Publisher of THE NATION, Box 6732, N. Y.

NEW FINE ART GIFT-BOOKS.
JUST PUBLISHED.

GEMS OF MODERN BELGIAN ART. A Series of Cartoon Photographs from the Pictures of eminent living Artists. With remarks on the works selected, and an Essay on the Schools of Belgium and Holland. By William B. Scott. Uniform with "Gems of Modern French Art," by the same Author. 4to, cloth, elegantly gilt and gilt edges, price $10.

NAOMI: or, The Last Days of Jerusalem. By Mrs. T. B. Webb. With photograhic illustrations after drawings by David Roberts, R.A. 4to, cloth, elegantly gilt and gilt edges, $10.

A THOUSAND-AND-ONE GEMS OF English Poetry. Selected and edited by Charles Mackay, LL.D. A new edition, containing many beautiful illustrations from designs by T. E. Millais, John Gilbert, John Tenniel, Birket Foster, and others. Demy 4to, cloth, elegantly gilt and gilt edges, $5. Handsomely bound in tree calf, $10.

*** For sale by all booksellers, or will be mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price by the publishers,

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,
416 Broome Street, New York.

LADIES DESIROUS OF LEARNING TO sing in the pure Italian School, will address SIGNOR GIANNETTI, care of Wm. Hall & Son, 751 Broadway.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1871.

The Week.

THE election on Tuesday in this State resulted in a signal overthrow of the Ring, the Legislature having been secured for the Republicans by a nearly two-thirds majority, and the Tammany candidates, except Tweed himself, having been beaten at all points. The bench has been strengthened by the election of Judges Barrett, Daly, and Curtis, and the German element has given General Sigel an emphatic token of its revolt against the thieves. It is needless to comment on the value of this entirely peaceful triumph, which has been followed by the immediate resignation of Sweeny as Commissioner of Public Parks. Elsewhere the Republicans have been generally successful, if not gainers. Mr. Washburn was elected, as a matter of course, in Massachusetts, the Labor Reformers and the Prohibitionists making a feebler demonstration even than last year. In New Jersey, the Republicans failed to elect their candidate for Governor, but still control the Legislature. Another Governor Washburn is elected in Wisconsin over Mr. Doolittle, the Democratic candidate. From Minnesota, Mississippi, and Illinois Republican majorities are reported, and Chicago has made an excellent choice for mayor in the person of Mr. Joseph Medill. In Virginia, the Conservatives have rightfully held their own, but in Maryland the Republicans have made some progress.

The War on the Ring continued up to election day without any marked incident beyond the issue of the order of arrest against Thomas C. Fields, a notorious old politician of the worst stamp, and the colleague of Peter B. Sweeny and Judge Hilton in the Ring Central Park Commission, on a charge of swindling the firemen of the old organization by getting a bill through the Legislature paying them over four hundred thousand dollars in compensation, most of which he pocketed himself. As Mr. Tilden says Sweeny is as bad as any of them, and as Mr. O'Conor says the same thing, and he has virtually confessed that he is, by resigning; and as Fields will soon be under bonds, if he is not so already, we should think Judge Hilton would begin to feel nervous, not, of course, through any consciousness of guilt, but through lonesomeness. We think it might not be amiss for Mr. A. T. Stewart to call the Judge off from his now perilous and exposed position, lest some accident should happen to him. Both his flanks are exposed to the onslaught of a sleepless and determined enemy, and the Judge is too useful a man to be sacrificed in this way. Besides, the popular confidence in his integrity is becoming disgracefully weak. In these days nobody is safe. Mr. Charles O'Conor's labors, in the meantime, perhaps do more to keep up public confidence and ardor than any other feature in the struggle. He has enjoyed, and deservedly enjoyed, for nearly thirty years, the reputation of being the very foremost man in his profession in this State—we believe most members of the bar here would say, in the Union. In learning, in acuteness, and in vigor, he has certainly for many years had no rivals, and he has, what is better than all in these days, a character of absolute purity. He is now displaying, what we confess we did not look for, the mastery of an English style of extraordinary vigor and incisiveness, and a power of condensed thinking on questions of general politics which, at his age and among men of his intellectual training, one does not generally look for. All this, and with it a scornfulness which shrivels up a charlatan or cheat like a flash of lightning, he is bringing into the service of the public, at the cost of repose which he has richly earned.

There has been nothing more remarkable in the municipal canvass than Tweed's speeches, which he delivered nearly every evening up to the day of the election. He carefully abstained from any attempt to answer the charges against him, treating them, as usual in such cases, as the inventions of "unrelenting, bitter, unscrupulous, prejudiced, ambitious, partisan foes." He said he had faith in their (his constituents') "sense of justice, in their intelligence, devotion to their party and its principles, and, above all, in their gratitude for four years' faithful services." As a general rule, he acknowledged that the press expressed the voice of "the people"; but, in his particular case, he thought the will of "the people" was more faithfully represented by the public meetings which he addressed. He was always vociferously applauded, and, as the result of the election showed, his confidence was not misplaced. "The people" certainly do approve of him, and approve of him on grounds with which the Sentimentalist brethren can hardly take exception, viz., that though (as he himself says) he has made mistakes—as who has not?—he has always been "sound on the main question," which, in the lower wards, consists in the liberal distribution of coal and flour. His "heart," too, "has always been in the right place," or, as one of his champions said, "even if he is a thief, there is more blood in his little finger, and more marrow in his big toe, than the men who are abusing him have in their whole bodies." In short, on the widely-received view of the character and functions of "the people," and of the part played by "the heart" in politics, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that William M. Tweed is a whole-souled, faithful man, who follows after "the truth," not, indeed, with "a legal mind," but with a good "human mind." He may not be in favor with the judges or with the Epicureans of the Fifth Avenue, but the hard-fisted bruisers, and crimps, and pimps, and groggery men of the First Ward love him dearly, and appreciate his sterling worth. They say that the fuss made about his character is very ridiculous, seeing that all the politicians, male and female, in other parts of the country, "accept aid from any quarter," and make no secret of it.

The President has corrected a clerical error in his first proclamation suspending the habeas corpus in certain counties in South Carolina, and, relieving Marion of this suspension, has given five days' warning to the Ku-klux in Union to come in and surrender their arms. The trials of the Ku-klux in North Carolina appear to have furnished very trustworthy evidence against their confederates across the border, and the dispersion of those who justly or unjustly fear arrest continues to be very great, and to embrace the most prominent citizens. The majority of the prisoners, who confess freely, are the degraded whites. One result of this campaign against the outlaws is the complete interruption of business, which has thrown great gloom over the communities where the arrests are made. But, as we remarked last week, trade had already been thoroughly demoralized by the perils to which Northern men found themselves exposed, whether they sought to make business connections, to lend their capital, or collect their just dues.

The bonds of South Carolina, known as New Sixes, have been running gently down since October 1 from 52 to 32, or thereabouts, owing to the widespread belief that the financiers of that State had got a large stock of them ready for the market, which, like our Connolly, they were going to put off as their needs might dictate. What foundation there is for this belief, except the general character of "the governing class" in that unhappy State, we are unable to say. The probabilities are that the proclamation of martial law has helped the decline; but a card, which appeared in the New York papers on Tuesday, from Governor Scott, Treasurer Niles G. Parker, and Mr. John B. Dennis, Chairman of the Committee of State Accounts, will hardly do much to arrest it. The signers acknowledge that $20,040,000 of the State bonds have been printed, but they say that $9,000,000 of the amount are still on hand, and "have never been signed or issued." They were not printed, these gentlemen say,

with the intention of increasing the State debt, but are in the possession of the State authorities. There are also $3,500,000 sterling bonds in the same place, and $2,500,000 of registered stock. All these bonds were got ready, the writers say, under Acts of the Legislature, "to pay the indebtedness of the State," and "for the conversion of its securities." We are afraid this statement will not restore public confidence. It reminds us of a story recently told us by a lawyer, of his taking his client, who held a considerable sum in the bills of a broken bank, to see the receiver, a notorious politician of this city, who had given notice to all holders to bring them in to him. On being asked what disposition was to be made of the bills after he got them, the receiver pointed jauntily to his own safe, and said they would lie there; whereupon the client, who knew the man, arose and left the room in solemn silence, taking the bills with him.

Governor Bullock, of Georgia, has resigned, in a very entertaining letter, addressed to the whole Georgian people. The reasons he gives are that he found that the lower branch of the Legislature, which he gives us to understand is largely composed of unprincipled men, was going to impeach him, and that the majority in the Senate, also composed of unprincipled men, were going to unseat as many of their fellow-members of the righteous kind as would give them two-thirds in favor of his conviction. In order to prevent all these persons from thus disgracing themselves and sinning their souls, the good man has actually vacated his office and run off into private life, leaving the governorship to the President of the Senate the very day after he heard of the wicked conspiracy against him. We doubt if a more remarkable example of self-sacrifice to prevent others from doing wrong was ever heard of, in politics at all events. The charges against him are not savory, and are not unlike those made against our own Ring, such as frauds in the purchase of the State House and of the Governor's mansion, and in the management of several railroads, and in the issue of State bonds in aid of railroads. As we have several times within the last three years called attention to his corrupt practices in Washington, and his success in imposing on the Radical majority in Congress, we need say nothing more about his general character. He is one of the worst of the gang whom the reconstruction process raised into power at the South, and he will probably endeavor to figure in Washington this winter as a Unionist "martyr." The most entertaining part of his farewell letter is that in which he warns the Union men of the State that they will soon be eaten up by the rebels. The Legislature has, since his flight, passed a resolution denying the truth of his statements, which was hardly necessary.

Brigham Young has not chosen to abide the result of the prosecution which, by his prompt appearance in court, he seemed determined to face. He has, with a few wagons and a small armed escort, departed southward, whether to select a new refuge for his people, or simply to betake himself to a place of safety, does not yet appear. An expedition, it is said, will be sent in pursuit of him. If what we hear of his prosecutors be true, a better man than Brigham would have been justified in getting out of their way; and, indeed, we may say, generally, that if the present crusade against Mormonism be "the Lord's doings," he is making use of instruments that an honest man could not touch with a forty-foot pole. Mr. George Alfred Townsend, who has been writing some very graphic letters from Salt Lake City to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, undertakes to enumerate and describe the members of the anti-Mormon ring, beginning with Judge McKean, of the Federal court, whose behavior on the bench "has been despotic and extra-judicial to the last degree, and who has also been unfortunate enough to compromise his reputation by mining speculations which have come before his court, and received influential consideration there." His prosecuting attorney, R. N. Baskins, is the author of what was called in Congress the "Cullom Bill" to suppress polygamy—a bill which, Mr. Townsend says, "the court enacts, and prosecutes under it, by the very man who wrote it."

The Mormon view of the conduct of the recent trial is well expressed in the clever satire in which Judge McKean is represented to have addressed the jury as follows:

"You have your duties, gentlemen, and I have mine. My duty is to pick you out and pack you in; to fix the trial at such a time as will be least convenient to the defendant; to exclude all evidence that may help him, and to admit all evidence that may hurt him; to rule all points of law against him; to pick out from Acts of Congress and Acts of the Utah Assembly those laws which combined may convict him; to be first a United States Justice's Court, and then a Territorial Justice's Court, and *vice versa*, as the exigencies of the case may demand; to dramatize the case and elocutionize my opinions; to follow my instructions from Rev. Dr. Newman, and avenge his defeat at the Tabernacle; in short, gentlemen, my duty is to secure a conviction."

The charge of patching together parts of Federal and Territorial statutes relates to the use which is made of a Mormon enactment against adultery, which could not by any stretch of interpretation be supposed to have been levelled against polygamous marriages So the definition of adultery is boldly drawn from another source. Even were this wanting, however, Judge McKean could, and probably would, fall back on the simple "builded-better-than-they-knew" doctrine.

The bill emancipating the slaves in Brazil has at last passed the Senate, and become a law. It emancipates, forthwith and absolutely, slaves belonging to the Government, or given to it in usufruct, not over 5,000 in all; slaves belonging to unclaimed heritages, and slaves abandoned by their owners. Apart from these, the act gives liberty to all children born hereafter of slave women; but the owners of the mothers are bound to take care of them up to the age of eight. At that age the owner must elect whether he will retain the minor's services till he reach the age of twenty-one, or receive $600 compensation from the Government for liberating him. If the mother is liberated before her child reaches the age of eight, she can take it with her; if she is sold before it reaches twelve, the child must also go with her; and the courts can order a minor's absolute liberation on proof of ill-treatment by the master. All minors liberated under the act in any way may be delivered by the Government to associations—voluntary and charitable, we presume—charging themselves with their maintenance and education; and these associations are to form out of the funds coming to them, either by Government grant or by donations, legacies, or otherwise, and out of the results of the labors of the minors, a "peculium" for each slave, to be delivered to him at the age of twenty-one, by way of starting him in life. The associations are also to find him employment when he leaves them. The slave can also contribute to the peculium himself in any way in his power. These are the main features of the measure, and it will be seen that it is in form very far from being a measure of emancipation. The number of slaves whom it liberates at once is a very small proportion of the whole, which is 200,000. Its main value lies in the fact that it deprives the system of the character of permanency, and is, therefore, likely to hasten voluntary emancipation by slave-owners. Its probable influence in this direction is foreshadowed by the immediate liberation of their 1,500 slaves by the Benedictine monks, the richest religious order in the empire.

It is almost of as much importance to the International to seem powerful as to be so, and accordingly its friends and supporters are very ready to claim some of the responsibility of every tumult, revolution, uprising, strike, riot, and conflagration that occurs in any part of the world. They are willing, in short, to accept a bad reputation for the sake of inspiring terror. We have not as yet heard that they claim for it any share in the burning of the Wisconsin woods, but they have darkly hinted that it had something to do with the burning of Chicago, and we should not be surprised to hear that it was at the bottom of the next great earthquake. It certainly claimed a larger part in the troubles of the Commune in Paris than it had any title to, and we suspect that the great strikes which have recently taken place in Europe would have occurred if it had never existed. That it does exist, however, and that it is rapidly extending its organization, there can be no doubt; but it must be remembered that such organizations do not become stronger in the ratio of the increase of their numbers—on the contrary, they become weaker;

they gather in the beginning the *élite* of the class among which they seek their recruits. As the work of propagandism goes on, the accessions decline in quality, and the cohesiveness of the body diminishes. It is not difficult to foresee that the International will go to pieces under the weight and vastness of its own designs. A correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* furnishes an account of a convention of the body, consisting of twenty-five delegates, held in London about six weeks ago, at which it was reported that there were one hundred and eighty thousand enrolled members of the Society in England, furnishing a revenue of about thirty-five hundred dollars a year. The French delegate said that the organization had been swept away in several French towns after the Communist revolution, and it was decided to take special measures for its restoration in these places, and to make Russia the field of energetic missionary effort. Secret societies and conspiracies were vigorously denounced, and political agitation, as it is in England, strongly recommended. The object of this agitation seemed to be the conversion of "capital and land" to the use of the workingman; in what manner was not described.

There seems to be a mischievous notion growing up in the minds of some of the European Governments that the International can, and ought to be, put down by force. An attempt of this kind is probably the only thing that could make it permanently powerful and dangerous. But its existence is a symptom, and a striking one, of the tendency of all political questions everywhere to merge themselves in the labor question, and the main result of the work of the International will probably be the rooting in the working-class mind all over Europe that this is really the only political question of any moment. A statement was made by Mr. Nutall, a well-known leader of the co-operative movement in England, at a recent meeting of the British Social Science Association, revealing a prospect for the laboring classes which makes the schemes of the International and of the "Labor Reformers" very unimportant. He showed that in the manufacturing borough of Oldham, with a total population of seventy thousand, there were co-operative societies numbering seven thousand members. They had a capital of eight hundred thousand dollars in their six co-operative stores, and a hundred and fifty thousand dollars invested in other places. They had built seventy-five workingmen's houses in the last twelve months. They have a corn-mill, large halls, and five libraries, and consultation rooms where they meet weekly for discussion. They have a capital of fifteen hundred thousand dollars, invested in cotton-mills and loans, and in one of these cotton-mills, which represents a capital of half-a-million of dollars, nine-tenths of the shareholders are workingmen. A good question for our "labor reform" conventions to discuss would be, how many years of perorating and gadding about the country it would take to produce such results as these.

France, in spite of the very untimely blustering demonstrations of her Ultramontane faction on one side, and of some as yet unaided *guerre à outrance* Radicals on the other, is certainly not in the condition nor—as far as her present rulers are concerned—is she inclined to disturb the peace of Europe by a sudden warlike attempt, be it in the direction of the Alps or the Rhine. She needs peace more badly than any other state, and Thiers knows it but too well. What the ulterior aims of his foreign policy are, is now indifferent. What he aims at in his domestic policy is still a matter of much surmise and comment; and though he acts consistently, as befits the President of the Republic, suspicions of concealed Orleanism have lately found frequent utterance. The appointment of Casimir Périer as successor to Lambrecht, the suddenly deceased Minister of the Interior, gave particular offence to uncompromising Republicans. And yet, the tenor of the official circular of the new Minister to the prefects of the departments may be considered an additional ground for the belief that M. Thiers earnestly clings to what Gambetta, in his late half-wise manifesto, calls the "insolent" idea of founding the Republic by non-Republicans. M. Périer seems clearly to speak the thoughts of the President when he says of his policy, "That policy will manifest itself more and more, and will be strengthened not only by the adherents which it will daily attract, but also by the very attacks of those whose culpable designs it thwarts"; or, when referring to the common activity of the writer's father and M. Thiers, on the foundation of the Orleans throne, he says, "Revolutions have, since that time, changed many things, and the men who then entered public life have been able to profit by the lessons of experience, without having anything to repudiate of their past."

The acceptance by Francis Joseph of the resignation of the Hohenwart Cabinet has been followed, in rapid succession, by the more or less complete formation of a new Cisleithan ministry, under the presidency of Baron Kellersperg, former Governor of Bohemia; by a new imperial rescript to the Bohemian Diet, which half reverses the situation created by the preceding one; and, finally, by the resignation of Count Beust, the Chancellor of the Empire—a fact of historical importance, for which we have received, as yet, no explanation. The new rescript emphasizes the supremacy of the fundamental laws of the empire over the special statutes of the provinces; declares that those fundamental laws can only be altered in a constitutional manner—that is, by a two-thirds majority of the central Vienna Reichsrath, to which the Czechs now ruling the Diet of Prague refuse to send representatives; warns that Diet against the threatened attempt to nullify or disregard them on the ground of asserted Bohemian sovereignty rights, and makes its members responsible for the grave political consequences which would result from their persevering in keeping aloof from the Reichsrath, and ignore its resolutions. This new policy, the official organs of the new Cabinet declare, is to be vigorously pursued, no compromise being in contemplation, or likely to be made. This declaration, however, can be correct only in a relative sense, as the Czechs have it in their power to compel a compromise, by appearing in the Reichsrath, and thereby reducing the German party in the assembly to a small minority, which all the influence of the Government, and perhaps the Imperial veto itself, would be required to save from being absolutely overruled by its Slavo-Federalistic opponents. Nor is the composition of the Kellersperg ministry, as now reported likely to be constituted, such as to indicate a determination to break with the Czechs, for the Slavic element is rather conspicuous in it. The solution now obviously rests with the Diet of Prague, and it appears to us that so propitious a moment to make it as favorable to themselves as the circumstances may allow, the Czechs will not easily find hereafter.

As the parliamentary way of Francis Joseph is rugged, just so smooth is the path of the other Kaiser in his dealings with the representatives of his provinces. William meets with ready yielding to his will, even on points on which the Germans are generally the least tractable. His war fund, emptied during the late struggle with France, had been replenished with indemnity money taken from the vanquished, but Bismarck, Roon, and Moltke very easily convinced the "thrifty Hohenzollern," as Carlyle would say, that its enlargement, from the same source, was demanded by the enlarged proportions of his empire and its altered position in Europe; and the Reichstag, enlightened about the facts by the Imperial Chancellor, has hastened to comply with the demand. During the debate on the subject, Prince Bismarck urged upon the Assembly "the necessity, in the present aspect of European affairs, of strengthening the country by empowering the Emperor to act promptly and freely under any adverse or threatening circumstances . . . and of placing Prussia in a position to act either upon the offensive or defensive, . . . though no complications were at present apparent." The truth of the latter statement is proved in some degree by the general applause with which the Emperor's peaceable utterances in his opening address to the Reichstag were received, both in diplomatic and civil spheres all over Europe. Such is, in fact, the situation in Europe, that if William and Bismarck want peace they will have it; and, fortunately, there is every reason to believe they want it.

THE RISING AGAINST THE RING.

THERE has not been in the history of the country as fervid and vigorous an "uprising" against bad government as that of which this city has been the theatre during the past month. All its features have been in the highest degree encouraging. Party differences have been forgotten in a common determination to put an end, if possible, to fraud and rascality in the management of municipal affairs. "Respectable citizens" have laid aside all business and excuses to attend to their political duties. The decent portion of the press has been heartily on the right side; the best lawyers have gone actively into the work of denouncing, exposing, and prosecuting the knaves. The amount of hard labor which many busy merchants have given to the task of ferreting out the frauds of the Ring has been great, and, we may add, unprecedented. No such attempts to put the affairs of the public in order, on the part of private, non-official volunteers, have, we venture to assert, ever been witnessed anywhere. The pulpit has thundered, too, against the "corruptionists," Sunday after Sunday, with more than usual vehemence. There has been "political preaching" where political preaching was never heard before. Behind all this, too, there has been plenty of popular indignation. We doubt if so many men have ever before, in any city, swelled with a common rage and shame. Usually there is in times of great popular excitement either enough fear, or enough division of sentiment, to furnish a sedative which makes the average passion moderate. Here there has been nothing to fear, and there has been no diversity of opinion. The only sign of division has been among the newspapers, and this has been due, not to any sympathy with criminals, or lack of zeal in the pursuit of them, but to commercial jealousy of those who had got first on the scent.

This has been all the more remarkable because the direct results to be obtained by the election of Tuesday were not of great importance. None of the principal municipal offices were to be filled. Not one member of the Ring was before the public for re-election as a municipal officer. There was a place on the bench of the Supreme Court to be filled, it is true, but not a place which had been occupied by a corrupt man. Judge Sutherland, who retired, though a Democrat, and more bound towards the Ring than a judge ought to be, had no stain on his character. Judge Daly, who was up for re-election in the Common Pleas, was a man of unimpeachable integrity; and in the Superior Court, though the Reform candidates were to take the place of inferior men, neither was to take the place of the great rascal of that tribunal. In short, the changes in the judges, though they were part of the great work of reform, made no direct or immediate contribution to it. The elections bearing most closely on the condition of the city were those of the members of the State Legislature; but in all these cases the result depended not on the voters of the city so much as on those of the State at large. Indeed, it may be said that it was through the vote for the Attorney-General that the popular indignation here most nearly reached the Ring, and the Attorney-General, after all, is only a prosecuting officer, and neither judge nor executioner. We mention these things, not for the purpose of depreciating what has been accomplished, but for the purpose of magnifying the force and depth of the tide of honest wrath which has accomplished it.

Nevertheless, the work of reform has only been begun; and, when we look at the facts which have been necessary to produce this uprising, it will be clear enough that this work will have to be both long and hard. It must not be forgotten that when the Ring went up to Albany and procured the charter under which their enormities have been perpetrated, they were neither unknown nor unsuspected. Every man of them was an object of the deepest distrust to the intelligent portion of the city population. Nobody—literally nobody—believed them to be honest. The leading newspapers denounced them daily. Two of them had grown enormously rich within a few years, and the Comptroller had actually ceased to publish his accounts. Nevertheless, they were able to go to Albany and procure a charter, which not only differed from all charters granted in the United States, but was a more glaring violation of the principles of popular government than any charter ever granted anywhere. It actually took away from the citizens not only the power of displacing the municipal administration *en bloc*, but deprived them of all control over the amount and disposal of the taxes. This measure was passed through a legislature which was universally believed to be grossly corrupt, but which was well known to Republican politicians to be managed by Tweed, and it was not opposed by the Republican press on either of these grounds. Indeed, the most influential portion of the Republican press supported it out-and-out. Now, apart altogether from the consequences which have since followed, it must be admitted that all this proved in a striking manner the deep demoralization in this State of the class (of all parties) which devotes itself to the management of the political machinery. Nobody who knows anything of the history of the legislation under which the Ring has done its cheating, can doubt that the work of reform, in order to be effective, must go far beyond the removal of the Ring from office, and must last far longer than the punishment of its members.

There are two facts in the history of these city troubles which must not be overlooked, and they are facts of the highest interest to American citizens in all parts of the country. One is that Tweed is by no means the first of his kind who has appeared on the surface of municipal politics. He has risen to higher eminence than his forerunners, but forerunners he has had. In fact, he is as distinctly the result of a process of evolution as any other phenomenon in nature. His audacity in appearing as a candidate for the State Senate with charges of theft from the public treasury resting on him strikes many people as something amazing, but it is not amazing to anybody who goes below the surface. The discovery which put the government of this city into the hands of the criminal classes, and which gives Tweed his audacity and indifference, was made fourteen years ago with the advent to the mayoralty of Fernando Wood, in the face of the fact, which was laid before the citizens in every possible way, that he was guilty of embezzlement and forgery. He was a man of the Tweed kind; emerged from obscurity through the lower grade of ward politics, and first became known to the general public in a prosecution for cheating his partner by altering the figures in accounts, in the way since practised so extensively by the Ring. He did not deny the charge even in court, but made his escape under the statute of limitations, and soon after ran for the mayoralty, and, in spite of the badness of his character, was recommended for re-election in a testimonial signed by a large number of leading merchants, much in the style in which Messrs. Astor, Roberts, Taylor, and others certified the correctness of Connolly's accounts.

Now, in Wood's repeated election, under such circumstances, the *arcanum imperii*, as Tacitus calls it, was revealed to the mob of this city as it was to the Roman soldiery after the death of Galba. Wood's success, in spite of his infamy, first made known the fact that not only was good character not necessary to success in city politics, but that bad character was no hindrance to it. This drew into it at once large numbers of adventurers of the Tweed stamp, who had failed in other callings, and who were sufficiently superior to the common roughs in intelligence and dexterity to be sure of being able to manage them. Wood retired from the arena, however, as soon as he had made a fortune, or, at least, transferred himself to "another sphere of usefulness," but Tweed, with more courage and "loftier aims," as the *Tribune* says of his confederate Sweeny, kept on along the old track, and soon got control of the State Legislature, and began to pocket his millions. But, with his experience, it would be wonderful if he were now timid, or bashful, or minded being called a "thief." From the same combination of circumstances which has produced him issued also Fisk, Gould, and the band known as the "Erie Ring," who really form with Tweed one gigantic corporation. Tweed is one of the directors of the Erie Railroad, charged with the duty of seeing that the other swindlers are not interfered with by the Legislature; while they, on their side, see that their dependants and employees vote

for the Ring; and the most striking characteristic of the whole gang is that indifference to public opinion or shamelessness which is exciting so much astonishment when displayed by Tweed. Fisk's riding round the city in a coach-and-four, purchased with stolen money, in company with a batch of harlots, is but one manifestation of the same quality which in Tweed's case found expression in running for the Senate while under arrest for fraud. The obvious inference from all this is that it will take some years of steady repudiation of men of bad character in politics, and of the display, on the part of the majority, of a regard for the character of candidates, to destroy in the Tweed and Fisk class that audacity and hopefulness which forms the principal element in their success.

The second point to be borne in mind is the fact that the city money has been largely used to debauch both the politicians and voters of the country districts. There is no doubt that a large proportion of the twenty millions which we know to have been stolen have been used in the corruption of electors, and the payment of managers of both parties, all over the State. We are only saying what all "the men inside politics" know well, that there has for the last few years been hardly a town or county caucus, between this city and the Lakes, in which Tweed's hand has not been felt. He has his agents everywhere—some stationary, some itinerant—and they are as numerous in the Republican as in the Democratic ranks. To some he pays salaries, to others he makes donations, and others he holds by "taking care" of a son or brother, or other relative or friend, in the city. In this way he has influenced largely the return of members of the Legislature. Under his manipulations, a considerable number go to Albany ready to be seduced. The virtue of the others does not stand very long after he has arrived with his money-bags, and their return to their constituents enriched no longer excites shame on the one side or indignation on the other. We believe it was the experience of the Reform Democrats at the late Convention at Rochester that the country delegates were little if any superior in tone to the band of jail-birds which Tammany sent up from the City. As regards the Republicans, we shall only say that Tweed has a book in which he has entered the sums paid last winter to the various Republican legislators for their votes, and that it is expected and believed that, if he finds that the game is really up as far as he is concerned, he will publish it. Let us hope and pray that he will. It will be the most striking "literary event" of the season. One entry in it at least has already been revealed by him with his usual cynicism, and has been used against a prominent politician in the western part of the State during the late canvass.

The moral of all this is, that the corruption in which Tweed is the most prominent agent has eaten too deeply into our society, and is too widespread, to permit us to hope that one election or one legislature can cure it. It will take at least ten years of the proscription, and punishment, and incessant pursuit of rascals, and the appearance of a fresh generation on the scene, to effect a radical cure of the disease; and we sincerely trust that those who have just taken up arms in the struggle, and especially the young men, have "enlisted for the war," and not for this one conflict. The next step is plain enough. The Legislature must devise a charter which will stop the supplies of money from this City for corrupt purposes; this is essential at the very outset. The tonics and alteratives come afterwards, and what they should be will need the gravest consideration of the wisest and shrewdest men in the State. This time, however, we trust, the *a priori* Blatherskites will absent themselves. We have had enough of them and their works.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

It has been plain enough during the last ten years that there was not the least chance of an international copyright treaty with Great Britain as long as the disputes arising out of the war were unsettled. The public on this side of the water was, until the Treaty of Washington was concluded, in no mood to take up any difference with England which did not in some way bear on the *Alabama* question, and was, in fact, rather disposed to consider anything claimed by Englishmen as *prima facie* disadvantageous to the United States. We, therefore, we confess, in spite of our hearty concurrence in most of their views, took but moderate interest in the efforts made a few years ago by an association of authors and publishers in this city to press the subject on the attention of Congress. We felt satisfied that Congress would do nothing about it, and that the people would not be much troubled by its inaction. The movement having called Mr. Henry C. Carey from his retirement, however, with a reprint of an old pamphlet, in which he took the ground that no author had any real property in books at all, inasmuch as he only rearranged facts which were the common property of society, we took occasion to say (Feb. 20, 1868) how fallacious in point of logic, false in point of fact, and delusive and mischievous in point of jurisprudence, and obnoxious in point of morality, this view seemed to us to be. The dislike of legislators to concede the absoluteness of literary property, and to deal out only a qualified and limited protection for it, is undoubtedly the result, in part, of the traditional inability of barbarous and illiterate ages to conceive of the existence of property in an intangible commodity, in no way attached to the person of the producer, and passing from his possession in the very act of exposure for sale. Consequently, the author has been steadily refused all title to the gains resulting from the sale of his works, except as much as seemed necessary to induce him to produce at all. But the only way for authors to put an end to this discreditable notion is to insist strenuously that their property in their works differs from other property, not in its own nature, but in the nature of the machinery required for its protection. A man can have his house and furniture and money protected by the police, or, if worst comes to worst, he can arm himself and his friends for that purpose; but his property in his books, being the product of high civilization and extended intelligence, needs for its protection special, delicate, and costly apparatus, which a civilized community is bound to supply, and just as freely to the foreigner as to the native.

The question is now once more coming before the public, and we believe in a shape which promises before long to lead to its practical solution. The public mind, both in England and America, was never before so ready for a candid discussion of it; and for various reasons. The foremost is, of course, the revival between the two countries of good feeling based on mutual respect. Of such good feeling as prevailed before the war this could hardly be said. Next to this must be placed the fact that American authors have begun to lose at nearly the same rate as English authors by the absence of international copyright. We do not believe this has seriously influenced the former in forming their opinions about the matter; but the fact that Americans apparently gained by the present state of things, while the English lost, did undoubtedly, at one time in this country, as it would have done in any country, render the general public less sensitive to the claims of abstract justice than it would otherwise have been. Indeed, so late as 1867, the head of an American publishing house of repute gave, in a pamphlet, as one reason for refusing an English author property in his books republished in America, the fact that the American book-market, being larger than the English, the Americans gained more at present by stealing than the English did, and would do well, therefore, to retain the power of stealing. This was an odd basis for the relations of two great civilized nations touching the interchange of ideas, and would, in reality, furnish a strong savage tribe with a powerful argument for refusing to adopt, with regard to a smaller and less warlike neighboring tribe, the doctrine of international law which recognizes the absolute independence of separate states.

The authors on both sides have long been disgusted by the existing state of things, and by them the discussion of it has been periodically renewed; but from the publishers, who are nearly as much concerned in the matter, less has been heard; and the impression has prevailed widely on both sides of the water that they were too much absorbed in the game of mutual pillage to care much about it. The controversy has just been renewed with great vigor

in the English press, opening as usual with a grand attack on the American publishers from divers discontented authors, supported by the *Times*, in which these letters appeared, with a question-begging heading, designating the American publishers as "pirates." At this point, Mr. Appleton, head of the firm of that name in this city, appeared in the field with what we cannot help calling the most important contribution yet made to this discussion, because it is the first clear statement of the exact position of the American publishers which has yet been made, and it will, we cannot help believing, do much to bring about a settlement. He shows that, in the practice of his own house, every English author who has sought and received their services as publishers, has received from them by way of compensation exactly what he would have received had he been born in New York. English authors who have not taken any pains to bring to their notice their title to their property have been treated, too, precisely as an American would be treated who neglected to register his book—that is, to adopt the legal formalities necessary to secure him legal protection in the enjoyment of what may be called an intangible possession. The fact is, though Mr. Appleton does not touch upon it in express terms, that at present an English author has nothing to sell to an American publisher, or an American author to an English publisher. By conceding to him the right to publish his works, he bestows on him nothing of the least commercial value. What he gives him is pure compliment, expressive of personal preference simply. He does not give him any protection against competition by other editions; and this is the only thing that a publisher can on business principles be expected to pay for. Now, in practice, we believe there is no doubt that American publishers have displayed far more honesty, or, to speak more correctly, far more magnanimity, in dealing with foreign authors than their English brethren. The less there is now said in England about piracy, the better. There was a time when the reproach levelled against America on this score was well grounded; but at that time there was nothing here worth pirating. As soon as American literary wares became marketable in England, we regret to say the national horror of living off other men's labor ceased in this particular field to display itself; that is, English publishers did not pirate as long as there was nothing worth pirating; but the minute rich prizes began to put out from American ports, they hoisted the black flag without hesitation.

The state of the case at this moment appears to be this: The American publishers are quite willing to concede copyrights to British authors, but they are not willing to concede free trade to English publishers. That is, they propose that a British author shall be at liberty to come into the American market with his manuscript on precisely the same footing as the American author, but they insist that for the supply of that market he small make his contract with an American publisher, and that the English publisher shall be shut out from it. The reason Mr. Appleton gives for this is that the English publisher prepares his wares in a dear form, or, as he expresses it, "The American people believe earnestly in their policy of cheap books, and will not expose it to the peril threatened by an English publisher's copyright. They know their obligations to English thinkers, and they will be glad to do them justice when the way is shown; but they hold themselves perfectly competent to manufacture the books that shall embody the English authors' thoughts, in accordance with their own needs, habits, and tastes, and in this they will not be interfered with." In support of this view, he mentions the fact that the Canadians, though British subjects, prefer the American cheap reprints of English books to the "honest [English] editions," and they are allowed to gratify this preference by the Government, which, indeed, imposes an import duty of ten per cent. on these reprints for the benefit of the author; but he adds that money from this source would by English authors or publishers be considered "a curiosity."

Now, this being true, and we have no doubt it is true, the question becomes a plain one enough. If the American people, who for the purposes of this discussion may be called the American publishers, are really willing to give English authors all the rights as against themselves now possessed by American authors, as Mr. Appleton says they are, and if they have given strong proof of their sincerity in so saying by hitherto paying English authors money which legally they did not owe them, the charge of "piracy" might as well henceforth disappear from the controversy. Moreover, the controversy, in some important respects, changes its character. It is no longer a controversy between English authors and American publishers, but between English publishers and American publishers, and the point in dispute is not ethical, but economical; that is, it does not relate to property in ideas, but to free trade in books. Whether English publishers shall be allowed to sell their books in this market, with which American publishers are forbidden to compete, even on paying the author for his contribution to the manufacture, is a question to be settled in the main by the same considerations as the question of "protecting" all other products of American industry. But there is, it is to be observed, an important and obvious distinction between the case of the English manufacturer bringing in his cutlery, or his woollens, for free sale in the American markets, and that of an English publisher bringing in his books. In the former case, he is exposed to successful competition. An American manufacturer may make cheaper or better knives and cloth, and drive him out of the market, but he cannot make better or cheaper "Pickwick Papers" or Grote's "Histories of Greece." Anybody who has the right of reproducing these enjoys a veritable and impregnable monopoly. To assimilate free-trade in books to free-trade in other articles, the author should be allowed to make his contract where he pleased and the reader to buy of whom he pleased, and this is the only arrangement with which a free-trader can be satisfied. Mr. Appleton's plan, on the other hand, is the one which will naturally commend itself to protectionists, and it is the one which, as long as the present revenue system of the United States is maintained, American publishers have a right to insist on.

As regards the objection to allowing English publishers to come into this market because they produce their books in a dear form, we doubt its soundness. We presume dealers of all countries adapt their wares to their customers. English books are dear because English readers are a small and comparatively well-to-do class; American books are cheap, because American readers are a very large and comparatively poor class. But, on this point, the market in both countries is rapidly assimilating. The cheap newspaper press and the spread of education are rapidly creating and multiplying readers in England as they have done here, and, before very long, English publishers will have just the same interest in the production of low-priced editions as our publishers have. If they had the American market thrown open to them, it is safe to argue that they would adapt themselves to its needs. The argument drawn from Canadian practice is hardly as forcible as it seems. The Canadian market is too small to affect the conditions of English bookselling, even if it were possible to keep the American reprints from crossing the border, which it certainly is not.

CHICAGO IN DISTRESS.

CHICAGO, November 2, 1871.

I HAVE had an opportunity of looking at Chicago at the beginning of the fourth week after the fire, and, as you requested, will give you a few notes of my observation.

Chicago had a central quarter, compactly built, mostly of brick, stone, and iron, and distinguished by numerous very large and tall structures, comparable to, but often more ostentatious than, Stewart's store in New York. They were mostly lined, to the fourth, fifth, or sixth floor, with pine-wood shelves, on which, or in pine-wood cases, a fresh stock of—larger at the moment than ever before—dry goods, or other inflammable materials, was set up, with plentiful air-space for rapid combustion. This central quarter occupied a mile and a half square of land. On one side of it was the lake; on the other three sides, for the distance of a mile, the building, though irregular, was largely of detached houses, some of the villa class, with small planted grounds about them, and luxuriously furnished, but

generally comfortable dwellings, of moderate size, set closely together. There were also numerous churches and tall school buildings, and some large factories. At a distance of two miles from the centre, and beyond, houses were much scattered, and within a mile of the political boundary there was much open prairie, sparsely dotted with cabins and a few larger buildings. It will be seen that a much larger part of the town proper was burned than a stranger would be led to suppose by the published maps.

The fire started half a mile southwest, which was directly to windward, of the central quarter, rapidly carried its heights, and swept down from them upon the comparatively suburban northern quarter, clearing it to the outskirts, where the few scattered houses remaining were protected by a dense grove of trees. The field of ruin is a mile in width, bounded by the lake on one side and mainly by a branch of the river on the other, and four miles in length, thus being as large as the half of New York City from the Battery to the Central Park, or as the whole of the peninsula of Boston. The houses burned set ten feet apart would form a row over a hundred miles in length. I judge that more than a third of the roof-space and fully half the floor-space of the city, the population of which was 330,000, was destroyed.

Familiar with these facts and comparisons before I came here, and having already seen many who had left the city since the fire, I now feel myself to have been able but slightly to appreciate the magnitude of its calamity. Besides the extent of the ruins, what is most remarkable is the completeness with which the fire did its work, as shown by the prostration of the ruins and the extraordinary absence of smoke-stains, brands, and all *débris*, except stone, brick, and iron, bleached to an ashy pallor. The distinguishing smell of the ruins is that of charred earth. In not more than a dozen cases have the four walls of any of the great blocks, or of any buildings, been left standing together. It is the exception to find even a single corner or chimney holding together to a height of more than twenty feet. It has been possible, from the top of an omnibus, to see men standing on the ground three miles away across what was the densest, loftiest, and most substantial part of the city.

Generally, the walls seem to have crumbled in from top to bottom, nothing remaining but a broad low heap of rubbish in the cellar—so low as to be overlooked from the pavement. Granite, all sandstones and all limestones, whenever fully exposed to the southwest, are generally flaked and scaled, and blocks, sometimes two and three feet thick, are cracked through and through. Marble and other limestones, where especially exposed, as in doors and window-dressings, especially if in thin slabs, have often fallen to powder. Walls of the bituminous limestone, of which there were but few, instead of melting away, as was reported, seem to have stood rather better than others; I cannot tell why. Iron railings and lamp-posts, detached from buildings, are often drooping, and, in thinner parts, seem sometimes to have been fused. Iron columns and floor-beams are often bent to a half-circle. The wooden (Nicholson) asphalt-and-tar-concrete pavements remain essentially unharmed, except where red-hot material or burning liquids have lain upon them. Street rails on wood are generally in good order; on McAdam, as far as I have seen, more often badly warped.

Where houses stood detached, and especially where they were surrounded by tall trees, there is less evidence of intense heat, charred wood and smoke-stains being seen in the ruins. I had heard it surmised that, by furnishing numerous small brands, the planted trees of the North Division would have helped to scatter the fire, but I find them generally standing to the smallest twigs, so inclined and stiffened, however, as to show perfectly the action upon them of the wind at the moment of death. It is evident that they would have been an efficient protection to the houses they surrounded had the buildings to windward been a little less tall, or the gale a degree less furious. For the wind appears not only to have been strong, but gusty and whirling. There is evidence of concentrated slants, eddies, and back-sets. This partly explains the small salvage. Many, a moment after they had been out to observe the flames in the distance, and had judged that they had still a chance to save their houses, were suddenly driven by a fierce heat, borne down upon them apparently from above, to flee, leaving even their choicest property, though previously packed and ready to be carried by hand. The radiated heat from the larger buildings was so strong that it scorched men ten rods away across the wind. Families were driven from one place of refuge to another—in several cases, to my knowledge, four times, and, finally, a few into the lake; many thousands into the open country. Some were floated or swam across the river.

Burning fragments of wooden parapets, sheets of roofing metal, signs, and scuttle-doors were carried great distances, and, with blazing felt, tarred paper, and canvas, and myriads of smaller sparks, sometimes swept down upon the fugitives with a terrific roar. Very sensible men have declared that they were fully impressed at such a time with the conviction that it was the burning of the world. Loose horses and cows, as well as people of all conditions on foot and in wagons, were hurrying half-blinded through the streets together, and it often happened that husbands and wives, parents and children, even mothers and infants, were forced apart and lost to each other. Sudden desolation thus added to the previous horrors, made some frantic who would otherwise have maintained composure. In general, however, the people, especially the households of the north side, appear to have manifested a greater degree of self-possession and of considerate thoughtfulness one for another, under these circumstances, than can be easily believed. Almost every one holds the remembrance of some instance of quiet heroism, often flavored with humor. The remains of only about one hundred human bodies have thus far been recognized in the ruins, and the coroner and others are of the opinion that not more than two hundred lives were lost. That the number should be so small can only be accounted for by the fact that there was an active volunteer rear-guard of cool-headed Christians, who often entered and searched houses to which they were strangers, dragging out their inmates sometimes by main force, and often when some, caught unawares, were bewildered, fainting, or suffocating. One still sees burned garments and singed beards.

Of course, a state of mind approaching insanity followed with many. After the lost had been found, as in most cases they soon were—children especially having been almost invariably taken up, tenderly cared for, and advertised by strangers—and after food and rest had been had, there was a reaction from desperation. For a time men were unreasonably cheerful and hopeful; now, this stage appears to have passed. In its place there is sternness; but so narrow is the division between this and another mood, that in the midst of a sentence a change of quality in the voice occurs, and you see that eyes have moistened. I had partly expected to find a feverish, reckless spirit, and among the less disciplined classes an unusual current setting towards turbulence, lawlessness, and artificial jollity, such as held in San Francisco for a long time after the great fire there—such as often seizes seamen after a wreck. On the contrary, Chicago is the soberest and the most clear-headed city I ever saw. I have observed but two men the worse for liquor; I have not once been asked for an alms, nor have I heard a hand-organ. The clearing of the wreck goes ahead in a driving but steady, well-ordered way. I have seen two hundred brick walls rising, ten thousand temporary houses of boards, and fifty thousand piles of materials lifting from the ruins; but, on Sunday, although there were other reports, in a walk of several miles among the ashes, I saw no hand-work going on, except that in two half-made cabins German women were holding boards while their husbands nailed them to the framing. It is obvious that the New England man is taking the helm.

There are respectable citizens who hold to the opinion that the fire was started and spread systematically by incendiaries, and I have seen one, lately from Paris, who is sure that it was part of a general war upon property. Numerous alleged facts are cited to sustain this view, but I believe them generally to be delusions growing out of the common excitement, or accidental coincidences. It is certain that the origin, progress, and all the unusual general phenomena of the fire can be reasonably accounted for in other ways.

You will have heard bad symptoms reported among the workingmen since the fire, but, on the whole, their conduct seems to have been as satisfactory as could have been reasonably expected. An unusual proportion of them are Germans, Swedes, and Norwegians, and, what is of great consequence, they were the owners of a lot and cottage. There has been an advance of about twenty per cent. in wages, and this has occurred without strikes or any general ill-feeling. Laborers now command $2 a day, carpenters and masons $4 to $5. Good mechanics are wanted, and many hundred more than are now here will be required in the spring.

The responsibility of leading affairs is felt to be too great to be trifled with. Even in politics this is true; perhaps, on the principle of locking the stable-door after the horse is stolen. City officers are to be elected next week, and citizens who have heretofore been unable to spare time for public from their private business, are exhibiting some concern about the character of the candidates. The old knots of dirty, overdressed men waiting for something to turn up seem to have had enough, and have disappeared. I have seen no soldiers, nor the slightest occasion for them. The police, as usual, except those regulating the passage of the crossings, seem to have nothing on their minds but a lazy looking forward to the arrival of their reliefs.

Although few of those who were men of substance yet know where they stand, and the work of general permanent reconstruction must, from loss of land titles and other reasons, be postponed till next summer, there has been no delay in deciding upon and starting efficient temporary arrangements for nearly all the old business of the city, except that of the courts. The shipping, railways, telegraphs, are all doing more work than before the fire, and will probably continue to. The city is again supplied with water, most of it with gas; it is as well sewered and paved as before. Omnibuses and street-cars

are running on all the old lines; newspapers are published, schools are open and full, and half the numerous churches of the past are working more than double tides—the sensible, economical Roman Catholic custom of successive congregations and relays of clergymen having been adopted; while every day in the week the most effective preaching of the Gospel, in the form of bread, beef, and blankets, is uttered from each. Theatres, concerts, and lectures are advertised, and a new public library is started in the basement of a Baptist meeting-house. Three hundred of the burnt-out business concerns advertise themselves in new quarters, and new stocks of goods are constantly seen coming from the Eastern railway stations. In but few respects will the market a week hence be much worse, either to buy or sell in, than before. There is no difficulty in handling the crops, and, fortunately, they are large and excellent. Chicago, in short, is under jury-masts, and yet carries her ensign union down, but she answers her helm, lays her course, is making fair headway, and her crew, though on short allowance and sore tried, is thoroughly sober and knows its stations.

You ask whether it is in the power of man adequately to guard against such calamities—whether other great cities are as much exposed as was Chicago? All the circumstances are not established with sufficient accuracy for a final answer, and one cannot, in the present condition of affairs, make full enquiries of men who must be best informed; but to such preliminary discussion as is in order, I can offer a certain contribution.

The prevailing drought was, I think, a less important element of the fire in Chicago—whatever may have been the case as to those other almost more terrific fires which occurred simultaneously in Wisconsin and Michigan—than is generally assumed; yet doubtless it was of some consequence. As to the degree of it, I learn that there had been no heavy rain since the 3d of July, and, during this period of three months, it is stated by Dr. Rauch, the Sanitary Superintendent, the total rain-fall had been but two and a half inches. The mean annual rain-fall at Chicago is thirty-one inches. With regard to the cause of the drought, it is to be considered that millions of acres of land hereabouts, on which trees were scarce, have been settled within thirty years by people whose habits had been formed in regions where woods abound. They have used much timber for building, for fencing, railroads, and fuel. They have grown none. They are planting none to speak of. The same is true of nearly all parts of our country in which a great destruction of forests has occurred or is occurring. If the reduction of foliage in any considerable geographical division of the world tends to make its seasons capricious, as there is much evidence, the evil both of destructive droughts and devastating floods is very likely to extend and increase until we have a government service which we dare trust with extensive remedial measures. It is not a matter which commerce can be expected to regulate.

I can obtain no scientifically definite statement of the force of the wind. Several whom I have questioned recollect that they found it difficult, sometimes for a moment impossible, to make head against it; but I think that no year passes that some of our cities do not experience as strong a gale, and that every city in the country must expect to find equal dryness coinciding with equal force of wind as often, at least, as once in twenty years.

The origin of the fire was probably a commonplace accident. The fire started in a wooden building, and moved rapidly from one to another, close at hand, until the extended surface of quickly-burning material heated a very large volume of the atmosphere, giving rise to local currents, which, driving brands upon the heated roofs and cornices of the tall buildings to leeward, set them on fire, and through the rapid combustion of their contents, loosely piled tier upon tier, developed a degree of heat so intense that ordinary means of resistance to it proved of no avail. Under an old law, wooden buildings had been forbidden to be erected in or moved to the locality where the fire started. In 1867, upon the motion of men who wished to dispose of buildings they had contracted to move out of the more compact part of the city, the Common Council consented to a modification of this law. The Board of Health at the time urged the danger of doing so, and was told to mind its business. Underwriters, merchants, and capitalists were silent.

Chicago had a weakness for "big things," and liked to think that it was outbuilding New York. It did a great deal of commercial advertising in its house-tops. The faults of construction as well as of art in its great showy buildings must have been numerous. Their walls were thin, and were often overweighted with gross and coarse misornamentation. Some ostensibly stone fronts had huge overhanging wooden or sheet-metal cornices fastened directly to their roof timbers, with wooden parapets above them. Flat roofs covered with tarred felt and pebbles were common. In most cases, I am told by observers, the fire entered the great buildings by their roof timbers, even common sheet-metal seeming to offer but slight and very temporary protection to the wood on which it rested. Plain brick walls or walls of brick with solid stone quoins and window-dressings evidently resisted the fire much better than stone-faced walls with a thin backing of brick.

There has been no court-martial called for the trial of the fire service of the city. I understand that it was under the same board with the police. Most of the so-called police force of Chicago whom I had seen before the fire appeared in dirty, half-buttoned uniforms, and were either leaning against a door-post in conversation with equally disreputable-looking friends, and incessantly spitting on the sidewalk, or were moving with a gait and carriage which can be described by no word but loafing.

No one can be sure that with reasonably solid brick walls, reasonably good construction, and honest architecture, this fire could, once under strong headway, with the wind that was blowing, have been stopped at any point in its career, even by good generalship, directing a thoroughly well-drilled and disciplined soldierly force of firemen and police. But that the heat thrown forward would have been less intense, the advance of the fire less rapid, the destruction of buildings less complete, the salvage of their contents greater, and the loss of life smaller, may be assumed with confidence.

The walls least dilapidated are those of the Post-Office. They are of brick faced with stone, and two to three feet thick. It is stated that the fire entered by the upper windward windows, which, strangely, were not protected by iron shutters. The interior is thoroughly burned out. The windward side of the exterior is scaled and seared with heat, but the leeward side is scarcely injured at all; the glass even remains in the windows, and the sidewalks, rails, and lamp-posts are essentially unimpaired. It appears to me that this one building stood for a time a perfect dam to the fiery torrent. It was far from fireproof; but had there been a dozen other as well-built walls standing in line across the wind, and had there been no excessively weak roofs and cornices to leeward of them, I should suppose that half of all that was lost might have been saved.

The two most important buildings in the city were the Court-House, which was also the City Hall, and the pumping-house of the Water-Works. The Court-House was a costly structure with a stone exterior, ostensibly fireproof, standing in the midst of a public square. No respectable structure in the same situation would have been seriously injured. Large additions had been made to it two years ago, and the design for them is said to have been bargained for under such conditions that no respectable architect could have been employed. The result, architecturally, was at all events very bad. There is much more beauty in the walls now, where they have been chipped and crumbled by the fire, than ever before. It has also been publicly charged that some of the legislators of the city were interested in the building contracts, and that much money was made on them. The first fall of snow after the roof was put on caused it to fall in, and other parts of the structure were so thoroughly shattered that it was feared that the whole would come down. A proposition to tear it down and rebuild it was seriously entertained, but, as one of the gentlemen who decided the question told me, in view of what it had already cost, the taxpayers would not have stood it, and it was determined to patch it up. On the top of it, a tall wooden, tin-clad cupola was set. The fire, true to its mission of instructive punishment, made a long leap forward to seize upon this; it soon fell in; and, before the nearest adjoining commercial blocks to windward had even taken fire, it had been completely burnt out with all its invaluable contents.

I have neither seen the Water-Works nor the justly distinguished engineer who is regarded as responsible for their construction, and who may be depended on to give the reason of their unfortunate break-down with the utmost accuracy and candor. The roof of the pumping-house, of metal, I believe, is publicly stated to have been upheld by wooden timbering, which was charred by heat from firebrands which had fallen above. Breaking down, it broke some part of the pumping-engine, and thus the city was left without water. The main battle, such as it was, had been before this fought and lost, but that much might still have been saved had the flow of water continued, a single experience will sufficiently indicate.

A friend who had, with other treasures, a choice library of several thousand volumes, tells me that he had thought much of the danger of fire, and was prepared to meet it. His house stood apart from all others, and was surrounded by trees. He had a strong force of instructed assistants, with private hydrants, hose, wet carpets, and buckets, well distributed. He had horses and wagons ready, but to the last was confident in his means of resistance. All houses to windward of him had nearly burned down, and he had extinguished every spark that had fallen upon his own, when the water failed. Five minutes afterwards his roofs and walls were on fire in a dozen places, and he had all he could do to save the lives of his household.

Considering the circumstances under which the arrangements for relief were formed, they appear to be admirably good. In the midst of the most pressing demands of their private affairs, men of great good sense and well

informed have taken time to devise and bring others into a comprehensive and sufficient organization, acting under well-guarded laws. Chicago, when all did well, exceeded all in her manner of providing for the sick and wounded, prisoners and refugees as well as friends; and now the bread she then floated is truly returning to her under natural laws; for men and women more fit to be trusted in every way than those to whom the control of the contributions for relief have at length, after, it is said, a hard struggle with political speculators, been given, could hardly be found in any other city. The most scrupulous caution is taken to guard against waste or imposition, and to avoid encouraging improvidence, indolence, or a disposition to mendicant habits. Among hundreds of women drawing rations, I saw few who did not appear to have been decent, tidy, motherly persons—nearly all were European born.

The most costly and best form of charity has been that of supplying, either as a loan or as a gift, a limited amount of building materials with printed plans for a rough cabin of two rooms to be made of it, together with a stove, mattresses, and blankets, to men having families, and able by their work to support them. This has already been done in 6,000 cases. Great eagerness is shown to obtain this favor, especially by those laboring men who were burned out from houses of their own, and who can thus at once reoccupy their own land. The thankfulness expressed by these men—thankfulness, as the Mayor says, "to all the world"—is sometimes very touching. The cost of the cabins, lined with heavy paper and supplied with a chimney, is, according to size, from $90 to $120. Besides the shelter thus provided, the public squares are filled with temporary barracks, and the whole number of those who have been housed by means of contributions received is, I believe, about 35,000. Wherever it is possible, persons not of families able to at least partly support themselves by labor, are helped to leave the city. The number of those to whom aid is thought needful to be administered has been rapidly reduced, every care being taken to obtain work for them and to avoid feeding those who avoid work. It is now a little over 60,000. With the coming on of winter, work will fail, and the number needing assistance increase. The funds thus far promised are not enough to meet the requirements of the barest humanity, and, especially if the winter should be severe, larger contributions than there is now reason to expect will be sorely needed.

Arrangements are made for searching out and privately and delicately administering to such sufferers as will not ask or be publicly known to receive charity. It is easy to see that the number of such must be very large. It was a maxim in Chicago that a fool could hardly invest in city real estate so badly that, if he could manage to hold it for five years, its advance would fail to give him more than ten per cent. interest, while there was a chance for a small fortune. Acting on this view, most young professional men and men on small salaries, if they had families, bought a lot and built a small house for themselves, confident that by hook or by crook they should save enough to pay the interest as it fell due on the necessary mortgage, together with the cost of insurance. To accomplish this they lived pinchingly, and their houses and lots were their only reserves. In thousands of cases, they have lost their houses, their insurance, and their situations all at one blow. Fifty of the insurance companies doing business here have suspended payment, seven of them being Chicago companies, whose directors were men of local influence and often employers.

The Sanitary Department has a list, known to be as yet incomplete, of 180 regular physicians who were burned out. Many, if not most of these lost house and furniture, as well as office, instruments, and books, and the families in which they practised are dispersed. Judge Wilson reckons the number of lawyers, mostly young men, whose libraries were burned at five hundred. Many of both classes, for some days after the fire, took their places in the lines in order to get the rations of biscuits served out by the relief agents.

But even the condition of young men with families who have lost everything is hardly as sad as that of many of the older citizens, much overworked men who had fairly earned leisure and affluence. Owing to peculiar commercial conditions here, the number of such who have lost everything is larger than it would be in an older city. Cautious men averse to the general habits of speculation were most disposed to invest in buildings, and patriotic men, who had grown up with the city, and who had the most interest and pride in it, were most apt to insure in the local companies.

Amidst all the material prosperity of Chicago, there had always been a few of her citizens who had really bonded themselves to have no share in it, in devotion to higher pursuits. As examples of these, the Kinnicut brothers, as both are dead, may perhaps be named. There were others, their instructors, leaders, supporters, and followers, who, like them, had travelled frugally and far, studied devotedly, and who, aided by a few worthy men of greater wealth, were laying the foundations of a true seat and school of art, science, and learning. Several special collections had already been gathered which money can never replace. These, with libraries, many series of notes, the work of half a lifetime, and some unpublished books, more or less nearly complete, are lost; and most of those who had supplied the funds to sustain these most interesting and important bases of the higher civilization for the great Northwest, are thrown back to struggle again for the decent maintenance of their families.

But great as is this loss, it will be consciously felt by comparatively few. Even more appalling, in view of the long years of weary labor of many educated men involved, is the destruction of important papers, contracts, agreements, and accounts, notes of surveys, and records of deeds and mortgages. It is estimated that nine-tenths of the papers held by attorneys were kept in various patent safes on upper floors, and were destroyed. The same is true of those held by surveyors, real-estate agents, etc. The city and county records were, I believe, in vaults built, like those of the Custom-House and Post-Office, on stone slabs, supported on iron columns, which, soon yielding to the heat, tumbled them into a pit of fire, and all were lost. How the city is to recover from this blow no one can yet see, but the difficulty is engaging the study of its best and most conservative minds; and that in some way it will recover, and that it will presently advance even with greater rapidity, but with far firmer steps, than ever before, those most staggered and cast down by it have not a shadow of doubt.

FRED. LAW OLMSTED.

POLITICAL APATHY IN FRANCE.

PARIS, October 13.

THE elections for the Councils General have taken place in the most perfect order all over France. But this may be said of all elections: there never occurs a riot on election day. To be sure, sometimes the day afterwards there comes a revolution. There is in the character of the people the strangest admixture of lawlessness and of respect of forms and regulations. I have it from one of the deputies who were arrested on the 2d of December, that he found himself in a crowd, surrounded by people who not only did not offer him any help against the policemen who were taking him to prison, but were laughing and joking at his expense. "Gentlemen," said one of the policemen to these lookers-on, "respect your representatives." The policeman was willing to insult the constitution, but he would not have his prisoner insulted.

The second and certain characteristic of all elections now in France is the apathy and general abstention of the middle classes or the wealthy Conservatives. In many cantons, not more than a third of the electors went to the ballot-box. The Radicals, on the contrary, being a combative party, and better disciplined, muster all their forces, and seem to understand their duties better. The indifference of the Conservatives, of the *bourgeois* of the towns as well as of the peasants of the country, is very much to be blamed, but, in the present instance, there can be found some excuse for it. The peasants and *bourgeois* are completely bewildered by the results of universal suffrage. In the latter part of the Empire, they were asked to vote a plébiscite, and they were told that this plébiscite would assure for ever peace and order. A few months afterwards, war broke out, and its fatal results were not more of a surprise to the country than its rash opening. When Paris was forced to capitulate, when part of France was given up to the Germans and the rest to the wild administration of Gambetta, France was again called upon to hold a general election. There was an instinctive effort made throughout the country towards peace and constitutional monarchy: the Chamber signed the peace, but did not build up a constitutional monarchy. It is idle to recall all the reasons, personal and general, which brought on the defeat of the monarchical party in the Chamber and the revival of the Republic, which had been as completely condemned as the Empire by the rule of success. But it is clear that, politically speaking, France is no more advanced than she was a few months ago; that she does not know her own future; that she has no definite institutions. What is the use of voting? is the expression of disappointment of most electors. The machinery of the election is not so arranged that there is a definite relation between the will of the electors and the action of the elected. As soon as the deputies met at Bordeaux, they renounced the right which had just been confided to them by their constituents to establish a settled government and to frame institutions for the country. The passiveness of the deputies is now reflected in the mind of the country; and this passiveness is the third characteristic of the late elections.

With the exception of the Radicals of the great towns, of some Legitimists and Bonapartists, almost all the councillors now elected are what I may call *passive* politicians. They have generally assumed in this last election the denomination of Conservative-liberals; but these words must not be understood in the common English sense. Our Liberal-conservatives belong to

every shade of opinion. You will find among the fifteen hundred councillors who have been elected under this name, gentlemen who would restrict the liberty of the press, if they could, maintain the temporal power of the Pope, and enact all sorts of illiberal measures. You will find among them, also, men who, having had a hand in four or five revolutions, have hardly a right to call themselves Conservatives. But this Janus-faced mask of Liberal-conservatism and Conservative-liberalism really represents the actual state of the country. The country is so far Liberal that it does not desire any return to open despotism, such as followed the *coup d'état* of December. It is so far Conservative that it lives in dread of revolution, and would rather keep its actual government, weak and impotent as it is, than run the risk of new commotions, even with the view and the hope of something better. The spirit of obedience of the country shows itself under a republic as it did under an empire. The Liberal-conservatives are nothing but obedient instruments of the administration of M. Thiers. Don't ask them if they prefer a monarchy to a republic, or a republic to a monarchy; if they would have the President elected by universal suffrage or elected by the Chamber; if they want one or two legislative chambers. They prefer what M. Thiers prefers, because M. Thiers is the actual tenant of power; because, not having the means, or thinking that they have not the means, of directing his policy, they are contented with obeying his direction; because the "illustrious old man" is the fountain of honor and grace, and wields the largest and most uncontrolled patronage in the world.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Our sceptical *bourgeoisie* is sleeping now more or less quietly on the pillow of a "republic without republicans." It has found a "saviour" in M. Thiers. But may he not die, as did poor M. Lambrecht the other day? Is he not seventy-four years old? Is he immortal? These are very indiscreet questions, but they don't trouble much the minds of our Liberal-conservatives. They have, or think they have, another saviour on the shelf, who, as soon as M. Thiers disappears, will appear like a *deus ex machinâ*. On the strength of this, we have become very optimistic. We fear nothing from the Reds, though we walk every day before our ruined monuments. We fear nothing from the Bonapartists, though their papers make open warfare on the Republic and a constant appeal to the people. This strange optimism shows the elasticity of the French nature; and it is really difficult to argue on politics with people who are led by instinct rather than by reasoning. I sometimes almost feel like admiring and envying this curious indifference of mind, which carries so many people, always contented and satisfied, over (or below—which shall I say?) the current of daily politics; which makes them so complacent to the power of the day, so forgetful of the sufferings and the lessons of the past, so hopeful and confident of the future. But a single walk in front of the ghastly ruins of the Hôtel de Ville, a look at a photograph-shop where I always find people gazing at heroes of the Commune, a ride through the melancholy Bois de Boulogne or along the gloomy fortifications, the sight of a maimed young soldier, looking like the ghost of the Army of the Loire, fill me with a sentiment of revolt against this complacency, this optimism, this passiveness, which has brought France where it is now. The spirit which now rallies round the equivocal government of M. Thiers is the same which supported the Empire during eighteen years.

One of the deputies of the majority, who now is in his country place, writes to me that, in the solitude of his park, under his old trees, he has been seized with a profound melancholy. "What have we done, after all, at Versailles? We have done all we did not wish to do, and all that we wished to do we have left undone." And he will return to Versailles, and probably vote again for the government, and give longer life to a republic which he wished to overturn. Casimir Périer, the son of the minister of Louis Philippe, has joined the cabinet of M. Thiers. He never showed much of the spirit of his father, but he is a very honest man in his private character, laborious, well versed in finance. As reporter of the Commission of the Budget, he advocated strongly the establishment of an income-tax, which M. Thiers opposed. He was, during the whole Empire, a personal friend and confidential adviser of the Count de Paris. Now he enters a Republican cabinet. Does he sacrifice his affections, his political views? It would be better if he did than if he did not. For the morality of a country has less to suffer from the treachery of a few men than from the establishment of a political code which allows a man to serve all parties without losing caste in his own. The example of M. Thiers has found and will find many imitators. Public men are no longer asked to bring their views, their doctrines, into power; they are asked to leave them at the door before entering. The less *doctrinaires* they are, the better. Is it to be wondered at if the country is becoming less and less interested in politics, if the very word of politics smacks of corruption and treason? The great mass of the country craves peace and order; but it has ceased to believe in the politicians. We speak of the "illustrious old man" who has saved France from the Commune; of "honest" Casimir Pé but a secret feeling of contempt underlies these official expressions of adulation. The country knows that in the hour of need it has found no better statesmen than generals. The Empire had destroyed all the germs of vitality in the country; but the historian must look much further back than 1870 to find the signs of this impoverishment of the political genius in France. The Empire would have been an impossibility if the country had had political virtues. But in 1830 as in 1870, the Republic was only a truce between contending parties, who aimed at nothing but the possession of power, and the exclusion of all rivals from office. The theory which has destroyed public morality is that which allows a man to be a servant of the "state," whoever is the representative of the state. In free countries, an honest man thinks he cannot better serve his countrymen than by working faithfully and untiringly for the political and social doctrines which appear to him most adapted to the necessities of the time. Here, the occupation, the tenure of office, seem more important than the objects of government. And our actual bastard government, if it lasts long, will entirely destroy whatever remains of political morality. Our motto will become, "Live and let live."

Correspondence.

A PROTECTIONIST'S CHARITY.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I read with interest the article in your issue of October 26, entitled "Science and Human Brotherhood," but was somewhat struck throughout it by what I cannot but consider as a disingenuous avoidance of one aspect of the Chicago calamity. I refer to the singular illustrations its sequel affords of the beautiful accuracy, if so I may call it, of the protective system as applied to American industry, so constantly and so adversely criticised in your columns. You say in the article I refer to: "The fortunes of the whole race are being so closely linked together by science that there is nobody, from the hod-carrier up to the millionaire, who may not any morning read in the paper news from the uttermost ends of the earth depriving him of his fortune or his daily bread."

Now, sir, let me suggest one way in which protection steps in to modify the asperities to which you refer, and I cannot do so better than by calling your attention to an article in the *Tribune* of the same date with your issue from which I have quoted, entitled "Fire and Free Trade." Referring to the low tariff in operation at the time of the great New York conflagration of 1835, Mr. Greeley says: "To replace the machinery and fabrics destroyed by the fire we had to send abroad; . . . the money to replace what has now been burned will not be sent abroad to enrich foreign manufacturers; but, thanks to the wise policy of protection which has built up American industries, it will stimulate our own manufactures, set our mills running faster, and give employment to thousands of idle workmen." One fact is worth many theories. I am myself in a small way interested in certain lumber and iron enterprises. Stimulated by the suggestive article in the *Tribune*, I at once, after reading it, sat down and calculated how much the people of Chicago, in rebuilding their city, would have to pay me individually for iron and lumber in excess of ordinary profit because of the commanding position which our tariff legislators had secured me and my associates. I estimated it at $200, and, consequently, I forthwith drew my check for half that amount and forwarded it to the Chicago Relief Fund.

Now, Sir, how can you get over such a fact as this? Here all parties were bettered by protection. I was enabled to send a handsome sum to suffering Chicago, which otherwise I could not have sent, and was yet richer by the fire in an equal sense; while Chicago received a sum in charity which, without the tariff, it could not have received. Thus we both were enriched, and no one but the foreigner was the poorer.

I hope that you will frankly confess that here at last both theory and fact favor protection. Mr. Greeley has fairly indicated, and I have proved in my own case, how a great calamity may by judicious legislation be not only materially alleviated, but actually converted, in certain respects, into a healthy and stimulating national benefit. Deeply as I should unite with you free-traders in deploring such a disaster, on humanitarian grounds, the present destruction of half of the cities of the Union could, under our present system, hardly result, as Mr. Greeley shows, otherwise than to my individual emolument. That such a system, robbing calamity of half its bitterness, must contain some beneficent features, I think that you will scarcely deny.

A. P. A.

Boston, November 1, 1871.

Notes.

A COLLECTION of poems by Mrs. Celia Thaxter, which have mostly or wholly been in print before, will be published shortly by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, and will doubtless be as favorably received as the rest of this lady's writings in the magazines have been.

—Mr. Langworthy, of Boston, recently found in Bristol, Vermont, and has presented to the Congregational Library of Boston, a clean and perfect copy of Roger L'Estrange's *Observator*. The *Observator* has been well described by Macaulay in the first volume of his history. It may be classed among the Newsletters, although, as Macaulay says, "their business was to publish news without comment, whereas the *Observator* published comment without news." It was published from 1679 to 1687, and appeared irregularly, sometimes two and three days in succession, and again dispersedly, two or three times a week. 904 numbers were issued, and, of these, not one is missing from Mr. Langworthy's copy. The fortunate finder of this collection, rare even in England, thinks it likely that this of his is the only copy in the United States. We may add that the Congregational Library of Boston is one that is being formed by the united efforts of the Congregational societies of that city—if, indeed, the Massachusetts Congregational societies generally do not take an interest in the affair—to illustrate the history of the whole come-outer movement against prelacy, called by whatever name, Nonconformist, Separatist, etc. Although no money has thus far been set aside for this library by the societies for whose use it is created, it is growing steadily from voluntary contributions, and several rare and valuable books have lately been added to it.

—A correspondent informs us that the people of Lisbon were not, as we stated in a recent article, left alone after the earthquake of 1755 "to battle as best they could with their sufferings and losses." "The news," he says, "produced the greatest sympathy throughout England, which was shown by the most extensive donations of money and clothing sent immediately to the sufferers. The City of London alone voted, if I remember aright, the sum of fifty thousand pounds as a measure of relief, an amount quite equal in purchasing power to a half-million of dollars at the present day. The same spirit that is manifested to-day in the subscriptions for the aid of the Chicago sufferers was abundantly manifested in the British metropolis in 1755." Our correspondent is right, as examination has proved to us. Dunham, in his "Spain and Portugal" (vol. v., p. 257), speaks of "the promptitude with which England despatched money, clothing, and provisions for the relief of the sufferers," a generosity which "was the more honorable, as the English Government had little reason to be satisfied with the King, who, from the commencement of his reign, had interposed whatever obstacle he could devise to the trade of the country." He adds that the Portuguese "received the relief, but cursed the heretical hands that afforded it." Horace Walpole wrote on December 5, 1755, to Sir Horace Mann: "We are despatching a ship with a present of an hundred thousand pounds in provisions and necessaries, for they want almost everything." The English share of the loss "is reckoned by some," says Walpole, "at four millions." The House of Commons, on the formal recommendation of the King, voted supplies in aid of the people of Lisbon.

—A prominent clergyman in a neighboring town in New Jersey writes us that, it having been reported that he was not going to vote for the Republican candidate for Governor at the coming election, some anonymous person has sent him an abusive and insulting letter, bearing the frank of the Hon. J. C. Platt, M.C. He justly remarks that this is a prostitution of the franking privilege which deserves public condemnation, and none the less because the Congressman in question probably "intended to do nothing more than render a general service to his party when he gave the use of his name to save his party postage, at the expense of his Government, in the circulation of campaign documents in New Jersey." Our informant adds that he has no personal knowledge of this Congressman; and, in fact, he has probably misspelt his name, for we presume he can be none other than Hon. James *H.* Platt, one of the representatives from Virginia. This renders the business still more edifying, and we trust that the Postmaster-General will not fail to treat Congress to the spectacle of one of its members freely lending his frank for electioneering purposes in a State not his own, at the risk of burdening the mails with blackguard letters addressed to inoffensive citizens.

—The death of Mr. Charles Babbage, the inventor of calculating machines, is announced. He was born December 26, 1792. The analytical power of his mind was early manifested. In 1815, when he was only twenty-two years old, appeared his remarkable "Essay towards the Calculus of Functions," a very general and profound sort of algebra, of which he was the chief author. About 1822, he made his first model of a calculating machine. It was a "difference engine," that is, the first few numbers of a table being supplied to it, it would go on and calculate the others successively according to the same law. This, at least, is as correct as so short and easy a statement can be. In the following year, at the request of the Royal Society, the Government made a grant of £1,500 to enable Mr. Babbage to proceed with the construction of his machine. In 1829, the Government largely increased this sum, and in 1830 assumed the property of the machine, and declared their intention of defraying the cost of completing it. This Mr. Brunel estimated at £12,000 at a time (February, 1831) when from £8,000 to £9,000 must have been spent. It was in 1830 that Babbage published his "Enquiry into the Causes, of the Decay of Science in England," a savage attack on the management of the Royal Society; on Mr. Pond, the Astronomer-Royal; on Captain Sabine, and other influential scientific men. But it was after the publication of this book that Government agreed to furnish the engine. In 1833, a portion of the engine, sufficient to illustrate the working of the whole, was put together. It was a wonderful piece of workmanship, of a precision then unknown, and since unrivalled. To make it, it had been necessary not only to contrive new tools, but to lay a scientific foundation of the principles of tools, and to educate the mechanics who were to use them. Not a penny of the money paid by the Government ever went into Mr. Babbage's pocket, but, on the contrary, he had always advanced the money to pay the workmen until the Treasury warrants were issued, so that he was usually in advance from £500 to £1,000. In 1833, Mr. Babbage declined to continue this system, and, in consequence, the engineer discontinued the construction of the engine, dismissed the workmen, and took away all the tools. During the suspension of the work caused by this circumstance, the great misfortune of his life befell Mr. Babbage. He discovered the possibility of a new *analytical* engine, to which the difference engine was nothing; for it would do all the *arithmetical* work that that would do, but infinitely more; it would perform the most complicated *algebraical* processes, elimination, extraction of roots, integration, and it would find out for itself what operations it was necessary to perform; and the principle of this machine was such as immensely to simplify the means of attaining the object of a difference machine. One would suppose that, finding himself so unlucky as to have thought of such a thing, Babbage would at least have had the sense to keep it strictly to himself. Instead of that, he wrote immediately and communicated it to the Government! Before that, all was going smoothly; after that, they never would advance another penny. But it must be admitted that Mr. Babbage himself does not seem to have been very ardent to go on with the old machine after the new one was invented. Of course, neither has been constructed. Another difference engine has since been made by a Swede, named Scheütz. This machine is now at the Albany Observatory, and a duplicate of it is used in the office of the Registrar-General in London. Recently, an important new plan for such an engine has been invented in this country; and careful estimates show that it could be constructed for at most $5,000. But the analytical engine is, beyond question, the most stupendous work of human invention. It is so complicated that no man's mind could trace the manner of its working through drawings and descriptions, and its author had to invent a new notation to keep account of it. This mechanical notation has been found very serviceable for simpler cases.

—Mr. Babbage wrote some works which come within the department of political economy. He has introduced several principles of rather subsidiary importance; but his books are more valuable for the striking facts which they contain. He was also the author of one of the Bridgewater Treatises. He was a single-minded and honorable man of science, who hated intrigues and charlatanry. He was witty and entertaining, and knew how to make himself agreeable to the public, but he did not do it by anything verging upon claptrap. He would invent a ballet or invent an automaton to play *tit-tat-too*, but he did not confound such things with his scientific claims. He was a real genius, but with a not infrequent fault of genius, an egregious and lamentable vanity. There is a trace of it, perhaps, in the following sentence, which may be taken as his epitaph: "If," he says, "it is the will of that Being who gave me the endowments which led to the discovery of the analytical engine that I should not live to complete my work, I bow to that decision with intense gratitude for those gifts, conscious that through life I have never hesitated to make the severest sacrifices of fortune, and even of feelings, in order to accomplish my imagined mission."

—A very handsomely printed and well-arranged collection of "Three and Four Place Tables of Logarithmic and Trigonometric Functions," by Professor James Mills Peirce (published by Ginn Brothers, Boston), which lies upon our table for notice, reminds us of another debt which the world owes to Mr. Babbage. The publication of his logarithms in 1826 makes an era in the art of computation. They were the first ones in which the proper pains

were taken to avoid errors, especially by the thorough examination of the stereotype plates. They were also the first ones of which the arrangement, shape, and size of type, manner of ruling, and color of ink and paper, had been determined upon only after careful experimentation. Babbage tried fifty different colors of paper and ten of ink, and found that the blackest ink upon light buff paper was the least fatiguing to the eye. Much attention has since been paid to all such points which facilitate or expedite computation, and some principles of dividing the page by ruled lines have been discovered which were unknown to Babbage. In 1841, Mr. De Morgan called attention to the great advantages of four-place tables. They can be used with twice the speed of five-place tables, and with four times the speed of seven-place tables, and, as De Morgan pointed out, for navigation and most ordinary purposes have all the accuracy which is desirable. Three-place tables are a later notion. They were strongly advocated by Mr. T. Chappelier in 1863; and we know those who have used them for the last four years with unspeakable comfort for all rough approximate work. For ordinary people who do not have enough calculations to make to keep them in practice in using even five-place tables, the three and four-place tables may, in many cases, be of real utility, if the use of them is once learned.

—Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, Bart., died in London on Sunday, the 22d ult. Geological and geographical science loses in him one who in his day of active labor did a full share of the work in both departments, and who, in his later years, has worthily filled the place of a Nestor. Born in Ross-shire, in Scotland, nearly eighty years ago, he was fortunate enough to add to the natural aptitude which his countrymen seem to have for geological studies the acquired skill of an engineer, by an education at the military school of Marlow, so that he came with good preparation to his work. His first important work was done under the guidance of Dr. Buckland. At that time the great task of the geologists was to unravel the confused masses of rocks which lie below the coal measures, and which had been left under the general name of *Grauwacke* after the separation of the more clearly distinguished overlying formations. Nowhere in Europe could the study of those groups of rocks known as Devonian and Silurian have been so well undertaken as in Great Britain. Murchison and Sedgwick began about the same time to determine the relations of these rocks. Working somewhat independently of each other, they were fortunate enough each to work out a great division in those beds—Murchison the Silurian, and Sedgwick the Cambrian rocks. Naturally enough, they quarrelled about the sharing of their discoveries, each claiming the Lower Silurian as his own property. Geologists have pretty generally given Sedgwick an equal share in the honor to be gained by the division of the old *Grauwacke* and the interpretation of those early stages of the earth's history, but to Murchison unquestionably belongs the credit of having done the work as well from the study of the organic remains as from the purely physical data; and this at a day when the use of fossils as agents in determining rocks was a decided advance in the science. The record of this, the most important work of his long scientific life, was given to the world in his "Silurian System of Rocks" (imp. quarto, pp. 768, London, 1839), republished in the fourth edition of the "Siluria," in 1867. In 1846, Murchison advised the miners of Cornwall to emigrate to Australia and dig for gold, basing his prediction upon the coincidence in geological structure between the cordilleras of Australia and the gold-bearing rocks of the Ural. There can be no doubt that the discovery of gold had been made over six years before by De Strzelecki, and again by W. B. Clarke in 1841, but the whole matter having been hushed up by the local authorities for fear of spoiling the morals of the colony by the migration which the publication of such facts would bring, it had never come to Murchison's ears. It remains, therefore, one of the few pecuniarily valuable vaticinations of geologists. He was also singularly successful at a later date in his anticipation of the physical geography of the interior of Southern Africa from the geology of the region about Cape Town. Next to the Silurian discoveries, his greatest work was the "Geology of Russia in Europe and the Ural Mountains," which he, together with De Verneuil and Keyserling, published in 1845. This work, in two volumes quarto, with map and sections, is one of the greatest contributions to geology of its time. In it Murchison divided the Permian from the carboniferous, as he had proposed to do in 1841, in a publication of some of the results of the survey. This was an addition to the science of the same kind as his Silurian researches, but showed far less critical ability, inasmuch as he confounded the Trias and Permian to such an extent that the very town of Perm, whence the name was taken, rests on the former rock. Jules Marcou first called attention to this considerable error, and so completed the discrimination of the newly discovered stage of our history. Besides these two *chefs-d'œuvre*, there are over a hundred and twenty other distinct works from his pen, mostly in the shape of memoirs contributed to the learned societies of Great Britain. All these are valuable; some of them among the best essays of British geologists. As Director of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, and President of the Geographical Society, both of which grew to their greatness under his charge, he did not the least of his work. Knowing Africa after the fashion that Ritter knew Asia, he has been able to do much to direct the zeal of the explorers who of late years have struggled into its recesses. By the death of Sir Roderick, the convulsionist school of geologists loses its greatest leader; to the last, he strove against the views which Sir Charles Lyell has made so thoroughly his own. He died with the conviction, that the world was the product of a series of great revolutionary changes, unlike in character or in energy the changes which are now taking place before our eyes. The last man who could claim to have studied with William Smith, the father of English geology, he was a bridge over the half-century which separates us from the early days of the science he did so much to build.

—Mr. J. W. Bouton has on hand a most curious specimen of book-making: ten large quarto volumes of mounted scraps relating to tobacco. The contents of this remarkable production of industry and enthusiasm comprise prints and wood-cuts, portraits of renowned smokers, tobacco-papers, newspaper cuttings, and several pamphlets and poems, including Mr. Fairholt's little book on tobacco, but, oddly enough, not including King James's "Counterblast." In turning over this singular *omnium gatherum*, we have come upon a few things interesting to other men beside smokers and chewers of tobacco. Here is a charming portrait of Hogarth, engraved from the original in the possession of the Duke of Bedford. The title adds: "This portrait of Mr. Hogarth was made me a present of by him in friendly return for a tobacco-box I gave him. Sm. Graves. Chiswick, 29th Dec., 1761." There is also a portrait of Jean Bart, from a painting by Rigaud, engraved on copper and colored. Two tracts—one in prose, "A Treatise concerning the taking of the Fumes of Tobacco. By To. Venner. London, 1650"; and the other in verse, with the odd title, "Tobacco Battered and the Pipes Shattered about their Eares that idly idolize so base and barbarous a Weed, etc., etc."—will interest those who love to rake among forgotten things.

—The squabbles of men of science have been long as notorious for their ferocity as the squabbles of theologians, and are fully as amusing. There is perhaps nothing more amusing in this line than Büchner's defence of his celebrated book, "Matter and Force," against his critics, in his preface to his third and subsequent editions, the English translation of which appeared last year. The assault made by the book on established beliefs was so terrible that it naturally drew forth a host of replies in Germany, many of them doubtless vituperative enough, but one hardly expected the great materialistic preacher to meet them with their own weapons. The editor of the *Frankfurter Katholisches Kirchenblatt*, "the parish priest," Beda Weber, he "dismisses," on account of the "melancholy notoriety" he has acquired, but not without pronouncing him a "theological cut-throat," who would revive the Inquisition if he could. The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, Dr. Büchner says, is "well known to be better informed of everything which passes in heaven and on earth than God himself." Mr. Karl Gutzkow, who attacks the book from "his domestic hearth," is advised to apply himself "to learning something from popular books, instead of criticising them." But Mr. Wolfgang Menzel, having called the Doctor's theories, in his *Literaturblatt*, "most vulgar blasphemy," making "man the son of a monkey and a bestial machine," and also "meanest empiricism" and "contamination of youth," the Doctor declares he is not surprised by such expressions, Menzel "having long been accustomed to find them in his own vulgar writings," and he denounces him as "a former demagogue and devourer of the French." The *Kirchener Zeitung* is informed that "its pious ejaculations and heart-rending groans" are ludicrous; and "the pious poet of the *Frankfurter Anzeiger*, who," says the doctor, "on our account paid for two insertions of his verses, is hereby informed that we have not been favored with a visit from his little angel." The insinuation that the verses were only published by the author's paying for their insertion is peculiarly cutting. In the preface to the fourth edition, the author comes back to the wretched Gutzkow, who appears to have rallied and returned to the charge. We are now told that Dr. Büchner has only spoken to him twice, and "has for the last five or six years moved in a sphere quite inaccessible to him," and that he (Gutzkow) writes from a "pothouse." Dr. Wilhelm Schultz Bodmer, of Zurich, "only showed by his witticisms how little he could prevail on himself to hold his tongue concerning things which are beyond his sphere of vision." His jokes are pronounced "miserable," and the Doctor "prefers not to mention the effect they produce on him." Schultz's assault on the author's assertion that the male brain is heavier than the female, he impudently supports by the assertion that Dr. Büchner, "being a bachelor, can know nothing of the matter empirically." To this the latter replies that there are women who have more intellect than their husbands; but exceptions prove nothing against a rule, and "the personal experience" (this

is very cutting) "of Mr. Schultz might prove sufficient for him, but not for science." Dr. Weber, a grand-ducal physician at Ulrichstein, is handled with almost equal severity; but nobody catches it like Mr. H. Langenbeck, of Göttingen, who attacked the Doctor in a work written "for the benefit of indigent Hanoverian physicians." "It might more fittingly," Dr. Büchner says, "have been written for the benefit of an asylum of idiots," and he says the contents show that the inside of Mr. Langenbeck's head "must somewhat resemble the cabbage-market of Göttingen after market-day."

—Not art, exactly, but the work of a man very clever with his pencil, is "The Communists of Paris in 1871: Types, Physiognomies, Characters," by Bertall, editor of the *Soir* during the Commune. The illustrations appear to be engraved on wood in a free style, touched up afterwards with color. They are rather more of the nature of caricature than they should be to make them a valuable contribution to the history of the time, but, considering how much human nature there is in Frenchmen, they are all we can expect until the lion himself is allowed to paint the picture. While caricatures of all sorts—some so monstrous as to be suited only for a society of Houyhnhnms—are allowed to be sold freely all over Paris, the photographs of the Communists are not permitted to be sold, which is a thoroughly French idea of justice. Among the caricatures, however, since it is these that must stand us in the place of truth, the pictures of M. Bertall are the best that we have seen. Here are the General-in-Chief, Bergeret; the Procureur, Raoul Rigault; Delescluze, the Minister of War; Vallès, member of the Commune; the General Commandant, La Cecilia; Assi, Colonel délégué aux munitions de guerre, with others of less importance. The book is worth an examination.

—The *Moniteur des Architectes* has reached its fourth year, and contains in its latest numbers many hints and suggestions in design that will find a ready hearing among the New York idolaters of the modern French "*style laid*," as we once heard an intelligent blouse characterize it, in speaking of the new opera-house. But, more remarkable than any of the designs in this work, we have found the frank admissions of the Introductory Note. "Our country," says the editor, "has trusted too much in these later years to its glorious past; even before our military reverses, the world had begun to question our supremacy in the arts and in science. A neighboring nation, which, since then, has made us feel, and that terribly, all the weight of her strength, was showing us with pride what she, too, could accomplish while we were slumbering in an over-confident vanity. To-day it is necessary for us to fight foot-to-foot against an enemy who, after having humiliated our arms, *is endeavoring to rob us of our moral crown.* Let us seize with vigilance every part of the field of human intelligence, that no German may ever penetrate it without finding there the footprint of some Frenchman who has been there before him. *This is the way in which we can avenge ourselves, the way in which we ought to do it.* This is how France can buy back her past glory, and make it greater than ever. It is not in rushing again into new hazards before we are fully armed for revenge; it is in showing ourselves superior to Germany in science, in industry, in art, and, above all, *in morals.*"

THOMAS JEFFERSON.*

We have had occasion from time to time to moralize over the caducity of fame, and the swiftness of oblivion to settle down upon the memory of men who once filled the public scene, almost as soon as they have left it. And thus not merely the common herd of politicians, to most of whom forgetfulness is the kindest boon survivors can bestow upon them—

"Heads without name, no more remembered—"

but such as had been general benefactors to those that have come after them, who are the better that they have lived. No such reflections, however, are suggested by the celebrated name with which we are briefly to deal here. Jefferson is one of those lucky heirs of fame who enter into their inheritance while they yet live, and, more fortunate than many others, his has increased and multiplied as years have gone on their course. It was his fortune to put into words the cardinal idea on which the history of the world has turned ever since, and never more rapidly than now. That "all men are created equal; that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," was no invention of Jefferson's. Many great and good minds in all ages had entertained it as a beautiful vision, a dream too blessed to come to pass, like the return of the Golden Age or the discovery of the Islands of the Blest. The freethinkers of the eighteenth century had made it abstractly familiar to the minds of the men of Jefferson's generation. But he was the first to formulate it, so to speak, epigrammatically, so that all men could understand and remember it. And at a most critical moment of the world's history, at the moment of the birth of the latest-born of nations, he breathed it into the infant Republic as the vital principle by which she was to live and move and have her being. He could not foresee whither his idea would lead mankind, but he believed in its divinity, and was willing to trust his country and the world to its guidance. Though the evil passions and imperfect intelligence of men have blackened and impeded its path with many crimes and infinite follies, we may be sure that it will at last vindicate itself, though through much tribulation, as able to lead mankind into rational freedom, general prosperity, and intelligent happiness.

Jefferson's hold upon the memory and gratitude of mankind will finally depend on that immortal sentence, and the influence it has had and will have on the destinies of the race. As his public life and actions are subjected more and more critically to the analyses of history, the less will he be found to deserve the name of a great statesman. He was what Napoleon used to call an *idéologue*, or what was called in Louis Philippe's time a *doctrinaire*. Such minds are essentially unstatesmanlike, for they are so possessed of their ideas and theories that they cannot make the allowance for human nature and existing circumstances that is essential for the adaptation of measures to the necessities and the possibilities of human conditions. It is lucky for us, and for his memory, too, that Jefferson was in France at the time of the formation of the Federal Constitution, or it might not have come out of the alembic of the Convention the quintessence of political common-sense that it is, now that it has eliminated the slave-clauses, which were all that ever really endangered its perpetuity. And, dangerous as the element of slavery was, we can now see, looking at the state of affairs at that day from this distance of time, that it could hardly have been better managed than it was. His official action as Secretary of State to Washington, and afterwards as President, has left not a single beneficial trace on the history of his country. The narrow school of plantation politics in which he had grown up, taught him when President to adopt a line of conduct at once fatal to the prosperity and dangerous to the safety of the nation while it was committed to his charge. In obedience to the passions and prejudices of the party that had raised him to power, which he doubtless shared, in favor of the French and against the English in the great conflict for the deliverance of Europe from the ambition of Bonaparte, he pursued a course of policy which naturally tended to provoke the war which broke out after his retirement, while refusing to make any preparation for it. For commerce Jefferson felt the contempt of his class, and early in his career had written that he wished that the United States could be surrounded with a Chinese wall to separate them from the rest of the world, and that all the inhabitants might be husbandmen. So he made the weapons of his warfare with England out of the ruins of trade, by means of non-importation and non-intercourse and embargo acts, while resisting any addition to the navy, which the planting interest regarded as of use only to the seaboard, and notably to New England. The misery he thus occasioned was extreme and widespread, weighing with cruel oppression even upon the Slave States, until his own followers rose in rebellion against him; and the navy was enlarged, and the commercial restrictions abolished, in spite of his resistance, and to his great mortification, just before he gave way to Madison.

The recuperative energies of the North, however, enabled it to rise out of the prostration to which Jefferson's policy had reduced it, to a higher point of prosperity than ever before reached, as soon as it was freed from the legislative shackles which weighed it down. But the lasting and almost fatal injuries which Jefferson inflicted on the country, and under the effects of which it yet suffers, were of a more organic nature. The first of these was the purchase of the foreign province of Louisiana by a mere confirmation of the treaty of acquisition by Congress, though he had beforehand stated his conviction that it could only be lawfully done by an amendment to the Constitution authorizing it. Having sworn to maintain the Constitution, which he admitted gave no power to Congress to acquire territory outside the original limits of the nation, he could write to his constitutional legal adviser, the Attorney-General, "The less that is said about any constitutional difficulty, the better. Congress should do what is necessary in silence. I find but one opinion about the necessity of shutting up the Constitution for some time." And this, not because there was the slightest doubt of the ratification of the proper amendment, for there was no division of opinion as to the necessity of the command of the mouth of the Mississippi. But the slaveholding instinct of Jefferson's advisers, if not his own, discerned the advantage to be gained by the precedent, which would place the indefinite extension of slave territory in the hands of a majority of Congress, in which the united South were always sure of holding the balance of power. The purchase of Florida, the annexation of Texas, the Mexican war, and the enormous addi-

* "The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson. Compiled from Family Letters and Reminiscences. By his Great-granddaughter, Sarah N. Randolph." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1871.

tion of territory consequent upon it, were all engineered by means of Congress, and all in the interest of slavery. And hence the pride that went before its fall of the slaveholding heart, and the bloody war that was necessary to put an end to the mischiefs which were the logical and natural sequence of Mr. Jefferson's Louisiana precedent.

"Hac fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit."

The other enduring mischief which Jefferson bequeathed to us, and which if not abolished is almost as ominous of national dishonor and ruin as negro slavery itself, was making the national offices the price of political services. It is true that he did not carry out the principle to its logical results as thoroughly as Jackson did thirty years afterward, at the beginning of his disgraceful administration. But the principle was established by Jefferson which Marcy afterwards reduced to the infamous formula that "to the victors belong the spoils," and which has made the paid service of the nation for the last forty years a corruption fund from which to bribe the people with their own money to do the dirty work of politicians by profession. These two fatal precedents were all Jefferson left for the guidance of those that were to come after him. They are the only lasting impressions his hand made upon the history of his country during the eight years of his administration.

We have consumed so much of the modest space allotted us in considering the use which Mr. Jefferson made of his power when he had reached it, that we have none left to speak of his methods of approaching and attaining it. His way of managing the purchase of Louisiana was characteristic of his underhand and tortuous political course from his return from France forward. But we must pass by his intrigues against his colleagues in Washington's first cabinet, of which he was the head, and his secret encouragement of a malignant opposition press; his imputations of traitorous designs to such men as Adams, Hamilton and Jay, and his endeavors to blacken their characters and destroy their influence; the duplicity of his conduct towards Washington, who refused to believe what was told him of it until the letter to Mazzei, *ricocheting* back across the Atlantic, brought proofs which even his generous and unsuspicious nature could not reject. It is pleasanter to turn to the side of his character presented to us in the work which has suggested what we have said. Every one who reads it, however rooted may be his disapprobation of Mr. Jefferson's public career, must allow that, in his private life, he was entirely amiable and charming. It introduces us into the bosom of his family, and conducts us through his long life in the society of his children and friends from his boyhood to his death. We have no room even to indicate the course of his career, which led him from the obscurity of a remote plantation and the practice of a country lawyer to Independence Hall and his immortal part therein performed, thence to the Court of France in the last days of the *ancien régime*, and so back to the Cabinet of Washington, the Vice-Presidency, and the Presidency. This brilliant picture, of course, is not without its necessary shadows. Bereavement and sorrow chastened alike the tranquil happiness of his private life and the triumphant successes of his public life; and these successive domestic calamities he encountered with a manly fortitude and resignation truly admirable. No one can read without emotion the account of the death of his beautiful and beloved daughter Maria, at the triumphant moment of his second election, for whom one cannot help feeling a personal affection after reading his letters concerning and to her in her childhood. His letters to his daughters are simply charming, and place him in a most amiable and admirable light. He had a genuine love of a country life, though we think that his devoted great-granddaughter will hardly persuade her readers that he would really have preferred ruling over a plantation of a hundred and fifty slaves to being the head of a nation, or that he could have enjoyed the monotonous retirement of a plantation more than the varieties of society which the capital afforded him. His manners were polished and engaging, and his conversation full of variety and entertainment. His general information and knowledge of literature were extensive, though it must necessarily have been largely superficial. His amiable descendant is, perhaps, hardly aware of how great is her demand on the faith of her readers when she asks them to believe that her ancestor issued from William and Mary College at twenty "a fine mathematician, a finished Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian scholar!" Of course it was impossible that a fourth-rate little provincial college could have supplied the means, could Jefferson have found the time, for acquisitions which have rarely been reached in a long life spent in the midst of every facility and advantage for knowledge. As to Latin, if the touching epitaph he wrote for his sister was meant for verse, as the arrangement of the lines would seem to indicate, we think it would be hard to reduce them to any form of poetry known to Latin prosody. As to French, he himself admits, in a letter from France, p. 106, that he was not a master of it. Speaking of the progress of his daughter Martha in the language, he says: "She speaks French as easily as English; while Humphreys, Short, and myself are scarcely better at it than when we landed." Still, we have no doubt that he had acquired a passable reading knowledge of those tongues, which, though creditable to his industry and love of literature, is very far from a mastery of them. It is painful to read how the latter days of Jefferson were clouded over by narrowing means. Embarrassed in his circumstances, run down by merciless hordes of visitors, and oppressed by the exactions of insatiate correspondents, his closing life might well have been a burden to him before he laid it down had it not been for the natural cheerfulness and elasticity of his temperament. Of the particulars of his life after his retirement from public affairs, Miss Randolph gives a clear and agreeable narrative. Her book is one of singular interest, which has extorted from us the unusual compliment of a second reading. She has done her work well, leaving her famous ancestor to describe himself as far as possible, and filling up the interstices with skill and grace. He will be better known and more mildly judged because of her pious tribute to his memory.

SIBERIAN ADVENTURE.*

No expedition can be called a failure which has given to the world four such narratives as those of Messrs. Whymper, Dall, Kennan, and Bush, by which our knowledge of both shores of the Pacific, from the mouth of the Amoor River to Sitka, has been immensely increased. All of these works, except the last, have been reviewed in these columns, and Mr. Bush's experience has been to a great extent anticipated by his fellow-explorer, Mr. Kennan—not, be it understood, in respect of incidents, for they were not companions, but of a common field, viz., from Ghizhiga northward to and along the Myan and Anadyr Rivers. But considerably more than half of the book is occupied with an account of Mr. Bush's adventures in reaching Ghizhiga by skirting the difficult coast of the Okhotsk Sea. This part of his journey he performed truly in the character of a pioneer, and on taking leave of Mr. Kennan at Petropavlosk he entered upon much the longest, most tedious and disagreeable, if not the most dangerous, route to their rendezvous. In fact, it would be difficult to imagine much more disgusting travelling than that which the author and his party endured among the marshes, lakes, rivers, and mountainous divides which lay in their course from Nikolayefsk to Oudskoi Bay. In the plains the weather was as sloppy as the footing; in the gorges, the deep new-fallen snow made progress an equally hard matter for the reindeer and their riders; on the rivers, the smooth ice, or, where the tide could act, rough hummocks, interposed delays; and, great as were the hardships of the mountain trail from thence to Okhotsk, they are far less depressing to read about, and were probably less so in reality.

It was on this dismal trip that Mr. Bush first made the acquaintance of the reindeer, and it proved to be as little the reindeer of his imagination as Kamtchatka the desolate and inhospitable region he had pictured it:

"About half a mile distant, picking their way along the rocky beach, approached a long train of awkward, clumsy-looking animals, most of them white, which one would readily have mistaken for cows at a distance. In the first place, such a thing as a white deer had never occurred to me, at least. As they drew nearer, we distinguished their large antlers, but the troop was a regular Falstaff's brigade, as far as uniformity was concerned. Most of them were white, the remainder having brown backs and light-colored bellies. Two or three of the band had fine, large, complete antlers; but of the remainder some had the right horn missing, and others were minus the left; a few had both horns chopped off about six inches from the skull, leaving a savage-looking, fan-like prong projecting over the forehead, shaped something like a person's hand. These last were all bucks, and were trained for riding, their horns having been cut off for fear of injury to the rider. There were still others that had no antlers at all, having lost them fighting each other, or broken them off in the woods."

These deer followed one after the other, tied together with halters of sealthong, and the leaders being ridden by men whose fur clothing made them seem quite disproportionate burdens, and whose bodies "swayed from side to side with each step of the deer." This motion resulted from the looseness of the skin on the deer's shoulders, and made riding an accomplishment which Mr. Bush was slow to acquire. He thought himself to be congratulated when his falls did not average more than one in every half-mile or so, though one of them, he admits, occasioned him some mortification. "The deer was standing perfectly still at the time, which put me off my guard, and, by simply turning its head to one side, I lost my equilibrium, and the saddle turned." For many weary miles behind this slow creature, whose gait, in spite of the rider's unceasing exertions with hand and foot and throat, was seldom faster than a walk, our author pursued his cheerless and frozen way; and it was with a great sense of relief that he exchanged this mode of travelling for dog-

* "Reindeer, Dogs, and Snow-Shoes: A Journal of Siberian Travel and Explorations made in the Years 1865, 1866, and 1867. By Richard J. Bush, late of the Russo-American Telegraph Expedition." With illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros. 1871. Pp. 529.

teams, which accomplished the latter half of the journey to Ghizhiga in nineteen days instead of four and a half months, the distance in each case being twelve hundred miles.

Mr. Bush was favorably impressed by the Russian character at the various settlements which he visited, and with good reason, for they not only contributed everything in their power to promote his success, but refreshed him with the sight of a civilization scarcely different from that of the mother country, and a hospitality which knew no bounds. The priesthood of these remote colonies were likewise true to their prototypes west of the Caspian—lazy, dissolute, and addicted to gambling. The Cossacks proved admirable servants, and of them Mr. Bush tells some stories which nobody will charge him with inventing nor yet believe until confirmed by seeing:

"This day," he says, "we had an opportunity of witnessing one of those marvellous feats of strength of which people frequently hear, but few are permitted to see. In fact, we were somewhat dubious ourselves as to the correctness of our eyesight, nor did we believe until there was no other alternative. The hero of the occasion was Yakov, our Cossack, himself a small man in stature; but, as the feat was accomplished with his teeth and jaws this, perhaps, is not to be considered. It happened in this wise: While discharging our cargo from the *Gonets*, one of the leather-covered panniers was badly broken. This had to be repaired before it could be used in packing, and we were at a loss to know where to procure nails for the purpose. At length, among our articles, part of a box was found in which several nails were tightly driven; but then the difficulty of extracting these without breaking them off presented itself. Our hatchet was tried, and so was every other means at hand, but without success. Finally, the Cossack deliberately kneeled, placing his knees upon the fragment so as to hold it perfectly steady, and with his teeth extracted the only two remaining unbroken. Upon our expressing astonishment at this, Swartz informed us that most of these people have powerful jaws and teeth. Always, in purchasing an axe, they test its quality by trying to bite the edge off. This test is so effective that they are rarely imposed upon."

This obliging fellow, not long after, when the feet of the party were swollen and boots shrunken to such an extent that they despaired of getting them off at all, "came to the rescue, and by the application of his teeth to the toe of each boot (which were fortunately long), aided by his hands at the heels, effected his purpose with surprising ease."

The native tribes form an interesting feature in this narrative, but not much that is new is told about them, and they have most of the characteristic failings of savages. Their improvidence especially, of which their almost incredible gluttony in times of plenty is the complement, is here fearfully illustrated in more than one instance of winter famine. Life is then sustained by such last expedients as boiling the seal-thongs of their sledges, while their poor dogs perish unless they furnish food for each other. A particularly harrowing case at Markova, on the Anadyr, is thus related:

"A few hours afterwards another man came, and wanted my advice on a matter that he said had been troubling him for several days, and which he was unable to decide upon for himself.

"'You know, barin (sir),' he said, 'the winter has hardly commenced. I have a wife and seven children, and seven dogs to support, and not a pound of meat or fish to give them. But I have some deerskins and eight fathoms of seal-thong which I can boil up. These are not enough to sustain the family and the dogs too until the Tchuctchus come to trade, and I don't know where to get any more, as my neighbors are all starving too.'

"Here he hesitated a moment, and, with a faltering voice, said:

"'If my children perish, I shall have my dogs left; but if my dogs perish, how can I go to the Tchuctchus to get deer? Then my family will starve, and I shall have neither family nor dogs.'

"What he wanted me to decide was whether he should let his family or his dogs starve. This only serves to show the desperate straits to which some of them were reduced."

We must close our quotations from this instructive book with a passage relating to the perpetual daylight in midsummer on the Anadyr:

"What struck me as being most singular was the regularity with which birds and animals observed the hours of rest and activity. Upon emerging from our quarters, at one time, all would be full of life and activity; wreaths of smoke curling from the mud chimneys of the different habitations, and the natives constantly passing back and forth with sled-loads of dry sticks for fuel, drawn by teams of wide-awake dogs. Strings of women would be wending their way to the water-holes, and returning with their tubs full to the brim, and suspended to poles carried across their shoulders; while loose dogs could be seen prowling about the village, catching field-mice, or contesting with the magpies for the possession of some stray morsel of food. In the neighboring trees grouse and numerous other birds fluttered about from limb to limb, plucking fresh buds from the twigs, and filling the air with their notes. Intermingled with these could be heard the sound of the axe, the shouts of the dog-drivers, and the laughs and songs of the girls going to the well. Everything and everybody was alive and awake.

"A few hours afterward, I again step from my quarters, and, though the sun is shining as brightly as before, all is hushed, and a death-like silence prevails. No smoke, no people, are to be seen. Here and there, coiled up in the snow, with their bushy tails covering their faces, lie the village dogs wrapped in oblivion; and the magpies, with drooping tails and closed eyes, sit nodding on the sled-bows and rough projections of the houses. Not a movement is visible among the bare limbs of the neighboring forest, but here and there, on all sides, the white grouse may be seen with their heads nestled under their wings, and their snowy feathers hugged closely to their sides for warmth. With the regularity of a clock, at just such times, all nature retires to rest, and, with equal precision, each morning she arouses herself."

The above is a favorable specimen of our author's descriptive powers. Of his journal as a whole, we may say that it is too nearly a journal, or diary, to possess all the interest that a briefer story would have had; but nevertheless a more skilful writer might have failed to impart so clear an idea of the country traversed, the obstacles overcome, the people encountered, and the feats accomplished, as Mr. Bush's readers who will be patient enough will certainly have. Add to this a style perfectly modest and without affectation, and there is little for which we cannot praise the author and his book.

A History of England: Political, Military, and Social; from the Earliest Times to the Present. By Benson J. Lossing, author of "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution and War of 1812," etc. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons, Association Building. 1871. 12mo, pp. 647.)—Mr. Lossing has done good service in American history, and is an authority in his own department of it. His defect as a writer arises from the extent and minuteness of his information, joined with a lack of what we may call the power of perspective. He does not give too much incident, but too many incidents; so that the general impression is crowded and indistinct. When he sets out to tell a story, he tells it with animation and clearness; but, in general, he has so many things to relate that he fails to tell any one of them in his best manner; so that he neither interests nor instructs the reader as much as he might. He is destitute of that most important gift, knowing what to omit. The "History of England" before us exemplifies all these characteristics. In many parts it is excellently told. We will instance, as particularly good, the account of the reign of Henry VIII., and the descriptions of the character of many of the kings; for instance, of Stephen and of Richard II. But, as a whole, the book is deficient in point and emphasis. We have not a very high regard for chapters upon manners and customs, of which Mr. Lossing makes quite a specialty. Manners and customs have no vitality apart from the men and women who practise them; and such chapters are generally nothing but the dry bones of daily life. A good historical novel, or a graphic story from history (like those of Miss Yonge), and a few genuine illustrations (like those in the "Pictorial History of England") or anecdotes, such as Mr. Lossing occasionally introduces, are worth far more than pages of description. On the other hand, he somewhat neglects a branch which would be of real service—the history of government and of constitutional usages; much of which would be appropriate even in a school history, which this is designed to be. For instance, no intimation is given that Henry I., Stephen, and John were formally *elected* as kings. Again, in matters which would seem to come exactly in his way, he has omitted points of the first importance; as, of the effects of the "Black Death" upon the price of labor, and of the act in Queen Elizabeth's reign upon which all pauper legislation, down to the present century, has been based.

In a book which covers nearly two thousand years of time, it is not to be expected that all periods will be treated with the same ease and success; and we find that Mr. Lossing is relatively fuller and better in the middle period than in either the earliest or the latest; and, again, that he is less accurate the further he is removed from his own times. There are two or three unaccountable errors. On page 45, Judith, the widow of Ethelwolf, is said to have been the mother of Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, who lived two centuries later. On page 76, we have the death of Earl Godwin; but on page 78 he is represented, thirteen years later, as procuring the coronation of his son Harold, with the statement, which is not a correct one, that this was done "without waiting for the consent of the great council of wise men," which, as it happened, was in session at the time. We object, also, to a very sweeping style of assertion which is occasionally employed in cases where it is not by any means justified. For instance, Mr. Lossing inclines to favor Richard III., as he has a perfect right to do if he sees reason; but it is surely not true of his crimes that "probably not one would have been heard of had he, instead of Richmond, been the victor at Bosworth." If he reigned well, as he certainly appears in some measure to have done, it is no more than many a bloody and unscrupulous usurper before him has done when once the throne was gained. Again, it is rather strong to say of Henry VII. that he "had really not a shadow of right to the crown." Nor do we see with what right Raleigh is called a "bad man"—an epithet which should be reserved for such men as Strafford, Lauderdale, and Sunderland. Mr. Lossing, like some other writers, speaks of the Angevin line of kings, which came in with Henry II., as the "Saxon line restored," on the ground that Henry's grandmother, Matilda of Scotland, was descended from the Saxon kings. He might almost as well give this

name to William II., for he, too, was descended from Alfred, on his mother's side. To be sure, Matilda was the legitimate heir of Edmund Ironsides, the last of her line; so that Henry united whatever hereditary claims she had upon the throne; but these were practically none at all, for it was not as an Englishman, but, primarily, as a descendant of William the Conqueror, that he succeeded. A few slight errors may be noticed. We find more than once Sir *Edmund Berry* (for Edmundbury) *Godfrey*. The Emperor Henry III. (the Black) is called (page 70) Henry the Pious, a title that belongs to Henry II. The Emperor of Austria is spoken of in 1791 (p. 547), thirteen years before there was any such potentate. Wolsey's "Ego et Rex meus" (p. 313) was not "absurd arrogance," but good Latin. Clement the Eighth (p. 315) should be "the Seventh." The historical maps (three in number) are pretty good, but not at all what we have a right to expect after the example set by Mr. Freeman's "Old English History for Children"; and, of all writers, we should have supposed that Mr. Lossing would take pains to have illustrative pictures, which, in a book like this, would be very serviceable.

The Conservative Reformation and its Theology. By Chas. P. Krauth, D.D. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)—In a ponderous octavo of 840 pages, Dr. Krauth vindicates the spirit, the aims, and the theology of Luther's Reformation, as distinguished from the positions of Calvin, Zwingli, and other reformers, and contrasted with the progressive spirit of later church movements. He regards the conservative features of Luther's doctrine—as, for instance, touching the sacrament of the Supper—as providing the true nucleus for the union of the scattered elements of Protestantism against Popery. How little the spirit of his own book is likely to foster such a union may be inferred from his manner of speaking of theological opponents. "The insect-minded sectarian allows the Reformation very little merit except as it prepared the way for the putting forth in due time of the particular twig of Protestantism on which he crawls, and which he imagines bears all the fruit, and gives all the value to the tree. As the little green tenants of the rose-bush might be supposed to argue that the rose was made for the purpose of furnishing them a home and food, so these small speculators find the root of the Reformation in the particular part of Providence which they consent to adopt and patronize. The Reformation, as they take it, originated in the divine plan for furnishing a nursery for sectarian Aphides." Whereas, according to Dr. Krauth, the Reformation had two great fruits—the Lutheran Church and the Augsburg Confession! The properties of these "Aphides," however, he develops with much learning and ability.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Atwood (D. T.), Country and Suburban Houses.....(Orange Judd & Co.) $1 50
Augustine (St.), Works: The City of God, 2 vols.....(Scribner, Welford & Co.) 6 00
Beekman (J. W.), Centenary Address, N. Y. Hospital, swd.....(New York)
Carlyle (T.), Life of John Sterling.....(Scribner, Welford & Co.) 90
Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches.... " " 90
Curtis (G. T.), The American Conveyancer, 2d ed.....(Little, Brown & Co.)
Lord (J.), Prophetic Imperialism.....(Hurd & Houghton)

HURD & HOUGHTON,

13 ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK.

THE RIVERSIDE PRESS, CAMBRIDGE,

HAVE JUST READY:

I.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

And her Latest English Historian. A narrative of the principal events in the life of Mary Stuart. With some remarks on Mr. Froude's History of England.

BY JAMES F. MELINE.

In 1 vol. crown 8vo, price $1 75.

II.

POEMS BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

With a Sketch of his life by Celia Burleigh, and a Portrait.

In 1 vol. crown 8vo, price $2 25.

Mr. Burleigh had a wide circle of friends strongly attached to him, and appreciative of the fine qualities of his mind and character. The volume will be a fitting memorial in honor of a gifted man.

III.

THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST:

Does it Supply an Adequate Basis for Religion?

BY T. W. FOWLE.

Reprinted from the Contemporary Review, London.

Paper, price 15 cents.

The writer argues that the character of Christ is wholly incomprehensible, except on the assumption of its divinity. The Christian Union calls this essay "striking," "masterly," "noble," and urges it upon the notice of the public.

[FOR THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.]

IV.

THE NEW YEAR:

A National Family Almanac, 1872. 32 pp. 4to, price 20 cents.

This Almanac, profusely illustrated, will contain besides its calendar pages a great variety of valuable information and suggestions for the household. It is intended to give it a national character and a national reputation.

Any of the above sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of prices annexed.

LADIES DESIROUS OF LEARNING TO sing in the pure Italian School, will address SIGNOR GIANNETTI, care of Wm. Hall & Son, 751 Broadway.

No. 34, NOVEMBER, 1871.

THE AMERICAN BIBLIOPOLIST.

A LITERARY REGISTER

AND

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF

OLD AND NEW BOOKS,

AND

REPOSITORY OF NOTES AND QUERIES.

Among other articles the new Number contains the following: Petrarch's Library. Charles Dickens Not a Christian! George Ticknor's Spanish Collection. Bismarck's Library. Literary Gossip. Whim Whams by Four of Us. Sir Walter Scott and Sir Walter Raleigh. A Dublin Tradition. Hymns, Ancient and Modern. Was Dr. Johnson a Snuff-Taker? Thomson's Poems. Coleridge as a Soldier. Prayer of an Irish Emigrant. Self Importance. Noble Calculation on the Value of Art. Lord Brougham and Queen Caroline's Funeral. State Nicknames. The Heirs of Sir Francis Drake. The Penny Cyclopædia. The English National Portrait Gallery. Book Notices. Mr. James Duffy's Literary Larceny. Evenings at Home. Chicago. Did Shakespeare Ever Read Don Quixote? Singular Hieroglyphic Correspondence. Anecdotes of Jerome Bonaparte. Etc., etc.

Subscription $1 per year.

☞ Send stamp for Specimen Number. ☜

J. SABIN & SONS,

84 Nassau Street, New York.

JUST PUBLISHED.

OUR COUNTRY HOME:

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

By the author of "Harry Lawton's Adventures," "What Makes Me Grow," etc. With Twelve Etchings

BY RUDOLF GEISSLER.

4to, cloth extra, $2.

POTT, YOUNG & CO.,

Cooper Union, New York.

THE CHICAGO FIRE

DESTROYED

THE LITTLE CORPORAL

Publishing House with all its contents, including the November Number, which was ready for the press, and partly printed. I am happy to announce, however, that the LITTLE CORPORAL

STILL LIVES,

and the December Number will appear early in November, brighter and more charming than ever.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

before you forget it, and secure for your children the best and cheapest Juvenile published.

TERMS $1 50 A YEAR.

Send for Premium List and raise a club.

Address

JOHN E. MILLER, Publisher,

CHICAGO, ILL.

TAINE'S ART IN GREECE.

16mo, Cloth (uniform with "Taine's Art in the Netherlands," "Ideal in Art," etc.), $1 25.

"One feels at moments as if, before this writer, there had been no critics, no travellers, observers, or æsthetic inquisitors."—Nation.

GOETHE'S POEMS AND BALLADS.

16mo, cloth (uniform with "King Rene's Daughter," "Nathan the Wise," "Frithiofs Saga," etc., and making No. VII. of the series), $1 50.

AROUND A SPRING. By Gustave Droz. Translated by M. S. 8vo, paper, cloth-lined, 75 cents.

"A masterpiece of fiction."—Nation.

KEY TO THE PENTATEUCH.

Part I.—GENESIS. By Dr. Solomon Deutsch. 12mo, cloth, $1 50. Parts II. and III., completing the work, will soon be issued.

"This work is very elaborate and very carefully done, and its Hebrew portions are remarkable for distinctness and correctness."—Nation.

NEARLY READY.

TAINE'S ENGLISH LITERATURE. 2 vols. royal 8vo.
TAINE ON INTELLIGENCE. Royal 8vo.

HOLT & WILLIAMS, Publishers,

25 Bond Street, New York.

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL.

The difference in cost to an ordinary family between a cheap and dangerous burning fluid and Pratt's Astral Oil will not exceed one cent per day. None should hesitate on account of such sligh expense in using the latter, while th difference in safety and burning quali ties is not to be compared.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1871.

The Week.

In one respect only has the result of the late election been disappointing. A belief had gained ground very generally that the defeat of the Ring would cause a revival of business. But the Chicago disaster, with its insidious influences, is too recent to permit of any great amount of healthy animation, and all that the elections could accomplish was to render apparently permanent the reaction from the first extreme depression. Strange as it may seem, the great fire is now recognized as beneficial in many of its influences, notably in its check upon the reckless career of inflation which the banks were running. The great calamity permitted and justified a degree of caution and contraction among financial institutions which, under ordinary circumstances, would have created a panic, but which, in the prevailing spirit of mutual consideration and leniency on the part of creditors, has been borne without complaint. The unexpectedly favorable result of a large portion of the mercantile settlements from the unfortunate city has contributed greatly to render this result possible, while the marvellous and inadequately recognized spirit and organizing genius of the various relief committees on the spot, and of the people at large, promise a revival of Chicago almost as startling as its original growth. One remarkable fact has been developed by the fire, tending to show how utterly all preconceived opinions of prudence and policy fail in the presence of great disasters: those firms who had all their capital in their business, and sold only for cash, are the heaviest and most hopeless losers, while those who had outside investments, and sold largely on credit, are quietly collecting their debts, and realizing their assets elsewhere.

There have been enormous election frauds in Brooklyn in the nature of repeating and stuffing the ballot-boxes, the "Ring" of that city being very audacious. To meet this state of things, a Citizens' Reform Association has been formed, with a Committee of Seventy-five; and, as proofs seem plenty enough, we shall doubtless have the election contested, and an attempt made not only to punish the authors of the frauds, but to free the government of the city from the Ring, whose existence can be no longer doubted. Meantime, other great cities in other States are engaged in the same warfare against thieves. In Philadelphia, they have a defaulting city treasurer, $478,048 out of pocket, due to his having loaned the city and State funds in his keeping to private parties, thus postponing public claims, depreciating them, and enabling his confederates to buy them up at a discount and cash them at par—a speculation which raised the emoluments of his office from $2,500 to $20,000 a year. This appears to have been the custom of his predecessors also, and each retiring treasurer became a member of the Ring, which went surety for the new incumbent in return for a share in these transactions. Speculations in "Reading," and the Chicago fire brought on the crash, which has cost the city its half-million. The City Council, in a feeble way, and the already existing Citizens' Reform Association, have taken the matter up, and it is before the courts, though the treasurer's resignation has not yet been accepted. In Cincinnati, a probate judge, elected on a reform ticket, has been charged with conspiring with the Law Librarian to swindle the county, the latter, according to the *Commercial*, alleging and having exercised his "right, whenever a lunatic is sent to the Longview Asylum, to draw the value of two suits of clothes, whether he furnishes a rag or not, and to make up vouchers, using R. T. Thorburn's name as steward, three months after Thorburn was discharged." In Chicago, as is well known, the fire burnt up a promising Ring, one member of which, the late opposition candidate for mayor, is accused of retaining $15,000 from the Charity Fund. And, to complete this dismal survey of municipal rottenness, we may point, as we have done once before, to the New Haven lobbying on the Connecticut capital question, one item of which Dr. Bacon has so forcibly exposed in the last *New-Englander*.

The Woman's Suffrage Convention which sat recently at Xenia, Ohio, passed a series of resolutions of which the first declares that women have a legal right to vote under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments; the second asks Congress to propose a sixteenth amendment, giving women the same right to vote; and the third demands the right aforesaid of men. It is nearly as difficult to make out from all this where women's right to vote really is, who has got it, or is keeping them out of it, as under what thimble "the little joker" is to be found at the fair. The *Cincinnati Commercial* sets down the number of women in Ohio who greatly want to vote as one dozen, or thereabouts; but this must be inaccurate. The question whether the Fourteenth Amendment gives women the right to vote in the District of Columbia has been argued and decided within the last week by the Supreme Court of the District (not of the United States) in the negative. The plaintiffs were two women who sued the Board of Registration and the Superintendents of Election at Washington for refusing to allow them to register or vote. The Act of February 21, 1871, organizing the government of the District, restricts the suffrage to male citizens; the plaintiffs asked the Court to set aside the restriction, partly under the Fourteenth Amendment and partly under the Law of Nature, which, they said, gives them an "inherent and inalienable" right to vote—we presume everywhere, and at all times that they happen to come across a polling-place, for Nature knows nothing of electoral districts, or counties, or towns, or other arbitrary divisions or qualifications. The Court decided that it was incompetent to administer the law of nature, being itself an artificial contrivance, and hinted that the natural right to vote, being, of course, the natural right to govern, was in reality identical with the Divine Right of kings and queens, and, therefore, hardly sustainable in American tribunals. It also remarked, *obiter*, that, in its opinion, any attempt to act on the doctrine that such a right existed would prove "destructive of civilization." As to women's right to vote under the Fourteenth Amendment, it decided simply that it did not exist. The Fourteenth Amendment, it is true, recognizes the citizenship of women, which it could hardly avoid doing, seeing that their citizenship has always been recognized; but citizenship does not necessarily carry with it the suffrage, as we see in the case of minors, and even babies, who are also citizens. Of course Congress can, in the District of Columbia, give the suffrage to any class of citizens it pleases; when it does so, the courts will be happy to carry its will into effect. As it has not, as yet, given it to women, the Court sustained the demurrer, and sent the women away sorrowful. So this little trick has failed, as it deserved.

The excitement about the South Carolina bonds continues, having, as we expected, been increased rather than diminished by the statement to which we referred last week, put forth by the Governor and Treasurer and Chairman of the Committee on Accounts. The main facts of the case against these officers, which is too voluminous to be completely summed up in a paragraph, are, that the total debt of the State, as far as can be made out from accounts accessible to the public, is $12,000,000, or thereabouts. Last September, however, Governor Scott publicly stated that it was only $9,500,000. It now appears, however, from the vague official confession, that at least $20,400,000 printed bonds are in the hands of the authorities—or, as their enemies call them, "the Ring"—awaiting issue at their discretion. It is permissible to infer, from their statement, that, besides this, they hold $8,000,000 sterling bonds and registered stock, also awaiting issue. The public now asks, For what purpose

have these securities been printed? The answer is: "To pay the indebtedness of the State, and convert its securities." But this is met by the obvious rejoinder: "You cannot want $28,000,000 in securities to pay or convert a debt which, according to your own account, was only $9,500,000 in September last, and, according to all accessible data, is only $12,000,000." So there is a loud demand for further explanation, which had better be forthcoming speedily; but it is not unfair to infer, from the lame attempt of last week, that it will not be satisfactory.

The truth is, that the management of the finances has, for some time back, been at least bad on its surface. The most intelligent citizens of South Carolina believe it has been fraudulent, and this belief is supported, in view of the enormous "Ring" frauds which are being revealed all over the country, by the history of the State officers. The State Treasurer, for instance, Mr. Niles G. Parker, kept a bar in Haverhill, Mass., before the war. He entered the army; served, as worse men did, with credit; then settled as a carpet-bagger in Charleston; opened another grocery; "went into politics"; was made an alderman; cultivated the negro vote; failed in business, and paid thirty cents on the dollar; rose rapidly in politics, became State Treasurer, and is now reputed to be worth a million, and has plenty of diamonds. Put behind such men the most corrupt and ignorant legislature that perhaps ever caricatured free government in a civilized State, and we see why the financial condition of the State is suspected. New York is certainly the last place for such a "Treasurer" to come to just at this moment asking credit. We are too familiar with this kind of financier.

The Civil Service Commission is said to have succeeded in draughting a system of rules and regulations which will probably be carried into effect, and the Washington correspondents report that the subject underwent a long discussion at a Cabinet meeting last week, when Mr. G. W. Curtis spoke on it at some length in behalf of the Commission. We ought to mention that the cause of Civil Service Reform has received in this city, and, of all places in the world, in the City Hall, and from the hands of Mr. Andrew H. Green, the Deputy Comptroller, the most valuable piece of assistance it has yet got from any official quarter. Mr. Green, on taking office, issued an order warning the clerks that their sole duty was office duty; that they were not to concern themselves, as officers, about politics; that their salaries were not to be assessed or levied upon in any manner for any purpose; and that neglect or incompetency would be the only cause of removal. Considering that Tom Murphy, the Collector of this port, selected by the President, and removable by him, has fifteen hundred employees under his orders, whom he appoints and dismisses on precisely the same principle, and for the same reason, as Connolly did the clerks in the City Hall, and that all the time that this Commission has been sitting at Washington—and more particularly while Mr. Curtis was addressing the Cabinet, and while Mr. Green was introducing Civil Service Reform into the City Hall—Tom was actually violating all the rules and regulations which it is fair to presume Mr. Curtis and his colleagues have embodied in their new scheme, and more particularly that rule and regulation which, it is to be hoped, forbids the docking of clerks' salaries for electioneering purposes—it is not unfair to say that Tom's continued presence in the Custom-house, and his continued activity in the work of corrupting and debauching the public service, are a great scandal. The New York *Tribune* recently asked whether, the question being put to the people of the city, Who was the man among its inhabitants who would, if put in charge of the Custom-house, collect the largest amount of revenue at least cost to the Government and least annoyance to the merchants? anybody would ever have thought of answering, Tom Murphy. Of course not. Murphy's appointment was simply unaccountable on any creditable theory of the principles on which the President administers the government.

In Wall Street everything remains dull and stationary, but prices are well maintained at or near the highest level reached since the panic week. The banks have materially strengthened their position, and, in the absence of great business activity everywhere, money is cheap and easily obtainable on good security. Merchant paper, which, for a time, was almost unsalable, again passes current, though the rates continue high. There is a sense of insecurity lurking around Wall Street, which prevents even the most sanguine speculators from entering into new engagements. The condition of the Southern State debts, which are tainted with frauds almost exceeding those of Tammany, the uncertainty concerning the influence of the Government funding operations, now approaching maturity, combine with the mercantile and insurance losses to maintain a healthy caution. Gold has declined about one per cent. during the week, without any very well-defined cause. Government bonds, under the influence of a steady debt reduction, and a growing preference among investors, remain firm. Bonds of new or future railroads find but little sale.

Cotton comes forward better than was anticipated. The receipts early in the fall are not always trustworthy indications of the probable magnitude of the crop, but the fine weather at the South promises to compensate materially for the limited acreage planted and the drawbacks earlier in the season. Crop estimates are beginning to be enlarged, and the extreme views of speculators who calculated on less than three millions of bales are already disproved. The India crop is very large, and the manufacturing trade dull. Hence the stocks of raw cotton are accumulating both here and in Europe. But the price, nevertheless, remains firm, and is higher here than in Liverpool, mainly owing to the pernicious system introduced in recent years of cotton-planters becoming heavy speculators in their own products. Reckless greed and reckless bank-management are developing, at the South, a spirit such as has prevailed among our Western farmers for several years past, and has covered a large portion of our best agricultural lands with mortgages to pay for losses in speculation. The planters are holding back their cotton in expectation of higher prices. Grains are firm, owing to the heavy export; meats dull, and fluctuating at low prices. Almost every article of food, with the exception of bread, is cheaper now than it has been for many years, and those who are fully employed are better off; but there is great complaint of want of work, especially among the classes directly depending upon trade, such as clerks, porters, book-keepers, and the like. Real estate is very dull, and with marked downward tendency. Coal is cheaper, but groceries, especially coffee and tea, are high and firm.

The German official paper, the *Reichsanzeiger*, has published a crushing reply to M. Benedetti's book, leaving that gentleman in a very embarrassing position. It may be remembered that M. Benedetti stoutly maintained, at the outbreak of the late war, that Bismarck tried to tempt the French Emperor into an alliance, offensive and defensive, under which France was to have Belgium, Prussia was to be allowed to work her will with Austria, and England and all other objectors were to be set at defiance. Bismarck then published the draught of a "secret treaty," which, he said, the French Minister had proposed to him in his own handwriting, but which he (Bismarck) had cautiously kept clear of. To this Benedetti replied that the draught was really written by him under Bismarck's dictation, and that the project to which it related was entirely of Bismarck's devising. The question being thus reduced to a conflict of veracity, we believe the French sympathizers everywhere concluded that Bismarck had been "fibbing." The matter would probably have been allowed to rest here if M. Benedetti had not returned to it in his book, which he did, in ignorance of the fact that a considerable quantity of papers of the French Foreign Office had fallen into German hands during the war, on the capture of M. Rouher's country-house at Cercay, near Paris.

These the Prussian Chancellor now uses against the French negotiator with remorseless cruelty. He shows that after the demand for Mayence, and a certain portion of German territory on the left bank

of the Rhine, after the battle of Sadowa, of which everybody heard at the time, had been made by the French and refused by the Prussians, M. Benedetti proposed the secret treaty with regard to Belgium under direct instructions from Paris. The Mayence proposal was dropped on the 13th of August. On the 16th he took up the Belgium project, under instructions from Paris, which Bismarck publishes in full, directing him to press for a "secret convention" annexing Belgium to France, and forming an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Prussia, permitting France to make the annexation when she pleased, with armed support from Prussia; and if Bismarck asked what he was to gain by it, he was to be told, "A powerful ally and security in the acquisitions he had already made, without other sacrifice than letting France take what did not belong to him." He also publishes Benedetti's reply to these instructions, enclosing a draught of the proposed treaty, made by Benedetti in his own handwriting, *with the marginal emendations* made afterwards in Paris, and which were incorporated in the copy which he subsequently gave Bismarck, and which Bismarck published last year. Nothing can be more conclusive or more damaging; and it is difficult to say whether it leaves Benedetti, or the old adventurer whom he served, in the worse position. The *Reichsanzeiger* announces that it has more of the same in reserve, if more is called for, which it is not at all likely to be. Benedetti is said to be furious with Rouher for not warning him in time, but consoles himself with the reflection that the exposure will damage the Emperor more than it will him. But think of the "morals" of the whole party!

The accounts of the famine in Persia, which continue to arrive in greater detail, bid fair to treat the world to the spectacle of a calamity the like of which has not been witnessed in historic times at least—the sudden extinction of a nation by want of food. This has really been the fate of the great states which once filled the valley of the Euphrates, and it is a fate which has for centuries been threatening some modern states—Spain, for instance. Man has stripped the soil of trees; the absence of trees has brought droughts; droughts have slowly diminished the productive powers of the ground, and finally destroyed them, the population, in the meantime, dwindling in numbers and vitality. Spain had forty millions of people in the time of the Romans, and flowed with milk and honey; it is now an arid region, only half of it under cultivation, with only sixteen millions of inhabitants, and, if modern science had not come to its aid, would probably go the way of Babylon. Persia was one of the most powerful states of antiquity, and even in the fourteenth century was able to support the army of Tamerlane, who marched without commissariat or baggage, during a bloody contest. It is now almost a wilderness, with a population of two millions—about half of them nomads, which is rapidly perishing from famine brought on by three years' drought. The worst of it is, that, owing to the absence of either common roads or railroads, it seems to be impossible for the charity of the rest of the world to reach the sufferers, so that there is really a strong prospect of the total depopulation of the country. The moral of this horrible story is—look after your trees. It is to be hoped that we shall witness, before long, some organized attempt in this country to deal with this momentous question of forest preservation, which is daily becoming more pressing. Zoroaster, the great Persian legislator, was wiser than he knew when he put planting a tree among the most meritorious of acts.

Spain is passing through a period of party excitement such as it has not had for a long time, which is saying a great deal. Since the fall of the Zorilla Ministry, which was for a time supported by a majority of the Radicals of every shade, there is no end to agitation, wranglings, divisions, and futile attempts at fusion or reunion, such as are generally followed by a recrudescence of animosities. The main trouble in the camps of the Progressists, Democrats, and Republicans seems to be that Sagasta, the predecessor of Zorilla, and his followers, cannot be persuaded to unite with that lately fallen Minister-President in an attempt to overthrow the Cabinet of his successor, Malcampo. Sagasta, like Serrano, who preceded him, continues to give his support to Malcampo, and his partisans are loud in denouncing the subversive schemes of the more pronounced Radicals, while Zorilla—a comparatively young politician of equal ability and ambition—looking for allies on the opposite side, makes common cause with the Republicans under the lead of Orense, and vehemently assails the restrictive policy of the Government in regard to the Internationals. The latter are, at this moment, perhaps more active, and certainly more threatening, in Spain than in any other country of Europe. Agitations in the army, which are said to have ripened into a conspiracy in Barcelona, add to the complications of the situation. Yet the popularity of King Amadeus seems to have taken deep root in the country, and his Government, though without names of great eminence in its history, makes gallant efforts to weather the storm. In the sitting of the Cortes, on Friday last, it won a significant victory over the opposition, but Zorilla is reported ready to return to the charge.

M. Thiers's professions of fidelity to the Republic are, perhaps, reiterated too often to obtain implicit confidence; yet the number of those who are inclined to question their sincerity is daily becoming smaller. To the members of the General-Council of the department of the Seine-et-Oise, the capital of which is now the provisional capital of France, he is reported to have said, "I am not the author of the Republic, but I have received it as a trust; I am a man of honor, and that trust shall not perish in my hands, nor through any deed of mine." As much as this he has uttered many a time in Bordeaux as well as in Versailles, and no action of his can as yet be pointed at as conflicting with that emphatic assertion. What is new—and certainly open to doubt, though unreservedly communicated by the Cable—is that "President Thiers has authoritatively [*sic*] stated that when the Legislative [*sic*] Assembly meets, in the beginning of December, the Government will propose to end the provisional régime, and establish a definitive Republic." Among the indications of M. Thiers's freedom from Orleanistic bias, we find cited his opposition to the election of the Duc d'Aumale to the Academy, for which Guizot, Saint-Marc Girardin, and Jules Janin are said to be working. But whatever his sentiments towards the house of Louis Philippe may now be, his hostility to the intriguers in favor of a Bonapartist restoration is, beyond question, becoming more and more intense and pronounced. The Government is also irritated by the insulting behavior of several officers of the army, most of them Imperialists, whose ire has been roused by decisions of the Commission on Grades.

The Cable has failed to furnish us any explanation of the sudden resignation of Chancellor Beust, which so closely followed the triumph of his views on the Bohemian question and the retreat of the initiator of the opposite policy, Count Hohenwart. All we have learned since the first announcement of the fact is that Count Andrássy, the President of the Hungarian Cabinet, who was in accord with the Chancellor on that question, has been appointed to succeed him as Minister of Foreign Affairs; and that there is likely to be no change either in the foreign policy or in the programme lately adopted for Cisleithan-Austria. Count Andrássy, who, though cherishing a lively sympathy for France, never committed himself to a hostile attitude towards Bismarck and the union of Germany, and lately accompanied Francis Joseph to the interview at Salzburg, will undoubtedly continue the cordial relations with the court of Berlin there inaugurated by his predecessor in the foreign office; and the sudden closing, just announced, of the Diet of Bohemia, on its unanimously passing a resolution against the election of delegates to the Reichsrath, shows that the new Cisleithan ministry is going to act in domestic affairs in conformity with its first professions. How Baron Kellersperg has ultimately formed that Cabinet, or who succeeds Count Andrássy in that of Hungary—a Cabinet of wonderful firmness, though entirely transformed by successive changes in its *personnel*—we have yet to learn. Hungary, through Andrássy and Lónyay, the Minister of Finance, holds now two out of the three ministries of the common Austro-Hungarian Cabinet, and—such have been the vicissitudes of the monarchy of the Hapsburgs in later years—the Germans are glad of it.

RICH MEN IN CITY POLITICS.

THE condition of New York is not of local interest simply. Even if the city were not the largest in the Union, and the commercial capital of the country, and were not every day coming nearer and nearer to being its social capital also, we should still be unable to blind ourselves to the fact that the peculiar relation between money and politics, which is attracting so much attention in New York, has a strong tendency to grow up in all other cities and States under the influence of our enormous material prosperity. All the leading conditions of our problem are to be found, though in a lower stage of development, in Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, and even in towns of the second order, like Hartford, and New Haven, and Providence, and Buffalo. The chief of these conditions are, first, the existence of great wealth in the hands of persons who are too busy, and accumulating too rapidly, to be troubled seriously by the weight of taxation; secondly, the liability of this wealth to taxation by universal suffrage; and, thirdly, the presence of a large body of voters too deficient in intelligence or power of imagination to perceive that, even when they do not pay taxes directly, taxation, nevertheless, reaches them through rents and the price of commodities. Wherever we have these forces working in a political fabric which is built on the hypothesis that all citizens are concerned about taxation, and interested in politics, in an equal degree, and compose a homogeneous society, we may look for the appearance of Tweeds, Halls, and Connollys with almost scientific certainty. There is no more use in denouncing people who call your attention to it, or in maintaining that it cannot be, than in maintaining that two straight lines can enclose a space. It would be pleasant if two straight lines could enclose a space; humanity would be the better of it; the cost of houses would be greatly diminished, and life in other ways would be much simplified; nevertheless, our conduct is and has to be regulated by the theory that they cannot, and so far from sitting down in despair, and living in round towers or in the woods, our duty is to build our houses under the law by putting cross-walls in them. Therefore, what is passing in this city and State cannot be watched with too much attention by the people of other cities and States. If they go on getting rich through either commerce or manufactures without profiting by our experience, they will suffer what we are suffering just as surely as the sun rises. If they profit by our experience, they may have the riches and the population which constitute both our glory and our shame, without any of the shame, and without Tweeds and Halls; but not otherwise.

Now, one of the lessons which is most clearly enforced by our New York crisis is, that in a commercial and manufacturing community, it is not possible to prevent the union of wealth and political power. In such communities one of two things is sure to happen—either the power follows the wealth, or the wealth follows the power. In the Constitution of 1846, an attempt, and we admit an honest one, was made to prevent this union by the thorough democratization of the government, as democracy was understood in those days. The result was that the class of well-to-do merchants who had until then managed city affairs were rapidly excluded from all open participation in the government, until in ten or fifteen years the pretensions of a leading citizen to the possession of any political weight or influence became ridiculous; and the concern of the bankers, traders, and manufacturers in the conduct of the affairs of their city became to all outward seeming as remote as their concern in those of Paris or London. Poor men came into power, as the framers of the Constitution intended they should, and as, on the Democratic theory, they ought; but they did not remain poor very long. We believe it is literally true, that every man who has figured prominently in New York politics during the last twenty years,—and by figuring prominently, we mean, showed that he possessed a strong personal following among the voters, and got his share of municipal spoils,—Wood, Tweed, Connolly, Hall, Sweeny,—entered "politics" very poor, and in one or two cases insolvent, and every one of them accumulated fortunes rapidly—that is, in ten years, or thereabouts. Wood came up to the surface about 1852, few people knew whence, but he came up penniless; before he retired from city politics in 1861, we believe, he was a millionaire. Tweed entered politics insolvent in 1860, and is now supposed to be worth at least ten millions. Connolly was four or five years ago a bank clerk, dependent on his salary, and is now "transferring" property by the million. Of Hall, it is difficult to speak with so much certainty, as he has had a profession, or at least has belonged to a law firm; but the business of the law firm has been largely city business. Sweeny started as a poor office-boy in the service of Mr. James T. Brady, but almost immediately on setting up for himself went into the collection of "claims" against the city, since which time he has been rolling up wealth rapidly, and for ten years at least has been universally acknowledged to be further "inside politics" than any other man in the city. Now, these men all took the place of "the rich men" in the control of municipal affairs, but they speedily became richer than any of their predecessors. They were put into power as the representatives of "the people," as distinguished from the great tax-payers, but they soon became themselves the greatest tax-payers of all, and further removed from "the masses" in habits and tastes than the men they dispossessed. Tweed's and Connolly's style of living, for instance, is vastly more luxurious and sensual than that of the most luxurious and sensual business-man we have or have ever had. One other result followed their accession, and it is the most curious and instructive of all. Not only did they become rich, but they entered into an alliance with the other rich, against whom they might be expected to feel some hostility. We are unable to support our assertion with figures, but we only repeat the belief of the best-informed men when we say that, under the reign of the Ring, the great property-holders, though outwardly despised and rejected, really fared better than any other class of the community. They were able to make, and did make, terms with the robbers; it was the men of moderate means, who only owned their own houses and stores, who were made to suffer most, and through them, of course, the laboring classes, to whom they rented dwelling-places and sold goods. So that, stripped of all paraphernalia, the rule of the Ring, though it is talked of as the rule of the mob, really did consist in the rule of the rich; but not the rich enriched by commerce, but by plunder.

In fact, the supposition that in places in which enormous fortunes are made and great wealth concentrated, and in which making money is every man's chief concern, and in which every rich man numbers his dependents by the thousand, property can be deprived of weight in politics, is a chimera. Property will weigh heavily in politics in spite of all we can do; what we have to decide is whether it shall weigh openly, legitimately, and by fair and moral means, or secretly, illicitly, and through bribery and corruption; and whether the property which weighs heavily in politics, shall be property honestly earned in commerce and manufactures and lawful speculation, or property accumulated in cheating, stealing, and corruption; whether, in short, it shall be the property of men whom our churches, and schools, and literature are encouraging our boys to imitate, or the property of men for whose restraint and correction we build our jails. To take a familiar illustration of what we are saying, the Broadway Railroad: For many years, rascally speculators tried regularly every year to procure a charter authorizing them to build a horse-railroad along that great thoroughfare, but they were regularly every year defeated by the property-holders along the route, who are nearly all rich men, though they never held a meeting, or in any way appealed to public opinion. Had they done so, they would probably have been laughed at. What they did was to raise a fund privately, give it to a knavish lobby agent, and send him up to Albany, never asking what he did with the money. All they knew, or cared to know, was that no Broadway Railroad Company was ever chartered.

All this would, perhaps, have less importance if it were not the fashion, and had not been for some time the fashion, to ascribe all the evils of the body politic in our great cities to the laziness and indifference of the wealthy and cultivated. If the rich men "would

only go to the primary meetings," we are told, all would go well. This has now been said so often that we believe nearly everybody but the gentlemen who write it in the newspapers and preach it from the pulpits laugh when they hear it. Any system of government would work well if everybody who lived under it did his duty. What has to be considered in framing it is the probability that a considerable number of persons who live under it will not do their duty. In fact, this probability is what makes any government necessary. If all citizens of New York would do right, we should need neither constitution, nor laws nor courts. If voters would behave properly, we should need no registry law. Any government which is set up in this city has to be a government adapted to the peculiar conditions of city society, composed, as it is, in part of a large number of poor and ignorant voters, and in part of a large number of busy and indifferent rich voters. It is the business of a moralist to urge them "to do their duty at the polls"; but it is the business of politicians to make their duty at the polls simple and easy to perform. If we want the rich honest men of the city to exercise a legitimate influence in politics, we must so arrange our politics that their attention to it shall interfere as little as possible with the main business of their lives, viz., the proper management of the financial affairs of this nation. It is no exaggeration to say that the regular working of the vast and complicated machine of American commerce and industry, and, with it, the happiness, comfort, and prosperity of tens of millions of our population, are dependent on the order, punctuality, application, and judgment and integrity with which New York business men attend year by year to their daily concerns. Those who ask them to neglect them for the purpose of contending with the Tweeds, and Connollys, and Halls, in the mazes of ward politics, with all respect be it spoken, do not consider what they are saying. Government, it cannot be too often repeated, is not an end, but a means. Men's great object in life is not to carry on government, but to follow their callings; and the use of government is to enable them to follow their callings in peace and security, and there has been no case on record, and never will be a case, where men will continuously and permanently neglect their callings to look after the government. Security and peace they will have, and, if they cannot get them under a republic, they will seek them under a dictator, or emperor, or "boss."

The Constitution of 1846, and all the city charters that have been framed under it, have, in multiplying the number of elective offices and dividing responsibility, made it impossible for men actively engaged in professional or business pursuits in a large city to pay any fruitful attention to politics without neglecting their private affairs. This inconvenience was felt twenty years ago; under the increase of railroad and telegraphic communication, it has become tenfold more pressing; and our best citizens have succumbed to it, and left the field to the knaves. If we ask any of the Committee of Seventy, or of the Young Men's Reform Association, or of the Reform Democrats, who have done such splendid service during the last three months, whether they could continue to render the State the same aid permanently, they will answer unanimously, No; that it would ruin them if they did. The poor men among them have, in fact, been sacrificing their families, and the rich men have been neglecting the superintendence of large interests, on the safety and success of which hundreds of thousands of families are dependent. In short, no such effort as gave the victory of last week can be protracted; it is not in human nature to protract it; and it must not be forgotten that, gallant and successful as it was, and stupendous and notorious as was the villainy against which it was directed, it left Tammany in possession of over 50,000 votes.

We hope all these things will be considered by those who undertake to reorganize the municipal government this winter. No system will succeed which shuts out rich men, in a commercial community, from all open and legal influence on affairs by overwhelming them with mere numbers or by making politics an intricate game. They will make themselves felt somehow. If you will not give property open representation in the city councils or some supervision of the outlay of the taxes which it pays, property will protect itself by hiring janissaries to work after its interests, and the janissaries will finally rule the city. You must also make the number of elective city offices so small that no party will venture to nominate obscure candidates for them; and that it will be possible for a decent citizen to find out all about them, without abandoning his family and neglecting his business and his friends, and passing all his leisure hours shut up in close rooms with the refuse of metropolitan society. You must, too, give us a pure judiciary. The bench of New York must this winter be cleared of scoundrels and blackguards. Upon this point there must be no wavering or hesitation. There are three men on it at this moment who, if they got their due, would be at hard labor in the penitentiary. One of them uses daily in open court to suitors and counsel language such as is seldom heard outside a brothel. The Attorney-General will, we know, do his best to bring these beastly rascals to justice, but the bar and all good citizens must aid him. Finally, let us say, and we say it for the warning of such weak-minded males as are looking forward to the regeneration of mankind from the experiment of female suffrage, that the governmental arrangement which has brought all this shame and iniquity upon us was vigorously opposed in 1846 by men who predicted all that has come to pass, who have ever since striven to make the best of it, and who now find themselves denounced for its failure by the very philosophers who then maintained that it would bring in the reign of pure justice and truth.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

The exposures which have recently been made of the Ludlow Street jail—that disgrace not only to the city and county of New York, but to the judicial system of the State—and the late irregular, but we think commendable, action of Mr. Justice Barnard in releasing a large number of persons confined within that prison-house, will have the effect, we hope, to direct the attention of the public, of reformers, and of the legislature to the subject of imprisonment for debt, or, to speak more accurately, the arrest and imprisonment of defendants charged in purely civil actions. We presume that almost any individual, not an expert, would, when asked, declare at once and without hesitation that imprisonment for debt had long been abolished. We are certain that few citizens, who have not made a special examination of the subject, are aware in what a large number of instances a person sued in a civil proceeding may be exposed to this degrading penalty. It is our purpose to spread this whole matter before our readers; to describe in plain words the exact condition of the law in New York; and to suggest reasons why arrest and imprisonment as civil remedies should be abolished immediately and utterly.

We shall enter upon no antiquarian investigation. It is enough to say that for a very long period of time in England the first ordinary step in a legal action was or might be the arrest of the defendant and his confinement until he could furnish competent bail. This was technically known as arrest upon mesne process, as contradistinguished from arrest and imprisonment upon final process or execution issued after judgment, which was not bailable. The same system prevailed for a while in this country within the memory of living men. Its supposed abolition was hailed as a triumph of right and justice over force. But has it been abolished in New York? The Code of Procedure shall furnish an answer. We there find that the defendant may be arrested in any action brought to recover damages which does not arise out of a contract, provided he is a non-resident of the State or is about to remove therefrom. He may be arrested in all actions for injury to person or character, whether that injury be intentional, with violence, or through negligence and without force. This includes the wide range of assaults, batteries, false imprisonments, wrongs done by neglect in the performance of any duty affecting the person, seduction, criminal conversation, slander, and libel. He may be arrested for injuring, or for wrongfully taking, detaining, or converting property. Here also the injury may be

intentional or negligent, with or without direct force, and the property may be real or personal. A large number of familiar actions are embraced within this division. He may be arrested in an action upon a promise to marry. He may be arrested in an action brought for money received or property fraudulently applied by him while acting as a public officer, as an attorney, as an officer or agent of a corporation, as a factor, agent, or broker, or, finally, while acting in any fiduciary capacity. The transaction which gives rise to a remedial right in either of these cases is a contract, express or implied, and the peculiar element which distinguishes it from an ordinary contract is the breach of a fiduciary duty, the violation of a personal trust. He may be arrested in an action brought to recover damages for any misconduct or neglect in an official or professional employment. He may, under some circumstances, be arrested in an action brought to recover possession of specific personal property. He may be arrested in an action upon a contract or to collect a debt, if he has been guilty of fraud in incurring the obligation. The familiar instance of this class is the case where a purchaser of goods obtains credit by means of false representations as to his pecuniary responsibility. He may be arrested in all actions brought to recover damages for fraud or deceit. Finally, in any and every action, whether upon a contract, for a debt, or for a naked tort, he may be arrested if he has removed or disposed of his property, or is about to do so, with intent to defraud his creditors.

This is certainly a formidable list, and it is commended to the careful and thoughtful attention of our readers. We may well enquire in what cases, under what circumstances, is arrest not lawful? They are the following: where the action is to recover a specific tract of land, originally known as ejectment; and when it is brought upon a contract entered into in the ordinary way, involving no breach of a fiduciary duty and no element of fraud in its inception, and the defendant has not removed or disposed of his property, nor is about to do so, with a fraudulent intent. We shall not greatly err by saying that in all other cases of legal civil actions, and under all other circumstances except the two last mentioned, the plaintiff may procure the defendant to be arrested. Whenever the defendant may thus be arrested as a preliminary step, he may also be taken and imprisoned upon final process or execution issued upon the judgment, and this imprisonment is not bailable. How it may be terminated we need not now stop to describe. It is remarkable that our procedure in New York is much more tender of property than of person. An attachment against property, which is so freely used in many States, is only allowed in actions upon contracts or for the conversion of personal property, and even not then unless the defendant is a non-resident, or has absconded, or concealed himself, or is about to remove property from the State, or has transferred or secreted it, or is about to do so, with a fraudulent design.

Such is the law of New York which is daily enforced in every county, and which produces a vast amount of suffering, injustice, personal degradation, and demoralization. We believe that the whole system should be abolished. What is the theory of remedial rights, of remedies, and of the civil actions by which they are enforced or obtained? Private persons hold as against other individuals certain rights, while duties devolve upon the latter corresponding to these rights. These primary rights and duties may be broken by a thousand different acts and omissions, by withholding the possession of specific real or personal property; by injuries forcible or indirect, intentional or negligent, to property; by like injuries to the person; by slanders and libels; by refusing to pay a debt; by breaches of contracts; by frauds and deceits. Upon the commission of a delict, a remedial right in favor of the party wronged, and a remedial duty vesting upon the wrong-doer, at once spring into existence. The peace of society would be continually disturbed were these remedial rights and duties privately pursued and enforced. For this reason alone the State steps in, and by its courts and sheriffs provides an orderly method of relief through the instrumentality of civil actions and other judicial machinery. The only ultimate civil remedies possible in the nature of things are restoration to the possession and full enjoyment of the rights of property in a specific thing; the prevention of a threatened or of a continuous wrong; the actual performance of a duty growing out of a contract or out of other acts; and pecuniary compensation. All these the law furnishes by means of judgments, to be executed in most instances upon the property of the wrong-doer. This is the theory, and the system of arrest and imprisonment is utterly useless as an ancillary remedy; it furnishes no help in perfecting the final remedial right which is the object of all civil actions; it does not facilitate the recovery of the judgment which contains the relief, nor the execution of that judgment when obtained.

For a long time arrest and imprisonment in civil actions were not only useful but necessary in England. There was no direct method for enforcing an ordinary claim upon the debtor's or wrong-doer's land: the sheriff could only execute the ordinary judgment of a common law court against the tangible chattels of the defendant; all equitable rights and property, all debts, demands, and claims due, all things in action of every description, were beyond the reach of the creditor armed with the final process issued upon a judgment. The debtor or wrong-doer might, therefore, although possessed of great wealth, be able to hold the creditor at bay, unless some means of moral coercion were provided to compel him to do voluntarily what the direct agencies of the law could not do against his will. Arrest and imprisonment were these means of moral coercion. Imprisonment upon final process held up the alternative of payment out of funds under the defendant's control, but beyond the operation of the law, or of rotting in jail; arrest and bail were simply a preliminary step to ensure the presence of the debtor's body ready to be taken and confined. We need not describe the change which has taken place in England; it is enough to say that nothing of this system now exists in New York. All of a debtor's or wrong-doer's lands, all of his estates therein legal or equitable, all of his personal property, his chattels, debts, demands, and claims, everything which can be called property, every right which may result in property, with some unimportant exceptions made from considerations of public policy, are liable to be taken in some manner and appropriated to the satisfaction of the judgment which shall be rendered against him. The instruments which the modern procedure has contrived are searching and irresistible. The whole machinery of judges' orders, of examinations upon oath, of receivers, and of actions may be set in motion, and if there is anything to be found it cannot escape. The only ground, therefore, upon which arrest and imprisonment could ever be sustained has been entirely taken away. No moral coercion is needed, because there is nothing which the defendant can be coerced to do which cannot as easily and as effectually be done in a direct manner by other processes, whether he consents or not. Experience corroborates this result of theory, and shows that arrest and imprisonment produce no actual benefit, afford no real aid in the attainment of any form of civil remedy. We cannot dwell upon these matters of detail; but the solemn farce which was enacted a few days ago in the private office of Tweed is a pertinent and timely illustration. If it should be thought that a large class of civil delicts, wrongs to person, property, or character, frauds, and deceits have such an element of quasi-criminality, evince such a semi-criminal spirit and intention in the wrong-doer, that something more is necessary than a mere summons to appear and defend, some measure which shall prevent an alienation or removal of property during the pending of the suit, then the ancillary remedy of attachment already exists, and can be easily extended to all the cases which now admit of arrest and imprisonment. Attachment seizes hold of the debtor's or wrong-doer's property of every description, and holds it in the iron grasp of the law until the litigation is ended, and is in every respect more beneficial to the creditor than arrest. If in the case just mentioned an attachment had been levied upon Tweed's lands, bank account, and other assets, Tweed would have trembled far more than he did at the approach of the sheriff with his warrant.

Arrest and imprisonment are not only useless, but they confound

the essential distinctions which exist between private remedies and public punishments. To the state alone belongs the high function of inflicting penalties for crimes. In every rational system of law the entire penal administration is in the hands of the state's officers as the representatives of society, because crime is an injury to society. The confusion of which we speak is produced in two ways. First, the law declares that many acts which give rise to a civil remedial right shall also constitute a crime. Assaults and batteries, malicious injuries of person or property, libels, obtaining goods by false pretences, many frauds and breaches of personal trust, create this double liability. The penalty for the crime is imprisonment; and if arrest and imprisonment are permitted in a civil action brought to obtain satisfaction for the same delict, the wrong-doer is twice subjected to punishment for the single offence. Secondly: as the State interferes in civil actions only to promote social order and quiet, and as the object of every such proceeding is to restore the injured person to the condition he was in before the wrong, or, if that be impossible, to compensate him by a pecuniary satisfaction, arrest and imprisonment, which do not tend to effect this ultimate object, are merely punitive. A private suitor is thus enabled to inflict penalties, to invade the functions of the state, to redress public wrongs. The practical result is that the angry creditor uses the machinery of the courts to gratify his feelings of animosity; and thus the old barbarian system of private punishments is retained in this enlightened age, although the theory which all civilized nations have adopted refers the correctional process to the calm, unimpassioned control of the state, which can have no malice, hatred, or revenge.

Finally, this system of arrest and imprisonment is antagonistic to the principles of Christianity, which recognize and respect the inviolability of the person. One of the elements which the Christian religion introduced into jurisprudence was the notion that every human being exists independent of and above and not through the state, and that his person is sacred. As this notion has been developed by philosophy, and has been expressed in legislation, torture and slavery have disappeared; the severity of all penalties has been mitigated; reformation instead of vindication has come to be regarded as the object of punishment; and it is time that wrong-doers who have incurred only civil liabilities should be freed from the indignity and degradation of confinement in jails.

For these reasons, which might be greatly amplified and made more convincing, we urge that arrest and imprisonment in civil actions should be utterly abolished, and that, if necessary, attachment of property should be substituted in those cases where the delict is malicious or possesses any other element of quasi-criminality.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, October 27, 1871.

IN my last letter to you, I wrote of the new social movement which had been just announced. I expressed at the time some slight misgiving as to the authenticity of a piece of intelligence which was so startling that its interest was almost independent of its truth. I must confess that I was imposed upon—so far as there was any imposition in the case—by the apparently official character of the announcement, and the gravity with which it was discussed in newspapers generally possessed of good information. I am honest enough to confess that I believed a little too much, but I am still unable to discover how much I ought to have believed. A lively debate has been raging upon the matter for the last fortnight. The aristocrats and the artisans have each given their own account of the matter. Lord Salisbury and his supposed colleagues in the treaty have entirely repudiated the doctrines embodied in the resolutions which they had been supposed to approve. In short, the bargain between peers and workmen was never ratified. It is, however, plain that some sort of negotiation has been going on. Certain Liberal papers imagined that Mr. Disraeli must in some way or other have been at the bottom of so mysterious a plot; and, indeed, the evident belief of his opponents in the boundless resources of his tactics must flatter that gentleman not a little. They supposed that, though too clever to allow his hand to be seen, the Ex-Premier had tacitly encouraged the manœuvres by way of providing a counterblast for Mr. Gladstone. Without going into the details of the controversy, I may say that the general result seems to be something to this effect: Mr. Scott Russell seems to have been the medium through which the negotiations—such as they were—were carried on. He is, perhaps, a little of a busybody, and rather anxious to increase his personal importance. Accordingly, he somewhat overstated to each side the degree in which the other had come forward. When the peers had expressed a general desire that the working-classes might improve their position, he took this benevolent but vague aspiration as equivalent to a consent to a policy of downright socialism. The result was the strange mystification which has been amusing us. The bubble has burst a little sooner than it might have done, owing to the indiscretion of some of the persons concerned; and the only result has been to reveal a certain slight tendency to flirtation between Conservatives and workingmen. The Tory papers have endeavored to persuade themselves that it indicates the approaching advent of that being in whom they have believed so long and so fondly, without ever being able to produce him—the Conservative artisan, who is to recognize in the ancient nobility his true leaders and his natural allies against selfish capitalists. The Liberal papers have, of course, ridiculed the notion of so monstrous an alliance. Gladstone, they say, is the friend, not Disraeli; and they scorn the Machiavellian policy by which their natural supporters were to be seduced from their side. They have the best of the joke, as matters have gone; and yet there is, perhaps, something to be said for the statement that the workingmen would ally themselves with one party almost as willingly as with the other, if they saw in such an alliance the way to carry out certain social changes, a higher rate of wages, and shorter hours of labor. However, it is not likely that Lord Salisbury will just now lie down with Mr. Odger, or that Mr. Disraeli, prodigal as he is of ingenious manœuvres, will realize the dream of his earlier days, and witness an alliance between feudalism and the revolution.

I have said, however, enough of a nine days' wonder, of which we shall probably hear little more, except as an occasional subject of banter in the approaching session. The symptoms of an approaching storm in the political world are becoming daily more serious. Mr. Gladstone will have a hard task to rally once more the party which, two years ago, followed him with such implicit faith. The most serious of the difficulties which has lately assumed prominence is the result of the Education Act. As that act comes into working order, it becomes daily more obvious that it will tend on the whole to the strengthening of the denominational schools. The school-boards are, in fact, allowed the alternative of paying the fees of the poorer children who may prefer to attend such school, instead of the unsectarian schools to be provided. They are inclined to avail themselves of this permission; and the result is that the Church of England everywhere, and the Roman Catholics in the largest towns, being the religious bodies already in possession of the field, will probably receive the main advantage from the act. In the country districts, again, no school-boards have been formed, owing to the jealousy of the clergy, who fear that their power over education would thus be diminished. Now, the dissenters are generally in favor of a purely secular system of public education, and regard this tendency of the measure with extreme suspicion. In fact, at the meeting of the Education League at Birmingham, the other day, open war was proclaimed by them against the Government. I do not enter into the rights of the question; but this is a very serious matter. Perhaps your readers fail quite to realize the influence which is exerted by the dissenters upon English politics. There is scarcely any town in England where they do not possess sufficient power to turn the scale; they act with great unanimity; and, what is more, they take a really keen interest in political warfare. As everybody calls himself a member of the Church of England who is nothing else, the church necessarily includes a great majority of lukewarm adherents, who are probably divided pretty equally amongst themselves. But the dissenters, acting in a steady phalanx, and headed by their ministers, can throw a heavy weight into the scale whenever they please. They therefore form the real backbone of the Liberal party. If Mr. Gladstone has been unlucky enough really to alienate them, the Liberal party will break up, and I confess that, in my opinion, that result will follow before long unless the Cabinet show far more discretion than has lately been the case. This education question is important, amongst other reasons, because we are evidently going to have a serious fight over similar questions in Ireland. The priests are there demanding a Catholic university and the command of the national system. Mr. Gladstone has spoken with his usual verbosity and equivocation—I can really use no gentler terms on the subject. If, as many people anticipate, he yields to the Irish Catholic demands, he will hear something from the English dissenters that will be far from agreeable. In fact, his ministry would not be worth a month's purchase. I am, however, venturing too far towards prophecy. I will confine myself, therefore, to repeating the simple fact that the dissenters are everywhere showing symptoms of an irritation which may perhaps be allayed by judicious measures, speedily applied, but which, if not allayed, is ominous of a considerable political catastrophe. What would be its precise form baffles all powers of calculation.

I will just notice here one fact which has brought some discredit upon the Government. We have received a full report of the loss of the *Megæra*. It is evident that the suspicions expressed at the time were only too well founded. There can be no doubt that the Admiralty, in their newborn zeal for economy, sent a regiment to make a voyage to Australia in a ship which was tumbling to pieces from old age, which they had been warned by competent persons would tumble to pieces, and which tumbled to pieces accordingly, fulfilling the predictions of everybody who had anything to do with her. There is, of course, the usual controversy as to who was to blame; and it is likely enough that we shall find that nobody, as usual, was the guilty person. In such a case, I need not say that nobody is equivalent to everybody; or, in other words, that a system which leads to such results, without making any single person responsible, is self-condemned. The Admiralty, indeed, have, by all accounts, a good deal of which they may fairly boast; they have provided us with a fleet which, as we, at any rate, believe, is by far the most powerful in existence; but the catastrophe, though not very serious in itself, is just one of those picturesque incidents which catches public attention. It shakes confidence generally, and renders some searching enquiry imperative. Poor Mr. Goschen, who has been made First Lord of the Admiralty because he was so well up in the management of pauperism, has an unpleasant task before him; though I believe that he exchanged workhouses for dockyards at too late a period to be personally responsible.

I turn from these political speculations to notice briefly the death of three distinguished men, though two of them scarcely attained a reputation equal to their merits. Mr. Babbage, one of the ablest of English mathematicians, has gone. The calculating machine on which he spent so much labor, and on which the Government of the day refused to spend enough money, remains half-finished in King's College, a monument of vast ingenuity, much of which—from no fault of his own—was thrown away. The general public recently connected his name chiefly with some peculiarities of temper, which are manifest in his memoirs, and with the uncompromising warfare which he carried on against organ-grinders; but I believe that the followers of his own special science valued his services highly. Sir Roderick Murchison, whose death has been almost simultaneous, was another scientific celebrity of a very different stamp. He better understood the difficult art of making a scientific reputation the means of social success; the Geographical Society has become one of the popular lions of the day under his presidency; and some of his rivals regarded him with a certain jealousy, as having usurped an unfair share of public attention. How that may be, I need not enquire; but I imagine that no one doubts the reality of the services which he has rendered to geology. The last of the trio was Burgoyne, the most venerable representative of the English army, and associated with many military triumphs and disasters. He was all through the Peninsular campaigns, and, if his influence had been more powerful at Sebastopol, it is said that the Crimean War would have left less melancholy recollections behind it. In another way, he curiously connects the past and the present. His father was the General Burgoyne of whom you know something in America, and he was born within five years (if I remember right'y) of a certain transaction at Saratoga. His son—a very distinguished naval officer—was in command of the *Captain* when that ill-fated ship capsized, the other day, in the Bay of Biscay. This melancholy event, it is said, broke the old soldier's heart; and he was followed to his grave, in the melancholy little chapel of the Tower of London, by a great crowd of the oldest and most eminent officers in the service. So drops out one of the links which connected our modern times with days that already seem to lie far back in history.

A GENERAL-COUNCIL IN SESSION.

PARIS, October 27, 1871.

THE sittings of the General-Councils in France have been made public by the new law voted by the National Assembly. I have, therefore, taken an opportunity to visit one of the provincial towns in the neighborhood of Paris to see, with my own eyes, how our departmental assemblies conduct their work. If ever a permanent republic, a real republic, is established in France, these provincial bodies are the nucleus of the future houses which will play in it the part which the State legislatures fulfil in the United States. The town which I chose was once an ecclesiastical town; the magnificence of its old churches shows this plainly enough, as well as a sort of cloistered quietude hanging over the whole place. The Councillors met on the 23d October, in the rooms of the Prefecture. A Prefect, as you know, is the representative of the Central Government. He was, under the Imperial system, nothing short of a despot; all the life of the department was practically concentrated in his cabinet; he directed the local press, sent his warnings to the editors, gave to the paper which he chose as his favorite the monopoly (a very lucrative one in some places) of all the legal advertisements. (The law in France compels the advertisement of all tenders for public expenses, all sales of property, all creations or dissolutions of partnerships, and a number of other things.) He held all the functionaries under his sway—magistrates, government engineers, receivers of taxes, professors, schoolmasters, officers of police. Not a window can be, even now, opened in the wall of a communal school; not a road can be widened by a yard; not a tree can be cut on a government road; not a commune can increase its local taxation, without the permission of the omniscient, all-powerful Prefect.

You may well imagine that such an important personage must be lodged in a palace. The Prefecture of X. is no exception to the rule; it is an immense building, surrounded by a large English park; and it contains, besides the reception-rooms and private rooms of the Prefect, all the offices and archives of the Prefecture. On my way to the Prefecture, I saw no signs of agitation in the streets; nobody seemed aware that the first meeting of a new General-Council was going to take place. People went quietly about their business. I found the avenues of the prefectoral park covered only with new gravel, and at the foot of the great staircase some forty gentlemen were talking in groups. These were the Councillors; they soon entered the room where the sittings were to take place. This room is just large enough for the immense table round which sit the thirty-five Councillors and the Prefect, for two stenographers, and for a few benches placed against the wall, and which are at the disposition of the public. Since the new law only, the meetings of the Councils are public; but I doubt if, in the room where I have been spending the greater part of the last few days, the *public* could outnumber twenty or thirty people. To be sure, there appeared no eagerness on the part of the population to attend the meetings; the only people whom I have seen near myself on the benches have been some lawyers and engineers, interested in the transactions of the Council. A gendarme, in his splendid costume, who, of course, is an Alsatian, as all good gendarmes are, charged with the preservation of good order among the audience, seems to be aware of the inanity of his *consigne*.

The composition of the Council will, perhaps, speak more for the political state of the country than many dissertations. I counted in its ranks as many as three dukes, all three wearing illustrious names, but each of them belonging to a different party, which shows pretty well the disintegration of the French aristocracy and of society in France. There were, besides, two counts, three barons, a viscount, three gentlemen with the particle *de*, which makes a total of twelve—not a small sprinkling of feudalism in a Council summoned by a Republican Government. Every Councillor is elected in his own *canton* (the canton is a subdivision of the arrondissement; it contains, on an average, thirty villages); and the rural population is, of course, always inclined to vote for the richest and most benevolent proprietor of the canton. All these gentlemen addressed each other during the debates by their own names and titles—M. le Duc, M. le Comte, and so on.

The political opinions of the Council are of importance merely as an indication of the state of the department, as they cannot find an open expression in the debates. The Prefect, who is always present, though he has no vote, can stay a discussion which is wandering from administrative subjects to political subjects. The Council cannot even pass a resolution on a purely political subject. M. Thiers and the Republican Left of the Chamber have succeeded in effacing from the original project of the new law the article which allowed all General-Councils to pass resolutions on political subjects. They are only allowed to *resolve*, or, to use the French words, to express wishes on questions of administration and political economy. I will not stop here to show the absurdity of such a restriction. To an American or an Englishman, it must seem almost childish to forbid any body of men to pass any resolution they please on any subject they choose; but the French mind has an almost intuitive horror of the word politics. Politics is the forbidden fruit which our Councillors are not allowed to touch, even in thought. Politics is the golden apple which M. Thiers keeps in Versailles. Who will be in power? That is the *résumé* of what people understand here by the word *politique*. Public administration and finance are quite another thing. It will, nevertheless, be interesting to know what are the political feelings of these Councillors of X., all the more because, outside of the Council, they speak of nothing else. In this committee of thirty-five men, chosen by universal suffrage, there are five decided Bonapartists, men under personal obligations to the Emperor Napoleon, and who make it no secret that they desire his return. There are three radical Republicans, men who have been chosen in the most industrial districts, and who would prefer Gambetta to M. Thiers. The rest may be best classed under the name of Conservatives, as having no very marked political doctrine. These twenty-seven members, who will form the majority, are partisans of M. Thiers's policy; eight of them would prefer the maintenance of the Republic, nineteen would favor the establishment of the constitutional monarchy, but most of them think that the time has not yet come to choose between these two forms of govern-

ment, and are all ready to give their support to whatever form may be adopted by the Constituent Chamber. Among the nineteen who are monarchists, there is only one professed Legitimist, one of the three dukes I mentioned.

The Prefect is a lawyer whom the revolutions of the 4th of September found in the opposition, and who has only been in office since that time; a clever, shrewd, intelligent man, who seems very well fitted for his post, and who does not attempt to overrule the Council in the fashion of his predecessors. For instance, in old times, the Council never chose the President without a secret understanding with the Prefect; this year, the Council did not consult the wishes of the Prefect, and put in the chair the most influential and independent of its members. As there are no printed rules for the proceedings of the Council, the choice of the President is very important; he conducts the debates, and the Prefect, who sits opposite to him, has nothing to do with the discussions; he only puts the official reports and accounts before the Committee, and waits for their decision.

The new law allows the newspapers to publish the debates; but they are bound to publish an official account, supervised by the President and his secretaries. This obligation has thrown the local press into a great consternation; there are only two newspapers printed in this capital of the department, and they only appear every two days. If they published the official *procès-verbal in extenso*, there would be room for nothing else in their papers. Yesterday the Council decided that they should be allowed to publish a *résumé*, but this *résumé* will have to be submitted to the supervision of the secretaries. I do not see why the law has not allowed more freedom in this matter, especially as the debates are purely on financial and administrative matters; but the jealousy of the press has survived the Empire. I can perceive how much all the Councillors, most of them highly reputable people, are in dread even of the local press, feeble and empty as it seems to me. It is almost painful to go through these local newspapers; there is absolutely nothing in them. The editor is always the printer himself; he gives a ridiculously small salary to some obscure man, who has neither talent, nor ambition, nor political interests. Under the Empire, the Prefect was the real editor of the principal paper; now the Prefect has been deprived of his right of choosing the paper to which the legal advertisements must be sent; and, consequently, the two printer-editors, who can both publish these advertisements, have been looking for new patrons. One is called the Conservative, the other the Republican paper; to me they seem identical, as I never find anything in them but the same telegrams, sent by the Havas telegraphic agency. They only assert their party character on the eve of an election; then they publish different lists, and begin a sort of warfare which is incomprehensible to those who do not know the candidates individually. I fell into conversation yesterday with one of these editors, who was sitting with me on the benches of the Council, and, to my great surprise, he told me that he was adverse to the liberty of the press. I had it on my lips to tell him that example is stronger than precept, and that he had better shut up his own office.

Every evening, after the meeting, the Councillors dine among themselves, in groups of ten, sometimes of twenty. So far there has been no public dinner of any sort; the municipality has offered them no banquet. To-night the Councillors will be the guests of the Prefect; but the inhabitants seem to regard all these proceedings with perfect indifference. There are no demonstrations of sympathy, no public marks of deference shown to the Council. In short, life in the provinces has become quite individual; that strong feeling of association, of solidarity, which one observes in free countries, does not exist here. After so many revolutions, even what might be called the class-feeling is gone. Every man lives in his own house, with a few friends and relations, as in an oasis, which the noise of the outside world cannot penetrate. The only feeling still alive is that of patriotism: the Council resolved yesterday that it would attend a public service in the cathedral, in memory of the soldiers of the department who fell during the late war.

I have tried to give you in this letter the physiognomy of a General-Council. In the next, if the subject interests you, I shall attempt to explain to you what is the business of these Councils. Their functions are of the greatest importance, as you will see, and it is only just to say that they seem to me to be fulfilled with great conscience and ability. This year especially, after the disasters of the war, this department, which has been occupied for several months, had to deal with very important and difficult questions.

Correspondence.

JOHN AND ROBERT KENNICOTT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Exactly what Mr. Olmsted meant by the following passage in his interesting letter from Chicago, in your last issue, is not quite clear: "As examples of these [citizens who had bonded themselves to have no share in the material prosperity of Chicago, in their devotion to higher pursuits], the *Kinnicutt brothers*, as both are dead, may perhaps be named." Certainly, few citizens of Chicago, or the Northwest, throughout which his name is widely known and honored, will recognize in this an intended tribute to Robert Kennicott, the founder, while still a lad, of the Chicago Academy of Sciences. When the news came, the *Nation* fittingly chronicled the loss to science by his death at Nulato, at the age of thirty, and while in command of the scientific corps of the Russo-American Telegraph Expedition in 1866. And not even his name, "misspelled in the despatches," will dim his fame among naturalists and explorers.

The other of the "both" to whom your correspondent refers, was John A. Kennicott, Robert's father, and whose synonym, "the Old Doctor," as he was lovingly called, is still a household word throughout that region. A pioneer in agricultural and horticultural education, the honored friend and peer of such men as A. J. Downing, Marshall P. Wilder, and Dr. Kirtland, this confusion of name and identity must have been a *lapsus pennæ* that Mr. Olmsted, himself of that ilk, will feel grateful to have corrected.

If it were not for the implication that the seal of death is necessary to secure personal recognition in your columns, the writer would like to speak of him on whom devolved the younger Kennicott's work. The loss of mere material wealth, when the life spent in its acquisition is drawing to a close, is sad. But there seems absolutely no recompense for such a loss as befalls him who, steadily putting aside every temptation—where temptation, as in Chicago, was most rife—to commercial gain and profit, and, devoting himself solely to the service of science, sees in an hour the fruits of years of study, ripe for, but yet ungiven to, the world, vanish like the baseless fabric of a dream. Kennicott's lonely death on the sandy beach of an Alaskan bay was pathetic, and, in its untimeliness, seemed a cruel and wanton sacrifice. But his works and words remained, and under the loyal care of his friend, Dr. William Stimpson, had fruited in an institution which ranked among the first scientific establishments of the country. For Dr. Stimpson's loss there seems no such compensation. Manuscripts, collections, and illustrations, embracing the life-work of a recognized authority, a patient investigator, a profound, and often brilliant, generalizer, are utterly swept away. This, too, when his health, broken by prolonged and assiduous study, was so critical that the trustees of the Academy had given him leave of absence for a protracted vacation, during which he was to have had charge of the deep-sea dredgings in the North Atlantic. Even the proverbially warm sympathy for each other of the larger men of science, of which Stimpson himself is an example, in his chivalrous devotion to the memory and reputation of his predecessor, Kennicott, is weak and inadequate for such a case as this.

Frank W. Reilly, M.D.

New York, November 9, 1871.

Notes.

Mr. E. H. Munday, editor of the Philadelphia *Proof-Sheet*, purposes publishing in a volume, whose typography will be as noticeably good as the *Proof-Sheet's*, his interesting historical sketches of the "Newspaper Press of Philadelphia, from 1719 to 1872," which have already appeared in his journal. These have been accompanied in each instance by reduced fac-similes of the newspaper heading, and the proposed book will contain also thirty or forty full-page portraits of editors and publishers. The work will be sold by subscription, at $10 a copy, by Collins & McLeester.——Two other subscription works seem worthy of encouragement, at least by the denomination particularly interested in them. These are the series, to be comprised in eight or ten volumes quarto, called "The Historical Collections of the American Colonial Church," of which the first volume, on Virginia, has already been issued, and the second, on Philadelphia, is in press; and "The Early Journals of the General Conventions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, 1784–1838," with notes and appendices, in three volumes octavo. Rev. Dr. William S. Perry, of Geneva, N. Y., is the editor of both collections, and should be addressed by those who desire them. The cost will be $9 75 and $3 50 per volume respectively.——The Michigan Avenue Free Library and Reading Room in Chicago was the only one which escaped the flames, but it was also the newest, and its store of reading-matter is but small. The Association which opens it to the public is now soliciting contributions of books, periodicals, and money, to enable it to meet the demand on it for more extensive reading than it can now afford; and they may be sent either direct to the Library by the American Merchants' Union Express, or to the agent in this city, Rev. J. B. Thomas, 677 Broadway.——Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will publish, in the course of this month, a work which we cannot err greatly in warmly recommending before we have seen it:

"Household Book of Songs, for Four Voices," collected and arranged by Francis C. Bowman and Charles A. Dana.——We are glad to report that the Jarves Collection was purchased last week by Yale College for $22,000.

—Any one interested in Landor's writings will, we think, take pleasure in looking over a complete set of his literary works lately received by Scribner. Several of the volumes are enriched by notes, emendations, and additions, in the handwriting of the author. There is a copy of the first edition of "Gebir," and one of the second showing many variations from the first, and from later editions as well. A little book in the lot, consisting of Latin verse and prose, formerly belonged to Leigh Hunt, who has made numerous notes in the margins in pencil, which he has afterward thought it worth his while to go over with a pen. As we ourselves have never before met with this production of Landor's, and as, from its rarity, it may be new to others of his admirers, we give the full title, of which Allibone gives only the first two words. "Idyllia Heroica Decem Librum Phaleuciorum unum partim jam primo partim iterum atq tertio edit Savagius Landor. Accedit quæstunacula cur poetæ Latini recentiores minus legantur.

> Ἀλλ' ἐφομαρτειτον και σπευδετον ὁττι ταχιστα
> Ταυταδ' ἐγων αὐτος τεχνησομαι ἠδε νοησω,
> Στεινωπη ἐν ὁδῳ παραδενμεναι, οὐδε με λησει.

Pisis. apud S. Nistrium. MDCCCXX." In the poems we come upon a word which has recently attracted some attention, and which Landor uses in a sense differing from the Connecticut:

> "True indeed, some time ago
> Clutterbuck and I
> Joined for better and for worse
> Our young hearts and little purse,
> *Bundling*—weal or woe."

And, while we are upon this word, we may as well give another example of its use, which we have met with in that charming book, "The Letters of Mrs. Adams" (Boston, 1840), too long out of print. It occurs in a letter written at sea to her sister, Mrs. Cranch. She was going to England to join her husband, who had been appointed American Minister to the Court of St. James. The letter is very entertaining, and shows those of us who are inclined to grumble that, even in the good old times, they could be as miserable at sea as we can be to-day. "Our accommodations on board are not what I could wish, or hoped for. We cannot be alone, only when the gentlemen are thoughtful enough to retire upon deck, which they do for about an hour in the course of the day. . . . The door opens into the cabin, where the gentlemen all sleep, and where we sit, dine, etc. We can only live with our door shut whilst we dress and undress. Necessity has no law; but what should I have thought on shore to have laid myself down to sleep in common with half a dozen gentlemen? We have curtains, it is true, and we only in part undress, about as much as the Yankee bundlers; but we have the satisfaction of falling in with a set of well-behaved, decent gentlemen, whose whole deportment is agreeable to the strictest delicacy, both in word and action."

—Mr. Alfred Perry, Inspector of the Royal Insurance Company, communicates to the Montreal *Daily Witness* some observations on the phenomena of the Chicago fire, which, after all that has been written on the subject, may be read with interest. What most struck his professional eye was that "all the buildings left standing present on their upper stories sound materials, whilst each succeeding downward story shows a proportionately increasing destruction." On the wall of the court-house, some sixty feet above the level of the street, he saw erect a wooden flag-staff not even scorched. Passing on to the water-works, he noticed that the glass lantern of the tower, eighty feet high, had not a pane of glass cracked by the heat, "while below, at the base of the tower, blocks of sandstone, ten feet long by five feet wide and two feet thick, are so calcined and splintered into fragments as to be quite useless." It should be remarked, however, that these buildings had been fired by flying brands and consumed before buildings between them and the main conflagration had even been touched. "The fact of the fire not ascending," to use Mr. Perry's words, was also exemplified in the remains of the Church of the Holy Name. This church "had its tower running up about 100 feet, and the spire had not been erected. It had been intended to finish it this year, and the contractor had placed his scaffolding on the top of the tower, and two of the four main corner timbers had been placed. These two corner-pieces and a portion of the scaffold remain, apparently unscorched, whilst the body of the church, its tower, and the surrounding district are ruined, the very cast-iron lamp-post at the edge of the sidewalk being melted." Another more questionable phenomenon which he reports is that, "in those streets where telegraph wires ran, the intensity of the heat destroyed stone and iron work much more completely than in those streets where there were no wires." Finally, the intensity and completeness of the combustion were shown in the total absence of smoke—a fact which did not occur to the imaginative draughtsmen of our illustrated papers.

—*Nature* tells us that, "with the extension of the telegraph into the more northern latitude of the Shetland Islands, between 59° 51′ and 60° 51′ 30″ N., we enjoy a much better opportunity of observing the frequency and variation of magnetic and auroral storms. Some of the earliest recorded observations upon the strength and direction of these storms date from the time when the extension of the telegraphic wires over England rendered the phenomenon visible, by the disturbance of the magnetic needle placed in circuit with the wire. In some cases, these magnetic storms were so severe as to impede the working of the railway signals. On the 18th of October, 1841, a very intense magnetic disturbance was recorded, and among other curious facts mentioned is that of the detention of the 10:5 P.M. express train at Exeter sixteen minutes, as the magnetic disturbance affected the needles so powerfully that it was impossible to ascertain if the line was clear at Starcross. The superintendent at Exeter reported the next morning that "some one was playing tricks with the instruments, and would not let them work." The article in *Nature* from which we quote gives us also some interesting observations on the colors of the aurora. "'Dark' streamers will appear to start up high in the zenith, . . . these dark auroral rays being at the same time transparent as regards the power of transmitting the light of the stars, which shine through with undiminished splendor. At the same time with these dark rays, brilliant green, violet, crimson, and white rays stream upward, but always with a less persistance of duration. These colored scintillations change with greater rapidity than the black rays." The red rays would seem to be less transparent than those of other colors. The colors that have been observed are, black, pale yellow, strong yellow, white, violet, pale blue, bright green, crimson fading with reddish pink, pale orange, and sea-green. Thus far nothing approaching to the indigo hue has been noticed. We are assured, too, that, in the Island of Eday, where some very brilliant auroral displays have been seen lately, and where the atmosphere is perfectly still, repeated observation has determined the existence of very appreciable sounds to the ear as an accompanying phenomenon to the rapid rush of the auroral stream to the zenith. The intensity of the sound emitted varies considerably. At times it greatly resembles the rushing noise caused by the firing of a rocket into the air, heard at a distance. At other times, it resembles strongly the sound produced by the crackling of burning embers, but wanting in any very distinctive sharpness. *Nature* for Oct. 26 contains a paragraph headed "Are Auroras Periodical?" in which a list is given of notable auroral displays occurring during the last hundred years, which seems to make out a very striking case for the period between Feb. 15 and Feb. 23. Thus, beginning with 1773, we have:

1773, Feb. 17.	1848, Feb. 20.
1784, " 23.	1851, " 18.
1794, " 15.	1859, " 18.
1838, " 21.	1866, " 20.

Besides the February epoch, any extended list of auroras will indicate two or three others, the most remarkable of which is that of Nov. 13–18. Fifty-three brilliant auroras have been observed since 1770. Of these eight have occurred in the period just named. The latest remarkable aurora took place, as many of our readers will remember, on the evening of Thursday, the 9th of this present November. It was a magnificent display, and its date not more than a fortnight later than the great display of last year, which occurred on the evening of Oct. 23.

—We have lighted upon a passage in Shakespeare which proves, we think, as clearly as anything we are likely ever to come across, that he was once in Venice. Can any one doubt who has threaded the narrow, tortuous lanes (*calle*), alleys, and streets of that most bewitching city without a guide—trying, let us say, to make a short cut or to find a certain church in an obscure quarter—that the writer of the *Merchant of Venice* was putting his personal experience into the mouth of Launcelot Gobbo (the name of Gobbo, by the bye, still hangs out on signs here and there in Venice) when he makes him say, in answer to his father's question, "Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?"—"Turn upon your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left: marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house"? All the bewilderment of Venice is in that "turn down indirectly." None but an actual peripatetic in that floating labyrinth could have so touched off for us "how vainly men themselves amaze," to use Marvel's words, in finding some house that is "only just round the corner." To such a man in such a plight, old Gobbo's exclamation comes pat: "By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit." It has nothing to do with our subject, but we wondered when we came upon it, and wonder still, whether the "Calle della donna detta Becher," evidently painted lately on a wall, is meant, Italian fashion, to point out the street honored by the residence of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" during her stay in Venice.

—The Sonnets of Shakespeare have been newly translated into German by

Otto Gildemeister (Leipsic: Brockhaus), already well known for his masterly translations of Byron. If the following is a fair sample of the rest, the least praise we can give it is to say that those in whose language Shakespeare wrote may take almost equal pleasure in reading him (if they can) in this new version. We subjoin the original (No. 29) for the sake of comparison:

"When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings."

"Wenn ich, verachtet von Geschick und Welt,
Einsam mein ausgestossenes Los beklage,
Und schrei' umsonst zum tauben Himmelszelt,
Und schau' mich an und fluche meinem Tage,
Und wünsche, dass ich wie ein and'rer wäre,
So hoffnungsreich, so schön, befreundet so,
Und dieses Kunst und jenes Macht begehre,
Des eignen Köstlichsten am mind'sten froh:
Wenn so ich selbst mir fast verächtlich werde,
Da denk' ich dein, und dann steig' ich empor
Der Morgenlerche gleich von dumpfer Erde,
Und singe Hymnen an des Himmels Thor;
Denn deiner Lieb' Andenken macht so reich,
Dass ich mein Los nicht tausch' um Kron' und Reich."

—"Shut up in Paris," a little book which makes Vol. 1175 of the Tauchnitz Collection of British Authors, is a lively, well-written, and evidently truthful account of one side of life during the siege of Paris by the Prussians, and contains, probably, quite as much of the dismal story as most people will care to read. The author is Mr. Nathan Sheppard, whose letters from Paris written during the siege to the *Cincinnati Gazette* we remember to have found full of entertainment and information. Several useful appendices are added to the present volume. The first gives us an analysis of the death returns during the nineteen weeks from September 17 to January 28:

Small Pox,	6,604	Killed in Battle,	3,000
Typhoid Fever,	2,897	Died in Hospital,	10,000
Bronchitis,	3,627	Killed in Mobs,	15
Pneumonia,	3 027	Murders and Assassinations,	6
Diarrhœa,	564	Suicides,	10
Scarlatina,	37	Deaths by Accident,	40
Measles,	154	Deaths from Excitement,	13
Dysentery,	42	Spies and Deserters Shot,	20
Croup,	27		
Other causes,	30,402	Total,	60,485

Another table in the appendix is called "Gastronomic," and gives, first, a list of the animals not generally eaten, but which found their way to Parisian tables during the nineteen weeks of siege, with the numbers of each kind that were killed:

Horses eaten,	65,000	Ostriches,	3
Donkeys,	1,000	Porcupines,	2
Mules,	2,000	Bears,	2
Dogs,	1,200	Kangaroos,	3
Cats,	5,000	Wild Boars,	1
Rats,	300	Stags,	2
Mice,	200	Deer,	5
Elephants (3 sold for 27,000 francs),	3	Antelopes,	6
Dromedaries,	1	Tropical Birds,	25
Camels,	1		

This is followed by a statement in detail of the provision-market for each week, with the prices, and with various interesting and valuable items relating to the appearance of extraordinary viands in market, to the failure of certain provisions, and to the unexpected appearance of certain others.

—The new Strassburg Library has been enriched by the purchase, for 24,000 francs, of the Heitz library, remarkable for being the fullest collection of works published in or relating to Alsace. This was not accomplished without great opposition on the part of the irreconcilables, though ten years ago, when the city was offered the library, it refused to buy it. Another valuable addition, also by purchase, is the Böcking library, said to be one of the richest in respect of the literature of the Reformation, and unique in its collection of the works of and concerning Hutten and the Obscurants of the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum." Donations from all parts of the world, and of every degree of value, are flowing in with a gratifying rapidity.

—Two items of interest regarding Russian interests in Eastern Asia have recently come to our knowledge. Some months since, a mercantile firm at Nertchinsk fitted out, at their own expense, an expedition for the purpose of discovering some road to Peking and Tientsing shorter than that hitherto in use. The existing route, *via* Kiakhta, entails considerable discomfort in crossing the desert of Gobi, and to shorten this was the object of the exploring party. They lately returned, having found a practicable route leading south to Dolon-Nor, and thence to Peking. It is 700 versts (more than 400 miles) shorter than the old road, has a firm soil fit for vehicles, while fodder and water abound along its whole length. The result of this discovery will be the transport of Russian goods into China at a much cheaper rate than heretofore. The second item is that the Mongolians, having menaced Urga, the Russians had, in August, sent down 600 men and two field-pieces to protect the consulate in case of attack, although Urga is in Chinese territory. But the Chinese will probably be glad that the Russians have undertaken to keep their troublesome subjects in order. Russia's policy in these matters is admirable in its simplicity. "If you cannot protect our people, we shall do it for you," she says to China; "but you must bear the expense." An extension of the Russian frontier has hitherto been the price paid. Whether it will be so in this case remains to be seen.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, AND MR. FROUDE.*

In exhibiting his restored portrait of Henry the Eighth, Mr. Froude threw the Sentimentalists into ecstasy, and grieved and disgusted the judicious. The work was worse than sensational hero-worship—it was audacious hero-making. The lives of Elizabeth and Mary Stuart offered even a more fortunate subject in the play of contrast among the subtleties of female character for the exercise of his great and peculiar talents. What pictures of angel and demon he might have made of them, if not warned by the censure of all serious readers upon his earlier volumes, may be conjectured from the unequal distribution of light and shade in the lower-toned but most elaborate compositions he has put forth in place of their real history. As an achievement of well-deserved literary flaying alive, this critique of his performance by Mr. Meline is thorough and satisfactory.

The faults of Mr. Froude as a historian are radical, lying both in his system and in the mental qualities that govern his treatment of subjects. He aims to combine the ancient idea of controlling fate with the modern analysis of individual motives. He is tragedian and novelist in one. His personages are the puppets of Providence, but it is a Providence which he assumes to direct, and tells when and how to strike. Human passion is allowed its play, but only under permission of his omniscience. Not satisfied with the arrogance of interpreting the ways of God towards men, he affects to penetrate and reveal the most secret ways and thoughts and feelings of men and women towards each other. We may allow him the praise of entertaining noble hopes and generous wishes for the human race, and of great ingenuity in accommodating these to his views of divine interference in human affairs. We may admit, too, his nicety in analyzing the springs of action, and his vigor and brilliancy in setting forth the trains and consequences of the actions themselves. But we deny his right to speak with a double intuition, and refuse to be deceived by the art with which he puts himself forward as the *deus ex machinâ*, and the machine, and the actor in the scene, all at once. He asks us to look at a passage of history as only the higher intelligences of some other world can look at it—to comprehend it as part of a universal plan, involving a transparent view of the characters and motives in every detail of those who shared in it—and to compass this divine vision he offers us no help but his own glorifying and distorting spectacles. For his manner of treatment is as faulty as his plan. He is the enthusiastic advocate, not the calm arbiter. He transports us to a past age by vivid pictures of its manners, its outward life, and the very motion and talk and business of that older world. But we are introduced to friendly relationship with only one small set of its inhabitants. It is not Europe at all that we are made familiar with; we are not even allowed to like or care for all England, but are forced into sympathy and partisanship with a particular faith and policy. The point of view is chosen in and from that faith and policy alone. It is even not enough to show that affairs bore a certain aspect to Elizabeth and her councillors; but we are bid to believe that the aspect in which they pretended to take them was the true one. And the worst of it is that, in such excess of bias, Mr. Froude sees no bias at all. The generality of his plan breaks down at once under the prejudiced casuistry of his treatment.

It is upon this plan that the framework of his Elizabethan story is constructed. Two spiritual powers are contending throughout Europe in opposition of light and darkness—the Ormuzd of the Reformation, and the Ahriman of Romanism. Elizabeth and Mary are contrasted as the mortal agents of these "fell incensed opposites"—the Scotch Queen, the centre of a web of intrigues, plots, and crimes; the English Queen, the wise and resolute defender of truth and freedom. The contrast is carried out with nice pictorial truth and fine suggestion, in points of character, state, and fortune, except that Mary's tragical death is brutally displayed, and Elizabeth's horrible last hours discreetly veiled. A trivial fault or two, as of frugality or indirectness, is allowed to blemish the brightness of one, and it is kindly conceded that a certain charm and grace and spirit did relieve the sensual deviltry of the

* "Mary, Queen of Scots, and her latest Historian. By James F. Meline." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 8vo. 1872.

other. But white and black they respectively were in theory, and only the white and black must be picked out from the facts as put into the innuendoes assigned to each. Mr. Meline relentlessly exposes the mixture of boldness and adroitness used to produce the desired effect. Now it is an intimation thrown in while discussing some other subject, and reverted to some chapters afterwards as a fact; again a seed of suggestion lightly dropped into the reader's mind, and nursed by slight touches into full-blown persuasion without argument; again, a bold misquotation, a faulty translation, an essential statement omitted or inserted. In brief, every species of trick and unfairness is here detected and stigmatized, which, if employed in a matter of business, would be frankly called fraud and forgery.

Every reader of Mr. Froude's history accustomed to weigh evidence was at once offended by his vehement advocacy, setting up an unusually lofty claim for historic impartiality. Even those who read only to be amused were haunted amid all his dramatic movement and subtle insight by a suspicion that the author was selecting and disposing his materials with either too much art or too much prejudice. Mr. Meline deserves great praise for the dispassionate examination, founded on authentic documents, which he has brought to bear in this book upon the duty of determining exactly how much of this ingeniously misconstructed historical novel is supplied by prejudice, and how much by art. Ordinary mortals, who cannot rise to the Brahma-like faculty of being indifferently the director, the doer, and the sufferer, are fortunately not left without the means of forming a judgment upon historical problems for themselves. Records remain, not only those public ones of rulers who seek to set themselves right before the world, and of watchful observers who correct official accounts by notes of incidents and circumstances, but also the more frank and uncolored ones of private letters and diaries. No one who does not examine these sources of information with profound research, and compare and report their statements without bias, has any title to the essential quality of a historian—veracity. Every year adds to these important materials for ascertaining the truth. Mr. Meline makes effective use of several which Mr. Froude neglected. The appearance of one such document may have the effect of altering all a historian's combinations, and depriving a narrative founded on partial inferences of all value. If produced in time, it may altogether change his intended plan, as was probably the case, Mr. Meline points out, with Mr. Froude's history of Elizabeth after the publication of documents brought to light from the Spanish archives by Mr. Motley. But what if such dead witnesses to the truth, accessible at the time of composition, instead of being overlooked by the historian, are misquoted or falsified? Yet this is what his critic shows the practice of Mr. Froude to have been in repeated instances. The originals are given of the letters from Mary to Elizabeth, from Killigrew to Cecil, from Throckmorton to Elizabeth, from Sussex to Cecil, with the version of them by Froude, presented in parallel columns. In each case, the historian's statement of their contents contains either a suppression of the truth or a suggestion of falsehood, and in more than one instance an interpolated invention of which there is no trace in the original. And these letters all relate to important passages in Mary's life, where the artful version supplies the very fabric and color of the tissue destroyed by the original.

We cannot follow the critic through all the detail of uncovering his author's sinuous track. He is ready with a score of proofs of the assertion that insidious suggestion and rhetorical exaggeration are his favorite devices. He convicts him by State Paper evidence of committing grotesque blunders and suppressing inconvenient facts. He cites with unsparing sarcasm his passages of reckless romancing and picturesque fancy-sketching. August suns are detected shining in autumn, and reaping-hooks flourished by Scotch peasants harvesting in May. And, cruellest of all, he quotes the distinguished historian's own forcible precepts for given cases, in flat contradiction to his practice in precisely similar ones. A few instances of this keen chase must suffice.

The "peine forte et dure" is familiar to any one looking at the commonest English law books, such as a historian must consult, as the savage punishment legally inflicted on obstinately silent witnesses. Mr. Froude in his first edition speaks of this in a case of its actual occurrence as an "imaginary horror" invented to satisfy the Spanish ambassador's demand for justice. In later editions the corrected passage conforms to the truth. Very early in the history an innuendo as to Mary's utter falsity glides in, under a careless suggestion of her training at the corrupt court of Catherine de Médicis. Catherine de Médicis had no court while Mary was in France, nor any influence, and she never at any time either loved or guided her daughter-in-law. Mr. Froude gives as a citation from a certain designated letter a cruel purpose imputed to Mary: Mr. Meline learns, on application to the Public Record Office, that no such letter exists. The historian puts into Mary's mouth a menace to Rizzio's murderers, addressed to Darnley: the critic shows the perverse art with which two phrases, addressed to different persons, and found in different authorities, are put together to make up the threat. The writer dwells on the long and minute scrutiny to which certain suspicious letters were subjected: the reviewer opposes to this Cecil's own statement that they were examined hurriedly and "rather by hap, as they did lie on the table." Instances of this nature might be multiplied, but we prefer to refer the reader to the volume itself, as an admirable specimen of critical ingenuity closely applied to the detection of a counterfeit.

The stock charges against Mary Stuart's fame, her complicity in Darnley's murder, her guilty passion for Rizzio and for Bothwell, her conspiring against Elizabeth's life, are discussed fully with the aid of contemporary evidence for the hundredth time. So far as her innocence of these crimes is concerned, Mr. Meline thoroughly dissipates any unfavorable impression that may have been made by Mr. Froude's violent partisanship. He even leaves the case looking better for her than it did before that historian took it up with his inconsistent malignity. Nor does he follow the bad example set him by passionately attacking her rival, contenting himself with saying that the less said of Elizabeth the better, if we are friendly to her memory. The chapter devoted to the famous casket-letters, which have furnished Mary's enemies with their strongest arguments against her, will repay perusal for the sake of its acute research and careful sifting of evidence. That evidence leads so irresistibly to a conviction of her innocence in this particular, as to leave hardly any necessity for the citation of Dr. Johnson's deliberate opinion that the letters were forgeries.

The author, although writing as a Roman Catholic bent on correcting historical misstatements in the form of attacks upon that faith and upon one of its most celebrated and unfortunate supporters, employs in his severest censure a tone of fairness and moderation. Only one expression, in allusion to the system of torture in use in Elizabeth's reign, "which dwarfed the Spanish inquisition into a mere apprentice in cruelty," deserves to be noted as an exaggeration. For the rest, this refined enquiry, conducted closely and sharply, does not transgress the bounds of fair and well-grounded censure. Readers who are thrilled and charmed by Mr. Froude's art are not likely to enjoy his vivisection. But the truth of history can only be the gainer by the stern process. In taking leave of his author, with the accusation of worshipping art more than truth, he fairly cites against him his own words: "Those who pursue high purposes through crooked ways deserve better of mankind, on the whole, than those who pick their way in blameless inanity, and, if innocent of ill, are equally innocent of good." The Man of Sedan might so justify himself. But the world has agreed to accept Pascal's teaching as more moral.

MRS. STOWE'S LAST NOVEL.*

In her introductory chapter, Mrs. Stowe says, with a great deal of truth, "It is now understood that whoever wishes to gain the public ear, and to propound a new theory, must do it in a serial story. . . . We have prison discipline, free-trade, labor and capital, woman's rights, the temperance question, in serial stories," and for this reason she has chosen to take this form of presenting her views on love and marriage, so far as they concern the rising generation. Indeed, Mrs. Stowe's success with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" may well convince us of the power of the novel over the minds of the masses. But with the "novel with a purpose" there is always this danger, that the writer, instead of drawing the lesson from human nature, will warp and twist human nature for the sake of the moral; will observe with a prejudiced eye, and record only with the enthusiasm of a partisan; in short, will write a tract instead of a novel. Clearly, a work that is marked by this fault is a failure, in spite of whatever success it may have while the readers' minds are mainly intent upon that question which the book discusses; but, when the excitement is allayed, the book remains to be judged only by those canons which always exist, notwithstanding any uproar about the treatment of convicts or the justice of the tariff. The subject Mrs. Stowe has chosen for this novel is, of course, of far greater interest. Love and marriage will hold their own importance whether free-trade or protection conquer. If they are not the most important subject of human concern, they nevertheless seem to belong of right to the novel. Let us, then, examine Mrs. Stowe's treatment of them.

"My Wife and I" is the very appropriate title of the book. Harry Henderson, the hero, who tells his own story with the aid of a few letters, of which he became the master in due course of time, is a man born to be married. It is his only aim in life. In marriage he takes a really feminine interest. To be sure, we find occasional reference to his "life-work," etc., but that is only an empty phrase: his real life-work is simply supporting his wife. And there is no reason why he should not be married. Besides his own feelings on the subject, he earns enough money, and is a model of the

* "My Wife and I; or, Harry Henderson's History. By Harriet Beecher Stowe." New York: J. B. Ford & Company. 1871.

domestic virtues. In fact, he may be called the ideal marrying hero, who is, of course, to be distinguished from the romantic hero who is glorious for his freedom from the domestic virtues, who would make a delightful lover but a worthless husband. Harry does not smoke nor drink. He does his work, which consists in noticing books for a religious paper, and general literary toil for the magazines, with commendable punctuality and ease, and all of the romantic hero about him is that he does not go into society, a fault, however, from which he is soon freed. At one time, too, of his early life he is somewhat shaken in his religious beliefs, but he soon goes to church with unfailing regularity. He has already had his calf-love, and, it is unnecessary to say, survived his disappointment, and recovered from the profound gloom it usually brings after it, however it may result. With this preparation for romance, he meets, in a horse-car, a "Fifth Avenue princess," of whose wealth we can judge by the fact that she was carrying nothing smaller than a ten-dollar bill in her "toy purse of gold and pearl." He pays her fare in the car; again in a stage; and protects her from the rain as far as her own door. The girl is Eva Van Arsdel, the heroine. She, too, is ripe for romance; she is pretty, rich, and persecuted by a detested suitor, a young money-maker. In spite of the worldly-wise advice of her mother and aunt, she treats him coldly, for she has her ideal. She writes thus to her old teacher:

"About this marriage. Mr. Sydney [the despised son of Mammon] is not at all a religious man; he is all for this world, and I don't think I shall grow much better by it.

"I wish there were somebody that could strengthen me, and help me to my better self. I have dreams of a sort of man like King Arthur, and the Knights of the Holy Grail—a man noble, holy, and religious. Such an one I would follow, if I broke away from every one else; but, alas! no such are in our society, at least I have never met any. Yet, I have it in me to love, even to death, if I found a real hero."

This poor little creature, with her shivering wonders, a discontent at parties—she has been in society three years—and a fondness for ritualism, naturally smiles on Harry. He is torn by regrets for his poverty, a little by jealousy; but gets fairly in love. Perhaps the following extract will show, as well as any description, the tone in which the whole subject is treated. It is quoted from a letter from Eva to her intimate friend. She and Harry meet rather unexpectedly, except to the reader, after a misunderstanding which is here explained:

"He rose up when he saw me, and looked pale; but an expression of perfectly rapturous delight passed over his face as I checked myself astonished.

"'Miss Van Arsdel!' he said, 'to what happy fate do I owe this good fortune!'

"I recovered myself, and said that 'I was not aware of any *particular* good fortune in the case.'

"'Not to *you*, perhaps,' he said, 'but to *me*. I have seen nothing of you for so long,' he added, rather piteously.

"'There has been nothing that I am aware of to prevent your seeing me,' I said. 'If Mr. Henderson chooses to make himself strange to his friends, it is his own affair.' He looked confused, and murmured something about 'many engagements, and business.'

"'Mr. Henderson, you will excuse me,' said I, resolved not to have this sort of thing go on any longer. 'You have always been treated at our house as an intimate and valued friend; of late, you seem to prefer to act like a ceremonious stranger.'

"'Indeed, you mistake me entirely, Miss Van Arsdel,' he said eagerly. 'You *must* know my feelings; you *must* appreciate my reasons; you see why I cannot, and ought not.'

"'I am quite in the dark as to both,' I said. 'I cannot see any reason why we should not be on the old footing, I am sure. You have acted of late as if you were afraid to meet me; it is all perfectly unaccountable to me. Why should you do so? What reason can there be?'

"'Because,' he said, with a sort of desperation,—'because I *love* you, Miss Van Arsdel. Because I always shall love you too well to associate with you as the wife or betrothed bride of another man.'

"'There is no occasion you should, Mr. Henderson. I am not, so far as I understand, either wife or betrothed to any man,' I said.

"He looked perfectly thunderstruck.

"'Yet I heard it from the best authority.'

"'From what authority?' said I; 'for I deny it.'

"'Your mother.'

"My mother! I was thunderstruck in my turn; here it was, to be sure. Poor mamma! I saw through the whole mystery.

"'Your mother told me,' he went on, 'that there was a tacit engagement, which was to be declared on Mr. Sydney's return; and cautioned me against an undue intimacy.'

"'My mother,' I said, 'has done her utmost to persuade me to this engagement. I refused Mr. Sydney out-and-out in the beginning. She persuaded me to allow him to continue his attentions, in hope of changing my mind; but it never has changed.'

"He grew agitated, and spoke very quickly.

"'Oh! tell me, Miss Van Arsdel, if *I* may hope for success in making the same effort?'

"'I shouldn't be surprised if you might,' said I.

"There followed a sort of electric flash and a confusion of wild words after this—really, my dear, I cannot remember half what he said."

It is chiefly for what we must call the sordidness of its view of life that we decline to praise the story. It is a feeble representation of what, if anything, makes human beings gracious. It is not the story of the loves of these two young people, but of the steps they take in order to keep house together. In other words, the book is not really a novel, but a sort of guide to young men with slender incomes who are wearied of boarding-house life. All the last part of the book is full of advice to them. The story, such as it is, is told, but the author lingers over the account of the early troubles of the household, and promises to continue the tale under another title, giving us an account of the way they lived in a back street. After all, it may be said that the author does all she claims to do. That may be granted; but, in the name of those who are not keeping house, we protest against the vulgarizing of human beings in order that the inexperienced may learn how to make the cold mutton suffice for three days. A happy life requires this knowledge, but novels should not be the means of inculcating it. We condemn here not so much this novel, as the class of novels to which it avowedly belongs. They generally undertake to teach, and as often forget that no teaching will be so effective as that which both elevates and delights. This story will doubtless be successful; it has already been highly praised, and is certainly more carefully written than "Pink and White Tyranny"; but those who read it should bear in mind that our interest in ignoble cares is not the proper subject for works of fiction. The story of Harry Henderson's boyish love is told not badly, and the account of his affection when a child for a little girl, is really pretty, and, though at times it seems a little exaggerated, it is the most nearly poetical thing in the book.

A careful proof-reader would have corrected numerous mistakes; and, if he had known French, it would not have been amiss. The illustrations are below blame.

The Life of John Pendleton Kennedy. By Henry T. Tuckerman. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1871.)—The writing of this book was undoubtedly a labor of love on the part of Mr. Tuckerman, and to this fact are due the merits, as well as the faults, of the volume. In Mr. Kennedy's life there was nothing of striking interest to most of us, for Secretaries of the Navy often descend into their graves unwept, with their lives unwritten, and their names immortalized only in the lists of past United States officials; but there was something in this man's character which endeared him to all who knew him, and a gentle dignity and courtliness in his whole life, which make the book of value as a picture of a time now past, when both the literature and the politics of the country were in a more "genial" state than they are now. Not that Mr. Kennedy was lacking in a serious comprehension of political affairs—of the war, for example, and its consequences—far from it; no Marylander of his position, who stood by the Union, can be said to have taken the "genial" side; but in the active political life from which the Rebellion found him quite retired, he figured, and figures over again in this memoir, as the "gentleman of the olden time," taking a public position as a reward of general intelligence and respectable life, rather than of "services" to his party, or of unwearied trumpeting of his own claims to office. Mr. Kennedy's literary life was of more or less importance in its day, but we doubt if many readers are familiar with "Horse-Shoe Robinson" or "Swallow-Barn," yet the *North American Review*, then in its palmy days (we quote from Mr. Tuckerman), said about the last-named: "We do not know that we can better express our friendly feelings for him [the author] than by expressing the wish that the success which this production has met with may induce him to withdraw his attention from other objects, and devote himself entirely to the elegant pursuits of polite literature, for which his taste and talent are so well adapted; and in which the demand for labor—to borrow an expression from a science to which he is no stranger—is still more pressing than in law, political economy, and politics." Mr. Tuckerman compares it with the *Spectator* and with Irving's "Bracebridge Hall." William Wirt called it "a right merrie and conceited work"; but it has gone, and is now interesting chiefly as a memorial of the good old Knickerbocker days, when every one was expecting to wake up some morning and find an American literature waiting to be read and admired through countless ages. Hence the ready encouragement bestowed on all literary aspirants, and the praise which Mr. Kennedy's earliest productions earned for him. Thus, with some of his young associates at the bar, he brought out "The Red Book," which his biographer tells us "shows the old Queen Anne essay style and scope, now allegorical and now a parody, here an imitation of classical English, and there a reproduction of a classical type." And it was of these papers, of which specimen titles are, "The History of Mr. Bronze," "An Old Prophecie," "Sidrophel to the Ladies," etc., that the late Mr. Everett wrote privately: "There is so much talent displayed in 'The Red Book' that I should gladly see you strike boldly at greater abuses; and, though it might still be done in a pleasant way, aim at elevating the turn of public feeling on many important points of opinion and morals. Your town is large enough to admit it—ours is not; for it is scarcely possible, with a limited population like that of Boston, to say anything

which will not bring you into personal collision with your acquaintances." Professor Andrews Norton, too, wrote begging them, for the honor of Greek and Baltimore, not to print σ instead of ς final, and not to use double η as a diphthong.

After his marriage, and his more legitimate appearance as an author, Mr. Kennedy was elected member of Congress, where he occupied a respectable position. For his much-needed and successful support of Mr. Morse, in his attempts to get money to make experiments with the telegraph, he deserved the thanks of the country, and indeed of mankind. Later, under Millard Fillmore, he was made Secretary of the Navy, and to his assistance was largely due the success of Kane's voyage to the Arctic seas, and Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan. Perhaps the most admirable feature of his public career was the modesty with which he always spoke of what he had done. Of the last twenty years of his life—he died at Newport, in August, 1870—we have a full record in this volume. He gave much of his time and attention to his friends, old and young; he visited Europe; enjoying, in a word, an honorable old age. That his great attractiveness was more due to the kindness of his heart and the charm of his manner than to any preponderance of those qualities that live outside of the memories of one's personal friends can be seen in the quotations from his diary, written upon his birthdays. For instance: "October 25, 1848.—Fifty-three! Fiddle-de-dee! Here is my birthday. The top of the morning to you, my good fellow! You wear well. Somewhat thin—somewhat scattered in the matter of thatch upon the poll; but not so bare as the back of my hand. It will come to that one day. Let it come, I am ready, etc." Many of his letters to his friends, and particularly those to his godson, are less languidly humorous. A proof of the goodness of his heart is his kindness to Edgar A. Poe, whom he helped in many ways. This is an interesting record from his journal under the date of June 22, 1853: "We [Irving and himself] saw also Washington's ledger, a very large folio, full of accounts. Among other accounts (they are all in the General's handwriting), there is one headed 'Accounts of Cards and other Games.' This has the entries of three years (1772–3–4), with a debtor and creditor side. His winnings entered on one side—thirteen pounds, the highest entry there—and his losings on the other, with a balance struck at the end of three years, showing a loss of six pounds and some shillings."

On the whole, then, the chief merit of this book is the attractive picture it gives us of the best sort of Southern gentleman, well educated, of literary tastes, an honest politician, and a good lawyer. For, whatever merit our grandchildren may find in the present generation, it certainly will not be the elegant leisure of our public men; nor are we of to-day divided between our admiration of their literary work and our respect for their official excellence. Mr. Tuckerman's performance is wanting in order; dates are confused without regard to the reader's convenience; and the whole volume would have been better for more careful proof-reading.

War and the Weather; or, The Artificial Production of Rain. By E. Powers, C.E. (Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1871).—The author affirms it to be the duty of Government to cause some experiments to be made to determine whether rain cannot be produced by the discharge of artillery. To prove this opinion, two hundred battles and salutes followed by rain are referred to, scattered over the four quarters of the globe, along with some score of campaigns and sieges during which it was unusually rainy. These battles occupy the bulk of the book. At the close is a discussion of the best arrangement of the cannon by which Government is to furnish rain for the victims of drought and fire. The only strong point in the argument is the sequence of rain after certain Mexican battles during the dry season in that country. But the author fails to perceive the importance of showing precisely how infrequent rain is during the dry season. A brief table of the statistics of the monthly rain-fall near Monterey and Buena Vista during the twenty years since the war, would furnish the material for an easy calculation of the chances against the rain having been accidental after those battles. Such a table would be worth more than the fifty pages of "documents" in the appendix, which are letters from army officers attesting that rain followed battles in our late civil war. But it is not even stated when the rainy season ends and begins in Mexico. The rest of the argument is fitted to impress readers who are taken by appearances. Here is a sample from page 28, "Artillery Firing in Front of Hooker" (these lines are in capitals, and leaded apart from the lines above and below, as are the names of all battles referred to, which gives the book a peculiar appearance inside): ". . . June 21, 1862: 'Suddenly a brisk fire of musketry ran along Hooker's front, followed by artillery' and [next day] 'we have had a few drops of rain since dark.' On the day after, also, there were 'showers of rain with a little thunder.'" We are not told but that "a brisk fire of musketry" ran along somebody's front every day during the year 1862: nor how many such discharges were followed by *clear* days. Mr. Powers should have confined himself to a narrow space and time, and given the weather record both at the scene and some distance eastward, for *every hour* during the *period* selected. Or, a terser method would have been to confine himself to cases when thunderstorms followed firing, for these phenomena are limited, in most States, to a few months in the year, so that their occurring in other months would have some significance. Butler's "Philosophy of the Weather" would furnish details concerning the usual paths of storms in different months.

The order in which battles are introduced is so reckless as to be amusing. Thus: after a battle in Prussia, in this century, is mentioned a salute fired in Madras in 1776; then the siege of Valenciennes, in the French Revolution; then the bombardment of a fort in Sweden in 1806; then a naval battle in the Indian Ocean in 1793; then Sedan! Irrelevant matters are admitted, such as names of generals, military manœuvres, numbers of men killed, compliments to troops (to the Russian infantry at Eylau!) Instead of all this, why does it never occur to the author to tell the calibre of the heaviest guns used in a given case, or whether the sky looked like rain before the first discharge? Why is it that only five of Bonaparte's battles are alluded to? Were all the others followed by fair weather?

The most notable blunder in the book occurs under the caption Waterloo. "Waterloo, as all know, was fought in a pouring rain, brought on, without doubt, by the battles of Ligny and Gemappes, which preceded it." Now, the fact is that Waterloo fell on a clear day (though in deep mud from the rain of the preceding day, which, being twenty-four hours nearer Ligny, would have been better for the argument); but the writer actually forgets to look up the weather after Waterloo, though so conspicuously parading its name! Had he known, he would surely have informed us, that thirty-six hours after the battle a long rain set in. The respectability of all Mr. Powers's other testimony is compromised by this carelessness. The weather records in the appendix are worthless, because disconnected. The conclusion, then, is that though a casual connection between firing and rain may exist, our author has not been accurate enough to justify Government in appropriating money to experiment about it. Moreover, it might be doubted whether an agricultural college would not be more appropriately appealed to than Congress, considering how Mr. Smithson's astronomical donation was treated.

Dr. K. v. Spruner's Hand-Atlas für die Geschichte des Mittelalters und der neueren Zeit. Dritte Auflage. Neu bearbeitet von Dr. Theodor Menke. (Spruner's Historico-Biographical Hand-Atlas, Mediæval and Modern. Third edition; re-elaboration of Dr. T. Menke.) (Gotha: Justus Perthes. New York: B. Westermann & Co. 1871.)—The names of the author, reviser, and publisher of this grand work are a sufficient guaranty of its excellence in every respect; and, as regards its external appearance, a glance at the maps constituting the first number—which is now before us—is enough to convince us that the new edition is to be a rival of the finest productions of the cartographic art in its latest development. The whole publication is to consist of ninety large maps, including also about three hundred and forty sectional maps, all newly designed and engraved. The latter will thus be almost three times as numerous as in the two former editions. The work is to be published in twenty-three numbers. The first contains "The East Roman Empire in the Time of Justinian," with plans of Constantinople, Rome, and Carthage among the sectional maps; "The East Roman Empire and Western Asia, from Justinian's Time to the Fall of the Sassanide Empire"; "Syria during the Crusades," with the Holy Land, plans of Jerusalem and Acco, etc.; and "The Ottoman Empire and the States under its Protection in the Seventeenth Century." Introductory remarks are added, on separate pages, explanatory of the single maps. A remark on "The Ottoman Empire" informs us that the names of the localities are given after Hammer's history of that empire, Mailáth's "History of Hungary," and the "Wiener Jahrbücher." These authorities are certainly of a high order, but they have not prevented a somewhat indiscriminate use of names. Thus we find, in close succession, in the Turkish portion of "Hungary," "Buda," "Waitzen," and "Nowigrad," names of towns in Hungarian, German, and Slavic respectively; "Setscheny" and "Muncacs," also names of Hungarian towns, are correct in none of those languages. We need, however, hardly add that such slight blemishes are almost unavoidable in a work of such comprehensiveness.

Zanita: A Tale of the Yo-Semite. By Thérèse Yelverton, Viscountess Avonmore. (New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1872.)—What a lively imagination can do with unreal people, gorgeous scenery, and improbable incident is very well shown in this novel. The persons of the story are either eccentric or insane, except a few who are conspicuous for almost unprecedented refinement. This is an extract from the conversation of the author with two of the early settlers of California:

"We walked down to the falls in the moonlight; they fell like an

avalanche of silver spray, glittering like globules of quicksilver, the whole arched by a delicate lunar rainbow.

"'A real *pluie de perles*,' I exclaimed. 'Or Naiad's tears,' responded Rudd; 'weeping that Venus has usurped the loves of the golden-backed dolphins.'

"'Then it is not true of the dolphins, "*Qu'on retourne toujours à ses premières amours*"?'

"'No,' rejoined Rudd; '*amour* only returns when the *amourette* is a——'

"'Mrs. Brown,' I put in mischievously.

"'Ah! that's too bad,' laughed Mr. Naunton, 'to spoil the phrase and the compliment; it should have run, "when the *amourette* is a Sylvia"; for that is your name, I believe.'

"We turned to retrace our steps," etc.

Zanita, the heroine, is the ill-trained daughter of the last speaker, and the story is more especially about her growth in refinement through the gentle influence of love. The extract we have given may serve as an example of the style in which the novel is written. The title-page bears the date 1872. It would be well to be accurate even with the most ephemeral books.

A Journey Round My Room. By Xavier de Maistre. Translated from the French, with a notice of the author's life, by H. A. (New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1871.)—This is a neatly printed and carefully translated version of the story so familiar to beginners of French. They will remember its gushing sentimentality and close imitation of Sterne. It is difficult to find any other qualities in the book, which, however, may be safely bought by any one anxious to make a present to those who only use their books as ornaments of parlor tables. It is well enough printed for that, and the miniature illustrations add to its attractiveness.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Adams (Rev. W.), Regeneration in Baptism	(M. H. Mallory & Co.) $2 50
Alcott (Miss L. M.), Morning Glories, and Other Stories	(G. W. Carleton & Co.)
Antidote to "The Gates Ajar," swd	" " 25
Beard (Dr. G. M.), Eating and Drinking, swd	(G. P. Putnam & Sons) 50
College Library: Julian Home; Eric; St. Winifred's, 3 vols	(M. Doolady) 5 00
De Vere (Prof. M. S.), Americanisms	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Dewey (Mary E.), Life and Letters of Catharine M. Sedgwick	(Harper & Bros.)
Diaz (Mrs. A. M.), William Henry and His Friends	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 50
Erckmann-Chatrian (MM.), The Invasion of France in 1814	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Fowle (T. W.), The Character of Christ, swd	(Hurd & Houghton) 15
Half-Hours with Modern Scientists	(C. C. Chatfield & Co.)
Headley (J. T.), Mountain Adventures	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Holt (Emily S.), Isoult Barry of Wynscote	(T. Whittaker & Co.)
Hood (T.), Puss and Robin; and their Friends Kitty & Bob	(Macmillan & Co.) 1 50
Houses not Made with Hands	(G. W. Carleton & Co.)
Illustrirte Kriegs-Chronik, Part 28 and last, swd	(B. Westermann & Co.)
Jepson (B.), Elementary Music Reader	(C. C. Chatfield & Co.)
Kingsley (H.), The Lost Child	(Macmillan & Co.) 1 50
Knatchbull-Hugessen (E. H.), Moonshine; Fairy Stories	" " 1 50
Magill (Mary T.), Women, or Chronicles of the Late War	(Turnbull Bros.) 1 75
Marryat (Florence), The Prey of the Gods: a Tale	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 25
" " " swd	(Harper & Bros.) 30
Modern Scepticism	(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) 2 25
Morton House: a Tale, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.) 1 00
McPherson (E.), Political History of the U. S., 1865–1870	(Philp & Solomons)
Meline (J. F.), Mary, Queen of Scots	(Hurd & Houghton) 1 75
Mother Goose set to Music	(G. W. Carleton & Co.)

DIED.

AT EAST FISHKILL, N. Y., on Wednesday, October 18, Catharine E., widow of George Armstrong, of New York, in the 67th year of her age.

"And I heard a voice from heaven, saying: 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.'"

JUST PUBLISHED.

WAS SHE ENGAGED?

A NOVEL. BY "JONQUIL."

12mo, extra cloth, $1 50.

An attractive love story, full of charming complications and entertaining dialogue. Its plot is well constructed, and its style natural and lively.

TREATMENT AND PREVENTION OF

DECAY OF THE TEETH.

A PRACTICAL AND POPULAR TREATISE.

BY ROBERT ARTHUR, M.D., D.D.S.

Formerly Professor of the Principles of Dental Surgery in the Philadelphia and Pennsylvania Dental Colleges, etc.

With Thirty-eight Illustrations.

16mo, extra cloth, $1 50.

A manual thorough and practical in its matter and style, and suited to the wants of both the profession and the public.

PENDENNIS;

HIS FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES: HIS FRIENDS AND HIS GREATEST ENEMY.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Profusely Illustrated with Designs from Thackeray's own Drawings.

Being Vol. II. of the New Crown 8vo Edition of Thackeray.

Toned paper, handsomely bound in fine cloth, $3 25.

The New Crown 8vo Edition of Thackeray contains all the most attractive features of the famous Standard Edition, including its profuse and beautiful series of characteristic illustrations.

MUSKINGUM LEGENDS.

WITH OTHER SKETCHES AND PAPERS DESCRIPTIVE OF THE YOUNG MEN OF GERMANY AND THE OLD BOYS OF AMERICA.

BY STEPHEN POWERS.

12mo, extra cloth, $1 75.

This series of travelling sketches is distinguished alike for the novelty and interest of the subjects chosen, and for the sprightly and attractive manner in which these subjects are treated.

For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price, by

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,

715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia, and 25 Bond Street, New York.

LADIES DESIROUS OF LEARNING TO sing in the pure Italian School, will address SIGNOR GIANNETTI, care of Wm. Hall & Son, 751 Broadway.

JUST READY.

I. TAINE'S ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Vol. I. Royal 8vo, cloth (to be completed in 2 vols. Vol. II. nearly ready), per vol., $5.

THE PUBLISHERS HAVE BEEN LED TO the considerable undertaking of reproducing this great work by the solicitation of several scholars eminent in the department, who have pronounced it unquestionably the best book on English literature extant. From this opinion they have never heard a dissenting voice. The American reviewers have not yet given their opinion of the work; but the capacity of the author for such an undertaking may be to some extent surmised from the testimony quoted below, from John Stuart Mill, regarding his power as a student of the human intellect, and the following testimony from the Nation regarding his general power as a writer:

"One of the most powerful writers of the day—to our own taste, indeed, the most powerful—the writer of all others who throws over the reader's faculties, for the time, the most irresistible spell, and against whose influence, consequently, the mental reaction is most violent and salutary. . . . . His style, literally translated, makes very natural English. It has an energy, an impetus, a splendor to which no words of ours can do justice. . . . Finally, we cannot help laying down our conviction that M. Taine's two volumes (on Italy) form a truly great production. . . . One feels at moments as if, before this writer, there had been no critics, no travellers, observers, or æsthetic inquisitors.

II. TAINE ON INTELLIGENCE.

Royal 8vo, cloth, $5.

"We feel certain that it will be welcomed, as soon as known, by the most advanced school of English mental science. . . . The book deserves to be, and we hope will be, universally read by real students of psychology."—J. S. Mill, in Fortnightly Review.

III. SPIELHAGEN'S NOVELS.

Household Edition, $1 50 per vol.

PROBLEMATIC CHARACTERS and THROUGH NIGHT TO LIGHT—NOW READY.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

TAINE'S ART IN GREECE, $1 25.

GOETHE'S POEMS AND BALLADS, $1 50.

GUSTAVE DROZ, "Around a Spring," 75c.

HOLT & WILLIAMS, Publishers,

25 Bond Street, New York.

TO BE PUBLISHED NOV. 25.

BEHIND THE LOOKING-GLASS,

AND WHAT ALICE SAW THERE.

By the Author of

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.

Elegantly Illustrated.

Booksellers should forward their orders at once.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

JUST PUBLISHED.

AMERICANISMS.

BY PROF. SCHELE DE VERE,

of the University of Virginia. Author of "Studies in English," etc. 1 vol. crown 8vo, printed on laid and tinted paper, 600 pages.

PRICE IN CLOTH, $3.

Prof. De Vere, whose studies in English have secured him a high repution among philologists, in this volume pushes his investigations into a field which has never before been explored so thoroughly or so attractively. He traces a large number of "Americanisms" never before identified, and by grouping them all in chapters according to their respective derivations, gains the opportunity to develop the subject in a systematic and most entertaining manner.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

I. The Indian.
II. Immigrants from Abroad.
III. The Great West.
IV. The Church.
V. Politics.
VI. Trade of All Kinds.
VII. Afloat.
VIII. On the Rail.
IX. Natural History.
X. Old Friends with New Faces.
XI. Cant and Slang.
XII. New Words and Nicknames.

A FULL INDEX.

ANOTHER VOLUME OF

THE POPULAR ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN NOVELS.

THE INVASION OF FRANCE IN 1814.

BY ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

With a Memoir of the Authors and four full-page Illustrations.

1 vol. 12mo, paper, 50 cents; cloth, 90 cents.

BY THE SAME AUTHORS.

Uniform with the above, each 1 vol., 12mo, illustrated.

THE CONSCRIPT.
WATERLOO.
A Sequel to the Conscript.
MADAME THERESE.
THE BLOCKADE.

Any or all of the above books sent to any address, postpaid, upon the receipt of the price by the publishers.

CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO.,

No. 654 Broadway, New York.

FOR SALE—LOW.

A few Large Paper Copies of

DE TOCQUEVILLE'S DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.

CHARLES W. SEVER,

UNIVERSITY BOOKSTORE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE COUNTRY SAFE!

Good Books are now "in order."

G. P. PUTNAM & SONS

Have now Ready,

I.

THE ARTISTS' EDITION OF HOOD.

THE POEMS OF THOMAS HOOD.

Elegantly printed on toned paper, with red lines, in 4to form. With 25 illustrations by Birket Foster, Darley, Doré, and others.

Small 4to. Uniform with "The Artists' Sketch Book." Elegantly bound, cloth gilt extra, $8; morocco extra antique, $12.

II.

A New and Splendid Volume of American Art.

THE GALLERY OF LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

AMERICAN SCENERY ILLUSTRATED BY AMERICAN ARTISTS.

Comprising 24 highly finished engravings on steel, from Paintings by Casilear, Kensett, Whittredge, Gignoux, etc.

With Letter-press Descriptions. In 1 vol. large 4to, elegantly bound in cloth extra, bevelled, gilt edges, $18; morocco extra, $30.

This beautiful volume is much the finest of its kind yet produced in the United States. As a gift-book of high character and solid elegance, it is not surpassed by any European work of its price.

III.

A New Impression of that Attractive Volume,

THE SUNNYSIDE BOOK.

BY POPULAR AUTHORS AND EMINENT ARTISTS.

With 40 beautiful illustrations.

Small folio, gilt extra, $1 50; morocco antique, $3; morocco extra, $9.

This "every way charming volume."—Boston Transcript.

IV.

THE CRAYON READER.

Choice Papers and Passages from the Writings of

WASHINGTON IRVING.

New edition. 12mo, cloth, $1 25.

V.

ART—PICTORIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

A volume of Original Papers on various topics connected with Ancient and Modern Art. With 53 Autotype Illustrations. Folio, cloth gilt extra, $16; half-morocco, gilt edges, $18.

VI.

SMITH'S WEALTH OF NATIONS. New (English) Edition, complete in 1 vol., 781 pages 12mo, $2 50.

VII.

WALPOLE'S ANECDOTES OF PAINTING IN England. New Edition complete. 1 vol. 12mo, $2.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED:

1. THE ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF D'Aubigné's History of the Great Reformation. 212 fine Engravings. Complete in 1 superb 4to, $10; morocco antique $16.
2. THE HANDY-BOOK SERIES: Eating and and Drinking, 50 cts.; cloth, 75 cts. Stimulants and Narcotics, 50 cts.; cloth, 75 cts. What to Eat, 40 cts.; cloth, 60 cts. Till the Doctor Comes, 30 cts.; cloth, 60 cts.

NEARLY READY:

1. PUTNAM'S HISTORICAL LIBRARY. 15 vols. $37 50.
2. PUTNAM'S "KNICKERBOCKER" EDITION of Poets. 4 vols. $2 each.
3. GEMS OF DUTCH ART. 4to.
4. THE BEST READING. A Guide for Book-buyers, Book-readers, Booksellers, and Librarians. 12mo.

G. P. PUTNAM & SONS,

Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED,

BY

LEE & SHEPARD.

REYNARD THE FOX. A Burlesque Poem. From the Low German Original of the Fifteenth Century. 4to, tinted paper, Red Line, 16 full-page illustrations, cloth, gilt edge, $2 50.

An elegant edition of a very popular satirical work, full of wit and humor.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF Robert Burns. With a steel Portrait and 32 full-page illustrations by eminent artists. 4to, tinted paper, Red Line, cloth gilt, $3 50.

BY PROF. W. ELIOT FETTE.

DIALOGUES FROM DICKENS. Second Series. 16mo, cloth, $1 50.

DIALOGUES FROM DICKENS. First Series. New Edition. 16mo, cloth, illustrated, $1 50.

BY MISS A. M. DOUGLAS.

KATHIE'S SOLDIERS. 16mo. Illustrated. $1.

KATHIE'S HARVEST DAYS. 16mo. Illustrated. $1.

KATHIE'S STORIES. Complete, 6 vols. illustrated. Per vol., $1.

1. Kathie's Three Wishes.
2. Kathie's Aunt Ruth.
3. Kathie's Summer at Cedarwood.
4. Kathie's Soldiers.
5. In the Ranks.
6. Kathie's Harvest Days.

OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' FAVORITE. Containing Tales of Adventure, Records of Travels, Sea Stories, Dialogues, Head Work, etc. Splendidly illustrated. $1 50.

Sold by all Booksellers and Newsdealers.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

LEE, SHEPARD & DILLINGHAM, N. Y.

THE CHICAGO FIRE

DESTROYED

THE LITTLE CORPORAL

Publishing House with all its contents, including the November Number, which was ready for the press, and partly printed. I am happy to announce, however, that the LITTLE CORPORAL

STILL LIVES,

and the December Number will appear early in November, brighter and more charming than ever.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

before you forget it, and secure for your children the best and cheapest Juvenile published.

TERMS $1 50 A YEAR.

Send for Premium List and raise a club.

Address

JOHN E. MILLER, Publisher,

CHICAGO, ILL.

THE BEST ENGLISH PERIODICALS.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY, EDINBURGH, WESTMINSTER, and BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEWS, and BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

Regularly and faithfully reprinted, at about one third the price of the originals.

TERMS.—Blackwood *or* any one Review, $4 a year; Blackwood *and* any one Review, $7; Blackwood and two Reviews, $10; Blackwood and three Reviews, $13; any three Reviews, $10; the four Reviews, $12; Blackwood and the four Reviews, $15.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE WESTMINSTER FOR OCTOBER.

THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO.,
140 Fulton Street, New York.

NEW BOOKS.

CHILD LIFE.

A COLLECTION OF POETRY FOR THE Young, selected and edited by JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, with an Introductory Essay. Profusely illustrated with handsome engravings. 1 vol. small quarto, bevelled and gilt, $3.

This volume includes a large number of the choicest poems in the literature of child-life. Hundreds of the most popular writers are represented—American, English, German, Italian, Norwegian, and Dutch. Mr. Whittier remarks in the preface:

"While the compiler has endeavored to accommodate his book to the especial tastes of the young, he has not been without the hope that maturer readers may find something of interest in it—something to bring back the freshness of the past—hints and echoes from the lost world of childhood. He is happy in believing that, in this way, some noontide wayfarer may be able to discover shadowy places of memory where the dew of the morning of life is not wholly dried up, and where may still be heard the music of the birds of sunrise."

The large and choice variety of contents, the beautiful printing, tasteful binding, and abundant illustrations of this volume, make it a gift-book of unusual attractiveness.

THE WANDERER: A COLLOQUIAL POEM.

By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. 1 vol. 16mo, $1 25; paper, 75 cents.

☞ This volume is of a character to justify what Mr. Emerson said of an earlier work by the same author: "Here is poetry which asks no aid of magnitude or number, of blood or crime, but finds theatre enough in the first field or brook-side, breadth and depth enough in the flow of its own thought. Here is self-respect which leads a man to date from his heart more proudly than from Rome. Here is love which sees through surface and adores the gentle nature and not the costume."

Mr. Geo. W. Curtis says: "Channing seems to be so intent upon his thought that, like a mountain climber resolved to pluck the edelweiss, he will mind no shocks or bruises. . . . It is refreshing, in these echoing days, to hear a strain which is entirely without echo. . . . Amidst the verse which is popular at the moment, this is a strain like that of Wordsworth to the devotees of Byron."

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers.

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO., Boston.

JUST PUBLISHED.

OUR COUNTRY HOME:

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

By the author of "Harry Lawton's Adventures," "What Makes Me Grow," etc. With Twelve Etchings

BY RUDOLF GEISSLER.

4to, cloth extra, $2.

POTT, YOUNG & CO.,

Cooper Union, New York.

BOOK-BUYERS.

Send for Catalogue of INTERESTING, USEFUL, and SCARCE BOOKS added to the Stock in hand of

FRANCIS EMMINS,

20 Nassau Street, New York.

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL. Oil explosions most frequently occur from the lamp being upset and broken. By using Pratt's Astral Oil, you avoid this as well as every other danger incident to unsafe oils, it being in every respect a perfectly pure, reliable, and safe article.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1871.

The Week.

THE Ring is slowly fading away. Tweed will, it is said, resign in a few days, and is now only waiting to see whether he cannot bargain for the selection of his successor. Connolly has at last resigned the Comptrollership, and Mr. Andrew H. Green, to everybody's satisfaction and relief, been appointed in his stead. Hitherto, as simply Deputy-Comptroller, his tenure was dependent on the duration of Connolly's penitence, and, had Tammany carried the election, he would probably have been dismissed. Connolly, it is said, offered to resign some months ago, on condition that Green were put in his place, which the Mayor agreed to do, but, after the seeming success of Tammany at Rochester, he picked up his courage again, and refused. The election has at last frightened him into compliance. Judge Hilton's place on the Central Park Commission has been worthily filled by Mr. Henry G. Stebbins, who long presided on the old board, and has since figured prominently on the Committee of Seventy. Sweeny having resigned, too, Hall may be said to be left "blooming alone." Why he does not follow his "lovely companions," it is hard to say, but we understand he wishes to support his denial of all complicity in the frauds by sticking to his place. It would almost require a change in the constitution of the human mind to make it possible to persuade people that a gentleman who passed twenty years inside New York politics, and even filled the office of district-attorney for more than half that period, and had lived in intimacy with the leading members of the Ring, can have committed his powers as a member of the Board of Audit to Tweed, and afterwards endorsed warrants for "claims" to the amount of over six millions of dollars, without suspecting anything was wrong. But no change in man's mental constitution, of which it is possible for finite beings at present to conceive, would enable people to believe that a gentleman of this description is innocent of complicity, who, when he hears of the frauds, and finds presumptive evidence of them on the books, first denies that they exist; then acknowledges that they do exist, but that an "old board" was responsible for them; then says he signed the warrants, but only "ministerially"; and then says he did not sign them at all, that his name was forged to them, but never exhibits a particle of surprise or indignation, and never proposes, during six long months of agitation, to aid in any investigation, or put anybody on his trial, or bring anybody to justice. It is almost an insult to the public to pretend that we have no right to charge Hall with fraud because nobody has been able to trace any of the money into his pockets or into his bank account. If such proof were necessary to moral conviction, nine-tenths of the thieves could boast unblemished reputations. There may not be proof enough to send him to jail, but there is proof enough to drive him out of office, and out of every honest man's house and company.

These changes in the city government have been very appropriately followed or accompanied by the resignation of Collector Murphy, which he has at last had the decency to send in, and which the President has accepted with profuse expressions of esteem and confidence, which, perhaps, he owes Murphy, but which it would have been well for his own reputation if he had refrained from offering. There can be no doubt that Murphy was appointed in order that he might do a certain kind of work in the Custom-house, and there is no doubt that he did it; but that work was not the prompt, careful, and honest collection of the revenue. We know of one case, at least, in which, just after taking office, he confessed to a merchant of this city—who went to him to intercede for an upright and efficient officer of long standing whom he was dismissing—that he (Murphy) was put there to "run" the Custom-house for the best interests of the party, and that he meant to do it, and that, although he acknowledged the truth of all that was said in favor of the gentleman in question, he would have to go, as his place was needed for a more "useful" man. It was because it was this kind of service that the Collector was expected to render that a man of Murphy's class was selected for the place, and that class includes, in this city, Tweed, Connolly, Hugh Smith, Sweeny, and the like. Some of its members are Republicans, others Democrats; all have some nominal calling, and all "speculate" in city real estate, and know a good deal about it, as Murphy says he does; but they all manage to help their speculations by a little "politics."

The amount of Murphy's collections at the Custom-house, and the cost per cent., have been sent on from Washington as a sort of parting touch of whitewash, but we warn the reader that these figures prove nothing and reveal nothing. What we need to know first is how much *might* be collected, and at what cost, by an efficient business man; having got this, we should be in a position to judge of Murphy's efficiency, or that of any politician who takes his place. We believe the general opinion of the mercantile community here is that the Custom-house was never worse managed than under his sway. To his successor, Mr. Arthur, we know of only two objections—that he is a lawyer and not a merchant, and that he is and has been a warm friend and supporter of Murphy, and an active politician of the same wing of the Republican party. Personally, he is a gentleman and a man of education, but the fact that he is a prominent member of "the Custom-house faction" forbids the hope that he will take the Custom-house out of politics or institute any real reform. It is for the people of the United States to say how long this plan of "reforming the Civil Service" on paper, around a table at Washington, and keeping up its worst abuses in the ordinary working of the administrative machinery, is to be persisted in.

We are glad to say that the propriety of the step which we suggested two weeks ago to Judge Hilton, was perceived by himself nearly as soon as by others. He has resigned his position as Vice-President of the Central Park Commission. We cannot allow him to go back to private life without an attempt to "improve the occasion." He deliberately took office in company with a band of politicians resting under suspicion of dishonesty, which even then almost amounted to certainty—one of his colleagues in the Park Commission, "Tom Fields," who is now under arrest for swindling, and ought to be in the penitentiary, being one of the most notorious political scoundrels in the city—and, in company with these men, he ousted and took the place of the respectable citizens who had managed the Park from the beginning with an honesty and ability unparalleled in the history of the city. Not only this, but he, as executive officer, proceeded to dismiss, and with actual contumely, the architects who had constructed the Park, and who were still engaged in the completion of their designs; and he removed from all share in its management Mr. Andrew H. Green, who for ten years had honorably and efficiently superintended it. He then put it into the hands of common Ring gardeners and laborers, and began to carry out on it his own curious ideas of landscape gardening, a subject on which we need hardly say he is as ignorant as man can well be. This was bad enough; but finding that the public excitement against the Ring was increasing, and that Connolly's failure to publish his accounts was creating great outcry, and was likely to lead to enquiry, far from throwing his influence on the side of reform, or seeking to make Connolly obey the law, he went to work to quiet and confuse the public mind by giving public testimony as to the honesty of the members of the Ring, and as to the mode in which they had made their enormous fortunes, subjects on which, as events have shown, he either knew nothing whatever or knew a great deal. In either case, his coming out as a witness about them was little, if any, short of connivance at fraud. We ought to add that Mr. Hilton is not wholly to blame in this matter.

He is in all respects a very ordinary person, whose sole claim to any position of prominence in the public confidence is based on his connection with Mr. A. T. Stewart, and we cannot help saying, after all that has happened, that Mr. Stewart would do well to look a little more carefully after his dependents.

That many of the crimes of Tammany differ only in degree from the practices of other men deemed highly respectable is anew brought to the public notice by the failure during the week of some of the savings-banks started under Tammany auspices. It is notorious that the original idea of the philanthropists, who organized savings-banks for the purpose of serving and benefiting the poor and ignorant, barely survives, if at all, in some of the older institutions,which are still managed by honorable men without reward direct or indirect, and from motives of pure benevolence. But with these rare exceptions, the savings-bank has long since become an institution devoted to the interests of its founders or managers instead of its depositors, using the pretence of philanthropy for the sole purpose of obtaining the control of the enormous sums of money which constitute the savings of the poor. Few persons are aware, or are apt to remember, that the deposits of the savings-banks of New England and New York State alone nearly reach the enormous sum of five hundred million dollars, and that the control of even a very small portion of this sum would be a source of power and profit to the most scrupulous and most honorable management. But, under a law easily evaded and most laxly administered, less scrupulous and less honorable managers long since discovered that, next to the national bank monopoly, the savings-bank system was the most powerful financial institution of the country, and most easily perverted to purposes of private advantage. It is not to be wondered that the Tammany Ring sought to obtain a share of this power and profit, and that it established savings-bank after savings-bank for the sole purpose of employing the savings of the working-classes in the purchase of those fraudulent and secret issues of city and county bonds, which could not have been offered in the open market without long since exposing the magnitude of their iniquity.

We presume the true version of the differences between M. Catacazy, the Russian minister, and this Government will hardly ever be known; but it seems safe to affirm that he has been guilty of divers indiscretions, and notably of "inspiring" newspapers with attacks on the Administration, and that for this and other reasons the President has asked for his recall, and the Administration press, as in duty bound, has furiously attacked him. The Russian Government was evidently, owing to the approaching visit of the Grand Duke, placed by the affair in an awkward position, and sought, Russian or Continental fashion, to pooh-pooh and gloss over the matter through the semi-official press; but the combined onslaught of our newspapers on M. Catacazy at last drove the Russian Foreign Office into a more explicit statement of its understanding of the case in the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg*. It appears that M. de Westmann, the minister, was aware of the Catacazy difficulty for some time before calling the Emperor's attention to it, believing it to be a personal matter which would blow over, and, when he did so at last, it was too near the Grand Duke's visit, and the causes of the trouble were too obscure, to take any immediate action on it. His stay till the Grand Duke's visit was over was therefore arranged, but without any mention of "toleration," and then, the mere fact that he is personally disagreeable to the President will be sufficient, according to diplomatic usage, to ensure his recall, without going into disagreeable details.

In the meantime the Grand Duke has arrived, after a tedious and stormy voyage, and at this writing is being received by the committee of citizens, which, in curious illustration of the condition of our City Government, now always takes the place of the city authorities in welcoming distinguished strangers. The last occasion on which the city politicians were allowed to "extend hospitalities" and "tender" things to unfortunate foreigners was the visit of the Japanese, who, being heathen, were given up to them without remorse; but it was a barbarous and inhuman proceeding, unworthy of a Christian community. The Grand Duke is apparently a modest, sensible young gentleman, who is laboriously engaged in learning and discharging the duties of an honorable profession, and is entitled, as the son of the reigning house of a country which has been uniformly friendly to the United States, to a very cordial greeting, which he will certainly get. We will not add anything to the warnings which some of our daily contemporaries have addressed to his hosts on the subject of good taste, and the general restraining of enthusiasm and other noble emotions; but we may, perhaps, be allowed to fortify what the New York *Tribune* has said in the nature of a hint to the ladies—that Europeans are somewhat puzzled by great eagerness on the part of young women to see and talk to young men of whatever rank, and that it is the custom of the regions from which the Grand Duke comes, and of the circles in which he has lived, for the gentlemen to call upon or approach even such ladies as desire to make their acquaintance, and not vice versâ, as a Congressman might say. In short, the spectacle of a young man, surrounded by a bevy of girls or women gazing blandly at him and eager for his notice, is to the denizens of the effete despotisms of the Old World at least novel.

We have received from a very respectable source in San Francisco a strange story about the dealings of a company, known as the "Alaska Commercial Company," with the inhabitants of the Island of St. George, in the Arctic Sea, which came to us as an appendage of Alaska. The Alaska Commercial Company is a Californian concern, which purchased the stock and fixtures of a Russian Company, broken up by the cession to the United States, and has obtained a lease of the islands of St. George and St. Paul, for the exercise of the exclusive privilege of killing the seals which frequent them, and dealing in the fur and oil. The terms of the contract bound it to furnish the native inhabitants of the islands whom it found there with clothing and medicine, and the means of educational and religious improvement. The inhabitants, however, now say that the company has violated all the stipulations made for their benefit; that the lease of the island on which they live has virtually sentenced them to a kind of imprisonment; and that the company has reduced them to a kind of slavery or peonage, by getting them heavily into debt for supplies furnished to them, of which it retains a monopoly, and by refusing to pay them more than forty cents a skin for their fur, which gives them only about fifty cents a day for their labor—and, of course, they have no other market for their wares—thus leaving them dependents and paupers. They add that the employees of the company also "often beat and violently assault them"; and, as the company has a monopoly of the fur trade, they select and pay for only the best skins, throwing the rest into the sea—the loss falling on the laborers. These statements were, the islanders say, embodied in a petition in 1869, which they tried to send to Washington, but it never reached its destination. They tried again, by giving another copy to a United States official in 1871, but they never could find out what he did with it. They then tried to get it published in the San Francisco papers, but only succeeded with regard to one, which, two days after, apologized for printing it, having in the interval been seen by the officers of the company, whom it handsomely eulogized. We offer no opinion as to the truth of the charges, but they certainly furnish ground for prompt and searching enquiry when Congress meets. Some member, we trust, will take the matter up, even if the California members do not. This enquiry is all the more necessary, because the impropriety of committing to a commercial company by lease the material and moral welfare of a population, such as that Russia handed over to us in Alaska, is plain on its face.

The South Carolina bonds have sunk to 26, and Governor Scott now announces calmly that he believes our old friend, Niles G. Parker, the State Treasurer, has been guilty of fraudulent issues;

while Niles and his friends say that the Governor and his friends have been telling lies about the State debt, and making it appear smaller than it really was, for political purposes. In the meantime the treasury is completely empty; the taxpayers of the State are calling loudly for repudiation, and nobody doubts that the Ring has committed, either in New York or Charleston, or both, enormous frauds. We predicted repudiation more than a year ago as the likely result of the operations of the disreputable band who constituted the State government, but we sincerely trust that the decent people of South Carolina will now find some other way out of their difficulty, for repudiation is a process which, once begun, rarely stops short at debts fraudulently contracted. In the meantime, we once more call attention to the fact that the majority in Congress and the Administration have no remedy to offer for this deplorable state of things, except the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, and cavalry and artillery, and the Administration organs still ask us to believe that, if we only "proclaim" counties enough, and send down troops enough, and let Scott and Parker go on stealing quietly and securely, all will eventually be well.

Stocks are generally higher, Government bonds very firm, foreign exchange higher, and gold unaccountably weak, money easy, business dull, and all prudent men cautious. In trade, the week has been moderately satisfactory, and a more encouraging tone prevails. Breadstuffs are higher under continued heavy exports, meats somewhat better, but still very low and depressed. Cotton is coming forward pretty well, though still considerably behind last year. In spite of the diminished receipts, stocks on this side are larger, owing to the slowness of the export movement, the English and Continental spinners holding large stocks, and the India crop being decidedly greater than of late years. Still, prices are firm, and have advanced a little, but much of the firmness seems to be speculative. Country trade is quiet and fair, and merchants are recovering from their fears. There is again trouble brewing in the coal regions. The men of one of the largest companies in the Lehigh and Wyoming valleys have struck, owing to alleged irregularity in the receipt of their pay. Some smaller collieries have suspended work, and the mine-owners are not prospering just now, although the consumer receives but little benefit from the decline in the wholesale price. Real estate is dull and weak.

Affairs in Spain have culminated in a new ministerial crisis. In the sitting of the Cortes on Friday last, the Zorilla wing of the Radicals brought forward their proposition of want of confidence in the Malcampo Cabinet, based mainly on asserted infringements of the rights of association in dealing with the Internationals. This was met by a counter-motion, submitted by Señor Ochoa, for the suppression of all restrictions on religious societies, and notably of those imposed by the late Provisional Government, of which Señor Zorilla himself was a member. Pending the discussion, which was violent and protracted beyond measure, a proposition was offered to declare the sitting permanent, and adopted by a considerable majority, in spite of the Cabinet staking its existence on its rejection. Admiral Malcampo, the Minister President, thereupon immediately prorogued the Cortes by royal decree, and tendered his resignation to the king, who, however, seems to hesitate in accepting it. The crisis is accompanied by immense excitement throughout the country, and the Internationals are busy fanning the flames; but the Republican members of the Cortes have issued a circular urging the maintenance of order. The Cable fails to inform us by whose defection the defeat of the Malcampo Cabinet has been brought about. To judge by previous despatches, it is more likely to have resulted from a factious coalition between Republicans and Zorilla men on one side, and Carlists and Alfonsinos on the other, than from a sudden desertion from the Government side of a large number of Sagasta's partisans.

The Spanish ministry which has just gone out of office disgraced itself towards the close of its term by a proposal, on the part of M. Augulo, the Minister of Finance, to strike the dividends of foreign creditors of the Government with a tax of eighteen per cent. An attempt was made to soften the scheme by attaching to it the ridiculous condition that ten per cent. only of the tax should pass to the treasury, the other eight per cent. to form a "sinking fund" for the benefit of the creditor; but the term "Sinking Fund" appears to have impressed the creditors very much as the term "Board of Apportionment," applied to the Ring, affected the inhabitants of this city. The "Sinking Fund" would, of course, be treated with no more respect than the original debt. What aggravated the case was, that the prospectus under which the last loan was contracted expressly declared that the bonds should be free from Spanish taxes. The Spanish bondholders in London held an indignation meeting as soon as they heard of the proposal, and protested strongly against the tax as "a flagrant breach of faith," "destructive of the credit of Spain," and "injurious to the true interests of her people," and they provided for the appointment of a committee to consider the expediency, in the event of the tax being imposed, of issuing certificates to holders of Spanish bonds protesting against and claiming indemnification for deductions made from the full amount of the coupons, and of taking measures to prevent the admission of any new Spanish securities to the London Stock Exchange, and all other public exchanges. The Cortes has not, thus far, acted on the proposal, and, owing to the fall of the ministry, probably will not; but the mere fact that Spanish financiers think of such plans in moments of perplexity must seriously injure Spanish credit, because it revives in full force the old distrust which for so many years kept Spain out of all European money markets. It will, however, serve one good purpose, in increasing the unwillingness of small investors to lend money to foreign governments. Nothing can well be more unsafe, as the experience of every day shows. Austria has done within the last five years what Spain has been proposing to do. Italy came near doing it; and, if the Democrats and Butlerites had had their way, we should have done it ourselves, and it is the readiness with which, for the last fifty years, governments have procured loans from foreigners that deprives such schemes of the terror which they should really possess.

The Kellersperg Cabinet proceeds, apparently without hesitation, on the path chosen for its action when it assumed the reins of government in Cisleithan Austria. The Diet of Bohemia having most emphatically reiterated its determination not to elect delegates to the Reichsrath of Vienna, a decree has been issued ordering direct elections by the people instead of the regular ones by the provincial assembly. This cannot fail to produce increased agitation in that province—if, in fact, the political excitement there can run higher than it has been running for some time without degenerating into armed conflicts, for plunging into which the Czechs can, however, find but little encouragement in the present juncture of European affairs. The demonstrations made in Prague on the return of Dr. Rieger, the popular advocate of the Czechs' claims, from Vienna, on the breaking off of the negotiations with the Government and the fall of the Hohenwart Ministry, were tumultuous enough, but the intervention of the police alone was sufficient to check them. The rage of the Czechs was then chiefly directed against Count Andrássy, to whose advice, and the Hungarians in general, they attributed the Emperor's final resolution; and an internal crusade against the latter, by means of Slavic agitation in the Transleithan division of the empire, was preached in the *Pokrok* and other journals of Prague—the assailants of the Magyars forgetting that a violent agitation of the same character which was charged to themselves had preceded, and probably determined, Andrássy's meddling in Cisleithan affairs, and that his course was far from being generally approved by his countrymen. The elections ordered in Bohemia will probably result in a comparatively small number of German successes in various portions of the country, and in the return by the Czech districts of Nationalists who will refuse to take their seats in the Reichsrath, which will thus hardly escape the reproach of being but a rump parliament.

THE POLITICAL PROSPECT.

THE precise meaning of the Republican triumphs all over the country at the late elections, and especially in this State, is, naturally, a subject which is interesting the political world a good deal, and giving rise to a good deal of discussion and speculation. Ordinarily, a victory of the party in power, the year preceding the Presidential nomination, is taken to be an endorsement of the administration, and it is not surprising that the present Administration should put this construction on the late Republican successes. The President, who has for a good while made no secret of his desire and expectation of renomination, and the whole army of office-holders, who desire and expect it at least as much as he, are, therefore, just now, in very high spirits, and look forward to the Republican Convention not only without misgiving, but with joyous anticipation, and it must be admitted they have, during the last year, played their part with considerable skill. The unfortunate effect which appointments like Murphy's and Forney's were producing on the public mind has been very properly and judiciously met by the organization of a commission for the reform of the civil service, so that anybody who complains of the way in which the New York or Philadelphia Custom-house is managed can be promptly disarmed with the reply that rules are now being framed at Washington which, when carried into effect, will render such appointments impossible or innocuous. The debt has been undergoing steady reduction by means of the surplus which the prodigious growth of the country in wealth and population places every year at the disposal of the Government, and the conversion of a portion of it at par at a lower rate of interest has been apparently made by the device of giving interest-bearing bonds to an association of bankers three months before they are called on to pay for them. The civil service, in some departments, has really been improved, and the appointments made in execution of the Treaty of Washington have been admirable, and, although the defalcations in various branches have been numerous and large, they have been readily put out of sight by the tremendous frauds of Tammany, which, of course, are set down to the Democratic party.

The state of things at the South, which cannot well be worse, and which almost seems to threaten a dissolution of society, owing to the deep and unblushing corruption and rascality of the class which has there got into power, and the responsibility of which, under ordinary circumstances, would naturally fall on the Republican party, is, by an extraordinary piece of luck, covered up by the Ku-klux outrages, which there is no denying, and which—such is human nature everywhere—many people are just as ready to rely on the bayonet to cure here in America as they would be in France or Russia. In short, although the evils which are at work in our politics and society are deep-seated and widespread, and though there is a strong and natural expectation on the part of the country that the Republican party should deal with them radically, circumstances are such that the party is enabled to refrain from any active treatment of them while keeping up a show of activity, and that the diseases may prey on the body politic a year or two longer without producing any startling crisis. Behind all these favorable influences, too, there is a body of officials such as no party in a constitutional country has ever been served by, and such as no government, except that of Imperial France, has ever brought into play to influence an election. Probably nothing more skilful in the way of managing such a body was ever seen than the removal of Murphy. His character and antecedents were all unfavorable, so he had to be got rid of, but not until he had got the Custom-house force into good working order, and he has been replaced by a gentleman whose character and antecedents are perfectly good, but who may be trusted to lead the force thus prepared along the same path.

These are all favorable indications; but it was clear as soon as the elections were over that their value would greatly depend on the way in which the Democrats took their defeat, and we are bound to say, from present appearances, that their way of taking it seems likely to render it, if not very useful to them, certainly very damaging to the President's prospects. It is quite plain that they are rapidly making up their minds to choose between the "passive policy" of the St. Louis *Republican*, and the policy—which finds most favor with their New York leaders—of nominating somebody who will, beyond all doubt or question, be strong enough either to draw the votes of a large force of Republican malcontents, or considerably diminish the enthusiasm for Grant. The "passive policy," which a few weeks ago seemed very visionary, begins to wear a highly practical look, and it has one important advantage over the plan of nominating a Republican or a moderate Democrat likely to prove acceptable to Republicans, in that it throws on Republicans the responsibility of selecting the person who is to oppose Grant. For there is no doubt that, in the present state of the public mind, anybody, even Charles Sumner, whom the Democrats nominated, and who consented to accept their nomination, would be looked on with distrust. No platform could be drawn up for him that would not seem shaky. On the other hand, there is not, under ordinary circumstances, time now to organize within the Republican ranks alone any serious or effective opposition to the Administration. There is plenty of discontent, but it can hardly be crystallized into a party and a nomination in six or eight months, in the absence of any well-recognized and admired leader to whom people naturally turn. There are half-a-dozen men among whom dissatisfied Republicans might find a very respectable candidate, but there are difficulties and drawbacks about all of them, and an absence of positive preference for any of them, which would make more time than is to be disposed of necessary for the work of selection. In this state of affairs, help from without seems almost necessary to create an opposition movement of any moment, and it is hard to see in what form it can come, except that of Democratic abstention. But if Democratic abstention is to affect the crisis in any way, it must be formally resolved upon and announced at once. If the Democratic leaders go on balancing pros and cons and calculating probabilities till the spring, they may count on four years more of Grant's Administration as a certainty. All the facts which have the most importance are now fully before them. There is not the slightest chance of any reaction in their favor. They have been looking for something of the kind for the last ten years, but, in spite of Republican faults and follies, it is apparently further off than ever. Even the late modifications introduced into the party creed by Mr. Vallandigham, the *World*, and other wise men have not produced any apparent effect on the public mind. Indeed, if we may judge from the elections, the more they modify, the less favor do they find with the people. Under these circumstances, it seems as if the grand council, or pow-wow, or whatever it is, in which the last sad step is to be taken, might as well be held in December as in May, as far as the effect on Democratic fortunes is concerned, and far better, as far as the effect on Republican fortunes is concerned—that is, Republican fortunes considered from the Democratic standpoint. The Tammany troubles have given the last fatal blow to the old fabric, and those who are most devoted to it acknowledge that it is no longer tenantable; the question of leaving it, therefore, becomes one of detail, and might as well be settled at once.

The most hopeful feature in the condition of the Democratic party, and that which promises most aid to any effort that is made in the Republican ranks to get rid of the office-holding incubus, is the increasing number of Democrats who not only despair of the great object for which the party has for some time existed—the getting back to the *status quo ante bellum*—but are sincerely desirous of *reform* in the whole machinery of administration, which is in reality the most crying want of our time. This is more especially manifest among the German Democrats, whose leading organs are all clamoring for a new organization, no matter of what materials made up, which shall offer us a chance of escape from the dull routine of jobbery in which we have been living for the last ten years, and in which no alterations in management made by existing parties seem to work any interruption. It seems as if this element must very speedily find means of coalescing with the corresponding one in the Republican ranks.

MUNICIPAL RESPONSIBILITY.

THE New York *Tribune* contained, the other day, a suggestion which, though the *Tribune* only made it lightly, and without appearing to attach any importance to it, has still enough hold on the popular mind to make it worth discussing—viz., that the Mayor, in the proposed new charter, should have to submit his appointments of the subordinate offices of the government to the confirmation of the Common Council, or whatever the legislative body may be called. Now, this would be, it is true, copying the practice of the Federal Government, which Mr. Nordhoff, in his late article in the *North American Review*, suggested as a desirable model for cities engaged in the reconstruction of their administrative machinery; and it is true that the Federal machine has, on the whole, worked better than most of our State and municipal machines. But we believe a good many thoughtful observers begin to doubt very seriously the value of the practice of dividing the responsibility of appointments between the President and Senate; and he would not be a very rash man who should assert that, if the Constitution were to be framed over again, with the benefit of the experience of the last few years, the burden of selecting his subordinates would be imposed on the President exclusively. One of the remoter, but not least important, results of the triumph of the doctrine that the public offices are the property or "spoils" of the successful party, has been the spread of the notion that an appointment is a gift or favor bestowed on the person who gets it, and does not necessarily bear any relation to his capacity or the public requirements. Out of this there has naturally grown another notion, that he ought to share any good things he gets out of it with the person or persons who procured it for him or bestowed it on him. This obligation, in its earlier and milder form, simply involved a contribution from his salary to the election expenses of the party in power. But of late, and in a coarser and more advanced form, it has required contributions not simply from salaries, but from possible or probable stealings—still, of course, for the benefit of the party. In the hands of Tweed and politicians of the baser sort, however, it reached its final development, in the shape of an obligation to pay a round sum to the particular man who got you the place, and for his own private use and behoof—all pretence of dividing with "the party" being laid aside.

It is easy to see how the system of "Rings" has been built up on these two or three ideas. A "Ring" is, in its common form, a small number of persons who get possession of an administrative machine, and distribute the offices or other good things connected with it among a band of fellows, of greater or less dimensions, who agree to divide with them whatever they make. The art of a great Ring politician like Tweed, therefore, consists mainly in the possession of the same kind of judgment and dexterity which make a good carver. He has to have an accurate and minute knowledge of the tastes, needs, capacities, and peculiarities of the various persons whom it is judicious or necessary to invite to the feast, and then he has to be able so to cut up and disjoint the prey, and distribute the white and dark meat, that nobody shall be disappointed or sent away hungry. Tom Murphy's claims to his late position in the Custom-house were exactly of this sort, and it was his success in applying to the administration of the Custom-house the great rules by which Tweed secured the success of Tammany that gave him his strong hold on Republican politicians in this city; in other words, he could make the Custom-house appointments go further, and satisfy more useful hacks and adventurers, than any other man. If, therefore, anybody went to work to ascertain why it was that any particular person obtained any office of importance in the City Hall, for instance, under the old system, he would have found that more influence than he could well count or understand had contributed to it. Probably the filling of that one office had been made to satisfy the claims of a dozen politicians, or was part, and an important part, of an arrangement—or "slate"—by which hundreds had been appeased. In fact, an attempt to unravel the matter, on the part of a mere outsider, would have been very like an attempt to analyze a highly organized body by a person ignorant of chemistry.

Now, this art, or mystery, of the destructive effects of which on political morality everybody is aware, cannot be rooted out as long as a good many persons have to concur in the bestowal of offices. Everybody who has anything to say about the filling of a place has got into the habit of looking on his consent in the light of what lawyers call an "incorporeal hereditament," like what is known in England as an "advowson," or the right to present a minister to a church living. If he has to be consulted about it, and concur in a particular choice, he expects to be paid for it in some way. Every man in politics has "friends" whom he has "to take care of," and if he allows an office to pass through his hands without either trying to get it for one of them, or trying to make a compromise over it which shall result in one of them getting something else, he becomes guilty of the offence known as "not standing by his friends," than which none is graver. This feeling about offices and contracts has made its way outside political circles, and surrounded even religious, scientific, and philanthropic undertakings with an atmosphere of jobbery. We have known of a case in which the concurrence of all the members of a small committee being necessary to the adoption of an architect's plan for a building for charitable purposes, and one plan presented being unquestionably the best, it was impossible to secure the required concurrence without an agreement that a certain other architect should be employed to "superintend the construction," which he did by simply drawing his salary. In the Federal Government, the selection of office-holders—for the leading places, at least—is nominally and constitutionally in the hands of the President. In practice, it may be said to have passed completely out of his hands, except in the case of members of the Cabinet. The Federal offices in each State are now really in the gift of the senators from that State, and in this usurpation the whole Senate makes common cause—each senator being now bound by a sort of corrupt etiquette to stand by his colleagues in securing the patronage of their respective States. Therefore, nearly every one of the President's appointments is a kind of compromise with somebody in the Senate, and, if a bad one, the public find it impossible to fix the responsibility on anybody in particular. The President can always say, and does often say, that he did the best he could—or, in other words, as well as the Senate would let him—that he would willingly have appointed the upright Jo or the eminent Ben, but "the pressure" on him was so great, and the opposition of Senator Jones so fierce, that he had to give way, and send in the name of the disreputable Bob; it was bad, no doubt, but it is the system which is to blame. Go down to the Senate, and ask the other senators how they came to let Jones have his way, and you are told that the usage is, "in the absence of definite charges," to leave the appointments of a particular State in the hands of its senator, and that in this matter Jones was not to be gainsaid; or, if you approach Jones himself on the subject, you will find that nothing but the selection of Bob, "which was, after all, the President's own work," had saved the party from destruction at the last election. But one thing you will never discover, and that is, the exact man who got Bob the place, and the exact reason for getting it for him.

The application of all this to municipal government is obvious. If the Mayor has the exclusive right of making appointments, it is, perhaps, if he is a politician, useless to expect that in making them he will not be more or less influenced by personal or party considerations. But, at the worst, we shall know by whom the appointment has been made, and whom to hold responsible and punish in case it turns out badly. If the legislative body is admitted to a share in the selection, however, two things are pretty sure to happen. One is the growth of a system of log-rolling and traffic between it and the Mayor—even the best mayor; because no mayor will go on striving for ever after an ideal which he finds is not attainable, and from trying to put the best man in each place he will soon sink into contentment with the least bad, and we shall remain pretty much where we are now. There was doubtless a time when necessity for the concurrence of several persons in an appointment constituted a check, as there was a time when the representation of both parties on a board, like our old Board of Supervisors here, prevented jobbery;

but that time has long passed away. If you put anybody up to check anybody else now in the matter of office-holding or voting money, the first thing he thinks of is the arrangement of the basis of a trade of some kind with the man he is set to watch, evidently considering his own position a franchise. The most striking illustration of this, in recent times, was the arrangement by which the Republicans consented to the passage of the Tweed charter. The debates and discussions on that instrument, while it was before the Legislature, were not about its merits, but about the concessions in the shape of offices Tweed could be induced to make in order to get it through. He, of course, paid plenty of money for votes—$600,000 in all, it is said—but this was privately. In public, the opposition fought simply for a proper share of the "spoils," and, having secured them, turned to the country with the complacent smile of men who had done their duty, and expected applause. It will take some years, as we recently said, to get rid of this way of looking at the public service, but, in the meantime, let us have no countenance given to it in the new charter. What the inhabitants of this city need, of all things, is to know the exact man to go to, and the exact place in which he may be found, who is responsible, without ifs or buts, for anything that is wrong in the municipal administration—bad pavement, bad police, bad lighting, bad draining. He ought not to be responsible for the amount of the taxes, or for the purposes to which they are to be applied; that should be the business—and the chief, if not the sole business—of the Common Council. But for the way in which every executive officer, from the comptroller down to the scavenger, does his work, he, and he only, should have to answer, and the law should be so clear that the commonest laborer should be able to take the charter in hand, and confound him if he tried to evade his accountability.

WHO KILLED THE RING?

THERE is a controversy going on between the *Tribune* and the *Times* which it is impossible to avoid calling discreditable to both parties, over the question who is entitled to most of the credit of bringing about the late victory at the polls, and the dissolution of the Ring. We do not know, and we have not yet met anybody who does know, what good interest is served by the prolongation of such a discussion, particularly as it has, of late, as is usual in such cases, run into common abuse, and the mutual imputation of the lowest motives to both papers for doing what they have done in the work of reform. We know of no person, too, who can possibly derive any advantage from the *Tribune's* suggestion that the *Times* charged the Mayor with being "a thief" out of sheer malice and love of mischief, except one, whom we will not designate more particularly than by saying that his name is Abraham, and that he is not a person whose mind any good citizen should just now wish to see eased. The public has hitherto, and with a near approach to unanimity, awarded to the *Times* the principal share in the work of bringing the Ring to destruction, and we take leave to say that this is one of the subjects on which the public is not likely to be mistaken. It is public indignation which, after all, has killed the Ring, and the public is made up of individuals, and each individual knows pretty well, at any great crisis, what agency has had the largest part in rousing him into activity.

It is quite true that, without the revelations of Mr. James O'Brien, the *Times* would probably have achieved little of its present glory, and it is true, also, that Mr. James O'Brien is not a whit better than Tweed and Connolly, was an old confederate of theirs, and was really actuated in making his revelations by a desire to avenge himself on the Ring for not giving him the full amount of a fraudulent claim on the city. But we really do not see how this can diminish the *Times'* moral claim to popular gratitude. The fact is, that the *Times* began nearly a year before there was any prospect of its receiving such revelations to indulge in denunciations of the Ring, and make accusations against its members, which attracted public attention strongly, and prepared the public mind to be greatly stirred up by the revelations when made, and which, let us add, led O'Brien to go to the *Times* with his proofs. It did this, too, in the teeth of considerable opposition, and in the teeth of a strong and widespread disposition on the part of persons of wealth and influence in this city to pooh-pooh its accusations, and to confide in Tweed and Connolly as persons who, with all their faults, and in spite, perhaps, of past stealings, were then disposed to administer the municipality honestly and fairly. This was a most alarming condition of the public mind, and it can hardly be denied that the *Times* was the paper which fought against it most strenuously, and which did most to arrest the tendency to a false security; and it *did* arrest it, and *did* arouse suspicion, before O'Brien peached, by its persistence in rebuking Connolly's refusal to publish his accounts, and by challenging him to show his books, and by exposing the nefarious character of the attempt to whitewash him, made by the committee of merchants and bankers whom he asked—the sly dog—to inspect his management of his "sinking fund."

We confess we did not always admire the way the *Times* did this work. It was not our ideal; but we should no more think of seriously condemning it for its mode, than of correcting an artilleryman for the use of bad language when working his gun under a rain of shells. In desperate crises—and we now know this crisis was desperate—manners become a matter of small moment. What the motives of the *Times* were we neither know nor care, and we advise the public not to care either. Possibly it wanted to increase its circulation, but we hope this has not yet become a good reason for refusing to praise a paper which does hard work in an honest cause. The *Tribune* has risen to wealth and fame and influence on its opposition to slavery; but whether the desire for wealth and fame and influence was its principal or only motive in assailing slavery, would be a foolish and useless enquiry. Nobody who knows anything of human nature or has ever examined his own springs of action, will bother himself with such questions. We know little, and never can know much, about people's motives. It is their conduct which concerns us, and it is about their conduct, and not the possible or probable thoughts of their hearts, that we should busy ourselves. That the *Times* was pure, in the only way in which we need to know that a paper is pure, is, we believe, well established by the fact that long before O'Brien's revelations considerable pecuniary inducements were offered both to editor and proprietors to desist from their assaults on Tammany. That such offers would have been rejected with equal scorn in the *Tribune* office under similar circumstances we do not doubt; but, in the name of all that is rational, what would the world come to if we were prevented from praising a man for a noble act by the consideration that somebody else in like case would have acted in the same way?

As to the value of the accident of O'Brien's treachery in building up the *Times'* reputation, it is hardly worth consideration in weighing the paper's merits, because, to recur to our former illustration, it might be said that it was the accident of the Southern declaration of war which fairly established the *Tribune's* reputation on a firm basis, and gave it the full credit of effecting the change in public sentiment at the North which led to the abolition of slavery. Nobody doubts, of course, that had O'Brien carried his figures to the *Tribune* office, he would have been well paid for them, and they would have been gladly published; and the *Times* sensibly weakens its claims, if not on the popular gratitude, certainly on the popular respect, by meeting those who seek to belittle it by charges of "whitewashing" and complicity with Tammany. Is it not in the highest degree absurd, on any sane view of the facts, to suppose that the conductors of the *Tribune* have really been trying to save Connolly or Hall or Sweeny or anybody else, or would not have pursued the whole gang with as much determination as the *Times*, had they been furnished with the same weapons the *Times* possessed? There has been, as it seems to us, some queer writing in the *Tribune* about Sweeny's "lofty aims," and some very simple-minded doubting about Hall's guilt, and there has been a great deal of not very creditable carping at the *Times;* but, then, if every time any of us behaved foolishly his neighbors set him down for an arrant knave, what would become of our reputations, or where should we all be? We do not believe that anything that either paper has said of the other has had or will have the smallest effect in diminishing its reputation for honesty, but we are quite sure that their course toward each other has seriously diminished popular respect for the press, and confidence in it as an agent of reform, and certainly has not raised the profession of journalism either in influence or dignity.

As regards the proper distribution of the credit of overthrowing Tammany, we think the *Tribune* divided it pretty fairly—the *Times'* claim apart—the other day, when it gave to Mr. Ottendorfer of the *Staats-Zeitung*, to *Harper's Weekly* and Mr. Nast, a large share of it. Mr. Ottendorfer's declaration of war on Tammany was, as we observed at the time, the most important incident in it, after the publication of the accounts, and indeed may be called the turning-point in the struggle. We have never doubted the enormous importance of German co-operation in the work of reform in this city; and the firm determination of the native Republican saints, in their horror of lager-bier, not to seek it, would always have been comical if the results of their obstinacy had not been so serious. There are worse sins than lager-bier drinking, both for the citizen and state, as Boss Tweed will tell us, and we advise the body of godly, sober-minded, chaste, and devout men who manage the Republican politics of this State to get over their repugnance to it if they can. To Mr. Nast it is hardly possible to award too much praise. He has carried

political illustrations during the last six months to a pitch of excellence never before attained in this country, and has secured for them an influence on opinion such as they never came near having in any country. It is right to say that he brought the rascalities of the Ring home to hundreds of thousands who never would have looked at the figures and printed denunciations, and he did it all without ever being for one moment weak, or paltry, or vulgar, which is saying much for a man from whose pencil caricatures were teeming every week for so long. There has been, in short, only one thing in this struggle to which any citizen of New York can look back with shame or regret, and that is, that through it all the two leading journals of the State should have been fighting on opposite sides, under the private banners of two such sorry leaders as the two State Senators, and should have nearly every day to suspend the warfare on Tammany to give Fenton "a dig" or expose Conkling.

Correspondence.

THE MORMONS vs. THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The writer was in Salt Lake City during the time of the so-called "persecution of the Mormons by the United States Federal officers," and was in a situation to know the sentiments of the best men on both sides, as well as to hear the *on dit* of the Gentile public. You will, therefore, permit him to say that there is no truth in the assertion of certain newspaper correspondents that the attempt to enforce the laws by the Federal courts is a persecution, except in the same sense that the New York Ring have been "persecuted" by Judge Barnard. Every evil-doer feels himself "persecuted" when he finds the grip of the law upon his person, and that there are many such evil-doers in Utah who have too long gone unwhipped of justice is too notorious to need illustration. It is therefore with great regret that the writer read your notice of the Federal Court and its decisions in the *Nation* of last week. If you had been behind the scenes and knew how completely perverted are the views of the "correspondents" above alluded to, the tone of your article would have been quite different.

Mr. Townsend's allegation that Judge McKean "has also been unfortunate enough to compromise his reputation by mining speculations which have come before his court, and received influential consideration there," has no foundation in fact which at all justifies so slanderous an assertion. The truth, and all the truth, which has given any color of plausibility to this statement is simply this: Some miner located "a claim" in East Cañon on the Onquirrh range last summer, and as the local mining law limits the amount of each individual to two hundred feet and the whole amount may go even to three thousand feet, it is essential to insert in the original "notice" and its record the names of as many persons as may be requisite to divide the whole number of feet by two hundred. It was in this way that the name of James B. McKean got upon the record of the Mining Recorder's Office in Ophir District without any privity of the Judge, nor was it known to him for several months that such use had been made of his name. If you or any fair-minded man can see in this circumstance anything to "compromise his reputation by mining speculations," then Judge McKean is so compromised. This trivial circumstance was brought to the notice of President Grant last summer at a time when an effort was made to remove Judge McKean because he stood in the way of certain speculators who desired to wrest a valuable mining property (not that in which Judge McKean was an unconscious owner) from its rightful owners, and those who thus sought to compromise Judge McKean in the mind of the President met the rebuke and discomfiture which their unworthy conduct merited. Being solicited at that time to sell his interest in the mining claim first named by one who knew its value, he very properly said, "No! not while my innocent possession of this right is sought to be used to my injury, lest it be said I have acted under the constraint of intimidation." So much for the unworthy imputation against Judge McKean of having damaged his reputation by mining speculations.

That his behavior on the bench "has been despotic and extra-judicial to the last degree," is an assertion which no candid man can make who will take the pains to read the Opinions of the Chief-Justice in those cases out of which the defenders of Mormonism and their apologists have sought to sustain this broad and damaging charge.

These opinions are: 1st. *Demurrer to Challenge to the Array of Grand Jurors.*—The decision in this case, setting aside the challenge and sustaining the demurrer, gave great offence to the Mormons, who thought to foist upon the court a Territorial law, by virtue of which an officer known as the Territorial Marshal is required to summon a jury, while by Act of Congress establishing the Territory it is made the duty of the U. S. Marshal to summon the grand jury. In this conflict of laws the Judge was compelled to sustain the Federal Government, as in duty bound, and rightly ruled that "there is but one sovereignty in Utah, and that is the sovereignty of the United States." That this ruling should be especially distasteful to the followers of Brigham Young is very natural, as they are by their endowment oaths sworn to know no authority but his. Is it hard to raise the cry of persecution on such grounds as this, or to stigmatize the Federal courts as "members of the Anti-Mormon Ring"? Certainly not; but it is hard to understand how loyal men can lend themselves to the disgusting work of sustaining a polygamic theocracy in their efforts to defy the laws of the United States.

2d. *Quo-Warranto against Territorial Attorney-General.*—In this case also there was a direct conflict between the U. S. Attorney for the Territory of Utah, Mr. Chas. H. Hempstead, and Mr. Zerubbabel Snow, the defendant, who claimed to exercise the functions of Attorney-General in virtue of his appointment to that office by joint vote of both branches of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory in 1869. To this claim of Snow, the plaintiff Hempstead demurred, and the court was requested to consider the question of its jurisdiction, both plaintiff and defendant appearing in person each for himself. After a full citation of authorities bearing upon the case, and a discussion of the principles involved therein, all going to show the essential incompatibility and absurdity of the coexistence of two incumbents of the same office, his Honor rules that "the conclusion is irresistible that, in electing an 'attorney-general' to prosecute causes in this court, the Assembly did an act inconsistent with the provisions of the Act to organize this Territory. The attorney provided for by the Organic Act has been appointed by the President of the United States, confirmed by the Senate, has been commissioned, has qualified, is now present in court, and, in the name of the United States, demands to be permitted to exercise all the functions of his office." Of course the demurrer was sustained, and judgment rendered for the plaintiff, whereupon the *Star* and its sympathizing Gentile friends proclaim "the despotic and extra-judicial conduct" of the court as "a crusade against Mormonism." And the *Nation* even is betrayed into considering Judge McKean as one of the "instruments" of the Lord "that an honest man could not touch with a forty-foot pole."

3d. But far more intimately do the opinions of Judge McKean concern the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints" in the matter of the application of certain Mormons for naturalization before the Third District Court of Utah Territory, McKean, C.J., which applications were rejected by the court on the ground that, in the case of Sandberg, a Swede, and Horseley, an Englishman, the first "satisfied" the court that he is *not*, and the second failed to "satisfy" the court that he *is*, "a man of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and well-disposed to the good order and happiness of the same." In answer to the direct demand of the court, "to whose satisfaction" it must appear that the applicants for naturalization "are men of good moral character, attached to the Constitution of the United States, etc., etc.," Sandberg answered in substance that he regarded it as in accordance with the laws of God for a man to have more than one wife at the same time; and that if the laws of the country forbade it, he regarded it as his duty to obey the laws of God rather than the laws of man. Horseley refused to answer, and, by his manner as well as by his words, said, in substance, that it was his own business, and not the business of the court. Judge McKean rightly judged that no man, or set of men, entertaining such views could honestly swear to support the Constitution and laws of the United States, one of which specially provides that any person having two or more wives at the same time "shall be adjudged guilty of bigamy, and, upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, and by imprisonment for a term not exceeding five years." The Judge adds: "This court needs not to be informed that many other courts have been very negligent, criminally negligent, in this matter of naturalization. The practice of such courts can form no precedent for this. There are some things of which courts are bound to take judicial notice; and this court takes notice of the fact that it is in session at Salt Lake City, in the Territory of Utah; and that here there are many men who defiantly trample upon the Act of Congress against polygamy, and call their conduct—liberty; who preach and practise the heinous crime of bigamy, and call it—religion. Surrounded by such influences, guided by such leaders, aliens come into this court, and ask for the high privilege of citizenship. Well, what are their views of American civilization? What do they believe to be the rights and duties of an American citizen? Before they take the oath of citizenship, let the court 'be satisfied' that they understand its full meaning, and recognize its solemn obligations. Let the court 'be satisfied' whether they believe the supreme law of the land to be the Constitution, the laws of Congress, and the treaties of the United States; or whether they believe it to be the

revelations of some polygamic prophet. Let the court 'be satisfied' what pretended laws of God they mean to obey, and what positive laws of man they mean to defy. In this country, a man may adopt any religion that he pleases, or reject all religions if he pleases. But no man may violate our laws and plead religion as an excuse; and no alien should be made a citizen who will not promise to obey the laws. Let natives and aliens distinctly understand that in this country license is not liberty, and crime is not religion. . . . . The duty of the court is plain: these applications for naturalization must be rejected."

Mormon sympathizers may call this rhetoric, and it is certainly very unlike the language of certain courts nearer home in matters of naturalization. But honest men will call it good morality, and it certainly is not bad law, however unpalatable it may be to the saints in Utah.

4. In the matter of Douglass and others for naturalization, the applicants admitted that they had plural wives, but claimed that they were in this condition prior to the law of Congress of 1862 against polygamy, and were therefore exempt from its pains and penalties. The Judge's opinion in this case covers several pages, with copious reference to authorities, and shows that, where no special law exists regarding such matters, the laws of the states and countries from whence the emigrants come will prevail, or those of the territory into which they came—said territory, before the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, being part of Mexico, and, as such, under the Roman civil law. He shows that the law of Congress of 1862 denouncing penalties against the crime of bigamy, was in strict harmony with the principles of both the civil and the common law; and he adds, with emphasis, "It is quite time that certain men in this community, who mislead the people, who prate about their loyalty to the Constitution while they denounce every law that opposes their lusts; it is quite time that such men had learned that 'the jurisdiction of a nation within its own territory is exclusive and absolute. It is susceptible of no limitation not imposed by itself.' Let them make up their minds that this nation will enforce in Utah the same laws that are enforced everywhere else in the civilized world. Let those men who have been ignorantly or willingly misled into bigamy make provision for the support of their illegitimate children, and the mothers of those children, and let them cease to cohabit with their concubines. After they shall have done and persisted in such 'works meet for repentance,' there will be time enough for them to apply for American citizenship on the ground that they are men 'of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same.' Whatever the present applicants for naturalization may have supposed in regard to the law prior to 1862, they now know that the law condemns their conduct," etc. Of course the applications were rejected, and all good men will rejoice that a judge has been found with the requisite nerve to tell these law-breakers the wholesome truth that they are a stench in the nostrils of civilized humanity, and are unfit to become American freemen until they are purged of their crimes against decency and law.

5th. *Grand Jurors and Polygamy.*—This case is one which excited great feeling, and gave the enemies of law occasion to raise the cry of persecution against the Mormons, because three prominent Mormons were challenged off the grand jury which was to decide if certain cases involving the whole matter of polygamy should be referred for trial. Twenty-two men, summoned as grand jurors, answered to the call of the clerk, and were sworn on their *voire dire*. George Q. Cannon, one of the jurors, in reply to questions addressed to him by Mr. Baskin, United States Attorney, testified that polygamy is one of the fundamental doctrines of the church of which he is a member; that he believes polygamy is a revelation from God to that church; and that he does not believe a man living in polygamy is guilty of adultery. Hiram B. Clawson and James Townsend testified that they agreed with Cannon in all that he had said. Mr. Baskin here stated that he intended to present to the grand jury, under the Utah statute, the case of the People *vs.* Hawkins, on a charge of adultery growing out of polygamy, and also several cases of bigamy growing out of polygamy. He therefore challenged Cannon, Clawson, and Townsend, as being by their own confessions incompetent to sit on the jury.

It is as well to state, for the better information of those who do not know these persons, that Cannon is the editor of the *Deseret News*, the official organ of the Mormon Church, and one of the Twelve Apostles. Clawson is the Adjutant-General of the Mormon Militia and Nauvoo Legion. Townsend is the proprietor of the Townsend House. Each has several wives. Two of Clawson's wives are daughters of Brigham Young.

Judge McKean delivered in this case an opinion just such as any honest man, jurist, or layman must have made in a case so clear, but, of course, very distasteful to the Latter-Day Saints. We quote only the closing sentences:

"When the burglar is a fit juror to enquire into the crime of burglary, when the robber is a fit juror to enquire into the crime of larceny, when the assassin is a fit juror to enquire into the crime of murder, then the bigamist, who swears in substance that crimes are his religion, may be a fit juror to enquire into the crimes of bigamy and adultery. But, thanks to centuries of Christian civilization, that time is not now, and, judging from the steady progress of the human race, that time will never come."

Are you prepared to say that this decision is "despotic or extra-judicial"? Even the Mormons themselves acknowledged that the ruling was just.

6th. But the opinion of Judge McKean which has excited the loudest complaints, and has been most violently attacked by the Mormon leaders both in their organs and in the Tabernacle, was reviewed under the head of "One Indictment for Many Crimes," being in the case of the People *vs.* Brigham Young, senior, for lewd and lascivious association and cohabitation with sixteen women, not being married to them. The indictment is under the statute of Utah of 1852 ("Laws of Utah," p. 53, § 32). Waiving for the present any discussion of your position that it was a legal anachronism to try this case upon the Utah statute, on which, perhaps, the writer is prepared at a proper time to break a lance with you, he would only add at present that the chief cause of offence against the Judge in this case rested on the language which follows: "The Supreme Court of California has well said: 'Courts are bound to take notice of the country where they judicially rule.' It is, therefore, proper to say, that while the case at the bar is called 'The People *vs.* Brigham Young,' its other and real title is 'Federal Authority *vs.* Polygamic Theocracy.' The Government of the United States, founded upon a written Constitution, finds within its jurisdiction another government, claiming to come from God —*imperium in imperio*—whose policy and practice are, in grave particulars, at variance with its own. The one government arrests the other in the person of its chief, and arraigns it at this bar. A system is on trial in the person of Brigham Young. Let all concerned keep this fact steadily in view, and let that government rule without a rival which shall prove to be in the right. If the learned counsel for the defendant will adduce authorities or principles from the whole range of jurisprudence, or from mental, moral, or social science, proving that the polygamic practices charged in the indictment are not crimes, this court will at once quash this indictment and charge the Grand Jury to find no more of the kind."

Subsequently, as is well known, B. Young secretly and in the night left Salt Lake City, as it is believed to avoid arrest and incarceration at Camp Douglass under several indictments for murder; while Mayor Wells and others were held for trial on similar charges. And the opinion is common in Salt Lake that Young will never return. Certainly, his sudden exodus under such circumstances has an ugly look for his innocence. But we will not now enter upon this prolific subject. The almost absolute and despotic power of the great Mormon leader is broken, and his system has received, at the hands of Judge McKean, such a shock in the simple course of legal proceedings that it will surely disintegrate. But it is only fair to remember that the charge of persecution of the Mormons is one which has no foundation in fact, as against the military or Federal authorities in Utah. If fearless and rigorous prosecutions of crimes against Federal and common law are persecutions, then all felons are persecuted where the laws are administered with energy.

The writer has it in his power to enlarge and illustrate his positions if needful; but at present he purposely abstains from any mention of other matters, however interesting or startling they may be, having already taxed the patience of your readers perhaps too far. OBSERVER.

NOVEMBER 11, 1871.

[We publish the above simply as an act of fairness, and not because we believe it to be a judicious defence of Judge McKean. If it be proper and politic to put down Mormon polygamy by penal legislation, the judges of the Federal courts are not proper persons to preach from the bench against Mormon practices and probity. No judge can do this, or ever has done anything like it, with any other result than bringing justice into contempt. His business is to administer the law as he finds it, under ordinary rules of interpretation, and not to wrest it or enlarge it, or color his expositions of it, for the general promotion of morality and virtue. We have had too much of this already. Judge Underwood, of Virginia, is a flagrant example of the mischief of it. Most of the passages quoted above from Judge McKean's charge we look on as a low order of stump speaking. We have no space this week to say more about them.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

MR. KENNAN'S "Tent-Life in Siberia" has had the deserved compliment paid it of being translated into Russian.——Mr. Robert Dale Owen's promised work, "The Debatable Land between this World and the Next, with Illustrative Narrations," is to be published shortly in this country by G. W. Carleton & Co.——*Every Saturday*, it is announced, will cease, on and after January 1, 1872, to be an illustrated newspaper, but "its publication will be continued in the original character in which, during a period of four years (1866–69), it gained the highest favor from many thousands of intelligent and thoughtful readers throughout the country." Whether it will also resume its handy form is not stated. George Eliot's novel, "Middlemarch," passes over by arrangement to Messrs. Harper & Bros. and their *Weekly*.—— A novel by Jean Ingelow, "Off the Skillings," has been secured for serial publication by *Hearth and Home*.

—The Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson, who has been for the last twenty-five years minister of the principal Congregational Church in this city, sails for Europe this week, to be gone an indefinite period, having been compelled to resign his charge through ill-health, brought on by over-exertion during the war. He has been from the first a valued contributor to the *Nation*, and his learning in certain fields, and particularly Egyptology, is so marked, that we should regret his departure as deeply as his congregation and his private friends, if it were not his intention to devote himself more closely than ever to his private studies while abroad, and if we did not hope still to benefit by his labors. But his loss to this city will be serious and long felt, for he had, in a peculiar degree for a clergyman, a strongly developed political sense, took a keen interest in public affairs, and brought to the service of every good cause a manly and vigorous eloquence. Among all the eulogies, and epitaphs, and lamentations within our knowledge called forth, either in speech or writing, by President Lincoln's death, we remember nothing so effective and so stirring as the few words of impassioned tribute paid to his memory by Dr. Thompson, at the Union League Club, on the evening of the day on which the news arrived. His retirement has been sudden and unexpected, and his congregation marked their sense of their own bereavement in the only way left them, by promptly presenting him with over $50,000.

—The much vexed question of Methodist Church Property in the South is taken up in an exhaustive article in the *Methodist Quarterly Review* (October), "written," says the editor, "at our request, and, we believe, with candor and intentional truth. If this be questioned, we are ready to publish any able and candid counter-statement which is furnished by any one leading writer of the Church South early enough for our January or April number, in view of the next session of our General Conference." The article is certainly written with great good temper and seeming fairness. But, as it stands, it is a very pretty quarrel, and it will require a great deal of patience, mental forbearance, and throwing away of prejudice, to bring about a settlement. The writer in the *Quarterly* divides all the church property cases in the South into four classes, and considers each of them separately. These are, the Military Cases, the Colored Cases, the Holston Conference Cases, and the Virginia Cases. The Military Cases are those in which the churches were seized as a military measure by the United States Government, because they were being turned, by fanatical Southern preachers, into recruiting camps for the Confederate army. They were not shut up, but were turned over to loyal ministers, presumably from the North, and were held by them until an order came from the Government to restore them. The Methodist Church South now blames the Northern Methodists for having occupied these churches, but, as they have been restored to its control, we do not see why the Southern Methodists should nurse their anger. The Colored Cases are those in which the negroes claim the ownership of the churches which they built with their own means and labor for their own use, but which—since, before the war, colored congregations composed of slaves could not hold property in their own right—were deeded to white trustees, who were to hold the legal title to the property for the benefit of those worshipping in them. After the war was over, efforts were made by the negroes, or by those friendly to them, to have the control of their own property put into their own hands. In Louisiana, an order was issued (November 18, 1865) from Military Headquarters in New Orleans which turned over to white rebels the churches which the military authorities had seized and taken from them, and reserved to all colored congregations the church property then in their possession. And in Special Order No. 32, issued February 6, 1866, the complete control of the church property in their possession was given to the members of the colored congregations in the department of Louisiana. According to the writer in the *Quarterly*, this order, so far as it relates to the three colored congregations worshipping in Winans Chapel, Wesley Chapel, and Soule (Soulé ?) Chapel, New Orleans, has never been obeyed. "When our church," he says, "was ordered to surrender and restore property, we did so promptly. . . . Why did not they obey ? Was it because those colored societies had connected themselves with the Methodist Episcopal Church ? . . . We are informed that several similar cases exist in Kentucky, and that the colored people are distinctly told that if they will unite with the Southern Methodists, or even with the African Methodist Episcopal Church, their property shall be transferred to them ; but that if they connect themselves with the Methodist Episcopal Church, it shall not be transferred."

—The Holston Conference Cases and the Virginia Cases are those which give the most serious trouble, and which will be found most difficult of adjustment. The Holston Conference Cases are those which result from ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the request of the congregations deserted by their own ministers, coming down and occupying the pulpits, and uniting with the majority of the congregation to hold the church property as against any claims made upon them by the former ministers backed by the unsatisfied minority. These cases occurred chiefly in the Holston Conference, which would appear to be situated in Tennessee. The writer directly charges this newly aroused determination to get the churches back into Southern hands to the reviving spirit of the scotched, but not killed, rebellion. But, would it not be a wise and practicable solution of the affair to abandon the disputed churches, and for the rich Methodist Church at the North to build new ones for its own use if it insists on considering the South as a missionary field ? The ill-feeling engendered by disputes of this kind is very hard to get rid of, and the only sure way is to abandon the disputed property to those who claim, with much show of reason, to be its original owners. The Virginia Cases had their origin in the division of sentiment in the States of Virginia and Maryland as to the rightfulness or wrongfulness of secession. "In 1861, some of the ministers of the Virginia Conference withdrew and finally joined the Methodist Church South, and during the war some of the churches and parsonages belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church were seized both in Maryland and Virginia by the Methodist Episcopal Church South. There is said to be more of this church property seized by them, and retained to this day in the possession of the Church South, than they claim that our people hold of their property in East Tennessee. Some of these houses of worship which they do not use, it is said, they nail up, and refuse to let the lawful owners, members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, occupy them for religious worship." Candid as the writer of this article seems sincerely bent on being, it is yet evident that there is much to be said on the other side, and we trust for the sake of truth that the Southern Methodists will put forward their best man to answer it.

—The etchings of M. Jules Jacquemart are pretty well known by reputation here, as well as in Europe, though none of the works in which they are contained are in common circulation in America. This artist is the son of M. Albert Jacquemart, well known as a writer on subjects connected with art and antiquity. One of the first works of the son was to illustrate with the etching-needle the father's "Histoire de Porcelaine," a good book enough, but exquisitely illustrated. Jules Jacquemart has the rarest faculty of portraiture; he can copy a "large lise" painted on a Chinese vase, or a distorted monster lacquered on a Hindoo bottle, and give to each exactly the amount and the kind of incorrectness or of conventional imperfection which marks the original, without exaggerating it or rectifying it. This is prodigiously difficult; or rather, we should say, it is wholly impossible to most artists. M. Jacquemart's etchings from paintings are equally valuable, and equally remarkable in their fidelity to the originals. The character and expression and even the technical peculiarities of each painter are preserved. And this it is that makes it so fortunate that the authorities of our new Museum of Art have been able to engage his services to etch a dozen of their newly purchased paintings. We are glad, also, to have this additional testimony to the value of the pictures owned by the Museum. M. Jacquemart made his own selection, as we happen to know, and he does not choose indifferent works of art as subjects for his handiwork.

—These etchings of M. Jacquemart can be used in several ways, but perhaps the best thing that can be done with them will be to exchange them for engravings, or other reproductions of original works of art in other museums. Several museums in Europe have proposed already such interchange. It is not to be supposed that equal money value is required for equal money value in such bargains as these. Each museum may be supposed to be only too glad to send to its compeer worthy copies of its own worthy works of art, so that any museum with which our New York institution is in correspondence will send photographs, casts, etc., as they are made, and as New York expresses a readiness to receive them. None such will send better things to New York, better in themselves, that is, and as independent works of art, than those that New York can return in these etchings. It remains to be seen whether it will not be rather difficult to keep up the standard.

—About the pictures themselves we shall speak hereafter more in detail, and more critically than is possible here. But it is a proper subject for a "note" that they are of admitted excellence and of high relative value. A long article in the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* treats of the New York Museum, and describes and criticizes at length the collection in question, which was housed at Brussels when the author of that article saw it. This author is M. Ernest Chesneau—a well-known Parisian writer upon art, whose treatises and critical essays are in the library of every reader and collector of books upon art—private secretary, until late untoward events, of M. le Comte de Nieuwerkerke, Surintendant des Beaux Arts et des Musées Impériales. Whatever may be thought of M. Chesneau as a critic—and in previous numbers of the *Nation* we have ventured to challenge his claims to a very high position—it is evident that, in the article under consideration, he wrote not so much out of his own matured judgment upon the pictures, as under the influence of the general consent of the best judges. A translation of a part of this article appeared in the *Times* of last Sunday, and is worth reading.

—Recent and forthcoming English publications embrace a large number of titles and a few good works, of which we judge the following worthy of mention. In biography: Woltmann's "Holbein and his Time," translated by Frances E. Bunnètt; the Duc d'Aumale's "Lives of the Princes of the House of Condé," translated by Rev. R. B. Borthwick; Lamartine's "Twenty-five Years of My Life," translated by Lady Herbert; a second series of the "Letters of Mary Russell Mitford," letters from whom will also be found in the "Memoir and Letters of Charles Boner," edited by R. M. Kettle; "Swift, Flood, Grattan, O'Connell," by W. E. H. Lecky; "Literary Life of Rev. W. Harness," a very readable book, edited by A. G. L'Estrange; and "Voltaire," by John Morley. Tales of travel include W. H. D. Adams's "The Land of the Nile; or, Egypt, Past and Present"; "The Desert of the Exodus—Journeys on Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wanderings," by E. H. Palmer, who is also joint author, with Walter Besant, of "Jerusalem, City of Herod and Saladin"; "The Himalayan Districts," by Capt. A. F. P. Harcourt; "The Highlands of Central India—Notes on their Forests, Wild Tribes, Natural History, and Sports," by the late Captain J. Forsyth; "Sketches in Western Australia"; Julius Brenchley's "Jottings during the Cruise of H. M. S. *Curaçoa* among the South Sea Islands in 1865"; "Queen Charlotte Islands," by Francis Poole; "The Fortunate Isles; or, The Archipelago of the Canaries," from the French of M. Pegot-Ogier; "To San Francisco and Back," by a London Parson; and "Prairie Farms and Prairie Folk," by Parker Gillmore.

—In theology, we have Bishop Colenso's "Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined"; Rev. J. J. Goadby's "Bye-Paths of Baptist History"; "Life and Times of Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln"; and Dr. Newman's collection, with original notes, of his "Critical and Historical Essays (1829-1846)," a work undertaken lest it should fall to some one who would not couple the antidote with the bane. In connection with the foregoing may be mentioned "The Bristol Orphan-Houses"; "Educational Places of Amusement in London"; and H. G. Reid's "Past and Present; or, Social and Religious Life in the North." In science: "The Laws of the Winds Prevailing in Western Europe," by W. Clement Lay; a smaller "Star Atlas," by Richard A. Proctor; and "Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects," by H. Helmholtz. In philology: "A Comparative Grammar of the Modern Aryan Languages of India," by John Beames; "A Grammar of the Language of the Vedas," by Dr. Theodore Benfey; and a second edition of Stratmann's "Dictionary of the Old English Language, compiled from writings of the XIIth, XIIIth, XIVth, and XVth Centuries." The list of illustrated works embraces: "Alpine Plants," described by D. Wooster; "Hogarth's Works," with Charles Lamb's essay; "Choice Pictures by Velasquez," described by G. W. Reid; and "London: a Pilgrimage," by Gustave Doré and Blanchard Jerrold.

—A few miscellaneous works remain to be noted: Sir Edward Creasy's "Imperial and Colonial Constitution of the Britannic Empire"; "Three Centuries of Modern History," by Professor C. D. Yonge; "The Miscellaneous Writings of the late Professor John Conington," including a complete prose translation of Virgil's works; "Uncollected Writings, Essays, and Lectures of Ralph Waldo Emerson"; "The Mansions of Herefordshire and their Memories," with copious tabular pedigrees, etc., by Chas. John Robinson; "Mythical Zoölogy; or, The Legends of Animals," by Prof. A. de Gubernatis; "Metrical Epitaphs, Ancient and Modern," by Rev. John Booth; "Training of Railroads for War in Time of Peace," from the German of Von Weber and Hoffrath; Lady Barker's "Travelling About"; a new poem, "Love is Enough," by William Morris; and "More Nonsense," by Edward Lear.

—We find in the *Pall Mall Gazette* an explanation by the Comte de Palikao of the famous "diamond necklace" story which so long united his name with that of the Empress in a common scandal. Supposing the Count's explanation to be the true one, we think his world has a right to be surprised that he should have waited so long before publishing it, considering how plain a tale would have put down a swarm of petty liars, and quashed at least one item of the public indictment against a woman whose real faults were serious enough, without the need of inventing new ones. As for the ex-Empress herself, the story leaves her little better off than she was before. That the court of the Second Empire was riotously extravagant, and that Eugénie led the court, was proved already in the time of it, and has gone near to be thought so since it came to grief. The proofs of this extravagance were ostentatiously paraded before the French people, and made the Empire dear to the shop-keeping gentry of Paris, who, though they put it by, were loth to lay their fingers off it. There hardly needs a better proof of the extravagant scale on which life at the court was pitched than the fact that the belief of the Comte de Palikao having made so large a fortune as to be able to give the Empress her tithe in the shape of a necklace of diamonds worth two millions of francs, should have made no deeper impression on the public mind than it really did. It was merely one item more in an interminable list of excesses. This one item, then, withdrawn, will only make her memory a little less brilliant in the eyes of the aforesaid shopkeepers of Paris, and of those noble Americans, the descendants of "old" families, who, for posterity, will divide with them the glory of having supported for twenty dreary years the greatest sham of the century. But what will Frenchmen, even Catholic Frenchmen, say when they read this new proof of the intellectual and spiritual littleness of "the Spanish woman"? Certainly, if the enlightened people of Paris had known that the piety of her Majesty would lead her to regard an old mandarin collar sewed over with trumpery pearls with the eyes of a fervent Christian merely because it had been "blessed" by Monsignor Mouly, they would not have allowed themselves to be worked up into fits of scorn and indignation when it was spread about—and truly, too—that the same High Personage went early every morning to the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires to pray for the success of the army which was being whipped every day by the Prussians. We give the Count's story as we find it in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

"When the Summer Palace was occupied, a commission composed of three English and three French superior officers was appointed to divide the spoils. Among the objects captured were a number of mandarins' collars of small value which were given out to the army. The commission was good enough to give me three; one for my wife and two for my daughters. I had them made into a chaplet and blessed by Monsignor Mouly for presentation to the Empress. I was sure that in consequence of the well-known piety of her Majesty she would regard these objects, of no intrinsic value, with the eyes of a fervent Christian. It was this simple gift which was represented as being worth a million owing to the fine pearls of which it was formed. The value of the chaplet afterward rose to 1,500,000 francs, as it was discovered that the pearls were *black*, and it finally reached the price of 2,000,000 francs when they were found to be *vivantes*. I must here confess my ignorance as to the nature of *perles vivantes*. However, these absurd reports were believed in the capital of a people which prides itself on being the cleverest in the world."

—Whoever has attempted to follow the bewildering politics of the Austrian Empire must have become in some degree familiar with the struggle in Cisleithan Austria between the German and the Czechic parties which lean respectively towards alliance with Germany and towards Panslavism. It is, perhaps, the hardest nut Austria has to crack—this division of Bohemia into two hostile and nearly equal races. The Czechs naturally enough look upon the Germans as interlopers; the Germans remember that Bohemia has for nearly a thousand years been an integral part of their empire, and seeing that their own residence in the country dates from the thirteenth century, naturally claim that they have as good a right there as their rivals. Each race has its national historian. Palacky's great work represents the Czechs, and exalts the national movement of the fifteenth century, of which Huss and Podiebrad were the leaders. To represent the *Verein für Geschichte der Deutschen in Böhmen*, a history has been prepared by Dr. Ludwig Schlesinger, which he must read who wishes to understand both sides of this controversy. Dr. Schlesinger remarks, with some complacency, on the degree of attention that he has given to *Culturgeschichte*, which, as belonging much more to the Germans than to the Czechs, has been somewhat neglected by the latter. It must be confessed that his tone is more controversial than one would like, and it is impossible not to feel that he appears in behalf of a *race*, while Palacky speaks as a *national* historian. Schlesinger contends that the Hussite movement was quite as much political as religious, directed against the Germans rather than against the corruptions of the church. The Germans were the middle-classes, the inhabitants of cities, while the nobles made use of the lower orders, Czechs, to establish their own power. The battle of the White Mountain (1620) did not, he says, overthrow the freedom of Bohemia, as is so often urged, but the tyranny of its aristocracy—substitut-

ing for it, to be sure, a centralized despotism which may have been as bad. He points to Poland as an illustration of what this feudal aristocracy, with its elective monarchy, would probably have led to. Perhaps it would be as fair to point to Hungary, where an equally aristocratic system, not crushed, has resulted at last in a really free government, while Poland and Bohemia alike are destitute of genuine political life. Dr. Schlesinger admits, by the way, that it was largely the middle-classes—the merchants, manufacturers, and men of science—that were driven into exile in 1627, and these, one would gather from his own expressions, were chiefly Germans.

—Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, in the *Academy* of November 1, pays a tribute to the late Alexander Afanasieff, one of the most eminent and industrious of Russian writers. He was a constant contributor to the magazines, newspapers, and reviews of his native country, chiefly upon subjects relating to the history, archæology, or literature of the Slavic nations; but the two great works which will keep his memory green were "Russian Popular Tales" and "Poetical Views of the Old Slavonians about Nature." The first was completed in 1863, in eight parts, making four volumes, and is a monument of industry, the stories having been taken down from the mouths of the peasantry, and both the names of the narrators and of the locality being given when possible. These Afanasieff edited with critical notes, embodying the results of his extensive reading. The second work is in three volumes, completed about two years since. "It is," says Mr. Ralston, "a mine of wealth for all who wish to study the subject, to know the many legends which, in the various Slavonic lands, are told about the Heavens and the Earth, the Sun, the Moon, and the Stars, the Hills and the Streams, the Thunder and the Wind—to form some idea of the light in which life and death were viewed by the eyes of the old Slavonians—to enter into the feelings of the Slavonic peasantry of the present day with respect to the physical world they see around them, and the spiritual world of which they believe themselves to be conscious." Afanasieff was born in 1826, and his death must, therefore, be considered untimely.

—The latest publication from the China press is a little brochure entitled "A Sketch of Our Relations with China during Three and a Half Centuries—1517 to 1869," by Baron de Méritens, Knight of the Legion of Honor, formerly acting Chinese Secretary to the French Legation at Peking, and, later, Commissioner of Customs at Foochow. The author has, in this pamphlet, condensed in handy form an account of foreign intercourse with the Chinese since the beginning of the sixteenth century, devoting its latter pages to a consideration of how far the policy recently instituted has been successful. His verdict, like that of most men thoroughly conversant with the subject, is emphatically adverse, and his deductions seem but too well supported by facts. The pamphlet has attracted much attention in China, and the *China Mail* and other leading papers review it at considerable length. To enter into a consideration of the many points raised in its pages would occupy too much space, but we may commend it as a useful *vade mecum* to those desirous of obtaining information upon the subject of which it treats. As a fair exposition of the views held by nearly every foreign resident, English, American, or French, in China, it possesses a value apart from the intrinsic truth or error of its arguments.

RECENT WORKS ON INTERNATIONAL LAW.*

During the late civil war, Dr. Lieber, at the request of Mr. Secretary Stanton, drew up a body of rules entitled "Instructions for the Armies of the United States of America while in the Field," which was sanctioned by the President, and adopted by the War Department. This system of instructions did not claim to have any international force or effect; it was, so far as it had any sanction at all and was more than a theory, a part of the municipal law of the land. As its author, however, chose to put many of his rules into the form of abstract and general propositions applicable to all countries and to all wars, the whole took on somewhat the appearance of an attempt to codify that portion of international law which relates to the actual conduct of war between belligerents. M. Bluntschli declares that this work "constitutes one of the most important movements in advance of modern international law." M. Laboulaye is more enthusiastic, and says: "These instructions are in fact a little *chef-d'œuvre*. It is not a small thing thus to have installed right in the empire of force, by bringing under the yoke of law the usages and even the excesses of war." Inspired by this act of Dr. Lieber, M. Bluntschli has undertaken to reduce the whole of the rules and regulations by which civilized nations are accustomed to govern themselves in their intercourse with each other, and which we are in the habit of callling international law, into the form of a code. The volume before us is the result of his labors. In an introductory chapter, he briefly discusses the nature of international law, and gives a short history of its development and description of its present tendencies. There follow nine books or chapters, treating in order: 1, of fundamental principles; 2, of persons in international law, embracing a definition of states and of their sovereignty and independence; 3, of the organs of international relations, including sovereigns, diplomatic agents, and consuls; 4, of territorial rights; 5, of persons in their relations with the state, under which title the rights and duties of states towards foreigners, and the subject of extradition, are considered; 6, of treaties; 7, of violations of international law and the means of repressing them; 8, of war; and 9, of neutrality. It would be interesting, and perhaps instructive, to examine this work of a university professor in detail, and to enquire how far he had played the *rôle* of a simple compiler; how far he had been content with expressing in the form of a positive and abstract enactment the rules which now exist, and how far, on the other hand, he had assumed to legislate and to give what in his opinion the law should be, and not what the law is. We should find that in many instances his zeal as a legislator had outstripped his caution as a codifier. But we cannot expatiate over this wide field. We can only gather material from one or two portions of it, and may thus, perhaps, be able to judge of the whole.

At the very foundation of his work must lie the author's conception of the nature of international law. He is met at the outset by the objection, as he states it, that "there does not exist any international law *(droit)* expressed under the form of positive legislation *(loi)*, and sanctioned by legislation *(loi)*; that international law wants the efficacious protection of tribunals; and, finally, that in conflicts between nations, the decision depends more upon the event of a battle than upon any judicial authority." The same difficulty occurs to M. Laboulaye, who contributes a preface, but he disposes of it in a light and airy manner, as though a phrase could answer a fact. "It is said," he remarks, "that this law *(droit)* is chimerical, for it has no legislature to promulgate the statute *(loi)*, and no tribunal to apply it. This objection, I reply, is superficial and without validity. Wherever there are relations between free beings, there is law *(droit)*. *Ubi societas, ibi jus.* The true legislator of international law is the whole human race." M. Bluntschli, who is certainly a closer and more accurate thinker than M. Laboulaye, sees something more in the objection, and proceeds to answer it at length. It should be noticed here that French writers have an advantage over the English, as they can use the two words *droit* and *loi*, answering to the Roman *jus* and *lex*, to express different facts and notions which we are obliged to indicate but cannot describe under the single term "law." The Roman *lex* was applied to that portion of the entire national jurisprudence which was enacted by a proper legislature, and substantially answered to our "statute." In its original and strict signification, *jus* was applied to that other portion of the same municipal system which was not enacted, but which was, by a process of gradual development and steady increment, promulgated by the prætors and other magistrates—the law of judicial decision. But in the course of time, when philosophical writers conceived the notion of a law of nature, they extended the meaning of *jus*, and described by it those parts of this moral system which relate to subjects essentially juridical. *Jus* came, therefore, in more modern times, to include certain principles and rules of that divine legislation uttered through the consciousness of mankind which we call the natural or moral law. It is in this extended and somewhat vague sense that *droit* is constantly employed by the French writers. By the use of these two words M. Bluntschli states the objection he is to meet in an unfair manner; he makes the objector say that there is no international *droit*, because there is no international *loi*—no *jus*, because no *lex*. This is unfair, because no one denies the existence of a *droit* or *jus* in relation with international affairs. The question is as to the existence of a human law, and not as to the existence of a divine and moral law binding upon independent and sovereign states. Law, be it *jus* in its widest sense, or be it *lex*, requires a lawgiver and a sanction. In the first case, that lawgiver is God, and the sanctions are moral; in the other case, the lawgiver must be a human legislator, and the sanctions physical.

The school of jurists to which M. Bluntschli belongs maintains the naked fallacy that a certain human law must of necessity exist because the divine commands have created like moral obligations resting upon individuals or states, which can be enforced by moral sanctions. Austin, in his exhaustive discussion of this subject, has left nothing to be said, and has demonstrated that what we call international law is, in fact, international morality. So far as it has a human origin, it wants every feature of a law. It has no superior lawgiver who can utter commands whence result obligations and rights, and no subject inferiors who must obey, because the very postulate of the system is that states are juridically independent, equal, and sovereign. It has no proper sanction, for war is the very abandonment by the belligerent

* "Le Droit International Codifié, par M. Bluntschli, traduit de l'Allemand par M. C. Lardy, et précédé d'une préface par M. Edouard Laboulaye." Paris: 1870. Guillaumin et Cie.
"Commentaire sur les Éléments du Droit International et sur l'Histoire des Progrès du Droit des Gens de Henry Wheaton, par William Beach Lawrence." Vols. I. and II. Leipzig: 1868 and 1869. F. A. Brockhaus.

parties of all obedience, voluntary or otherwise, and a resort to force, in which the stronger succeeds without reference to right. To call this process a sanction is simply an abuse of terms. There is an international *jus*, or *droit*, and the progress of peoples in civilization consists largely in the development of its doctrines, and in a willing conformity with its precepts; but there can be no international law without destroying the attributes of independence and sovereignty which are essential to our conceptions of the state. M. Bluntschli, as his discussion proceeds, gradually yields to the force of the objection he is combating, and virtually yields his ground by conceding that some form of international court, proceeding according to an established method, and adjudicating upon fixed and universal rules, is necessary to perfect the system. The time may perhaps come when such a tribunal will be erected; but the nations which shall submit to its judgments will then so far forth form one *municipium*, and the law which it administers will be municipal and not international. Some of the illustrations which M. Bluntschli uses to enforce his doctrines are extremely unfortunate. Thus he infers that war is a proper sanction of a true law because, in early and barbarous times, disputes concerning rights of property and the like between individuals were determined by the issue of a judicial combat. The inference is exactly the opposite of the one which he draws. The judicial combat was used simply because there was no municipal law, just as war is resorted to because there is no proper law between nations. Pursuing this subject, we might plainly demonstrate the impossibility of codifying the doctrines, precepts, and rules of international morality, which can have no human sanction except a varying public opinion, and to which the obedience of independent and sovereign states must from the nature of the case be voluntary.

We pass now to the examination of some particular portions of this code, and we shall restrict ourselves to the general subjects of war and of neutrality. It is remarkable that, in view of recent discussions, M. Bluntschli nowhere states the right and duty of neutrals to recognize the parties to a civil war as belligerents, nor defines the occasion on which such right and duty arise, nor the limits to be placed upon their exercise. In Section 512 he concedes the possible quality of belligerency to armed persons not fighting in the service of an established state, but in a note applies this section, in the case of a civil war, simply to the penal liabilities of such persons when captured—they should be treated as prisoners of war. In Section 514 it is said that "in confederations of states, war between the central power and divers states of the confederation, whenever it has for its object the maintenance of the public federal law, takes on the character of a federal execution; it is not a war between two equal states, and *consequently* does not enter within the domain of international law. Nevertheless, even in this case, in the interests of humanity, the quality of belligerency is accorded to both the parties." In a note, the late rebellion in the United States is mentioned as falling within the operation of this rule. M. Bluntschli is clearly wrong in his principle and in its application. The United States is not such a confederation as his rule describes, and a federal execution, in the sense in which the term is used in European public law, is with us simply impossible. In the second place, his statement that such a war is not between two equal states, "and consequently does not enter within the domain of international law," is opposed to the doctrines of all jurists and to the universal practice of all civilized nations. A civil war within a state absolutely homogeneous confessedly enters within the domain of international law, and much more is this the case when a civil war rages between the central authority and portions of a state which themselves have an organized government, the power of administration, and an independence and sovereignty *sub modo*.

Passing to the conduct of a war, the following rules, among others, are laid down as established doctrines of international law. "The conqueror is bound to respect private property, and can only seize or destroy it when military operations demand such a course" (§ 652). "The laws of war in particular do not authorize requisitions purely pecuniary" (§ 654). "Persons who form a part of an army have not the right to seize objects belonging to private individuals, or to injure such objects voluntarily. But in case of absolute necessity, provisions or clothing may be appropriated: the public treasury (*le fisc*) will nevertheless be bound to reimburse the value of the articles taken, unless the inhabitants were under an obligation to furnish them gratuitously" (§ 656). "The international law absolutely interdicts the acquisition of booty in time of war" (§ 657). M. Bluntschli, in this connection, cites the thirty-seventh and thirty-eighth articles of Dr. Lieber's "Instructions," as follows: "The United States recognizes and protects in enemies' territory private property." "Private property, unless confiscated for the crimes or delicts of the owner, can only be seized for the needs or use of the army or of the United States. If the owner is not in fault, the commanding officer will deliver to him a receipt which will enable him to obtain an indemnity." All this may be in the interests of humanity, but it is not international law, nor according to the practice of the most civilized nations. With these delightful "Instructions" of Dr. Lieber in his hands, General Sherman swept through Georgia and South Carolina, leaving a broad track behind him desolated as though by the Egyptian plagues of fire, hail, and locusts. We have not heard of receipts which he gave to the resident proprietors, and we are inclined to think that members of Congress and the Secretary of the Treasury would smile if any such were presented for payment. This may be justified as a stern military necessity, and we do justify and applaud it as such. But Congress went further, and authorized the seizure of private property after all resistance had ceased; and the Supreme Court of the United States has in the most solemn manner held that the international law still permits the appropriation of private property on land as well as on the sea. The pecuniary requisitions made by the invading Prussians are within the memory of all our readers.

In § 665, the rule that enemies' ships and cargoes are exposed to capture is stated in a very mild way. It is said that "many maritime powers recognize even to-day this right." The author is strongly of the opinion that belligerent commerce, except in contraband, should be made free. The rights and duties of neutrals are treated in a manner very satisfactory, and in accordance with the latest authorities and the modern practice. In §§ 763, 764, the duties of neutral governments in respect to the construction and fitting out of armed vessels for one belligerent are expressed in a précise form, and in full agreement with the doctrines maintained by the United States. The power of neutral citizens to trade in contraband with a belligerent, subject to the risk of capture, is fully admitted (§§ 765–768). We are gratified to see that M. Bluntschli is not a supporter of the very recent heresy which would make neutral governments themselves responsible for such contraband transactions. In §§ 803–807, articles contraband of war are described and confined within very narrow limits, substantially in accordance with the views of Hautefeuille. M. Bluntschli has thus given to the world a very admirable treatise upon international law, thrown into the form of short and somewhat abstract propositions or paragraphs, with brief illustrative notes, rather than into the form of elaborate discussions. He has, in many important instances, stated what, in his opinion, the law ought to be, and not what it is. The whole work is animated by a spirit of justice, of equity, and of devotion to the interests of humanity.

The Commentary of Mr. William Beach Lawrence is, in many respects, a contrast to the treatise of M. Bluntschli. It lays down no theories, and discusses at length no principles; it simply brings together and arranges under their appropriate heads a vast number of historical facts of the utmost importance to the statesman and to the practical diplomatist. To the notes which he had before made upon the text of Wheaton's "Elements," Mr. Lawrence has added much other matter, and has brought the whole down to the time immediately preceding publication. We have, therefore, all the important international and diplomatic transactions in Europe, in America, and with the Asiatic powers, with the substance of the despatches and public acts, to and including the withdrawal of the French from Mexico, the downfall of Maximilian, the Prusso-Austrian war, and the establishment of the North German Confederation. The reader is equally amazed at the enormous labor and the vast learning which are involved in the production of these commentaries. Their extent and exhaustive character may be seen from the fact that the two volumes already published—or which, at least, have been received in this country—embracing 800 pages, cover only 160 pages of Lawrence's second edition of Wheaton's "Elements." The first volume gives, among other matters, a full statement of the relations of Christian nations with the pagan powers of Asia; instances of the recognition, partial or complete, of revolted provinces; the effect upon national rights and obligations of a change in the form of government, and especially of the acts of an usurping government; a description of the semi-sovereign and tributary states of Europe; an account of federal and confederate unions, and particularly of the German Confederation. The second volume completes the subject of confederations, and embraces that of the United States and of Switzerland. This volume is principally devoted to a description of various acts of intervention by one nation in the affairs of another. It treats of the Thirty Years' War and its results; the various interventions growing out of the French Revolution; the Holy Alliance; the wars between Spain and its American colonies, with a full discussion of the Monroe Doctrine; the interferences of England in the affairs of Portugal, and of the Great Powers in those of Greece and of the Ottoman Empire; the proceedings of Napoleon III. in Mexico, with the correspondence and conventions between Great Britain, France, and Spain, and between these countries and the United States, and, finally, of the negotiations between France and the United States which led to an abandonment of the enterprise by Napoleon. We have thus simply indicated some of the important matters which are elaborated in an exhaustive manner.

It might be asked why Mr. Lawrence, an American publicist and diplo-

matist, should publish in Europe, and in the French language. We assume that there are two reasons. In the first place, his reputation is European, perhaps, more than American, and as his work would, from its complete and practical character, become necessary to foreign statesmen and diplomatists, a French edition was indispensable. In the second place, it is plain that Mr. Lawrence is yet sore on account of his treatment by the State Department in reference to his second edition of Wheaton's "Elements," and that he has not become reconciled to the fact that the United States was successful in the civil war. This leads us to point out with plainness a fault which mars these commentaries, and for which there can be no possible justification in a work of this kind. After having stated the self-evident proposition that international law has nothing to do with the internal jurisprudence, public or private, of a state, he proceeds to comment at great length, not upon the manner of conducting our late war, but upon the civil acts of Congress and of the executive; the proclamation abolishing slavery; the so-called overturning the authority of the Supreme Court by disregarding the Dred Scott decision; the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus; the military arrest and trial of citizens; the case of Vallandigham; the test-oath statutes; the reconstruction measures, and many other proceedings. In many instances, he not only suppresses important facts, but he actually misstates events and transactions. Thus, in volume ii., page 99, after stating the expulsion by the Senate of senators from the seceding States, he adds: "The same measure was even extended to a senator from a State not seceding, *who was believed to be opposed to the acts directed against the Confederates.*" This plainly refers to the case of Mr. Bright, and is simply a falsification of the record. Mr. Bright was very properly expelled, not on account of his opinions, but because he had been proved to have given direct aid and comfort to the enemy. It is enough for us to say, in reference to all these matters, which are given by Mr. Lawrence at great length, that, even if his strictures were true, they have nothing whatever to do with a work upon international law. They are impertinences where they are found, and we fear they were inserted by an American citizen to gratify his personal ill-will, and to prejudice his country with foreign nations and statesmen.

FALL BOOKS OF POETRY.*

In "The Book of the East," as in Mr. Stoddard's other books, the pieces that seem to us to be the best, as being most distinctively the poet's own, are some which express, with a reserve or vagueness of suggestion which is taking, some evanescent mood of mind, or, perhaps we might better say, some moodiness of feeling. Such a piece is this, for example:

"I am dreary and gray,
And my thoughts fly away
Like a long flight of cranes
On a dark autumn day.

"They may go till they find
The warm sunshine and wind;
But the autumn remains,
And my darkness of mind."

Another, not so good, whether in itself or as an example, is this, entitled "Leaves":

"What is life? and what are we?
Only leaves upon a tree;
Green to-day, to-morrow sere,
Then we are no longer here.

"Others, fair and brave as we,
Grew of old upon the tree;
Now they crumble in the mould,
With their histories untold.

"So shall we: it is our lot
Thus to die and be forgot;
By-and-by the tree will fall,
One oblivion waits for all."

The expenditure of thought is not great in such little poems, nor are they very satisfying. But they are lightly touched, expressive, and musical, and merit the praise of being successful in their way. They are not for all times, perhaps, any more than for all time; but now and again, when the reader's mood helps the author, they serve and will be welcome.

When he escapes, wholly or partially, from the pensiveness or the sadness that underlies such poems as these, Mr. Stoddard occasionally makes a lyric which is gay with a sort of gaiety that we should guess to be not immediately his own, but his secondarily rather, and reflexively. Earlier English lyrists certainly have not written for him such poems as his "Beggar Song," for instance, for it has none of the marks of imitativeness which would show it to be some one's else, and not his own property. But unless we are mistaken in the prevailing tone of his poetry, it is Mr. Stoddard's enjoyment of the light-heartedness of the old lyrics rather than a light-heartedness native to his genius, which gives him his success in the "Beggar Song," and in such poems as many of the Arab, and Persian, and Tartar songs from which his volume takes its title. As to these latter, by the way, we do not know precisely how much in them is of Mr. Stoddard's invention, and how much of his discovery. They are very like the Oriental thing, so far as that has been made known to the West by the less learned dealers in Orientalism, and, on the other hand, they are much like Mr. Stoddard; and we should as soon think that he wrote them as that he wrote his "Clown's Song" or this "Beggar Song."

Besides the poems of mood, sad or gay, and these others just spoken of, which are mainly love poems of some warmth, "The Book of the East" contains a good many other pieces, all short, which range themselves under various heads, and some of which will, no doubt, be well liked, though in our opinion there is none of them that the reader of poetry will find so much to his mind as the classes we have mentioned. We think that in several of the varieties of poetry exemplified in this collection, it will be held by most good readers that other poets have worked so much more naturally than Mr. Stoddard, to say nothing of their having done better work, that it is a matter of some surprise that he should have attempted to work after them. It is, indeed, always a thing to move wonder that a writer who has a genuine vein of poetry belonging to himself; whom, therefore, we must presume to have at some time known either that satisfaction which comes from the consciousness of having successfully sought the perfect, or that dissatisfaction which arises from a perceived incapacity to attain it—to match the thing with the word—it is always surprising when such a person consents to take and use the word of another, and half fit his own thought and feeling with another's expressions. Why, now, Emerson having written his "Threnody," and Tennyson his "In Memoriam," should Mr. Stoddard write, and write in the form in which he has written it, his "In Memoriam"? We do not find that the poem itself furnishes a justification: rather the reverse. Indeed, it was the poem which suggested our question, and the answer implied in it. At all events, we would say that in our opinion there should have appeared to our author more reasons for refraining from writing his poem, than reasons for writing it. So believing, we excuse ourselves from examining "In Memoriam," though it is the longest poem of the volume, and from praising its merits or commenting on its faults—faults which would soon have been its death, even had it originally had a fair degree of vitality. Other instances of this same mistaken use of his powers which Mr. Stoddard, if our judgment is sound, has repeatedly made in this volume, are the poems called "A Woman's Poem" and "Without and Within." Browning's "Men and Women" spoils one for taking the pleasure in these poems which one would like to get, in view of their cleverness, if for nothing else, and which one may readily get from such poetry, for instance, as three or four little poems like "Love My Neighbor," "What's My Love Like?" "Head or Heart," and "The Messenger of Night," which we find together in three or four of the pages before us. They may not be very great things, but there is more good poetry extant than great poetry; and what is good of a man's own is better than his inferior specimens of such fruits as his neighbor's orchard is able to produce in greater excellence than is within the capacity of his own garden.

As we have said, however, many of the verses among those which we think are less to be liked than the author's poems of mood, are worthy of respect, and will be read with pleasure. Such are "Adsum," written on occasion of the death of Thackeray, "At Gadshill," in memory of Dickens, and "Vates Patriæ," in celebration of Mr. Bryant's birthday. Of these, "Adsum" is best, and of the other two the last is, perhaps, to be preferred, because, while equally good in feeling, it is more certainly within the bounds of justice in its praises, and thus more certain of permanent acceptance. Indeed, the "Adsum" is too laudatory. But all are occasional verse. Not so good in this portion of the book is the poem entitled "On the Town," the subject of which has before now been found intractable by a number of our poets. We should not, however, speak of it particularly, if it were only that the views which it presents are commonplace and unprofitable, and the subject disagreeable, unless otherwise handled than here; nor if it were only that its views in regard to the social question it raises strike us as being but doubtfully true to the facts of the evil which it discusses. Whatever may be the correctness or the falsity of the frequent assertion that whenever a ruined woman is seen we see a victim to some man's fraud or force, it is, at all events, an assertion that is better made and discussed elsewhere than in poems or criticisms of poems. But in the case of two or three poets who have chosen to treat of this topic, it would seem as if the innocence and good intentions and cruel betrayal of the woman who stands condemned by the world were taken for granted, less because of exact truthfulness or probable reasonableness in the assumption, than because it seems to them well to look somewhere for a lash to lay over the shoulders of "a

* "The Book of the East, and Other Poems. By Richard Henry Stoddard." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1871.
"My Witness: A Book of Verse. By William Winter." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1871.
"East and West Poems. By Bret Harte." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

harsh world." Here is a poor creature—the argument goes—whose only fault was that she was too good, trusting, and loving, and see how, in spite of her goodness and her injuries, the harsh world condemns her and visits on her the bitterest punishment, and the conclusion which in this and similar cases we are asked to draw is that the world is not to be trusted as a judge of morality, and that, indeed, the world's judgment in general is not to be trusted or regarded. But if this conclusion is sometimes to be accepted, there is, on the other hand, little doubt that to preach it too often is an act of immorality and inutility, and we suppose it may well be doubted if the ordinary plea for the ruined woman has done as much good in persuading people to charity of judgment as it has done harm in assisting people to persuade themselves that it is fate or the world's cruelty that has caused their calamities, and not their own wickedness or wilfulness or want of sense, or other weakness. We take it to be some such considerations as these—leaving apart the artistic value of the topic, or its want of value, and the scientific value or worthlessness of the alleged facts on which the advocates of the average harlot base their poems—some considerations of the dangerous tendency of the "On the Town" poetry which are at the bottom of the dissatisfaction it inspires in its readers, or some of them. But we should hardly speak of it at this length except that it seems to express forcibly enough a feeling which manifests itself in Mr. Stoddard's poems less agreeably than often.

As we have commended the verses entitled "Vates Patriæ," we take the occasion to remark that a reviewer has done Mr. Stoddard the injustice to charge him with plagiarism from Mr. Bryant in writing this stanza, which, as has been discovered, puts into rhyme three or four lines of Mr. Bryant's blank verse:

> "By the rock-ribbed hills and pensive vales
> That stretch in shade between;
> And by the soft complaining brooks
> That make the meadows green."

The younger poet, however, is, in "Vates Patriæ," expressly engaged in telling how the elder was taught by Nature to see and reveal her secrets, and it was not only right but graceful in Mr. Stoddard to use the words in which Bryant himself has told us where and how it was that he used to feel the intimate presence of Nature and used to con his task. Other of Bryant's words besides those paraphrased in the stanza we have quoted, the lover of that poet will find in Mr. Stoddard's well-managed tribute.

The readers of Mr. Winter's modestly-named volume will consult the interest of their own pleasure and his interest in their good opinion if they put off the perusal of the first two or three poems he offers them until they have taken a look at the later ones. In some of these later pieces they will find some verses which are not only neatly and prettily finished, like most of their companions, but which here and there have a gleam of poetry, and, oftener still, are agreeable in virtue of a sort of simple though not too happy or forcible expression of feelings, which, whatever part they play in the poetry of certain schools of writers, make up the honest happiness of the lives of most of us. Quite different from such verses are the first verses in the book, which are entitled "Orgia," and which, for their dreadful, naughty blasphemy and ferocity and church-robbing tendencies and haughty misery, can hardly have been equalled since ten years ago, when various scarred souls used to drain the beaker at "Pfaff's," in this city, in Broadway, near Bond Street. Mr. Winter shows in his more natural poems a degree of good and sensible feeling which makes one wish that he had himself relegated to forgetfulness matter like this:

> "In every city my cups I quaff,
> And over my liquor I riot and laugh.
>
> "I laugh like the cruel and turbulent wave;
> I laugh at the church and I laugh at the grave.
>
> "I terribly laugh, with an oath and a sneer,
> When I think that the hour of death is near," etc.

Compare with these verses those called "The Heart's Anchor," or those called "Love's Question," or the lines in honor of Mr. John Brougham, or those in memory of the late Mr. George Arnold. The difference is the difference between writing which, whether or not it is precious writing, is at any rate unaffected, and embodies natural sentiment, and, on the other hand, writing which seems affected and not honest, and which, be it honest or not, embodies sentiments that would be laughable if it were not that they rather provoke a sort of contemptuous pity which it is not good to feel or to call forth.

Mr. Bret Harte's "East and West Poems" consists of two parts, the first containing many pieces which have been printed since Mr. Harte's name became generally known, and which, probably, have been seen by most of the reading people, and the second part being in the main composed of pieces which, we believe, first saw the light in the San Francisco papers. Many of the pieces in the one part and the other have a cleverness, witty or otherwise, which should have made their appearance welcome to the columns of the California press, and should have secured for them wide copying among the other newspapers of the country. But only a few are of such merit as to justify their reappearance, and the volume looks so much like a piece of book-making as to look not prepossessing, and we doubt if it would be unjust to say that what it looks it is. We may, however, commend "The Stage-Driver's Story," "In the Mission Garden," and—more doubtfully—"Truthful James's Reply to 'Her Letter.'" The new version of "Little Red Riding-Hood," too, is clever above what is common in the sort of writing to which it belongs. We must add, that besides the crudeness of taste—not to call it the vulgarity—of much of "East and West Poems," there are two or three slips into coarseness, which are to be regretted, and for which the necessity of doing book-making is a better explanation than excuse.

Synonyms Discriminated. By C. J. Smith, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford, Vicar of Erith, and late Archdeacon of Jamaica. (New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 1871.)—This book is, of its kind, one of the most ambitious that has yet appeared in our tongue. It claims to be a complete catalogue of synonymous words in the English language, with descriptions of their various shades of meaning, and illustrations of their usages, taken from standard writers. It is a work upon which clearly much labor has been spent; it contains, though generally in a crude and cumbrous form, a good deal of valuable information, especially upon matters not strictly included in its subject; but, regarded as a whole, no work has yet appeared in this department of investigation more utterly useless to those for whose service such books as these are specially designed. The objections to it are both of a general and of a special character; but in each they are manifold. Of course, the difficulty of doing well the task which the author proposed to himself cannot easily be exaggerated. Even distinctions which are felt by all it is frequently hard to set forth in a satisfactory manner to any. But the trouble with this work is that the distinctions laid down are such as do not exist, or they are so shadowy in their character that they could not by any possibility be of any practical service. There is sometimes a confusion in thought, as, for instance, when *selfish* and *egotistical* are put down as synonymous words, and an attempt made to discriminate between two ideas which no one in his senses would ever think of confounding. Many of the statements, if not totally wrong, are wrong to this extent, that they make some special use of a given word its exclusive one. Thus, under *enemy*, a *foe* is spoken of, without any restriction whatever, as "a personal enemy, one who bears a more energetic and specific hatred than enemy." Now, *foe* is a word belonging almost exclusively to poetry or the higher style of prose, and is far from being limited to the meaning here ascribed to it, though unquestionably sometimes so used. In reality, it is much more generally applied to an enemy in war; for in ordinary life men are not apt to speak of those personally hostile to them as *foes*. Again, *hopeless* is spoken of as an epithet applied to things. True enough; but who would hesitate to say that he felt "hopeless of success"? Definitions such as these either mean nothing, or, if taken as unqualifiedly as they are expressed, are wrong; and of such definitions in this work there are many.

This is not all. There is too much of the author, and too little of quotation. The value of a book of synonyms depends full as much upon the extracts as upon the definitions, if not actually more; for in most cases no one will recollect the latter without a very thorough study of the former. Now, in this respect, this book is very much of the character of the account found in Falstaff's pocket—there is a most intolerable deal of sack to a halfpenny-worth of bread; and the matter is made still worse by the bread not being always of the best quality. It is, in fact, in most cases exceedingly heavy. The author is a clergyman, and his readings have lain necessarily, to a great extent, among the writers of his own profession, and from them and the metaphysicians his extracts are mainly taken. Atterbury, South, Blair, Burnet, Priestley, Locke, Horsley, Hurd, Waterland, and others of the same class are the names that bristle on almost every page. The best writers in literature proper are, comparatively speaking, little represented. This would not make so much difference with the usefulness of the work, though it would with its interest, were the quotations given really apposite, were they such as to make clear those delicate shades of meaning which the mind feels but finds difficult to express. But this they rarely are. So little do the extracts make evident the distinctions sought to be conveyed in the definitions, that in fully half the instances a synonymous word could be substituted without making any perceptible alteration in the sense. But for practical purposes the chief objection to the work lies in the vague and clumsy language in which the shades of meaning are expressed—a fault which runs through the whole of it, and which is sufficient of itself to prevent it from ever being put to much use. Even when the author seems to see the distinction clearly, he lacks the ability to set it forth sharply

There is nothing precise or pointed in any of his definitions which will cause them to remain fixed in the mind; many of them are such that it will require from most students more thought to comprehend what the definitions themselves mean than to ascertain unaided the distinctions they are designed to explain. Thus, under *sake, sake* is said to "denote an ulterior purpose which is contemplated; *account*, an anterior cause or motion which induces." This is very probably true; but it will not materially assist men in using the words correctly, especially that class of young writers who are most likely to consult books of this kind. As a further illustration of how words can be used to bewilder knowledge, take the assertion made in reference to *clog*, that "it denotes the presence of something heterogeneous, obstructive, or against freedom of action." Such examples might be multiplied by scores, for clumsiness of expression characterizes every page of this book, which in this respect presents a striking contrast to the little treatise on synonyms edited by Archbishop Whately. If to all this we add that the author, like many other worthy men who write about language, is in his definitions terribly under the dominion of the derivation—that he clearly fails to see how little control mere etymology has over good usage, we shall have said enough to show how far this book has fallen below what we have a right to expect in the matter of accuracy. Whether, indeed, works of this kind are ever of much benefit is an open question, for delicacy of taste and discrimination in the use of language cannot be learned out of a text-book. Certainly for practical purposes such treatises are far inferior to simple collections of synonymous words; and he who feels the need of helps of this nature, as most men do more or less, cannot do better than to turn to the admirable dictionary of English synonyms prepared by Richard Soule, and published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.

The Philosophy of Art: Art in Greece. By H. Taine. Translated by John Durand. (New York: Holt & Williams. 1871.)—There is every sign except the usual one about this little volume to indicate that it is the first part only of the work whose title it bears. Neither title-page nor publishers' announcement says "Vol. I.," "Part I.," or "First Series"; and yet the subject is only introduced, the argument only opened. An introductory chapter treats of the inadequacy to our enquiries of the remains of Greek art, even of sculpture, which particular art is announced as the subject of this work; and the reader is told that the *milieu* is especially worth studying where there is so little else to study. The *milieu* of Greek sculpture, then—that is, the character of the country, climate, and race amid which Greek sculpture was developed—becomes the subject of examination throughout the volume. There is scarcely more reference to sculpture than to architecture or painting, and scarcely more allusion to the formative arts than to music or oratory. The reasons why Greece became the nurse of splendid sculpture are set forth in a fluent and consecutive essay, easy to read and carrying a sort of conviction with it. As each division of the book—first, "Race"; second, "The Period"; third, "Institutions"—draws to a close, we seem to be coming nearer and nearer to the question itself what Greek sculpture was; but each one ends; the last page is reached; and this is the conclusion, just enough, though not in strictly accurate terms: "Through a long circuit, and in gradually approaching circles, we have traced the original sources of the statue, and we have now reached the vacant space, still recognizable, where its pedestal formerly stood, and from which its august form has disappeared." In other words: We have come to our principal subject at last—let us discuss it. But at this point the volume before us terminates, and we are left to go elsewhere for instruction in the "Philosophy of Greek Art."

This "elsewhere" will be, if we are wise, in the capital little book by Emile Boutmy, entitled "Philosophie de l'Architecture en Grèce." There is a good deal of M. Taine's *verve* and pleasant way of making the reader understand just what his author means in M. Boutmy's style, and he has a respect for the *milieu* almost as great as that held by M. Taine himself. But M. Boutmy is a professor in Emile Trélat's "Ecole spéciale de l'Architecture," and therefore presumably an architect himself, and a French architect, which is as much as to say that he is not a graduated carpenter, but a man of some kind of training. Moreover, he seems to be artistically minded to a degree far beyond M. Taine; which latter critic always impresses us as more desirous to theorize profoundly about the possible than to criticise seriously what is actual and in existence. So that, to say that we prefer M. Boutmy's book to any book upon art that we have read by M. Taine, is not to say too much.

But to return to the book in hand: There is to be found in it a very interesting, well-arranged, clear, and generally authentic and authoritative account of those marked peculiarities in Greek civilization that especially separate it from other kindred civilizations. Without being especially directed to the artistical results of that civilization, the reader is still enabled to see how those results were possible. The classic authors from whose works the information is drawn are not always nor often cited; the reasons for thinking this and inferring that are seldom given; the book contains the résumé of a great deal of reading, and, perhaps, thinking as well. It is such an essay as a practised writer, who had been for a year past "cramming" in Grecian history, would write, without taking pen from paper, as an introduction to an analytical history of Grecian literature or even of Grecian art; and this is just what we take the book to be.

My Winter in Cuba. By W. M. L. Jay, author of "Shiloh." (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.)—"The reader may find elsewhere," says the author in her preface, "more graphic descriptions of Cuba's scenery, combined with accurate tables of her statistics, and profound views of her politics; but he will find no work that opens to him so frankly the doors of Cuban homes, and allows him to watch the inner currents of Cuban life." Those who are aware of the facilities which the windows of Cuban homes, especially in the cities, afford even to the wayfarer for "watching the inner currents of Cuban life," will not build extravagant expectations on this introduction. In fact, eleven of the twenty-nine chapters are devoted to Havana, in which the author had no advantages as an observer over any tourist capable of speaking Spanish, with considerably less descriptive power and literary skill than many who have made us familiar with that interesting city; twelve relate to Matanzas and vicinity, including journeys to and from it by rail; five have something to tell of plantation life; and there is one general chapter, "Cosas de Cuba." In fact, less than a quarter part of the work fairly answers the claim put forth for the whole of it. That said, the book may be recommended if only for its telling old stories in a fresh way, and as it is brief as well as lively (being all contained in three hundred pages), it may be pleasurably read through at a couple of sittings. It is scarcely more, in substance or in quality, than a bright woman's letters written home to her friends, to which we have to add that the woman is an Episcopal clergyman's wife and an invalid, given to "harvesting the abundant crop of analogies growing out of all" she sees; one to whom "it was impossible not to notice, for example, how the cane became the agent of its own destruction—how the bruised mass from the rollers was made the instrument of drawing in a continual succession of fresh, sweet cane, to be likewise crushed, mangled, and cast out, fit only for burning—a thing which has its mournful counterparts in the social world."

Of politics and revolution there is said not a word in this narrative; of slavery, viewed abstractly, only this: "How justly these fifteen have acquired the right to dominate over the three hundred and seventy-five, is a question for moralists; but while they exercise it, it behooves them to take measures for their personal safety." There are a few glimpses of the slaves themselves, blacks and Chinese, and they are mostly gloomy enough, the latter especially being painted as if from a personal dread on the part of the writer. Perhaps her best observations are those which contrast her womanly freedom at home with the conventional restrictions placed upon her sex in Cuba, the compensations for which, in the open-air life of the people, are not wholly to the taste of an Anglo-Saxon American. We have room but for a single extract from her social sketches, on a point of etiquette which was new to us:

"The feast being ended, there is an almost unanimous withdrawal to the broad, airy piazza. The two elder gentlemen only remain behind with their cigars; the younger ones composedly light theirs outside. The practice of smoking is so universal in Cuba, it is considered so much a matter of course, that ladies are seldom asked if it is disagreeable to them—never, except as the merest formality, the reply being taken for granted. I am not a little surprised, therefore, when Don Diego joins our party, to see his son, Casimiro, remove his cigar from his mouth, and, holding it to the side remote from the elder gentleman, quietly slip away to the farther end of the piazza to finish it. I am so struck by the oddity of the circumstance that I venture to ask Engracia, in an aside, what it means. She replies that it is an act of disrespect for a son to smoke in the presence of his parents.

"'Why?' I ask, with pardonable obtuseness, seeing that the parents all smoke, to a man (and sometimes to a woman), and cannot well help knowing that their sons unhesitatingly follow their example.

"'*Es un vicio, V. sabe!*' (It is a vice, you know), she answers, with a little grimace, and a most expressive shrug of the shoulders."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Channing (W. E.), The Wanderer; a Poem	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) $1 25
Chatterbox for 1871	(Pott, Young & Co.) 1 50
Gilmore (P. S.), History of the National Peace Jubilee	(Lee & Shepard) 5 00
Grün (A.), The Last Knight	(Hurd & Houghton)
Haswell (C. H.), Book-keeping by Double Entry	(D Appleton & Co.) 60
Holtzendorff (F. von), Jahrbuch für Gesetzgebung, Verwaltung und Rechtspflege des Deutschen Reichs, Part I., swd	(Leipzig)
Lever (C.), Kate O'Donohue; a Tale, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 75
Melville (G. J. W.), The Gladiators; a Tale, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.) 60
Mulock (D. M.), Hannah, swd	(Harper & Bros.) 50
Newby (Mrs. C. J.), Kate Kennedy; a Tale, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Co.) 50
Our Country Home: a Child's Story	(Pott, Young, & Co.)
Prentiss (E.), Aunt Jane's Hero	(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) 1 50
Prentiss (Rev. G. L.) Discourse in Memory of Thos. Harvey Skinner, D.D., swd	(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) 50
Pressensé (Rev. E. de), The Early Years of Christianity	(Chas. Scribner & Co) 1 75

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

An Illustrated Monthly of

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

THE DECEMBER NUMBER

CONTAINS: I. Scrambles Among the Alps during the Years 1860–69. A Series of Graphic and Brilliant Sketches. By Edward Whymper. Profusely and exquisitely Illustrated after the unrivalled Drawings of the Author. Chapters 6 and 7. II. The Cold Hand. A Tale. By Clara F. Guernsey. III. Monte Testaccio. A Poem. By T. Buchanan Read. IV. Phantom Limbs. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. V. Trips to the River Plate. By Robert M. Walsh. VI. My Long-Lost Brother. A Story. By Charles Warren Stoddard. VII. Balzac as Artist and Moralist. By Kate Hillard (Lucy Fountain). VIII. A Stroll in Virginia. By Richard B. Elder. IX. A Branch of Lilac. A Story. By "Ouida." In Two Parts. Part II. X. Sonnet. By Paul H. Hayne. XI. The Sharpless Crayons. By J. W. Palmer. XII. Our Monthly Gossip, containing papers on Cooper, Scott, and Lockhart; Jerusalem; Steps to a Colossal Fortune, etc. XIII. Foreign Literature. XIV. Literature of the Day.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

With the number for January, Lippincott's Magazine will enter upon a new volume. The number of pages will be increased, enabling the conductors to furnish an additional amount of popular reading in the best and most emphatic sense. In addition to the shorter articles by well-known writers, the following attractive Serial Works will be published during the Year:

A POWERFUL AND ABSORBING NEW STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.,

Author of "Alec Forbes," "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," etc.

ALSO, A CHARMING NEW NOVEL,

AYTOUN,

BY A TALENTED AMERICAN AUTHOR,

MR. EDWARD WHYMPER'S EXQUISITELY ILLUSTRATED WORK,

SCRAMBLES AMONG THE ALPS,

will be continued from month to month until completed.

A large amount of space will be devoted to Our Monthly Gossip, which will be enriched with short and lively articles on persons of note, incidents of the day, and other novel or amusing topics.

Illustrations designed by distinguished artists and engraved in the highest style will accompany each number.

TERMS—Yearly Subscription, $4. Single Number, 35 cents. Specimen Number mailed, postage paid, to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,
715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

FOR SALE—LOW.

A few Large Paper Copies of

DE TOCQUEVILLE'S DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.

CHARLES W. SEVER,
UNIVERSITY BOOKSTORE, CAMBRIDGE MASS.

THE BEST ENGLISH PERIODICALS.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY, EDINBURGH, WESTMINSTER, and BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEWS, and BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

Regularly and faithfully reprinted, at about one third the price of the originals.

TERMS.—Blackwood *or* any one Review, $4 a year; Blackwood *and* any one Review, $7; Blackwood and two Reviews, $10; Blackwood and three Reviews, $13; any three Reviews, $10; the four Reviews, $12; Blackwood and the four Reviews, $15.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE WESTMINSTER FOR OCTOBER.

THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO.,
140 Fulton Street, New York.

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL. Oil explosions most frequently occur from the lamp being upset and broken. By using Pratt's Astral Oil, you avoid this as well as every other danger incident to unsafe oils, it being in every respect a perfectly pure, reliable, and safe article.

CHOICE ENGLISH BOOKS

D. APPLETON & CO.,

549 AND 551 BROADWAY,

Have now Ready

A CATALOGUE

OF A

MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION

OF

STANDARD AND ILLUSTRATED ENGLISH BOOKS,

SELECTED IN EUROPE DURING THE PAST SUMMER EXPRESSLY FOR THEIR RETAIL TRADE.

The greater part of the Books are in choice Bindings, by Hayday, Riviere, Bedford, Andy Griere, and other artists of eminence, and the Illustrated Works were specially selected with regard to the condition of the plates.

Sent free, by mail, on application.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

MAGAZINE, *WEEKLY*, *BAZAR*,

$4 PER YEAR EACH.

$10 a Year for the Three.

$7 for any Two.

An Extra Copy of either gratis for every five Subscribers at $4 each in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE sent by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

JUST PUBLISHED.

OUR COUNTRY HOME:

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

By the author of "Harry Lawton's Adventures," "What Makes Me Grow," etc. With Twelve Etchings

BY RUDOLF GEISSLER.

4to, cloth extra, $2.

POTT, YOUNG & CO.,
Cooper Union, New York.

HENRY K. VAN SICLEN,

BIBLIOPOLE,

133 NASSAU STREET,

Catalogues sent on application.

Special attention given to orders by letter.

TO LET—LOW.

The Office lately occupied by THE NATION, consisting of two front rooms, on the 3d floor of No. 3 Park Place. Address

"THE NATION,"
P. O. Box 6,732.

5 Beekman St., N. Y.

NOW READY AND FOR SALE AT ALL BOOKSTORES.

In 1 vol. crown 8vo, pp. x.–326, $1 75.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

AND

HER LATEST ENGLISH HISTORIAN.

A Narrative of the Principal Events in the Life of Mary Stuart, with some Remarks on Mr. Froude's History of England.

BY JAMES F. MELINE.

The trenchant criticism to which Mr. Froude's work has been subjected by Col. Meline has excited much attention in literary circles, and this volume will be found a fresh and readable contribution to the settlement of one of the most interesting questions in English History. The work contains not only criticisms of Mr. Froude's History, but also a complete narrative of the life of Mary Stuart.

The mottoes placed at the heads of the various chapters are often very happy hits, sometimes drawn from Mr. Froude's own writings, thus:

Chap. V. "It often seems to me as if History was like a child's box of letters, with which we can spell any word we please."—Froude.

Chap. viii. "Mr. Froude does not seem to have fully grasped the nature of inverted commas."—London Saturday Review.

The New York Nation says:

"As an achievement of well-deserved literary flaying-alive, this critique of his performance by Mr. Meline is thorough and satisfactory."

HURD & HOUGHTON, New York,
THE RIVERSIDE PRESS, Cambridge.

THE "NATION" ABROAD.

Subscriptions and Advertisements for the *Nation* are received in Europe by the following

AGENTS:

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE COLONIES: George Street, 30 Cornhill, E.C., London.

FRANCE: Bowles Brothers & Co., 12 Rue de la Paix, Paris.

SWITZERLAND: Vérésoff & Garrigues, Place Bel-Air, Geneva; rue du Spectacle, Berne; 110 rue Richelieu, Paris, France.

ITALY: Furse Brothers & Co., 9 Piazza di Spagna, Rome.

"AMER. SCHOOL INST."

FOUNDED 1855.

Is a reliable and practical Educational Bureau—
To aid those who want well-qualified Teachers,
To represent Teachers who seek positions;
To give parents information of good Schools;
To sell, rent, and exchange School properties.

Sixteen years have proved it efficient in securing "the right Teacher for the right place."

J. W. SCHERMERHORN, A.M., Actuary,
14 Bond Street, New York.

CHEGARAY INSTITUTE.

English and French for Young Ladies and Misses, Boarding and Day Pupils, 1527 and 1529 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Reopened on Wednesday, Sept. 20. French is the language of the family, and is constantly spoken in the Institute.

MADAME D'HERVILLY, Principal.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1871.

The Week.

THE piece of news which has excited most talk during the week has been that of Mr. Robert C. Schenck's appearance on the London market as director of a new silver-mining company. This step on his part is a contravention of a positive rule of the State Department, which prohibits "foreign ministers of the Government from engaging in any commercial speculation whatever." It is also a contravention of the general sound and old-established usage which forbids a man who, as an ambassador, is exempt from the jurisdiction of the courts of a country, to engage in enterprises in which other men similarly situated may render themselves liable to civil or criminal prosecution on the part of its citizens. The offence is aggravated in Mr. Schenck's case by the fact that the stock which he is lending his official position to push is what is called a "fancy stock," in which no trustee, executor, or prudent man would invest in this country, and about which we venture to say he does not know anything; and there can be no doubt, for reasons we have given elsewhere, that the general belief will be that he has been paid for the use of his name, and this belief will bring discredit on the Government he represents. Supposing, too, as is not impossible, the scheme should prove, like hundreds of others of the same kind that have gone before it, one of those failures closely bordering on a swindle, or prove wholly a swindle, and the strong arm of the English law should lay hold of his brother-directors, what a nice position the American eagle would be in flapping its wings over Mr. Schenck's head to save him from the legal consequences of conduct on the moral guilt of which the world would be unanimous!

A portion of the press has attempted to shield him, or whitewash him, and a sorrier performance we have not seen for a long time. Some papers have tried to persuade people that helping to bring out fancy stocks on the London market is no worse than occupying a place in a trading firm, which is very like saying that John Morrissey is in the same profession as Mr. Duncan or Mr. James Brown, as both are "bankers," the sole difference being that Morrissey's is a faro-bank. Others, again, have tried to make out that the English objection to Mr. Schenck's course was but part of the general "monarchical" objection to public servants earning an honest livelihood while performing diplomatic functions. This reminds us of the American Consul at Rome at the time of the battle of Mentana, who, being called to account by the State Department for going into the field with the French and Papal troops with a rifle, and firing on the Garibaldians, did not deny that he took part in the fray, but alleged, in his defence, that it was an Englishman that saw him doing it and reported. Mr. Seward, however, held this to be insufficient.

There is little or no purely political news of the week. One of the most important bits of it from Washington consists in renewed assurances of the President's enthusiasm in the cause of civil-service reform—which may be well founded, but we are bound to say that his way of displaying his zeal is very peculiar. The Commission is said to have prepared a body of rules, but we judge that it depends entirely on the President to carry them out. Should he do so, we shall applaud heartily, but, after all that has happened, it is justifiable to keep one's judgment in suspense. The other bit of interesting intelligence is that many members of Congress are going back determined to call Mr. Boutwell to account for violating the law in issuing his new loan one and a half per cent. lower than the rate fixed by the act. He has never given a reason for doing so, or offered any defence of it, beyond his own allegation that the United States will be found to have made money by the transaction. This will hardly stand examination, and ought not to do so. His ideas on the whole matter of finance and taxation, beyond the simple housewife's faith in the propriety of saving up money and paying one's debts, have, however, always been so crude and odd that elaborate criticism of them has been useless. When he told Congress he could place his five per cent. loan at par, he plainly did not clearly understand what he was talking about.

Senator Schurz has been lecturing during the past two or three weeks on civil-service reform, and last Thursday discoursed on the subject in this city. He gave his discourse the benefit of the practical experience he has himself had of the way in which the present system works at Washington, and announced certain conclusions which the audience heartily applauded, and about which we imagine not many thinking men throughout the country will differ with him. The first was, of course, that the spoils system debauches the President, the Congressmen, and the community; the second, that the average President likes being debauched by it, especially in his first term, when he wants re-election; that the average Congressman likes being debauched by it too, and that his denunciations of it are very like the wry faces the old toper makes over his hot grog; third, that it is but part of, and in no small degree contributes to, the corruption which has begun to penetrate to all parts of our society; and he gave his hearers plainly to understand that he saw no hope for reform except from the pressure of a strong and indignant public opinion. It was remarkable to see how little importance he attached to the labors of the Commission now sitting in Washington, not because he undervalued them, but because he had no confidence in the President. He made several allusions, and none of them complimentary, to our late Collector, Mr. Tom Murphy, evidently taking a totally different view of this gentleman's character from that held by General Grant. The New York Custom-house, too, he frequently mentioned, but not as an establishment in which young men were acquiring habits of industry and integrity in "the prompt and economical collection" of the revenue, which, from Mr. Murphy's account of it, it would appear to be. We ought not to omit mentioning that he laughed in a heartless and cynical manner, as we confess we did ourselves, over the late commendation bestowed on the President by the Republican Convention of this State, for having, by "considerate investigations, made worthy efforts for the reform and elevation of the civil service."

The correspondent of the New York *Tribune* at Charleston throws, in a recent letter, some new and interesting light on the condition of the State finances, to which he has for some time given a good deal of attention, and his story is one which, if we had not been prepared for it by the doings of the Ring in this city, would sound very extraordinary. We have given some account already of the antecedents of Niles G. Parker, the State Treasurer. He and Governor Scott, and one Kempton, who has filled the office of "State agent" in New York, and whose sole business appears to have been the raising of funds for the Charleston Ring, have had the funds and credit of the State wholly in their hands for the last three years, and Kempton, the correspondent alleges, before he was put into this position, was a "street broker," or what is called in the slang of the Exchange a "gutter shark"—that is, a broker who has no office, and transacts his business on the sidewalk, and on top of adjacent carts and barrels. The custom of the Ring seems to have been to send on State bonds to this worthy to raise money for them on them, and he, instead of selling them, pledged them for loans, and so went on pledging and borrowing like clock-work—the securities all the while falling in value, and being occasionally sold

by alarmed lenders. Into his doings no enquiry seems ever to have been made, all the Charleston fraternity cared for being the honoring of their drafts. Now, however, their credit is wholly exhausted; no more money can be raised on bonds; the treasury is empty; the salaries of the State officers have been long unpaid; and there is no provision for the January interest. Under these circumstances, the Governor and Treasurer and Comptroller have at last to face an angry and swindled community, and try to answer some questions as to their doings with the money entrusted to their keeping, and we once more commend their story to the consideration of those persons who think order and prosperity can be restored to South Carolina or any other State by a liberal use of horse, foot, and dragoons. In judging the Ring, too, it must be remembered that behind them stood a grossly ignorant and corrupt Legislature, knowing nothing of finance and taxation, or the nature or value of public credit, and intent only on filling their own pockets. This body actually gave the Ring unlimited power to issue bonds, restricting them only as to the sum of money to be raised—a contrivance for facilitating stealing which has had no parallel in legislation except Tweed's "Board of Audit." A committee of this Legislature came on to this city last summer, ostensibly to look after Kempton, but nothing is known or has been heard of them or their doings since, except that they lived sumptuously for three months at a fashionable hotel, and went back to Charleston in fine condition. A knowledge of these facts seems to be necessary to a proper comprehension of the Ring "accounts."

These accounts are very curious. In October, 1870, Parker, the Treasurer, gave "an official statement" of the debt of the State, which he sets down at $7,665,903 98. Six weeks later, the Comptroller-General made a report, in which he put it at the same amount as Parker, but, oddly enough, gave a very different account of its composition. It now appears that both these statements were false. The taxpayers had in the meantime been getting alarmed, and held a convention in May, 1871, of which we gave some account in the *Nation*, and they sent a deputation to see the Comptroller, who repeated his falsehood of the previous December. Four months later, in September, 1871, Governor Scott tried his hand at giving the amount of the State debt before the Congressional Ku-klux Committee, and he made it out in all $9,528,564 10, which it now appears was the greatest falsehood of all, for he must have known, and knew, that, besides this, Kempton had then received and pledged bonds to the amount of over $5,000,000. Next, Parker and Kempton spent a day over the books, and on the 25th inst. handed to the *Tribune* correspondent, as the result of their labors, a statement showing the debt to be $15,806,908 98. Finally, on Tuesday, the Legislature having convened, Governor Scott informed them in his message that the whole public debt is $11,994,908, "which statement he knows, from a severe personal scrutiny, to be correct, nothing being suppressed."

Business in all branches is dull and unsatisfactory. A lethargic feeling pervades the mercantile community which can be only in a very small measure ascribed to the Chicago fire and its influences. A much larger share of it is no doubt due to the general recognition of the importance and magnitude of the frauds committed by the local governments in various parts of the country, and to the growing conviction that business cannot be healthy until this evil is remedied. The produce and provision markets continue active at fluctuating prices, and with a liberal export of breadstuffs. Cotton comes forward in fair quantities, but the shipments to Europe are light, and the stocks here accumulate, while prices, nevertheless, are maintained at artificially high figures. Coal continues weak, but with a somewhat improved tone, and without further decline, the great companies carrying their own stocks this season, and thus temporarily preventing the usual ruinous competition. Real estate of every description is practically unsalable.

Wall Street shares the prevailing dulness as far as genuine business is concerned. The great cliques who have been again manipulating the markets since the Chicago panic are now beginning to be cramped by a natural and legitimate increase in the demand for money, and there are unmistakable symptoms of approaching fluctuations and changes. As a rule, the financial community has not been prosperous of late, and recent events have not tended to improve confidence. Government bonds continue firm, gold steady, stocks fluctuating and lower, foreign exchange lower, and money on call fairly active, at seven per cent., with rather an improvement in the rates for commercial paper.

The Commercial Treaty concluded in 1870 between France and England, for ten years, is now open to abrogation by either party on giving one year's notice. It is essentially a free-trade treaty—that is, a step towards putting France and England in economical relations with each other similar to those which exist between the various States of this Union. The origin of the treaty was unfortunate, as it was a mere emanation of the Emperor's will, on which the nation was not consulted; but it has proved satisfactory to nearly all Frenchmen not engaged in the cotton or iron trades. It was, however, always an object of fierce hostility on the part of M. Thiers, who is a protectionist of the last century; and when he took office and made M. Pouyer-Quertier, a Rouen manufacturer, and as ardent a protectionist as himself, his Minister of Finance, everybody felt the treaty was doomed. Nevertheless, it now appears that the new government recoils from abrogating it, and has contented itself with trying to negotiate some modifications of it, but thus far unsuccessfully. In the meantime, the Cobden Club, in England, as a sort of tribute to the memory of their patron, who was the author of the treaty, has issued a pamphlet, giving the result of ten years of its working, taken from the "Annals of Foreign Trade," published by the French Ministry of Commerce, and they are tolerably instructive. The "general commerce" of France had increased in value, from 1860 to 1868, by $540,000,000, including in this all importations and exportations of all kinds, and for all purposes—that is, importations, whether for consumption or for re-exportation, and exportations, whether of French or foreign products. In the "special commerce," or importations for consumption only, and exportations of French products only, there was in the same period an increase in value of $332,600,000 in the exports, and of $131,800,000 in the imports.

It ought to be remembered, too, in examining these figures, that French trade with England forms a fourth of the whole foreign trade of France, while the English trade with France forms only a tenth of the whole foreign trade of England. The wine and silk trades, which form the most important branches of French industry, and whose interests are most powerfully affected by the treaty, have, however, actually not gained in the same proportion in the above period as other branches in which France is exposed to competition, having been unfavorably affected by the outbreak of our war and the resulting tariff. But the most curious and instructive of the facts extracted from the returns by the Cobden Club is this: the coasting trade of France is reserved by a rigid navigation law to French bottoms—her foreign carrying trade, of course, is open to all nations. Well, during the period in which the treaty has been in operation, the returns show that French tonnage employed in the foreign and colonial trade has steadily increased, while the tonnage employed in the coasting trade has declined. The French steam tonnage engaged in the trade with England has increased tenfold. It is safe to say that, in the presence of these facts, the treaty is not in as much danger as seemed at first, and the more time there is given to the French people to recover from the confusion of mind wrought by the war, the less likelihood is there even of its being modified.

The news from France has for some time been very meagre, which is a good sign, though it is in part owing to the political apathy

which has seized upon the people. The stillness which prevails there in the political arena will probably be broken on the reassembling next week of the National Assembly, whether M. Thiers propose to it the changing of the provisional condition of affairs into a permanent one, or not. The question of the change is in all minds, and cannot but soon become a source of serious debates and conflicts. Gambetta, in his new organ, *La République Française*, is one of the most eager assailants of the *status-quo* on the Republican side, while it is chiefly the Bonapartists who assail it from the other. The latter have also tried, for the first time under the Presidency of M. Thiers, the experiment of a street demonstration, but apparently with very slight success. To judge by the late exhibitions of severity, on the part of the authorities, towards the culprits of the category of the Commune, and such ultra-Radical journals as the lately revived *Rappel*, the organ of the Hugos, the *spectre rouge* has not yet entirely ceased to be formidable, and it is, perhaps, more so than the lingering shadow of imperialism. The appeals for mercy of the Commune leaders, sentenced to death, having been rejected by the Commission of Pardons, Rossel, Ferré, and one less known insurrectionist have suffered the penalty of death, the first-named evincing to the last that undismayed energy of character which distinguished him during the struggle and the trial. The trial of the murderers of Generals Lecomte and Clément Thomas has, on the other hand, uncovered some of the most atrocious features of the Paris tragedy which opened with their assassination.

On Monday the Italian Parliament completed the transfer of the national capital by meeting in Rome. The abstract which we get of the King's address contains nothing noticeable beyond the expression of a belief that Rome is large enough for two sovereigns, and that although the peace of the country is not threatened, the reorganization of the army and navy cannot safely be neglected. Accounts of the effect on Florence of its ceasing to be the political centre of the kingdom are rather sad. The marks of depopulation are evident to the casual observer, and the theatres alone are said to have lost nothing of their attendance and gayety. Now that Rome has received its political deserts, there is an earnest feeling that something ought to be done to compensate Florence, and that the nation should acknowledge, in some substantial way, the leadership which that pleasant city still retains in Italian culture. It has been accordingly proposed to revive the University of Florence, for which there are unrivalled opportunities. In their own behalf, the Florentines seem modest enough, and neither grumble nor clamor for restitution; and if one compares their conduct with that of the Romans, and with the generally tranquil condition of the peninsula—in spite of the large show which the crime of homicide still makes in the reports—it is impossible not to admire the good sense and political capacity of the Italians, who pursue their even course between the temptations of the Internationals on the one hand, and the raving denunciations of the Clericals on the other.

Mazzini and Garibaldi, after working together in a common cause for over thirty years, Garibaldi being, during most of that time, Mazzini's disciple, have split, owing to differences of opinion upon the Paris Commune and its doctrines. Mazzini is to-day opposed to the political and social theories of the French Radicals, and comes as near laughing as his temperament will allow over their talk of "natural rights," and says that no fruitful society can be founded on any such theories; that we live and grow by discharging our duties, and not by claiming our rights; and that the social fabric which the Communists are aiming at would be one in which men would be condemned to the condition of the beaver, and in which nearly everything that gives life its charm—the individual enterprise, activity, hopefulness—would be wanting; and he is doing his best, and with considerable success, to prevent the entrance of these doctrines into Italy. The fact is, however, that the Italians have never shown any leaning to them, having apparently preserved, in spite of their faults and misfortunes and comminglings, a large share of that old practical perception of the limits of the possible in the artificial arrangement of human relations, and of the deep resulting gulf which separates, and must always separate, sentiment and law, for which the old Romans were famous, and through which their political ideas and jurisprudence have exerted such a powerful influence on modern European society. There can hardly be a more striking illustration of this than Mazzini himself. He has been all his life a sentimentalist and dreamer, and has been familiar with little else than sentimental processes, and yet, when the time comes to reorganize society, or, in other words, do the practical work of life, he becomes as cool and clear-headed as a common-law judge. Garibaldi, on the other hand, has a strong and chivalric affection for France, and has all a military adventurer's love of the picturesque and faith in the power of enthusiasm.

Baron Kellersperg's Cabinet has proved abortive, and has made room for a new Ministry under Prince Adolph Auersperg, the fourth which Cisleithan Austria has had within the last ten months—the earlier two being Count Potocki's and Count Hohenwart's. And as Hohenwart's Cabinet was an improvement on Potocki's, from a Slavic or Federalistic point of view, so Auersperg's is an improvement on Kellersperg's in the opposite, German or Centralistic, direction. The new Prime Minister is a brother of Prince Carlos Auersperg, the head of the "Citizens' Ministry" of 1868, which completed the reorganization of the monarchy on the dualistic and liberal basis adopted in the preceding year; and his associates, among whom are Lasser, Banhaus, Stremayr, and Plener, are men of the same school. To it belongs also Brestel, the newly-appointed Minister of Finance in the Cabinet for the whole empire, whose predecessor, Lónyay, succeeds Count Andrássy as Prime Minister of Hungary. Thus the "Ausgleich" with the Czechs is definitively—though, perhaps, not finally—given up, and the German Liberals of Cisleithan Austria would be exulting over their victory over Slavic, clerical, and feudal opponents in the late excited contests, had not the unexpected dismissal of Count Beust fallen like a bitter drop into the cup of their joy, reminding them that the wheel of political changes in the monarchy, which lately played so strange and so galling a trick on the Czechs, ha not ceased turning in its capricious way with the fall of the Hohen wart Cabinet.

Whether Chancellor Beust has fallen a victim to the enmity of the Ultramontanes—the natural foes of the Protestant foreigner—and their feudal backers in the intimate circles of the Hofburg; to the necessity of sacrificing somebody to the resentment of the now so harshly and certainly not very fairly treated Czechs; to the dissatisfaction and fickleness of Francis Joseph himself, who, while constantly yielding to the Count's advice, felt oppressed by an influence which both ruled and overshadowed the throne; to a court intrigue which availed itself of various imputations—of a more or less private character—long since sedulously circulated against the statesman; to the ambition of Andrássy, his successor in the Foreign Office, for which the domestic sphere of the Transleithan Cabinet was too narrow; or to more adroit machinations by Lónyay, who thus managed to occupy Andrássy's place at the head of the Hungarian Cabinet—all this, and much more of this sort, forms a lively topic of discussion in the European files before us. What is certain is that the late Chancellor of the Empire leaves his office regretted, and extolled as a statesman, by the great majority of the thinking people in both divisions of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy; that his policy—dualism and liberalism within, and firm opposition to Russia without—receives a fresh sanction in the appointment of Andrássy to succeed him; and that the Germans have more reason to regret his fall than the Czechs and their allies to rejoice over it. Hungary, too, loses by the change, as Lónyay is far from possessing the popularity and ability which made Andrássy so successful.

DIPLOMACY AND STOCKS.

THE scandal which Mr. Schenck has caused by appearing in London as a director of a concern known as the "Emma Silver Mining Company," whatever be the result as regards himself personally, will certainly help to fix the public mind more strongly than ever on the corrupting influence, both on politics and society, of our system of incorporations for industrial and other purposes; and we doubt very much whether it will not help to give currency to the views of those who believe that the time has come when we may safely give up altogether the practice of allowing persons to form joint-stock companies, with small shares, for the construction and working of mines, railroads, and other similar enterprises. The utility and even necessity of these associations in earlier times, when capital was scarce, and when it was impossible for a small number of individuals to furnish it in the quantity necessary for the proper conduct of great undertakings, were obvious enough; but in our day, when fortunes ranging from one million to thirty are so numerous, and when in nearly every State in the Union half a dozen men can be found able to shoulder almost any responsibility out of their private resources, their necessity is at least not so obvious. There is nothing which promises to pay nowadays for which capital cannot be obtained in almost any required amount, from persons who are excellent judges of what *will* pay; and, in point of fact, nearly all the great and successful joint-stock enterprises in the country are passing into the hands of a few individuals, who manage them as partnership concerns, and with about the same secrecy, and with far less accountability—for the joint-stock law gives them powers and immunities which, as members of a firm, they could not have. Commodore Vanderbilt, for instance, and Mr. Tom Scott, own and manage vast lines of communication to all intents and purposes as their private property, but without the burdens attaching to the ownership of private property, because they enjoy the privileges of shareholders—or, in other words, enjoy, as proprietors, a kind of exemption from responsibility which was originally devised for the protection of persons of small means, contributing from scanty savings to the prosecution of enterprises which could only be prosecuted through co-operation.

It is not this particular vice of the corporation system, however, which Mr. Schenck's case illustrates, so much as the way in which it is made, in our day, the instrument of monstrous frauds on persons of small means. The extent of these frauds and the wideness of the area over which their corrupting influence extends are almost incalculable. If, when a party of speculators wished to raise capital for the opening of a mine or the construction of a railroad, they were obliged, by the state of the law of liability, to seek it from great capitalists who are mostly men of ripe judgment and long experience in affairs, and who would either know whether a scheme was worth taking up, or would be able to take care of themselves, or bear the loss if it turned out badly, we may be sure that the number of such schemes would be greatly reduced, and the value to the public of those actually carried out would be greatly increased.

But as matters stand, a very large proportion of the capital put into speculative enterprises comes, through the sale of stock and corporation bonds, from persons of comparatively meagre fortunes; and the very first thing that speculators do when bringing such schemes into the market, is not so much to draw in the great capitalists—for they know this is not easy—as to make effective arrangements for getting at the small ones scattered all over the country, who are relying on their investments for the income which furnishes them with daily bread. Here it is the imposition begins, and, to make it successful, as large a number of persons of influence as possible have to be made participators in it. The bonds—if bonds they be—are handed over to a banker—not for himself, of course, but for sale—and to push their sale he uses, directly or indirectly, all the instrumentalities within his reach. The most potent of these instruments is the press, which is seduced by advertisements, given on the rigid condition that they shall be backed up by "editorial notices," although in nine cases out of ten nearly every assertion they make is either a direct falsehood or a misrepresentation. This use of the press is, indeed, carried so far that it is already alleged by well-informed men that the newspapers which are not edited, in a greater or less degree, in the interest of advertising operators, or are not used to push their schemes, may be almost counted on one's fingers. In some cases, indeed, the editor or publisher actually becomes an agent for the sale of the bonds or stock which he is engaged in puffing, and makes a double profit off the unfortunate country investors whom he assists in deceiving.

Next in importance to the command of the press is the command of good substantial names on the board of directors, and this is in England, perhaps, a more valuable aid than any other. The usages of the London papers of influence make it difficult or impossible to get any direct editorial help in disposing of speculative stocks, and little is known of "the great and good men" in the editorial chairs, and therefore less importance is or would be attached to anything he said in recommendation of the bonds of an "Air Line" road or the shares of a Bear's Grease Company. Moreover, small investors in England are not quite so speculative as they are here, as the struggle of life is harder, and the chances of getting up after a fall much smaller, so they cling with some tenacity to consols or well-established securities. The darling weakness of the English mind is, however, as everybody knows, an admiration of rank or official position. There are few Englishmen who have the heart to doubt a lord or even a baronet, or refuse anything he asks, and they cover all men of high office with much the same reverence. On this weakness the speculators in London play with the same adroitness with which speculators here play on the American faith in the press, and especially the religious press, and with fully as much success. Instead of making terms with "enterprising publishers," they try to get imposing names on the board of directors—if those of a lord or two, or of a baronet, so much the better; a general or colonel is, however, not bad, and a knight is better than a mere "esquire." There have been, as is well known to everybody who has had any knowledge of the processes by which speculative securities are forced on the London market, cases in which broken-down peers and baronets who could not get a pair of boots on credit, have lived for years out of sums paid them for the use of their names on the board of direction of gold, and silver, and copper, and iron, and coal, and oil, and vinegar, and pepper companies, and it ought to be added that they have found even kinder and more considerate employers among Americans than among Englishmen, for the American speculators who appear in London generally take up the old British devices for getting at other people's money, and make ingenious improvements in them which greatly increase their efficiency.

We believe there is no case on record, however, of their having got hold of a foreign minister until now, although, of course, his name would have been worth any money to them; and it must be said that, considering the sorrowful experience the public has had in this country of gold and silver mines during the last ten years, there has been a mixture of audacity and dexterity, in securing the name of the American Minister for the direction of a western silver mine, which has never been surpassed in this particular field. Viewed in the light of recent mining history, it may safely be said that any new silver-mine or gold-mine enterprise of which the scene is laid in Utah, or Colorado, or Montana, or Arizona, is presumptively a swindle—that is, it may be honest, but the burden of proof lies on the promoters. Now, the burden of such proof in the case of this "Emma Mine" is, from all we hear, heavy, and that its promoters should have perceived that they would need an ambassador to help them through with it, and should have got him, shows them to be men of the highest order of ability in their particular line, and yet not men of judgment—for, though an ambassador can do a good deal towards selling a fancy stock in a flunkeyish community, he is, owing to the responsibility of his position, a somewhat unreliable ally, and cannot compare to a nobleman, for an ambassador may to-morrow lose his office, while a nobleman cannot lose his title. The selection in this case is doubly unfortunate because,

whatever Minister Schenck's name may do for a silver company, plain Robert C. Schenck can hardly help it much in England, and would not help it at all here.

The public indignation has been already deeply roused by the news of the indiscretion he has committed, and we do not well see how it can avoid ending in his recall. He cannot be allowed to choose between the company and his place, because his consenting to the company's use of his name reveals at least a weakness of judgment which almost amounts to proof of unfitness. We are afraid, too, that it will do Mr. Schenck a still greater injury than this, in confirming and spreading an impression about him which prevailed widely before he went to England—the impression, derived from observation of his career in Washington, that he is what is called in the slang of the City Hall politicians "on the make"—that is, looking about for chances to make money, and not as particular as he ought to have been about their nature. We have never alluded to this before, and have never spoken of him personally except in terms of respect, and warmly approved of his appointment to England, and we have now no good reason for believing that this suspicion has a particle of foundation. That the suspicion should have arisen is the natural consequence of the relations in which Congress—and especially the Committee of Ways and Means—is placed, under the protective system, to a large body of manufacturers and speculators, who find every year that fortunes may be made or lost by changes in the tariff. Mr. Schenck was long Chairman of that Committee, and very influential in the House on all tariff questions, and was thus exposed to temptations of which, in the present state of political morals, it is difficult to overestimate the power. It therefore behooved him to walk with extraordinary circumspection; that he did not walk with circumspection enough the rumors to which we have referred showed—but they were vague rumors, to which any man is exposed, and which a man conscious of his own purity could readily disregard. But it will be very difficult for Mr. Schenck to disregard them after he has taken the unprecedented step of lending to mining speculators in London the weight given to his name by the bestowal on him by the nation of an office of great dignity, and which has for eighty years been filled by men not only of the highest ability but of the highest personal character.

There is one other circumstance which helps seriously to aggravate Mr. Schenck's misfortune, and that is the temper of the public mind with regard to the whole matter of the influence of money on political life. People are greatly roused on this subject; they are becoming more roused every day; and, unless we are greatly mistaken in the signs of the times, they are likely to continue roused until a reform is effected. There is a deep and widespread determination growing up that men shall not go into the politics of this community for the purpose of making fortunes, and that politicians shall not use their offices, or influence or authority acquired from their offices, to fill their pockets; and, more than this, that persons in the public service shall not only be pure, but that they shall behave in such fashion, and avoid all such associations, and the incurrence of all such obligations in the way of presents, gifts, donations, and testimonials, as shall put their purity in doubt, or shall weaken their authority over their subordinates.

It does not make the slightest difference whether Mr. Schenck's conduct has been pure or not; the rule in all such cases is the sound and old one, which was applied to Bacon's case, when he said that the bribes received from suitors did not affect his decisions—viz., that a person in an official position must not assume relations towards others which are calculated either to weaken the public confidence in his integrity, or to furnish a precedent which would enable bad men to cover up their corruption: that is, a Kent must not receive presents from litigants, lest he should give a Barnard an excuse for taking them; a Grant must not put himself under obligations to office-holders, lest a Tweed should some day make the whole civil service a vast machine for enriching himself. So, also, we would say to the Government, "Do not allow Mr. Schenck to bring mining ventures on the London market, for as sure as you do, we shall see the London Mission sought by rings of speculators for the express purpose of bringing out swindling enterprises"; just as we would have said, two or three months ago, "Do not give the foreign banking business of the Government to a rich New York politician, because he promises you or has given you a good deal of money for electioneering purposes—for, as sure as you do, this business will become one of the prizes at every Presidential election, and will help to sink our politics still lower into that pit of corruption into which all good men now look down with so much alarm." The country at large has but one duty in the matter, and that is to insist—cost what it may and damage whom it may—that this mingling of politics and money, this conversion of every public office into an "opportunity" for enrichment, shall cease.

THE "REVENUE REFORM" MYSTERY.

THE one question which must come before the next Congress, and before every Congress till it is finally settled—whatever else be neglected or postponed—is the manner of raising the revenue. Nobody is satisfied with the present method, and no method will ever be a finality, which the country will accept, which creates, as the present method does, a privileged class. As we have often said before, whatever the merits of the protective system may be, its permanence in a democratic country is not to be looked for. The popular feeling is, in the long run, sure to rise against any system of which the benefits to a few are visible and enormous, the benefits to the many—supposing them to exist—invisible, indirect, and remote. There is little use in the manufacturer, whose fortunes the duties are building up rapidly, telling the consumer that part of the advantage works round to him in the long run, through the increased prosperity of the country. The great mass of men have always associated and will always associate prosperity with cheapness of food, clothing, and furniture. High wages, in money, dazzle men who have been working at a lower rate, but the feeling of satisfaction never lasts long if the purchasing power of the wages is small. Few will eat poor fare, and wear poor clothes, and live in a poor house many years, in the hope that by so doing they may contribute, at some indefinite period, to the establishment of a particular kind of industry, or prepare the country for a war, which may never break out, with some nation with which it is now in profound peace. This may evince a lamentable want of self-sacrifice and sagacity, but the mass of men are not in a high degree self-sacrificing or sagacious. Men, as M. Thiers, himself a great protectionist, wisely and wittily said, "will die for their country readily enough, but they will not make pig-iron for their country." He might have added that they will not go on indefinitely either buying dear pig-iron when they can get it cheaply. The blindness on these points which prevails among the advocates of protection might be illustrated in a hundred ways; but one illustration, which lies before us at this moment, is as good as a hundred, though to call it an illustration of blindness simply is a mild way of putting it. The New York *Tribune* of November 28 contains the following, the like of which has not often appeared in print:

> "When J. B. Say, the French economist, published his translation of Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' Napoleon (the great, not the little) examined the book, and seeing that the visionary but mischievous translator had elevated the specious selfishness of British Free Trade into a positive science, he interdicted its further publication and sale for a period of twelve years. In that interval the great Emperor furnished the world with a complete refutation of the Free Trade sophistries."

No theory advocated in that spirit can long stand in a free country. We have freely condemned the arbitrary course of "the great Emperor's" nephew in forcing free trade on Frenchmen without consulting them, but free trade is at most nothing more than the absence of government interference with the operations of trade and industry. But what are we to say or think of a school of economists which can see something admirable in the suppression, by a blood-stained military despot, of works arguing against government interference? And yet this admiration of the despot and his processes is, when we come to think of it, the most natural thing in the world. Despots are the only persons who can really estab-

lish and carry out a policy of protection. Protection was everywhere begun and maintained by arbitrary governments. The relaxation of restrictions on trade and industry has everywhere gone on *pari passu* with the growth of political freedom. No popular government can ever long look a community in the face and tell the men who elect it, and whom it serves, that it knows better than they into what industries they should put their capital, and in what markets they should buy and sell; and we need hardly say no popular government can ever be depended on to suppress a book, whether original or translated, "for a period of twelve years," or any other period, while it is trying industrial experiments. The protectionist experiment here has neither cavalry, infantry, nor artillery, nor a censorship of the press, to depend on for security against criticism or interference. It has to be carried on in the light of day, under the popular eye, and must be able to bear the worst its enemies can say of it.

One of the assaults on it which "the great Emperor" would not only have suppressed for a period of twelve years, but would probably have punished by sending the author out of France, but which American legislators, having no gendarmes at their disposal, would do well to read and consider, is Mr. Edward Atkinson's article in the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which has just been reprinted in pamphlet form, and we select it for commendation not more for the value of its arguments than for the value of its testimony, because it comes from a New England manufacturer, and therefore does not lie under the suspicion of corruption which attaches in many minds to all advocacy of free trade or "revenue reform" emanating from persons engaged in foreign trade or having cousins or uncles engaged in it.

Mr. Atkinson appears once more as the expounder of the doctrine known as "revenue reform," and which, for many ingenuous minds, beginning with that of the President, has some of the difficulty, not to say inscrutability, of the problems of the higher mathematics. When a gentleman of General Grant's ability asks whether revenue reform means the repudiation of the national debt, and announces that if it does he is opposed to it, nobody who undertakes to explain it needs any excuse for coming before the country, and no Congressman who proposes to vote this winter on any question connected with the tariff can excuse himself for not studying it.

Mr. Atkinson's positions are in substance these: that the entire force of the protectionist argument lies in treating the production of steel and iron in their crude or primary forms, and the production of textile fabrics from wool and cotton and flax, as the *only* manufactures to whose promotion everything else should be subordinated, whereas they are only a very small proportion of the manufactures of the country, and only a very small—absurdly small—proportion of the products of the national industry used by the agricultural population in whose interest, it is said, they should be fostered. The entire force of workmen engaged in all the steel-works of the United States would only be sufficient to run one large machine-shop, and the entire capital invested in them would be barely sufficient to build and equip one hundred and fifty miles of railroad; and yet, for the protection of this industry, the price of the million and a quarter tons of steel rails needed every year by American railroads is raised, by protective duties, by a sum equal to the total capital invested in the steel business, and which, if invested at six per cent., would pension all the men now employed in steel-works at two dollars a day for their lives. All this, be it remembered, to the incalculable detriment of the people who use steel in manufactures—locomotive and car builders, boiler-makers and tool-makers, and so on.

It is on the subject of cotton manufactures, however, that Mr. Atkinson's testimony is most suggestive and weighty. He alleges that, even if it be true that wages are twenty-five per cent. higher here now than in England, her advantage in labor is only five per cent. on goods worth twelve cents a yard, and with this she has to meet the cost of transportation and other charges; so that in coarse fabrics the American manufacturer now actually beats her even in the English colonies. Her real advantage in the finer kinds of goods lies, says Mr. Atkinson, in the cheapness of her machinery, and in the absence of taxes on the fuel and clothing of her operatives, and these are so great as to give her not only the home market, but the markets of the world, while we cannot hold our own in the home market alone. But, as Mr. Atkinson truly remarks, if we were to open our ports to-morrow, Great Britain could not supply all our wants and compete with our domestic industry, because she has neither the machinery, mills, labor, nor capital ready for the work, and if she attempted it would so raise wages and the price of all commodities used by the laborer as at once to destroy the advantages she now possesses over us. To supply us with the cotton goods alone which we need, she would have to put $100,000,000 fresh capital into the business, and employ 120,000 new operatives. The effect of this on profits need not be stated. In fact, Mr. Atkinson performs a neat *reductio ad absurdum* on our present revenue system when he says—what is literally true—that, with the highest tariff ever enacted, there is the largest importation of specially protected articles, viz., cotton and woollen goods, iron and steel, ever known. In other words, the tariff has made our market the best in the world for foreigners to sell in, and the worst in the world to buy in. Surely there must, on the protective theory, be something wrong here. When a rational man reads that, an enormous duty having been imposed on foreign wool for the protection of native wool-growers, woollen mills have, under its influence, greatly multiplied in Canada, their products being freely smuggled across the frontier; that our imports of foreign woollen goods reach the enormous sum of $50,000,000 annually; and that the number of sheep has fallen in Ohio, one of the greatest wool-growing States, from 7,688,845 in 1868, to 4,302,904 in 1871, he cannot avoid feeling that what our protectionist friends really need, to keep such a system going, is "a great Emperor," with a large army and a vigorous police. Nothing but brute force can make a civilized and sane community support it indefinitely; and the work to which the high-tariff men should set themselves next winter is the passage of an act submitting all works on political economy to a Board of Censorship, composed of Mr. Greeley, Mr. Henry C. Carey, and Judge Kelley, and making illicit publication punishable summarily on conviction by Commissioners of Internal Revenue and Collectors of Ports.

Mr. Atkinson, *obiter*, convicts our esteemed friend Mr. Shellabarger, of Ohio, of what Mr. Greeley calls having "lied knowingly, wilfully, and with naked intent to deceive," in saying, in a speech in the late canvass in Ohio, "that Great Britain retained such protective duties as were deemed by her adequate for the purposes of her industries, they being ten per cent. on all wrought manufactures, on all metals, articles of cotton, wool, etc." In saying this, Mr. Shellabarger showed that he either knew nothing about the British tariff, or invented this account of it as he went along. Great Britain collects no revenue on the articles he mentions. Her whole customs revenue is derived from tea, coffee, sugar, wines, liquor, tobacco, and fruits. A similar rate of duty on the same articles would, as Mr. Atkinson says, give us all the customs revenue we require, and he thereupon produces a "Revenue Reform Budget" which no protectionist "great Emperor" would allow to see the light, as long as he had a bayonet at command or a revenue reformer to stick it into; but of this we have no time to speak this week.

NEWSPAPER FIGHTS.

We made some remarks, some weeks ago—about the peculiarly professional character of the encounters which are almost constantly going on between the newspapers of the various towns, cities, and villages of our common country—which seemed to meet with so much favor and acceptance that we are tempted to explain ourselves more fully. We said then that these encounters interested nobody, and were watched by nobody but other newspaper men—an assertion which, at first sight, seems sweeping and rash, but which a very slight examination of the facts will show to be almost literally true. Although the American people are great newspaper readers, those who read two daily newspapers, either of the same party or of opposite parties, may be said to be confined almost exclusively to politicians

or editors. The politicians take a great many papers, and read them, partly to inform themselves as to the events of the day, and partly to discover in what direction the tide of public opinion is flowing, and editors have to make it a daily duty to look over their "exchanges" from all parts of the country. But nobody or next to nobody else thinks of such a thing. In the cities, there are not many persons who read even two articles in one daily paper through from beginning to end; the great majority, especially of business men, look at the heading, and skim over the earlier part of the article. In the country men read more carefully, but there is hardly a farmer, a country merchant, or lawyer in the United States who reads the articles of more than one newspaper. Around New York and two or three other large cities, persons in easy circumstances are apt to take one city paper besides their own local paper, and perhaps read them both, but the practice is confined to a small circle. In this city and the neighborhood, we suspect the number of those who read *both* the *Times* and *Tribune*, or either of these papers or the *World* or *Herald*, with anything like system or interest, might not amount to over a few dozen, always excepting the politicians and persons connected, in one way or another, with the press.

Now, to get real enjoyment out of a fight, one has to see and hear both combatants, especially when the conflict is one of words. A theatrical set-to, in which one party is away behind the scenes, or outside a window, and in which all we know of his "practice" is what we learn from his opponent's replies and counter-hits, is one of the tamest and dullest spectacles imaginable, and if offered as an entertainment by itself would not be tolerated. Indeed, people only submit to it when it some way contributes to the progress of a drama, or, in other words, is one of the incidents of a "situation." Now, a newspaper fight is, to the general public, exactly like a theatrical fight of this description, without the surrounding drama. When, for instance, the *Times* and *Tribune* have an encounter, hardly anybody but editors get the full benefit of the show. The newspaper men form a dense throng round the scene of conflict, and they—and they only—see the two men shy their castors into the ring, get home on each other's conks, draw each other's claret, flatten each other's smellers, knock each other down, and otherwise smash, bruise, and maltreat each other. It is altogether from the newspapers that the applause and encouragement on both sides comes; it is only newspaper men who can tell the exact effect of the *Tribune's* hits or the *Times's* counter-hits; which looks groggy, which comes up smiling, which is forcing the fighting, and which seems unwilling to leave his corner. The odds on the first knockdown, the first blood, and the final event are all offered and taken by newspaper men. You could not get a layman to "put up" five cents on any fight that has taken place in or about Park Row within fifteen years. The reason is obvious. The outside public sees the play of Greeley's terrible right, but of the effect on Jones's knowledge-box or bread-basket (these gentlemen must, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, excuse this familiar use of them as illustrations) it can see nothing; or it sees Jones deliver his vicious left-hander, but what portion of Greeley's carcase it attained, and how he took it, and whether he parried it, it cannot tell.

Take the case of the "lies" told by the *Times* about John V. Gridley. From the *Tribune* the public learnt that the *Times* had told about twelve lies in a single issue about this one man. Now, the *Tribune's* public would have liked to hear from the *Times* itself what gave Gridley this malefic influence on its morals, but, knowing that this was impossible, it took no interest in the matter. Take, again, the case of Mr. Greeley's connection with the Bowling Green Savings-Bank. The *Times's* public is given to understand that Greeley went into a scheme for getting up a savings-bank for the simple purpose of defrauding poor emigrants of their money in sums of ten cents and upwards; but one's interest in such a charge is largely dependent on the manner in which Greeley meets it, and it being impossible to know how Greeley meets it without taking the *Tribune* as well as the *Times*, people let it pass carelessly, as in some sense a question of "lunar politics." The same observations may be made, *mutatis mutandis*, on nearly all the great newspaper controversies, even on public questions. Take, for instance, the perennial dispute between the *World* and *Tribune* on the tariff. To newspaper men it is interesting enough, and, perhaps, does something towards changing or modifying their convictions, but to the general public, who never see more than one side, it is almost unintelligible. The *Tribune*, which displays a keener perception of this difficulty than any of the other papers, occasionally makes extracts from an opponent before proceeding to annihilate him, but, as is well known to controversialists, the power of making "extracts" from an enemy before assailing him may be so used as to be the equivalent of the process—to recur to our former illustration—known to pugilists as getting a man's head "in chancery." In this process one combatant puts his arm, with an appearance of affection, round the other's neck, gets hold, if he can, of one of his hands, and, having thus fixed his head and face in an exposed and convenient position, goes on to punch them in a leisurely but effective manner. To choose one's self the passage which contains one's opponent's case is a somewhat analogous mode of dealing with him, and when done dexterously, the "punishment" inflicted on him may sometimes be awful, though we do not affirm that it may not be in many cases richly deserved. Nevertheless, it is not a process which the humane care to witness, and can never furnish really good entertainment to any but professional eyes.

The amount of space which is given up in nearly all papers to the refutation of other papers—we are not now talking of the personal quarrels of the editors—is a striking illustration in fact of the extent to which the press, and especially the metropolitan press, is addressed to editors, and how largely any one paper is indebted for its influence on the country to the impression it makes on the editors. It is only the latter, who are familiar with the result of the various great "mills" which have come off at different times in the newspaper world, who know anything of the training and condition of the more prominent bruisers now in the field, and can, therefore, estimate the probable result of any of the coming "engagements," and they give their readers the benefit of their knowledge in a sort of mixed narrative and commentary, like the account which Rebecca gave Ivanhoe of the progress of the assault on Bois-Guilbert's castle. All over Massachusetts, for instance, people are largely dependent on the Springfield *Republican* for all they know and care to know of the various press encounters in New York, how they began, and how they ended or are likely to end. People in the Northwest have the same burning tale day by day from the Cincinnati *Commercial* or Chicago *Tribune*, and so on all through the country, and we venture to assert that far more minute and accurate knowledge of these encounters is to be met with among the readers of country papers at a distance from the scene of conflict, than among the public of this city or the environs.

There is no doubt, however, that the general readers of papers of a combative turn, or of papers actually engaged in a fight, hold themselves deeply wronged by it, and complain of it bitterly. We have made frequent extensive enquiries on this point, and have never yet met anybody, man or woman, not connected with the press, who cared one straw about any fight in which his or her paper was engaged, and who did not consider it a mixture of nuisance and fraud, or who did not wonder at the superlative folly of continuing it. The combativeness of editors may therefore be considered, on the whole, injurious to them from a commercial point of view, and one can only account for it by ascribing it to their sensitiveness to the opinion of their professional brethren—a weakness they share with lawyers, who will often "spat" in court for a whole day, through mere professional spite and jealousy, and to the manifest disgust of the jury and injury of their clients. The editor, in like manner, who knows the other editors are watching him, and who has his reputation to maintain with them, cannot bear to have the man over the way seem to get the better of him or have the last word; and it is the misfortune of the profession, that these quarrels, instead of being fought out in courts or clubs or professional societies, have to be conducted under the eyes of the world.

In most quarrels of the secular press there is, however, an element of jocoseness which greatly mitigates the horrors of the actual conflict. Of cool malignity, hitting below the belt, and seizing the enemy by the hair, and jumping on him when he is down, we fear most of the examples must be sought among our brethren of the religious press. They are not easily roused, but when they are, they care nothing about the rules of the ring. If they were not all weeklies, we fear they would spread desolation all around them; but there is, it must be admitted, something ludicrous in the mutual hostility of a pair of weeklies. The daily editor, when he is in a fight, nearly always writes in a passion. He gets up late, and does not receive his antagonist's blow till about noon, often later. He does not get to his office till, say, three in the afternoon. In the meantime, the more he has thought over the matter, the more deep-dyed has the other fellow's rascality seemed to him, the more patent and barefaced his lying. When he gets to his office, the smiles or excitement of his subordinates, and the ill-concealed derision of his acquaintances, combine, during the whole evening, to deepen his indignation, and night-work has probably done a good deal to make him nervous and excitable. So his return "castigation," composed at a later hour, is apt to be a regular burst of fury. Not so his weekly brother. The worst newspaper assault on another newspaper, especially of a personal character, is apt to lose most of its sting in thirty-six hours. The most carefully prepared one is apt to be a little ludicrous in forty-eight hours, and in three days, the man who sits down to answer it in kind must be either a real vessel of wrath or else a wholly humorless blockhead. Then the fight is carried on at long range, and with feeble artillery. There is something preposterous, in the very nature of things, in Smith's calling Brown a fool on Friday because he, on the previous Thursday week, had called Smith a knave. But then, anybody who carries his indignation for a week, and nurses it carefully all that time, is apt to be

a very ugly customer, and, if his indignation has a religious tinge, is as dangerous an antagonist as anybody can encounter. Some of the most shocking press fights that have occurred have been between religious papers over their comparative circulation. There is no subject on which the genuine newspaper mind is so sensitive as about circulation. A thorough newspaper man will stop at hardly anything to keep up his reputation for large circulation, and will go through any shifts or humiliations to avoid being suspected of a small one. It acts on him as hardly any other charge will. You may accuse him of lying or stealing with a fair chance of seeing your reproaches received with a smiling front; but insinuate that his circulation is low, and, above all, declining, and you rouse the tiger in him, and may know that apologies are useless, and accommodation is impossible. A charge of this kind comes on religious papers with peculiar bitterness, because they do not profess to be mere commercial ventures, as most secular papers hardly deny being. They are to a large extent preachers also, and the charge has, therefore, a double sting—that of commercial failure and rejected and despised counsel on the most sacred themes.

ENGLAND.—MR. GLADSTONE AT GREENWICH.

LONDON, November 10, 1871.

WHEN last I wrote to you, all England was anxiously expecting Mr. Gladstone's great speech to his Greenwich constituents. We were told that it was to be sent by telegraph to America—a circumstance upon which the penny-a-liners dilated after their fashion, but which proves at any rate that you will have had time to form your own opinions on the matter long before my letter reaches you. I may, however, give you what, so far as I can judge, is the general impression as to the merits of the performance. Putting aside the ecstacies of Mr. Gladstone's thick-and-thin supporters, and the snarls of his cynical despisers, it may be safely said that the speech was a decided success. His dramatic position was favorable. He could fairly assume the attitude of an overworked servant of the nation, forced to leave his arduous duties for a time in order to encounter to their faces the deserters who had endeavored to attack him in the rear. An attempt made to roar him down at the opening of his speech served only to increase his great triumph. The speech, however, was itself able and eloquent, and has probably gone a long way to secure his seat in the borough for some time to come. The weak point in it was the complete absence of any indication of his future policy. The etiquette which regulates such matters would have prevented him from promising any distinct measures; but it would have been certainly desirable that he should have pledged himself to some distinct principles as to the important matters which are coming before the country. I have seen the fading popularity of Mr. Gladstone ascribed to the dislike of his enthusiasm felt by London society. I would by no means deny that this is to some extent the case; as, for example, the abolition of the purchase system provoked a curious amount of hostility from many who profess to be described as Liberals. But the dislike of over-refined persons to Mr. Gladstone's enthusiastic adoption of popular cries is a matter of small moment. The real danger to which he is exposed is the distrust of the more thoroughgoing members of his own party. They do not doubt his honesty; but they have no belief in his steadiness, clear-headedness, or straightforwardness. If you wish to see the grounds of this dislike explained with considerable force, I recommend to you an article by Mr. Fawcett in the current number of the *Fortnightly*. It should be read with the recollection that, if we may judge from their behavior in the House of Commons, it would not be easy to find two more uncompromising antagonists than the Prime Minister and the most Puritanical of Radicals. They hate each other, to all appearance, as we may fancy that Robespierre, in his most austere days, must have hated the eloquent, shifty, and untrustworthy Girondins. However, Mr. Fawcett, strong as his feelings may be, is only expressing what is felt by a good many of his party.

I turn, however, to a manifesto by another rising politician of the same school which has provoked a good deal of amusement and probably a good deal of indignation. Sir Charles Dilke is a very young man for his position—being still on the right side of thirty. He is endowed with great energy and a boundless thirst for useful information. He went round the world, and, as you are aware, published the results of his observations in a book called "Greater Britain," of which I need only say that it proved his zeal in acquiring knowledge to be equalled by his courage in generalizing from his facts. His manner as an orator has the fault of that slight tinge of pomposity which is the natural result of premature wisdom; but, whatever his foibles, he is really a man of much vigor and likely to make his way. Just now he seems disposed to be bidding for popular support by advancing extreme opinions. He has found out that our last Reform Act has still left a wide field for agitation in the inequality of electoral districts; but in his last speech he has struck a bolder note, and caused a momentary shiver in well-regulated circles. Sir Charles Dilke has declared for a republic. Moreover, his declaration was greeted by the unanimous applause of a large audience at Newcastle. The Royal family have received notice to quit; they are pronounced to be a useless encumbrance, and are told that the people of England are growing not so much indignant as tired of keeping up an empty show. Royalty has become a mere tumble-down excrescence which has not even the merit of being picturesque; and the sooner we get rid of it, the better. That such conclusions should be applauded in a large English audience is a curious sign of the times; but, to understand its meaning, we must look a little further. Sir Charles's argument was a remarkably simple one, and is that which seems to be at present the favorite argument with the working-class. He regards the whole question from a purely pecuniary point of view; it is simply a matter of debit and credit. Asking what the Queen does, and how much she is paid for it, he finds that the same duties would be done on more reasonable terms by the president of a republic; and therefore he proposes to get rid of the Queen for the president, just as a lady might resolve to give up a footman and take a parlor-maid in his place. The illustrations by which this argument was enforced were well enough calculated for the tastes of a popular audience. The Queen's privy purse, the sums paid the several members of the Royal family, and various expenses of that kind, come to about £700,000. Then the Horse Guards, being an ornamental but utterly useless body of troops, cost £100,000 more than a similar number of cavalry of the line. Next we have the Royal yachts, which cost at least as much more; and Sir Charles declared that he had found an able-bodied seaman employed all the year round in decorating them with portraits of the lion and unicorn. Besides all this, we have all the strange apparatus of a semi-feudal household, a hereditary Grand Falconer, a Master of the Buckhounds, Exons in waiting (whatever they may be), Gentlemen-Ushers, and a medical staff, beginning with three physicians in ordinary, and ending with one chemist in ordinary, which is thus composed of thirty-two doctors for one family. Sir Charles had, of course, little difficulty in making fun of these arrangements to workmen who have been lately fighting a hard battle for a few more shillings a week; but they appear to have heartily enjoyed his speech and agreed with his summing up of the case. Royalty costs us, in the various ways indicated, at least a million a year. For this sum the Queen has really nothing to do, except to sign a great number of documents. The remuneration is evidently excessive; and—here, perhaps, there is a slight gap in the argument—a republican form of government would necessarily be cheap, honest, and efficient. Sir Charles hurried rather hastily over this difficult ground; and ended—not by proposing an immediate revolution, but by significantly intimating his belief that it was time for the monarchy to set its house in order.

I am inclined to think myself that if we could get rid of the monarchy without a hard fight we should be the better for the change; though, as I see no probability of such a revolution being carried out without creating a violent contest, I should prefer that we should not try to pluck the fruit before it is ripe. I have, therefore, no particular prejudice against Sir Charles's conclusions; but I confess that I regret the tone of his arguments. It is simply absurd to argue a constitutional question on commercial grounds. The million a year which we spend upon the Royal family is a mere trifle compared with the pecuniary waste that would be caused by a corrupt republican form of government, and even that waste is of small importance as compared with the moral injury that would be inflicted. I do not say that a republican form of government in England would be corrupt; but I mean to point out that the question cannot be decided for reasonable men by a mere comparison of salaries, but involves far wider and more important issues. I repeat, therefore, that I regret to see a young man of much ability appealing to the very lowest motives which can be brought into play upon such a topic; yet this incessant recurrence to the immediate cost of the monarchy in money is characteristic of all our incipient republicanism, though the argument has seldom found so complete an expression. A nation which should take so hopelessly narrow a view of constitutional questions as to fancy that this was a worthy mode of treatment would show a low order of political intelligence; and I do not think that so long as republicanism is merely a matter of the breeches pocket, it will become a very formidable power. A party must have some ideas that cannot be expressed in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence, if it would be long-lived; and I do not think so little of my countrymen as to believe that oratory of the kind described sinks very deeply into their bosoms.

One inference, however, may be safely drawn from this and other orations of the kind. Money is grudged for the support of the monarchy, simply because the Royal family has lost its personal popularity. The fact is steadily becoming more evident. Newspapers say that it is because the Queen does not show herself sufficiently, and beg her to secure the monarchy by encouraging London tradesmen and taking part in public shows. I have no doubt that by such a course she might win the hearts of a good many

tailors, upholsterers, and footmen. Whether she would regain her place in the national affections seems to me to be a more doubtful proposition. The Queen is a most exemplary person; but, somehow, personal loyalty even towards her has become so cold that I doubt whether it can be reawakened by any mere pageantry; and the Queen's probable successor shows no symptoms of possessing any of those qualities that tend to popular magnetism. His manners are good; and I believe him to be well-meaning, if not remarkably wise. But, whatever the cause, the fact I am sure remains. Twenty years ago, enthusiastic loyalty to the persons of the Royal family was a great political fact. It has been succeeded by a profound indifference, with a considerable tinge of contempt. Speeches like Sir Charles Dilke's would once have made a popular audience angry; they would have been revolted by this petty, tradesmanlike mode of appraising the services of their Queen. Now a large audience is pleased, and the outside world is simply amused. Swords have long given up leaping from their scabbards when Queens are insulted—now they scarcely give even the faintest rattle.

TAXATION IN FRANCE.

PARIS, November 9.

I TOLD you in my last letter that I would attempt to give you some idea of the labors of a General Council in France. Its most important business is the supervision of the departmental budget. This budget is prepared by the Prefect and presented by him to the Council. It must not be thought that the Council can change it at its pleasure. The general lines, if I might so say, of the departmental budget are drawn by an Imperial law, by which I mean the general law of the budget as voted by the Chamber. If you examine the general budget voted at Versailles, you will find in it an item—"Departmental and Communal Budgets." In our system of financial administration, which, like everything else, bears the mark of centralization, there are no departmental collectors, communal collectors; the state collectors receive all the taxes, only their receipts are divided under three heads, and attributed to the state, to the department, to the commune. This must never be lost sight of by those who study the finances of France. In every French budget, you see at a glance all the expenses of the country in the shape of taxes, while in the English budget, for instance, you find nothing but the Imperial taxes, and you can form no idea of the local taxation. Not only all the collectors of the state employed in France to levy the taxes for departments and the commune, but the taxes themselves, are not specialized. The peasant or proprietor, at the time he pays his taxes to the collector, does not know, unless he has had time to read the discussions of the Imperial budget, how much he actually gives to the state, how much to his own department and to his own village. There are four direct taxes, and they are the fountain whence state, department, and commune are all supplied. These four direct taxes are, (1) the land tax, which is the heaviest and most productive; (2) the personal and furniture tax, which is a tax of capitation as well as on the furniture possessed by every householder; (3) the tax on doors and windows, which is at bottom a house tax; (4) a license tax, which is paid by all those who are engaged in a manual or liberal occupation, by the lawyer as well as by the manufacturer, by the doctors as well as by the shoemakers.

Let us study the working of this system in its details. The law of the 4th September, 1871, enacted at Versailles, fixed the general amount of the four direct taxes for the whole of France and for every department; the department of Oise, for instance, is required to pay, under this head, about three million francs of land tax, half a million of personal and furniture tax, half a million of door and window tax, etc. Now, here begins the business of the General Council. There are in the department four subdivisions called arrondissements. It is for the Council to apportion the direct taxes between these four districts, taking as a basis on the one hand population, and on the other the quality of the land, which is divided, according to its fertility, into three classes. This apportionment is practically made in the bureaux of the Prefecture, and is about the same every year, so that the Council has nothing to do but to approve what is proposed by the Prefect. However, if any commune thinks itself too heavily taxed, it can send a petition to the Council, which examines it. The classification of the land, which was completed under the reign of Louis Philippe, is called the *cadastre*. There is in every village a map of all the lands of the commune with their limits marked, and at every subdivision of the land a new limit is marked. These maps cannot be compared, for simplicity, with those I have seen in the Far West, where astronomy and geodesy furnished the first landmarks; and, as the quality of the land has often been changed by the progress of agriculture, the actual classification is not as correct as it ought to be; but the principle of equity which consists in levying the smallest tax on the poorest land, ought not to be abandoned. The best plan would be to have a tax in proportion to the rent; but as there are so many peasant-proprietors in France, the determination of the rent would often become very difficult.

Suppose, now, that the taxes are levied. A large part goes to the state. What becomes of the remainder? It goes into the receipts of the department and of the commune; but it does not form the whole of these receipts. Let us leave the communes aside, and speak only of the department. The department is an invention of the French Revolution; it is, historically speaking, a new thing; therefore, we cannot expect it to possess much land, while some communes, being the heirs of ancient incorporated boroughs, own forests, pasture land, buildings, etc. The law allows each department to vote additional taxes, in proportion to the amount of the state taxes assigned to it by the Imperial budget. These local taxes are called additional *centimes*, each centime being the hundredth part of the franc. When a department votes a centime, it votes the hundredth part of the direct state land tax. It is as if an American State voted a cent more than the dollar for every dollar of a certain specified tax. These additional centimes form a very important item in the budget of the department; the law on the General Councils allows them to vote those additional centimes, only it fixes a limit which they cannot surpass. The maximum which they can vote is 26 centimes for the general expenses of the department (which enter into the budget under the head of ordinary expenses); for roads, 7 centimes; for schools, 3 centimes; for extraordinary expenses, such as loans, 12 centimes. You will remark at once that the maximum is lowest for the schools. Putting all these centimes together, we make a sum of 48 centimes, which represent as it were, arithmetically, the freedom of the department, as the department may vote as much of these 48 centimes as it likes.

Let us take, for instance, the department of Oise. The receipts will be, in 1872:

26 additional centimes for ordinary expenses	922,357 francs.
7 centimes for roads	320,967 "
3 centimes for schools	137,557 "

The principal items to be added to these receipts are a voluntary contribution of various communes for the construction of roads to the amount of 600,000 francs, and 12 additional centimes for extraordinary expenses caused by the war, which will give 550,230 francs. In all, the receipts will amount to 2,601,989 francs. The state will devour much more of the people's substance, as you will readily understand when I tell you what the Imperial taxes were in 1870:

The direct taxes produced	9,191,327 francs.
The indirect taxes	7,107,616 "

These indirect taxes are those on the registration of sales and mutation of property, succession duties, post, wine and alcohol, etc. The state thus consumed, in 1870, more than sixteen millions, and the war had greatly diminished its receipts, which in 1869 had amounted to twenty-two millions; while the department, as a department, only spends about two millions and a half. We may say, on an average, that the department only pays to itself about ten per cent. of what it pays to the central government.

This proportion will seem to you very small; but then you must bear in mind that the department has very small expenses; all its roads are under the supervision of the state engineers; all the tax collectors are paid by the state, great or small. The departmental expenses in Oise all come under these heads: Rent, furniture, and keeping up of the prefecture, the sub-prefectures, the gendarmeries, the criminal courts and civil tribunals, the prisons, the printing of the electoral lists, the construction and repairs of departmental roads, the subvention to the lunatic asylums, expenses of vaccination, subventions to charitable institutions, agricultural school, subvention to agricultural exhibitions, service of the departmental debt, primary schools. The expenses of the primary schools amount in a year to 820,000 francs; the department contributes only 122,997 francs towards this object; the Imperial government gives 117,575; the remainder goes towards the expenses of the communes themselves.

The budget of the schools is painfully low, though the department of Oise is one of the richest and most prosperous in the country. It does not amount to the sum of a million. The communes contribute directly to the maintenance of their schools the sum of half a million; but, strangely enough, the schoolmasters are all under the government of the Minister of Public Instruction. The schoolmaster's salary amounts generally to 1,200 francs; but in this you must comprehend his pay as secretary of the mairie (it is very seldom that he does not have the two places). Many of them have only 700 francs; the female teachers (for the boys and girls are kept separate) receive on an average 800 francs.

The Council, before it separates, nominates an executive commission which will now sit permanently between the sessions, and have a sort of general control of the Prefect. But, if the new law is not altered in a liberal direction, I don't see how these permanent commissions will do much good.

As it is, the Prefect is everything in the department, as before; he is the connecting link between the central government and all the officials of the department. The only officials who are independent of him are the judges of the courts, who correspond directly with the Minister of Justice. But the engineers, the tax collectors, the agents of public instruction, the mayors of the villages, all look upon the Prefect as the fountain of justice and honor. He can do everything and undo everything. The General Councils even, under the new system now just tried, are but a consultative assembly; they cannot legislate for the department; they have really no initiative, except in the question of the roads; they have no local patronage, and, therefore, no real power.

Correspondence.

JUDGE McKEAN'S COURT vs. THE MORMONS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Accepting the disadvantage of meeting a partisan who conceals his name, I have to say in reply to "Observer" that he has not truthfully stated the issue in Utah. Brigham Young did not "secretly and in the night leave Salt Lake City"; he left it between ten and eleven o'clock A.M., and by the advice of Hon. Thomas Fitch, his counsel, who told him that McKean had all the machinery of conviction prepared for him, and that he should await the decision of the test case (Engelbrecht *vs.* Clinton and others) before the U. S. Supreme Court. This case might be called by a rhetorician like McKean: Sentimentalism *vs.* Trial by Jury. The only additional issue of fact not smothered in controversy, quotation, or innuendo in that letter of four columns, is about Judge McKean's mining speculations. "Observer" says that "some miner located a claim, and the name of Jas. B. McKean got upon the record of the Mining Recorder's office without any privity of the Judge as one of the locators," etc. They must take familiarities with "high-toned" U. S. Judges in Utah to put their names into papers entered at the office of a land-register who is a volunteer counsel in McKean's court against the polygamists. Here is the same case, as U.S. Senator Stewart, Ex-U. S. Attorney Hempstead, and others stated it to me:

"Judge Strickland, associate and crony of McKean, jumped a mine in Ophir Cañon. Strickland sold his interest to McKean, who organized a company called the 'Silver Shield,' of which he was made President. McKean retained Baskins, the prosecutor of Brigham Young, as his attorney, and by visiting all the lawyers practising at McKean's bar, it was extorted from them that they would not take the case against him. McKean then commenced suit in his own court against the original locators of the Velocipede mine, and called Judge Strickland to sit in his place. The defendants declined to try the case in the District Court before Strickland, on the ground that he had sold McKean his interest. They appealed to McKean, as Supreme Justice, to allow Hawley, the alternate Justice, who was disinterested, to try the issue. This McKean refused to do; the case stuck fast in the courts, and McKean & Company, the 'Silver Shield,' continue to draw ore from the Velocipede mine."

You see that an "Observer" may not be able to see things as clearly as a "Correspondent"—a profession of folks apparently not in high regard with this gentleman, who, at the time named, "was in Salt Lake City, and in a situation to know the sentiments." The "situation" and the "sentiments" give me a clue to the person. One part of the Territorial Ring tactics has been to alarm and "startle" public opinion in the East by keeping up a fire of correspondence to sustain the extra-judicial attitudes of the rhetorical Chief-Justice there, and while several of the Territorial officials are professional correspondents, like Mr. Hollister, the general telegraphy is entrusted to an Arab named Sawyer, imported from the East and subsidized. I have some sympathy for the under-dog in an unequal fight, and, while I abhor polygamy and have small pity for superstition, I want to see the labor and the seventy millions of acquisitions in Utah saved to our country and to the simple citizens who have accumulated it. The Territorial Ring hate the Mormons more than polygamy. The Chief-Justice there is a melodramatic actor, more serious than Dogberry, but not more lovable. Two of the small body of Territorial officers have committed homicides in other States, and the prosecuting attorney, who married a lady for whom he procured a divorce, is now menaced with prosecution by his original wife. Amongst the flagrant outrages which I found there was the persistent refusal of the malignant land-register to issue a title to Salt Lake City under the general municipal law, although it has been settled twenty-two years, and every other town in the Territory was confirmed in its titles. Hard upon my letters, which received prompt consideration from the Commissioner of the General Land Office, came the Associated Press telegram from Utah, that Salt Lake had been entered in the office of this register.

Every republican interest demands that the Mormon people be encouraged to form a State government with polygamy for all the future made penal in it, and past marriages to be tolerated, except where either contracting party seek divorce and alimony. We demand nothing more of the Indians, and many of the Mormons are little above the grade of Cherokees. It is not consistent to govern 120,000 people by the Federal emissaries of a distant public opinion, who can put all the enginery of extra-judicial courts and martial law into effect, and enlist the prejudices and the press of the great East in the unequal contest. There is much admirable in Mormon Utah. Statesmanship, and not blatherskites nor filibusters, should cut the tumor and preserve the Territory. Our government is behaving towards these poor idolaters just as if the British Government, discovering the lost mutineers of the *Bounty* in the South Sea, had proceeded to try them for old piracies and more recent polygamy. The British Government turned a forgotten crime into an episode of clemency and generosity, and our Sunday-school urchins read the pretty story with as much sympathy as we may make them one day read the wonderful history of the Mormon exodus and the peaceable assimilation of its empire into ours.

George Alfred Townsend.

November 25.

THE GREAT FIRE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your issue of the 16th inst. I observe an extract from Mr. Alfred Perry's communication to the Montreal *Witness*, which contains a statement of one of those "facts which are not facts." Speaking of the peculiarity of the non-ascension of the fire, Mr. Perry says it was exemplified in the remains of the Church of the Holy Name. This church "had its tower running up about 100 feet, and *the spire had not been erected.* It had been intended to finish it this year, and the contractor had placed his scaffolding on the top of the tower, and two of the four main corner timbers had been placed. These two corner-pieces remain apparently unscorched," etc.

Now, the fact is that the spire had been just erected. I have watched its progress all summer from my residence on the block diagonally across Huron Street. The spire, being of wood, was the first part of the building to take fire, which it did from flying brands. It was burning when my own family fled from their burning home, and passed State Street in front of it. A moment after, it fell before the fierce gale, and plunged blazing through the roof of the church, setting the whole interior on fire. Two of its broken timbers still remain sticking upon the tower.

The error is a trifling one, perhaps, but as the Chicago fire was entirely unexampled, it is necessary to be very careful about the facts which are to furnish the *data* for any consistent theory. This mistake of Mr. Perry is only one of a class of mistakes which I have noticed in various quarters. It has been said, for instance, that the wooden pavements contributed to spread the fire. Now, the fact is that while the solid blocks of stone of the sidewalks and curb-stones are shattered or calcined, the wooden pavement is not injured, save where burning walls or masses of brands fell upon it, and then it simply charred downwards, and the fire did not spread superficially.

I have even seen the foolish statement that there was petroleum in the stone of which the massive central blocks were built! And the other day, the New York *Times*, in commenting on the fire, spoke of Chicago as a tinder-box of wood, and compared it with San Francisco, which, having suffered from fires, is now built of solid stone and brick, in a wisdom bought from dear experience. The truth is, as any one acquainted with the two cities knows, that there was more solid brick and stone swept into ruin in the Chicago fire than would suffice to build four times over the brick and stone structures of San Francisco. San Francisco, more afraid of earthquakes than of fire, has constructed miles on miles of wooden buildings, and two years ago, when in the city, I suggested to a relative the danger from fire to which the city was exposed on that account. Even the failure of the water-supply during the Chicago fire is exaggerated as to its effect. The fire was along the river and its branches, raged there first, and first got beyond control there; and there was abundance of water in the river. But no amount of water, after the first hour, would have been of avail. In a heat so fierce, driven by a gale of seventy-five miles an hour, the water, as chemists know, was worse than useless. The fire was driven onwards as from the end of a blowpipe. It calcined granite and melted iron.

There are, unquestionably, adequate causes to explain the great conflagration. Having discovered those causes, Chicago and other cities may guard against them. It is in the interests of civic safety that we should be careful about our facts. As far as I can see, given the same conditions—a tempest of seventy-five miles an hour, a fire well started in a mass of inflam-

mable material in the lower part of the town—I know no reason, from the different construction of the two cities, why New York might not burn from the Battery to Central Park. HUGH MILLER THOMPSON.

[We have received another communication, from a different source, confirmatory of the above, and otherwise demonstrating the untrustworthiness of Mr. Perry's observations.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

—MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON announce "Landmarks, and Other Poems," by John J. Piatt.——Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. publish this week "The Last Tournament," by Tennyson, an addition to "Idyls of the King."——We have to announce the opening in this city of a branch of a well-known English music-publishing house, Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., at No. 751 Broadway.

—"Latin Pronunciation" (Cambridge: Charles W. Sever) is an outline in a few pages of the system of Latin pronunciation introduced into Harvard College, some years ago, by Professor Lane, and now generally adopted by the Massachusetts schools. The absurdities of the English and American pronunciation have always been apparent enough. It has been kept up or submitted to, however, quite as much from indifference as from despair of certainty on a necessarily doubtful matter. An approximation to the Augustan standard of orthoepy is made feasible by the help of Quintilian, who was not very remote from the golden age, and of Priscian, who, if much later, used the works of older grammarians. The result attained by following these guides is such that we may reasonably suppose that Cicero, hearing Latin read according to the proposed system, would recognize the language as his own, though he might have a few strictures to make. We have only to read English as so much Italian to form a conception of the amazement with which the American boy declaiming *Quousque tandem Catilina* would be listened to by the original audience. We are glad to see it announced that Professor Lane is preparing an elementary Latin grammar.

—To those who take an interest in the fate of country towns in New England, we can recommend as pleasant reading the pamphlet, "Address delivered Sept. 19, 1871, at the Annual Exhibition of the Farmers' Club, Princeton, Mass., by Nathan Allen, M.D." (Lowell: Stone & Huse.) It is considerably above the level of ordinary agricultural addresses, neither running off into politics nor (what is rare for doctors when on their feet) being rhetorically overdone or grammatically underdone. It is just such a talk as an almost purely farming community could best appreciate and would certainly profit by; and the speaker's well-known hobby is here entirely in place. Moreover, as a native of Princeton, he has given an agreeable historical and antiquarian flavor to his remarks which will secure for them more than local acceptance. The town had, in 1870, but 18 more inhabitants than it had in 1820, while it had 146 less than in 1840. In 1765, when the total population was 284, a little more than half were children under sixteen years of age; in 1860, out of 1,201 inhabitants, the number under fifteen was but 373. Dr. Allen makes the case worse than it is when he neglects the difference of a year in the standard age of the two censuses, and even considers 373 but a fourth of 1,201; the true ratio for the comparison is probably one-third. That the falling-off has taken place in the last thirty years mainly, would seem to be proved by this consideration: In 1840, says Dr. Allen, the number of school children (from five to fifteen) reported was just twice that of the past year, which was 235. That is, there were about 470 school-children in 1840; but if so, the whole number of children must then have been not far from 650, or nearly half the population (1,347). In the past ten years, almost one-seventh of the births has been among the foreign population, which constitutes about one-twelfth of the whole. With the decrease in school-children, Dr. Allen finds a corresponding decline in the interest taken in and money appropriated for schools, though the town has been somewhat distinguished for its educated men. "It has been said that, for half a century, there was no period of time when there was not some one individual from Princeton enrolled as a member of college," but of late years this has ceased to be true. "For a long time the place provided not only its own teachers, but had many representatives following this vocation in adjoining and distant towns. In the recollection of some present, so numerous was this class that twenty-seven teachers could be counted in one school-district, including ten in one family. These ten persons taught nearly one hundred district-schools, and had under their instruction over five thousand different pupils." Whoever has visited Princeton on its high perch on the flank of Wachusett—"there not being, it is said, an acre of level ground by itself in the place"—will confirm the Doctor's emphatic testimony to its pure air, incomparable views, and peculiar healthfulness.

—*Macmillan* for November has an excellent article, "American Experience in the Relief of the Poor," which gives us a clear and succinct statement of what is being done in this field in New York and Boston. Of course, the palm is given to Boston over New York for system and efficiency in dealing with the evil of pauperism; but it is admitted to be much easier to deal with it in Boston than it is either in New York or in London. After describing at length the "Charity Building" in which Boston concentrates and combines her municipal offices for the doing of good works, the author of the article, Mr. James Bryce, says: "All this goes on under the roof of the Charity Building; and, as other benevolent societies are allowed to use its vacant rooms for their meetings, the members of all these get accustomed to look on the building as the centre of charitable action for all Boston; they group themselves more and more round the leading agencies which work from thence, and by degrees come to understand the principles on which relief ought to be conducted. Considering in how many ways co-operation increases the effectiveness of each body of workers, and how essential local contiguity is to co-operation, one is not surprised to find that the Bostonians look upon the establishment of the Charity Building as the beginning of a new era in their municipal administration. . . . New York, although the management of all its public institutions, corrective as well as charitable, is fortunately vested in the same board, has no such system of combined voluntary and official action as that which has been described at Boston." Mr. Bryce's conclusion is that though "there is much that is cheering in the vigor and ingenuity as well as in the benevolence with which indigence is relieved and crime grappled with in our great cities," yet "it is disheartening to see pauperism at all in a new country, where it ought never to have been suffered to set its loathsome foot, and whence it might even now be expelled by the exercise of a little more foresight and resolution."

— Mr. Charles S. Peirce, in his review of Berkeley in the last *North American*, to which we promised to return, takes the occasion to trace out in the history of philosophical thought in Great Britain the sources of Berkeley's doctrines and of later developments in English philosophy. These he traces back to the famous disputes of the later schoolmen on the question of realism and nominalism—that question on which each new-fledged masculine intellect likes to try its powers of disputation. But the motive of the schoolmen who started this question or gave it prominence, was not in any sense egotistical, however pugilistic it may have been, but was profoundly religious—more religious, in fact, than anything modern, and, perhaps, more fitly to be compared to the devotion that produced the Gothic architecture than to anything else. The most remarkable thing in the essay is Mr. Peirce's interpretation of the actual question so earnestly agitated. This, it should seem, is not at all what has become the universally accepted account of this voluminous dispute—an account derived, it appears, from Bayle's Dictionary. The realistic schoolmen were not such dolts as to contend for an incognizable reality beyond any powers we have for apprehending it, nor for the existence of universals as the objects of general conceptions existing outside of the mind. They only contended (against the sceptical or nominalistic tendency) that reality, or the truth of things, depends on something besides the actual courses of experience in individual minds, or is independent of differences and accidents in these; and that truth is not determined by the conventions of language, or by what men choose to mean by their words. So far from being the reality commonly supposed—that is to say, the vivid, actual, present contact with things—the reality of the realists was the final upshot of experience, the general agreement in all experience, as far removed as possible from any particular body's sight, or hearing, or touch, or from the accidents which are inseparable from these. Yet it is essentially intelligible, and, in fact, is the very most intelligible, and is quite independent of conventions in language. The faith of the realists (for theirs was a philosophy of faith) was that this result of all men's experience would contain agreements not dependent on the laws and usages of language, but on truths which determine these laws and usages. Modern science affords ample evidence of the justness of this position.

—That this truly was the position of the realistic schoolmen, Mr. Peirce contends; and he bases his opinion and belief on an original examination of their works, such as has not, we venture to say, been undertaken, outside of Germany, for a very long time. In spite of the confirmation of this position which modern science gives, the course of the development of modern science has, nevertheless, as Mr. Peirce points out, been closely associated with the opposite doctrine—nominalism, the representative of the sceptical spirit. This appears in Berkeley's philosophy, who is a nominalist, notwithstanding his *penchant* for Platonic ideas or spiritual archetypes. Hume, a complete representative of the nominalistic and sceptical spirit, is an historical product of Berkeley's nominalism; and, though commonly re-

garded as the author of modern philosophical movements, was not, historically considered, so different from Berkeley but that Mr. Peirce regards the latter as entitled to "a far more important place in the history of philosophy than has usually been assigned to him." So far as Berkeley was a link in the chain, this is undoubtedly true. So far as Hume (in common with all independent thinkers of the sceptical type) was not such a link, he was, we think, a starting-point in the movement of thought which has resulted in English empiricism, or the so-called "Positivism" of modern science, which Mr. Peirce seems inclined to attribute to a regular development of philosophical thought. Scepticism, though perhaps never original, as we are taught by orthodoxy, and only a revival of old and the oft-exploded errors, is, nevertheless, by its criticism, the source of most of the impulses which the spirit of enquiry has received in the history of philosophy. The results of modern science, the establishment of a great body of undisputed truths, the questions settled beyond debate, may be testimony in favor of the realistic schoolmen; but this settlement was the work, so far as it depended on the impulse of philosophy, of the nominalistic or sceptical tendencies of modern thought, which has put itself in opposition, not to the faith of the realists, as Mr. Peirce understands them, but to their conservatism and dogmatism, to their desire to agree with authority—that admirable devotion of theirs. It is curious that these things, the most certain of all on which the actual arts of life are now dependent, should be the results equally of the faith of the realists and the sceptical enquiries of the nominalists. But this is enough to account for the gratitude and the indifference which we owe to both of them, especially as the confirmation which science has afforded is not of the sort which the realists anticipated. It is the empirical conjectures of the visionary, not the inspired teachings of the wise, that have established realities for themselves and for truth in general. There are many other curious points of history and criticism in this article which will engage the scrutiny of the student of metaphysics, and doubtless afford him great delight. We are afraid to recommend it to other readers, as Mr. Peirce's style reflects the difficulties of the subject, and is better adapted for persons who have mastered these than for such as would rather avoid them.

—M. Paul Lacroix, better known by his assumed name, "Bibliophile Jacob," gives us this year a companion volume to the "Art of the Middle Age," published some three or four years ago, and bought by the public with great eagerness. The work that he has now brought out is called "The Manners, Customs, and Dress of the Middle Age and of the Revival" ("Mœurs, Usages et Costumes au Moyen Age et à l'époque de la Renaissance"). It is fully equal to the former publication in beauty and in cheapness, and if the duties on imported books with the exchange on gold would allow it to be sold for the Paris price, it would have almost as great sale here as it is sure to have in France. The French excel all the other nations of the earth in the beauty and substantial value of their illustrated books, and, judging by the standard of price that rules here and in England, they are not dear, but these books of Lacroix are amazingly cheap when one considers the admirable way in which the work is done, and thinks what must have been the time, labor, and money laid out upon them. Neither in England nor in America would it be possible to produce two such books. It might be done in Germany, perhaps, but it never has been done there. Still, printing, wood-engraving, and chromo-lithography have been brought to great perfection in Germany, and if these were all, they might hope to rival Bibliophile Jacob in his special work of popularizing archæology. But German writing of this sort is too often heavy, and has never caught the French touch-and-go lightness in dealing with ponderous themes. Perhaps the Germans pity this weakness of the French, and despise them for it; but, all the same, they have it not. With the English and with ourselves the trouble is that we have not the mechanical skill. The wood-cuts in the English illustrated periodicals—the *Illustrated London News*, *Illustrated Times*, *Punch*, and, now and then, the *Graphic*—are the best of their kind in the world; but in illustrating books with woodcuts, the English are far behind both the French and the Germans. Such woodcuts as are in Mr. Whymper's "Scrambles in the High Alps" are, indeed, incomparable in their way, but such woodcuts are very rare in English books. Wood-engraving is at so low an ebb in this country that we need say nothing about it, and such chromo-lithographs as Kellerhoven's are simply unattainable here, where this useful art is nearly dead of the wounds with which it has been wounded in the houses of its friends. The game is thus clearly in the hands of the French, and they have never used their skill to make more deservedly popular books than those of M. Lacroix. The new volume is a small quarto, and contains fifteen of Kellerhoven's admirable chromo-lithographs, and four hundred and forty engravings on wood. Mr. Christern sells it half-bound in morocco, with gilt edges, for fifteen dollars.

—Those who are interested in the subject of the painted vases of Greece and Italy will find a valuable book in "Greek and Sicilian Painted Vases," by Otto Benndorf (Berlin: J. Guttentag). It contains the facsimiles of the paintings, with a description of each plate, and all the necessary information as to size, place of finding, etc. This is the only illustrated work on the subject with which we are acquainted that gives the paintings exactly as they are without dressing them up or "improving" them in any way. The well-known books of Hamilton and Moses, beautiful, attractive, and useful as they are, are yet open to the charge of falsifying their subject. The best of all ways of reproducing the vase paintings would of course be by photography, but the roundness of the surfaces presents a serious difficulty. Besides, in the vases, as in the wall-paintings of Pompeii, there is the element of color—an essential part of the thing—with which photography cannot as yet deal. No one can feel the charm, or rightly value the effect, of a Pompeian wall-picture in a photograph—we see the bad drawing and little else—and the same is true, though not to the same extent, with a painted vase. But what none of the books we have seen before this of Mr. Benndorf's makes us aware of is the extreme off-handedness of the execution. To be sure, these plates are from very rude vase-paintings, but even the finest Etruscan vases have the same character. The artist aimed at effect, and his means were of the simplest. In this Part Second of Mr. Benndorf's work, including the numbers from 14 to 30, the subjects almost all relate to funeral rites and ceremonies. Many of them are very curious. Mercury leads a soul to Charon, who is very old and deformed, while Mercury himself is a staid and disagreeable middle-aged young man. But close by, in another plate, we have Mercury young, and his sleepy wand in hand he bears upright, closely resembling one of the early Italian or German representations of the Angel Raphael in the Annunciation. In the vase-painting, Mercury's rod has no serpents twisted about it, and the twigs at the end are so mishandled that they might easily pass for the lily flowers with which the painters sometimes dress the angel's staff, which not unfrequently takes the place of the true flower-stem. These connections between the early and the later art are for ever suggesting themselves to those who are on the spot where they meet, and they have a perennial interest. The finest in sentiment of these vase-paintings shows us a lady sitting, disconsolate, by a monument hung about with garlands, to whom her attendants bring vases of ointment and more garlands in flat baskets. She herself is a sumptuous beauty, with an abundance of dishevelled hair which would suit Mr. Holman Hunt. Another has an old man approaching a tomb, on crutches, to which, while it suggests one or two striking things in the poets and in other painters, it may be a mistake to attribute too much meaning. Mr. Christern receives this work as it is issued.

—Madame Audley's "Franz Schubert, sa vie et ses œuvres" seems to be a very frank bit of conveyance from the work on the same subject by Dr. Kreissle: at all events, the lady acknowledges that she has drawn largely from the Doctor's biography of her subject, and she seems to think she has done enough by way of amends when she expresses her gratitude for the fact that, if her book is good for anything, it is to him she owes it. However, her little book is large enough for the subject, and is very readable. A very complete, or, seemingly complete, catalogue of Schubert's published and unpublished works is given at the end of the volume, translated directly from Kreissle's book. The German titles are given, and, in addition, the titles by which the works are known in France. These latter are the translation of M. Bellaugé. Mme. Audley would seem to have found some other tree of knowledge to shake and fill her basket, for she advertises a "Life and Works of Ludwig von Beethoven after the most recent documents."

—Simultaneously with the King of Italy's taking up his residence in Rome, appears Jules Favre's "Rome et la République Française" (Paris: Plon). The Republic referred to is the government of M. Thiers, and the publication is in the nature of a defence of the author's vote on the motion to refer the French bishops' petition to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the adoption of which, as is well known, was followed by the immediate resignation of M. Favre. Among the revelations contained in it are the full text of the despatch from the Duc de Gramont (July 31, 1870), informing the Marquis de Banneville of the intended withdrawal of the French troops from Rome; the verbal response of Antonelli to the subsequent announcement of the news by De Banneville; and the Chevalier Nigra's conversation with Favre in September, when, after an explanation of the reasons why Italy could not ally herself with France against Germany, he closed the long interview with an official declaration of the inability of his Government any longer to endure the *status-quo* as regarded Rome. The Duc de Gramont's excuses for abandoning the Pope were perfectly rational and in accord with the actual situation of both parties to the September Convention; and his argument that the withdrawal would be most advantageous to the Pope has been abundantly justified. In fact, the Pope himself, in April, in reply

to a speech of the French ambassador, D'Harcourt, freely recognized the difficulties which prevented liberty of action on the part of Thiers, and asked only that he should counsel the Italian Government "to be prudent, to go slowly, not to take rash measures, nor to enter upon ways that might easily become dangerous." He even admitted that temporal sovereignty was not to be resought at such a time, and that if his States were to be offered him back, he would refuse them—asking nothing but a corner of earth (*cantuccio di terra*) over which he might be master, and without which he could not exercise in their plenitude his spiritual functions.

—In moderation the people of Rome are not to be surpassed by their late ruler. Their comparatively new cemetery, much frequented on account of its attractiveness, contains a monument to the Pope's mercenaries who fell at Mentana, and it lately became a question what to do with this memorial of past subjection and unavailing struggles. The city authorities, with a magnanimity which does honor to the Italian as well as the Roman character, left the stone intact, and simply added another with this inscription:

S. P. Q. R.
This Monument,
Which the Theocratic Government Erected
In Memory of Foreign Mercenaries,
Rome Redeemed
Leaves for a Lasting Testimony
Of Calamitous Times.
November 2, 1871.

"THE CITY OF GOD."*

THERE are two reasons why anybody proposing to himself a course of study in modern history should begin with St. Augustine's "City of God," of which a good translation is now for the first time presented to the English-speaking public on both sides of the Atlantic. The first is, that there is no other source from which one can get so full and accurate an idea of the mental and moral condition of the Roman world at the moment of the fall of the Western Empire; the second is, that in it Augustine produced that systematic view of the methods of God's government of the earth, and of man's relations to him, which, under the name of the "Latin Theology," or, more particularly, of "Augustinianism," or "Predestinarianism," or "Calvinism," has so powerfully influenced the thought, and even the manners and character, of some modern nations. For the theological student, the book has of course an interest of its own, derived from Augustine's position in the church, and the weight of his doctrinal expositions, and it has enjoyed for centuries a wonderful celebrity, particularly in France, where, for some time after the revival of learning, it was in extraordinary demand as a means of edification. But, apart altogether from its value as an aid to faith, it has attractions for those who occupy themselves with that perhaps most interesting of all historical questions, the nature of the moral connection between ancient Rome and modern Europe, such as no other work extant possesses; and it is all the more necessary to keep this in mind because patristic literature is just now in little repute, and the peculiar system of theology of which Augustine was the founder, and the most illustrious expounder, is fast losing its hold on the lay, and even clerical, mind in those churches in which it once reigned supreme, while some of the doctrines of which he was the first promulgator, such as the damnation of unbaptized infants, and the lawfulness of the physical torture of heretics, have come to be considered unchristian and detestable.

The book, as is well known, owed its composition in great part to the first capture of Rome by the Goths of Alaric, and was intended to refute the notion which the pagan fugitives, and especially the aristocratic fugitives who made their way to Africa, where Augustine was living, busily spread, that this great calamity was the result of the neglect of the worship of the ancient deities, brought about by the introduction of Christianity. He had partly in view also the removal of a difficulty which he found existing in the mind of Volusian, the proconsul under whom he lived, and who, though almost an "enquirer" into the truth of the Christian religion, was impeded at the outset by the consideration into which the modern mind, familiar as it is with the distinction between church and state and the spiritual and temporal power, finds some difficulty in entering—that the empire was to the Roman both country and religion, and the old gods part and parcel of the political and social fabric on which all that he possessed of faith, and reverence, and hope, and devotion had always been lavished. A religious belief which had no connection with politics, and which drew away the citizens' best emotions from politics, was, therefore, to him either monstrous or incomprehensible. This blending of earthly and heavenly allegiance, of things temporal and things eternal, which is, as we have said, so strange to the modern world, nevertheless survived the fall of the Empire, so deeply embedded had it become in the traditions which the ancient world transmitted to the Middle Ages, and it found expression at a later period in the mediæval theory of the "Holy Roman Empire," of which Mr. Bryce has given an interesting exposition in the seventh chapter of his "History," and traces of which may be seen, even in our day, in the reverence of the "Old Russian" party for their country as "Holy Russia." A striking analogy to it is presented by the Turk's feeling about "Islam," which is neither an earthly nor a heavenly kingdom, but a perfect combination of the two; and not a mechanical combination—if we may be allowed the use of a purely material illustration—but a chemical one.

Augustine's great object was to show that this difficulty was purely imaginary, and that Christianity would erect in Rome's place a city to which, either for power, or beauty, or durability, or as an object of love, and admiration, and pride, Rome could not be compared—"a city which had foundations whose builder and maker was God." In doing this, there is hardly a phase of the pagan thought or aspiration of his time which he does not describe, and he does it with all the sympathy of a man who had lived in the Roman world, tasted of its joys, and grown up in the pride of Roman citizenship. The picture of the "Civitas Dei" which he draws is one which, from the very first, fascinated the imaginations of the members of the decaying society in which he wrote. Appalled as they were by the penetration of the barbarians to the heart of the Empire, and by the rapid dissolution of the institutions which they had been bred to consider eternal, and for which, in an age of limited political experience and great ignorance, it was difficult for the ordinary man to conceive of any substitute, the earlier Christians even found in it a great source of hope and consolation, for, prior to Augustine, they had tarried on earth simply as strangers and sojourners, waiting for the second coming of the Lord. But the City of God, as St. Augustine painted it, was not wholly heavenly; it was to exist part on earth and part in heaven; to be composed both of the church militant and of the church triumphant; and the believer, in passing from one to the other, changed his abode, but changed none of his relations, whether social or political: he simply put off some cares, and some anxieties, and some hindrances, to enter into richer joys. The idea had a prodigious success, though probably at first only among the educated classes, and it went down into the Middle Ages as a precious source of hope and instruction, not to saints only but to politicians. Charlemagne's biographer tells us that there was nothing he read with so much enjoyment and edification as the "City of God," and it doubtless furnished him with the ideal goal of his civilizing labors, and even of his wars and conquests.

The vision has descended to our own day, in a somewhat more shadowy form, it is true, but still distinct enough to color a great deal of the political speculation which is ventured upon in the pulpit and by writers of the religious school, and lies hidden, perhaps, at the bottom of all such movements as that which seeks the formal acknowledgment of the existence of God and of the divine government of the nation in the Constitution, and the imposition of a "Christian oath" on all officials. The dream of the establishment of a "Kingdom of God," which is the modern translation of Augustine's phrase, will probably never vanish from the earth—a kingdom in which wisdom, and purity, and justice, and truth shall prevail, into which all the good people shall be gathered, and in which God himself shall rule with a distinctness and nearness which shall leave no room for cavilling or question about the basis of morality; and, as long as this dream lasts, it will probably be difficult or impossible to find any loftier or more eloquent delineation of its glories and delights than Augustine set before the eyes of the despairing Romans.

Of his theological system, except in its historical aspect, this is not the place to speak. Considered as a theory of human relations to the unseen world, its success, using the term in a purely mundane sense, has been great. It not only furnished the Christian Church, or rather the Western Church, with what it did not previously possess—a body of doctrine, but with a body of doctrine which survived all the mutations of states and nations, and has through thirteen centuries powerfully influenced politics, literature, character, and legislation, but with solutions of problems—liberty and necessity, in particular—which are on their face insoluble, and in defence of which men have gone in multitudes to the battle-field and the stake. Mr. Maine hints that it would be found on examination that its leading features have been derived from or have been shaped by the Roman jurisprudence, which is not at all unlikely, and it suggests a field of enquiry which somebody possessing the necessary theological and juridical qualifications ought long ago to have explored.

The Augustinian theology is, however, now losing its hold on the Christian world through a variety of influences, some social merely, and some scientific. Interest in the problems of liberty and necessity, on which so much speculation has been expended, has well-nigh died out in the general

* "The City of God. Translated by the Rev. Marcus Dods, M.A." Two vols. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clarke. New York: C. Scribner & Co. 1871.

weariness of metaphysical enquiry under which, whether temporarily or not, most people are now laboring. The doctrine of election, and the cognate doctrine of man's inability to work out his salvation without the aid of divine grace working in the soul, suffers from the rapid growth of a somewhat audacious individualism, and of a no less audacious sentiment of equality, which will not hear of limits to human capacity, and will not believe in a divine justice which does not use human measures. The bold and clean-cut and material account of the origin of the world, and of the nature and incidents of man's fall, and of the resurrection of the body, which St. Augustine gives, has been largely driven out of the churches, or, at least, relegated to the region of vague symbolism, by the assaults of science, so that of the Augustinian system little remains in its integrity. It must be admitted, too, that the change, which is easier to mention than describe, which has come over the mind of the civilized world on the whole matter of religious instruction, must make it difficult for a teacher, who gravely explains Adam's transgression, and proves and illustrates it as Augustine does, to retain much influence or authority.

THE MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.

THE *Atlantic*, which ends the year with a good and readable number, makes for next year several promises that will please its own particular public, and also some that will please that wider public which is fond of magazines in general, whether or not it much admires the set of authors for whose sake the *Atlantic* has been well loved in Boston and vicinity, or cares much for the sort of literature for whose sake the *Atlantic* has found favor in places a long way from Boston. "The first of living biographers," Mr. James Parton, is to contribute in the course of the year a life of Thomas Jefferson; Professor James De Mille is to contribute a serial story, written in his "extravagant, humorous, and most fascinating vein"; Miss E. Stuart Phelps and Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford may confidently be expected to furnish occasional contributions, and other authors of proved popularity being engaged to assist these, it may reasonably be expected that the *Atlantic* will be found acceptable by a multitude of readers. Other readers will be glad to hear that the *Atlantic* is in possession of a posthumous romance by Hawthorne; that Doctor Holmes is to write a series of papers entitled "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," which will carry to completion "the design with which the famous 'Autocrat' and 'Professor' papers were undertaken"; that Mr. W. M. Baker, author of "The New Timothy" and "A Chronicle of Secession," will contribute some sketches of life in the Southern States; that Mr. Howells is to continue his essays and stories, as well as to manage the enlarged editorial department, with its criticism of music and art, and its record of political events and of scientific progress, in addition to its customary notices of home and foreign books; that Mr. Fields will give more of his reminiscences of distinguished writers with whom he has been on terms of acquaintanceship; and that, among the other contributors, we may count Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Lowell, Mrs. Stowe, Mr. Clarence King, Mr. Whittier, Mrs. Celia Thaxter, Mr. John Fiske, Mr. Henry James, Jr., Miss Cheesebro', Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. T. B. Aldrich, Mr. T. W. Higginson, and Mr. Bayard Taylor. Prospectuses are peculiarly liable to error, but there would seem to be little room for doubt that the *Atlantic* for 1872 may probably meet the two kinds of excellence above suggested, and be both good to sell and good also to buy. In this last number of the year several of the serial articles are brought to a close. "Watch and Ward," Mr. James's love story, has for its somewhat unexpected catastrophe the marriage of Roger to his protégée. It is a conclusion that will be more applauded among Mr. James's readers than the one towards which the story in its earlier parts seemed to draw. There is, by the bye, an unreality about some of these last chapters which had not so much shown itself in the beginning, and the story takes the reader's attention less after the characters are fairly at work upon each other than while they are being presented to us. And this, we should say, may be set down as a principal mark of Mr. James's stories. The characters are usually touched—we do not say hit off—in a way that shows nice observation and refined sensibilities; and the situation or action is likely enough to be interesting, especially if the reader is an intending lover or is, for any reason, interested in the study of the relations in which somewhat sophisticated young men and young women frequently stand to each other; but we doubt if many even of the more interested readers find the people in his stories very recollectable, or if the views of life which the stories present appear to any readers very sufficing. If it is the business of the novelist to paint society and to moralize upon it, Mr. James will doubtless be thought to have less success in the latter part of the task than he has attained in the former, while in the former his success is not yet perfect. That it is considerable, none of his readers will deny; and the careful and conscientious use of the means by which he has attained it is full of promise, as it is of good example. Perhaps we might cite as a glaring instance of the unreality to which we have referred, the behavior of Hubert's betrothed when she finds Hubert and Nora together. But the interview itself, and much of what led to it, would still remain to be defended after a good defence had been made for the ill-conduct of the New York young lady.

"Kate Beaumont" ends, in spite of all complications, with the marriage of Miss Beaumont to Mr. Frank McAllister—a pair of persons who have not been sufficiently attractive to draw much attention from the accessories of the scene. Still, the story will be read with pleasure, whether read as a brisk-moving novel or for its pictures of old-time plantation life. Of "Their Wedding Journey," Mr. Howells's story, which also now comes to an end, we are willing to let the genial author of Mr. Osgood's advertising slips speak for us. He says that this serial has been received with enthusiastic favor while appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and that "the artistic descriptions of characters, places, and incidents; the fine observation which detects what ordinary spectators either see inadequately or miss altogether; the delightful humor which pervades the whole; and the simple beauty of style—all these combine to render this story by Mr. Howells one of the most attractive ever published in America." It is indeed a very pleasing little story, and readers, whatever may be their opinion of Mr. Hoppin as an illustrator of books, will be glad to hear that it is to come out in the holidays as an illustrated book for makers of presents. Young gentlemen and ladies contemplating matrimony might govern themselves accordingly.

In our "Whispering Gallery," Mr. Fields, getting done with Dickens, talks pleasantly about Wordsworth and Miss Mitford. Mr. Clarence King writes with his customary excellence—and, perhaps we should say, with his customary slight failing in point of self-restraint, as if the wine of the sierra air were in his blood—about the Sacramento Valley and an ascent of Mount Shasta. Mr. John Fiske, in an article which is entertaining as well as instructive, traces in philology the long descent of our devils, elves, and bogies from the supreme deities of past ages—the old order changing and giving place to new among the divinities, as among men, and the conquered gods being degraded into slaves or made outlaws. "Light and Darkness" is the title of Mr. Fiske's essay, which is written with a clearness that will make it intelligible to very unphilological readers, if not to the most unphilological.

For the rest, the *Atlantic* has some poetry by Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Whittier, a story by Mr. Harte, and an article by "Warrington," the Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, in which the history of General Butler's recent attempt to make himself Governor of Massachusetts is detailed and reviewed. The moral of the history, as here related, would appear to be that General Butler tried to introduce personal government into Massachusetts politics, and failed because the Republican party in Massachusetts disbelieves in personal government, and that the Republican party in general throughout the country equally disbelieves in it, whether it is attempted by General Butler or "the national administration itself." The story seems well told, so far as we can judge, and perhaps was worth telling, whether or not much regard is paid to the particular moral deduced. That General Butler is a little too sharp for his own good; that people in general believe bad things of him; and, finally, that, as his luck would have it, he was not only revolting to the moral sense of the best Massachusetts Republicans, but was also on excessively bad terms with some not so good, whose power he underrated—these appear to us more nearly the reasons for Butler's defeat than any horror of his methods of personal government. And the third reason, of which the writer in the *Atlantic* takes no account, is by no means the least. General Butler succeeded in frightening the managing politicians very badly; but they worked hard, and it is a question whether it was not they, after all, whom the Lord made his instruments in bringing the General to shame, and whether, if they had not labored sharp after caucuses, Butler would not now be the governor elect in Massachusetts. There is no certainty that he would have been rejected at the polls, despite the Massachusetts Republicans' love for a government of laws and not of men.

In *Lippincott's* there is rather more than the usual quantity of readable matter. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has something to say about the phantom limbs which torture the man who has undergone amputation; Mr. Robert M. Walsh quotes from his twenty-year-old journals, written in Buenos Ayres, some reminiscences of that bloody tyrant Rosas; Miss Kate Hillard criticises Balzac, talking well about him; Dr. J. W. Palmer contributes an account of the so-called "Sharpless crayons," which are some seventy portraits in crayon of distinguished and undistinguished Americans, both men and women, at the beginning of this century; and Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard writes a little sketch—not so very much in itself, but deserving of praise for its really excellent keeping—entitled "My Long-Lost Brother." It is a story supposed to be told by a mediocre actor, and it seems to be indeed a mediocre actor—of unusually steady habits and good intentions, the enemies of the theatre

will perhaps say—who is telling of his hopes and disappointments. What he has to tell is, as we have said, not very much; but we should say the reader will get from it an unaccustomed pleasure.

"Ouida's" "Branch of Lilac" is concluded in the December *Lippincott's*, and, as it dies, shows rather more of a family resemblance to its parents—grown-up, evil-disposed novels, than it showed at the beginning. It is, however, true to say of "Ouida" that these late short stories of hers—if, indeed, they are late ones, and not the fruit of a search in earlier filled portfolios—give hopeful signs of an improved frame of mind in their author. This "Branch of Lilac" is a painful story, but it is not an impure story; and there are in it several poetical touches such as made "A Provence Rose" a pretty and pleasing tale. "The Cold Hand" is a ghost story, by Mrs. Clara F. Guernsey, who is more circumstantial than successful in her account of the haunted house and its ghostly inhabitant, but who will find favor with some readers. It is a wonder, by the way, that no one of our publishers makes a collection of stories about ghosts, both the old-fashioned sort and the newer, less grisly kind. It would be a volume that would fascinate many, and it might, we suppose, be divested of any superstition-breeding character by a judicious admixture with the unexplained stories of apparitions and the like of some of the not less surprising stories where the hallucination has afterwards been completely explicated. For example of these last, take the remarkable story which Sir Walter Scott tells concerning the warning received in a dream by a gentleman whose fortune was at this time depending on the discovery of a document which was only to be got in case a certain aged lawyer could be made to recollect drawing it up—a recollection which he could only be made to call up by being made to recall that the gentleman's father had paid him for his services with an outlandish gold coin. Thus instructed, the gentleman obeys, gets the necessary evidence, and only after much pondering remembers that as a boy he had some knowledge of this transaction between his father and the lawyer, and that the dream did not come from beyond the grave to his assistance, but was a bringing out into full consciousness some knowledge that for many years had been subconsciously in his head.

Old and New has some remarks which seem to us judicious on the recent exhibition in Boston of pictures by Copley, Stuart, and Allston. The article on Père Besson, too, a Dominican of much artistic talent, now ten years dead, will be read with some satisfaction; and there is a translation of a Hebrew legend which will please numbers of readers, though it is not a legend of the profoundest import, nor one very profitable for instruction. Admirers of Mr. Charles Warner will find his "Sorrento Papers" agreeable, and, in the department of the magazine called "The Record of Progress," a proposal is made and argued for what will appear to most people a long leap ahead. The writer thinks that as the cemeteries diffuse ill-health about their neighborhoods, and that as every day, with its growth of population larger and larger, numbers of the living are exposed to taint from the dead, it is desirable that after death our bodies should be burnt, and their ashes used to fertilize the earth. This they do now, for that matter; and man being the creature that he is, it would be some time even after he had consented to incremation before he would make up his mind to the use of human ashes on specific edible crops, as this writer recommends. It is not clear, we should say, that the subject is one which demands immediate consideration, in this country at least.

In the *Catholic World* there is nothing, we believe, that calls for special mention. A writer in the *Princeton Review* who has been treating of the late F. W. Faber is handled severely though courteously, and with what is at least superficial fairness. With real fairness, one would say; but that description must be denied to controversy which, for instance, in meeting an assertion that Roman Catholic priests connive at the exhibition of relics which lack authenticity, replies by showing, what is undoubtedly true, that very many relics are perfectly or sufficiently proved to be what they are alleged to be. Presumably the Princeton reviewer may have had in his mind not only the class of relics to which belongs the phial of St. Justinius's blood, which the *Catholic World* points to, but also that other class to which belong the three several heads of St. John Baptist, say, or the shiploads of fragments of the true Cross. However, it is as well for our Protestant divines to have it brought to their attention that the country now contains a larger number of persons than formerly who were not taught

"Early to fly the Babylonian woe,"

and for whose instruction arguments will be necessary, and upon whom even deserved ill epithets will not be effective. Much as may justly be urged against the Romish Church, she is no exception to the rule that a sinner need desire nothing better than to have brought against him charges which he can show to be mistaken. Even the archangel Michael would not bring a railing accusation even against Satan. As for the matter which aroused the discussion between the *Catholic World* and the *Review*, it seems a wonder how such a man as Mr. Faber appears, both in his books and in his recorded life, can have any attraction for the student of his mind and character. Heroes are after all not so scarce.

"The House of Yorke" we can recommend to most readers. The hero has a worldly aunt, who, finding him with a volume of De Maistre's in his hand, charges him with reading sophistry or ultramontanism and advises him to take up "The Age of Reason," which apparently she carries about with her, for she says, "And here you are poring over De Maistre! Pshaw! Read 'The Age of Reason.' Here it is." But he declines. No doubt the Roman Catholics have right on their side when they complain of Protestant misrepresentations of their faith and practice; but the frivolous Protestant aunts who urge Tom Paine on their nephews are about as rare as the priest who gives absolution for thirty-seven cents and not a cent less.

In the *Galaxy*, the best article is Mr. Welles's continuation of his account of the capture of New Orleans. Neither Admiral Porter nor General Butler's biographer, Mr. Parton, has any reason to be grateful to Mr. Welles for the publication of his recollections, unless, indeed, they meditate a course of penitence, in which case Mr. Welles will have materially assisted them to a fair start. He shows that Mr. Parton wrote in "Butler at New Orleans"—which is understood to be a humanly "inspired" book of a very flagrant kind—some things at least which were conspicuously inexact; and Admiral Porter is made to cut a very sorry figure, indeed. It is to be hoped that he has some sufficient reply to make. As the case is left by Mr. Welles, Admiral Porter was magnanimously treated by Farragut, and recompensed his commander by underhand detraction at the time, and by mean insult afterwards, when, in virtue of Admiral Porter's weight in President Grant's councils, Farragut was to some extent at Porter's mercy. As the matter stands, it will fill almost every American who knows of it with just indignation.

We do not know who Professor Thompson B. Maury is who writes in the *Galaxy* about "Weather Prognostics by the People," but we would call the attention of the editors of the *Galaxy* to the fact that whoever he may be he ought at any rate to be the author of a work called "Suggestions for the Practical Use of Meteorological Reports and Weather Maps"—a valuable little hand-book prepared in the office of the Chief Signal Officer. It teaches how one may read understandingly the weather reports which the Signal Officer has latterly been furnishing to the newspapers, and how one may even aid the observers to make their reports fuller and more specific. The *Galaxy* article in its facts and phraseology is rather too close to this handbook to be pleasing to the author of the latter, unless, as we say, he is Professor Maury, and the credit of the magazine article belongs to him and the credit of the book as well. We dare say that applications by proper persons, as presidents of agricultural societies, editors, and the like, will be answered from the Signal Office of the War Department by the transmission of the circular in question. Meantime, the *Galaxy* article will be found serviceable.

The two principal illustrated magazines, *Harper's* and *Scribner's*, are of their usual kind and degree of merit this month. *Harper's* has for its solidest article one on Brougham, which is well worth reading, and *Scribner's* is perhaps best in an illustrated article entitled "Sights in and around Yeddo," though the pictures are not as well done as the very good cuts appearing in the November number, illustrative of the wonderful Yellowstone Valley, and of General Newton's blasting operations at Hell Gate. Those were better pictures than American magazine publishers, or American publishers of any kind for that matter, have often put before the public. *Scribner's* promises for next year to become to some extent international, Mr. Gladstone being under engagement to write for one of the English publishers, and Messrs. Scribner & Co. having made arrangements to publish simultaneously with the publishers across the water his articles and those of other English contributors to various magazines. In the current number Mr. Stedman has some verses; Adeline Trafton describes briefly a visit to the Belgian school where Charlotte Brontë taught; the article on Yeddo, mentioned above, is one of a series of which Mr. Bayard Taylor is the compiler; Mr. G. P. Putnam writes pleasantly of "London Revisited"; Mr. Justin Winser describes the Boston Public Library; there is a poem by the new poet, Dr. Hake; and, among other matters, a love story good-natured enough to cause or cure uncalculated quantities of cynicism.

Two College Friends. By Fred. W. Loring. (Boston: Loring.)—This little story, which appeared this year in *Old and New*, is the most considerable work of the young author whose sad death at the hands of the Indians was lately recorded in the daily papers. Besides the present volume, he had published some of his earlier poems, many of which had already appeared in the Harvard *Advocate*, where they had attracted some attention by their smoothness and humor. They were, at any rate, better than most of the crude

productions of students. If not absolutely good, they were yet free from extravagance and exaggeration; and that is perhaps the chief merit of this story. The author kept himself in hand, and, wiser than most at his age, only went so far as he felt the ground firm beneath his feet. The plot is simple, a little episode of war, but it is told unaffectedly, and the boyishness of treatment will suit the characters and ages of the imaginary actors. Of course, a story for which allowance of this sort has to be made cannot receive unqualified praise, nor would any one claim that it is a model of art; but it can be praised for a freedom from ordinary youthful pretensions which is almost as seldom attained as positive merit.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
A Tale of a Nest	(E. P. Dutton & Co.) $1 50
Abbot (J.), August and Elvie: a Child's Story	(Dodd & Mead) 1 50
American Tour of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Bartholomew (W. N.), Teacher's Guide in Drawing	(Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.)
Bascom (Prof. J.), Æsthetics; or, The Science of Beauty	" " "
Beecher (Catherine E.), Woman's Profession as Mother and Educator	(George Maclean)
Bowman (F. C.) and Dana (C. A.), Household Book of Songs for Four Voices	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Butler (W. A.), Poems	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) $2 00
Crosby (Prof. A.), Grammar of the Greek Language, 44th ed	(Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.)
David (C. G.), A Positivist Primer	(David Wesley & Co.)
Davis (A. J.), Mental Disorders	(American News Co.)
Dickens (C.), Nicholas Nickleby	(D. Appleton & Co.) 75
Elliott (J. W.), National Nursery Rhymes	(Novello, Ewer & Co.)
Emerson (L. O.), National Chorus Book	(O. Ditson & Co.)
Emerson (Dr. G.), Le Play's Organization of Labor	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)
Harrison (Jennie), The Old Back Room	(Dodd & Mead) 1 50
Heinzen (K.), Der Deutsche Editoren-Kongress zu Cincinnati, swd	(Boston)
Holcombe (Dr. W.), Southern Voices: Poems	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Household Tales and Fairy Stories	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)
Journal of the Anthropological Institute of New York, Vol. I., No. 1, swd	(B. Westermann & Co.) 50
Julian (Hon. G. W.), Speeches on Political Questions	(Hurd & Houghton) 3 00
Lee (M. and C.), Rosamond Fane	(E. P. Dutton & Co.) 1 50

THEOLOGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY.

EDITED BY

HENRY B. SMITH, D.D., AND PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D.,

PROFESSORS IN THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW YORK.

NOW READY.

The first volume of the Philosophical Division of this Library, containing Vol. I. of

HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.

TO BE COMPLETED IN TWO VOLS.

BY PROF. UEBERWEG.

Translated by G. S. Morris, Professor of Modern Languages in the Michigan University; edited by Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College, and P. Schaff, D.D.

One vol. 8vo, $3 50.

Professor Ueberweg had a high reputation throughout Europe as a scholar and critic. The characteristic features of his work are the compendious presentation of doctrines, the survey of the literature relating to each philosophical system, the furnishing of such biographical notices as are necessary, the discussion of controverted historical points, and compressed criticisms of doctrines from the standpoint of modern science and sound logic. The first volume of the translation contains Vols. I. and II. of the original or Ancient (Greek and Roman) Philosophy, and on Patristic and Scholastic Philosophy, respectively. The American translator had the generous assistance of the lamented author, and the latter part of the work is enriched by additions forwarded by Prof. Ueberweg expressly for this translation.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF

THE HISTORY OF GREECE.

BY PROF. DR. ERNST CURTIUS.

Translated by Adolphus William Ward, M.A. Revised, after the latest German edition, by W. A. Packard, Professor of Modern Languages in Princeton College.

1 vol. cr. 8vo, 700 pages, on tinted paper, uniform with "Mommsen's History of Rome."
Price, per vol., $2 50.

The above works sent by post or express, charges paid, on receipt of the price.

CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO.,
654 Broadway, New York.

HENRY K. VAN SICLEN,
BIBLIOPOLE,
133 NASSAU STREET,
Catalogues sent on application.
Special attention given to orders by letter.

NEW SCHOOL BOOKS,

PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

SWINTON'S WORD-ANALYSIS.

A Word-Analysis of English Derivative Words, with practical Exercises in Spelling, Analyzing, Defining, Synonyms, and the use of words. By Wm. Swinton, A.M., Professor of the English Language, University, California, and Author "Condensed History of U. S.," etc. 128 pages. Price for examination, 25 cents.

The prominent points of this book are:

1. The clear and simple method of word-analysis and definition.
2. The practical exercises in spelling, defining, and the use of words in actual composition.
3. The adaptation of the manual, by its progressive character, to the needs of the several grades of public and private schools.

CATHCART'S YOUTH'S SPEAKER.

Selections in Prose, Poetry, and Dialogues, suited to the capacities of Youth, and intended for the Exhibition Day Requirements of Common Schools and Academies; with many new and original pieces. By Geo. R. Cathcart, A.M. 190 pages. Cloth, price for examination, 75 cents.

The prominent points of this book are:

1. The selections are suitable to the exhibition day requirements of Common Schools and Academies.
2. They are adapted to the understanding of the younger pupils.
3. As far as practicable, only pieces that are fresh or that have not heretofore been used in a book of this kind are presented.

ROBINSON'S EXAMPLES.

Arithmetical Examples, Mental and Written. With numerous Tables of Moneys, Weights, Measures, etc., designed for review and test exercises. By D. W. Fish, A.M. Cloth. 282 pages. Price for examination, 75 cents.

This work covers the whole ground of Arithmetic, and can be used in connection with any series, or other text-book on the subject.

TOWNSEND'S COMMERCIAL LAW.

A compendium of Commercial Law. Analytically and topically arranged, with copious citations and legal authorities, for the use of Business Colleges, Universities, etc. By Calvin Townsend, Author "Analysis of Civil Government," etc. 1 vol. large 8vo, over 500 pages. Price for examination, $5.

This work will be of great value as a text-book in all Institutions of learning where a business education is a part of the course of instruction.

Single copies of any of the above, if required for examination with a view of introduction, will be forwarded by mail on receipt of appended price.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
138 and 140 Grand Street, New York.
273 West Randolph Street, Chicago.

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL. Oil explosions most frequently occur from the lamp being upset and broken. By using Pratt's Astral Oil, you avoid this as well as every other danger incident to unsafe oils, it being in every respect a perfectly pure, reliable, and safe article.

LEE & SHEPARD'S NEW BOOKS.

BY MADAME SCHWARTZ.

THE RIGHT ONE. By Madame Sophie Schwartz. Uniform with "Gold and Name," "Birth and Education," "Guilt and Innocence," and "The Wife of a Vain Man." 8vo, paper, $1; cloth, $1 50.

DICK AND DAISY SERIES. By Miss Adelaide F. Samuels. 4 vols. Illustrated. Per vol., 50 cents.

1. ADRIFT IN THE WORLD; or, Dick and Daisy's Early Days.
2. FIGHTING THE BATTLE; or, Dick and Daisy's City Life.
3. SAVED FROM THE STREET; or, Dick and Daisy's Protégés.
4. GRANDFATHER MILLY'S LUCK; or, Dick and Daisy's Reward.

AMERICAN HOME BOOK OF INDOOR Games, Recreations, and Occupations. By Mrs. Caroline L. Smith (Aunt Carry). 16mo. Illustrated. $1 50.

THE MODEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL SPEAKER. Containing Selections in Prose and Verse, of the most Popular Pieces and Dialogues for Sunday-School Exhibitions. Illustrated. 16mo. 60 cents.

LITTLE PIECES FOR LITTLE SPEAKERS. By a Practical Teacher. Designed for Primary Schools. Illustrated. 16mo. 60 cents.

THE TURNING WHEEL. By Paul Cobden. Author of "Who Will Win?" "Going on a Mission," etc. 16mo. Illustrated. $1 25.

THE CHILDREN'S DELIGHT. A fine Collection of Stories and Poems, illustrated with Plain and Colored Illustrations. 4to, cloth, gilt, $1 25. Do., do. fancy binding, 75 cents.

THE INFANT'S TREASURE. Pretty Stories and Poems, with 200 Illustrations. Plain and Colored. 4to, cloth, gilt, $1 25. Do., do., fancy binding, 75 cents.

☞ Sold by all Booksellers and Newsdealers.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.
LEE, SHEPARD & DILLINGHAM, New York.

THE BEST ENGLISH PERIODICALS.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY, EDINBURGH, WESTMINSTER, and BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEWS, and BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

Regularly and faithfully reprinted, at about one third the price of the originals.

TERMS.—Blackwood *or* any one Review, $4 a year; Blackwood *and* any one Review, $7; Blackwood and two Reviews, $10; Blackwood and three Reviews, $13; any three Reviews, $10; the four Reviews, $12; Blackwood and the four Reviews, $15.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE FOUR REVIEWS FOR OCTOBER.

THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO.,
140 Fulton Street, New York.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1871.

The Week.

CONGRESS has met, but, at this writing, no business has been done, beyond the organization of the committees and the reception of the Message and Reports. Under ordinary circumstances, it might safely be predicted that the winter would be devoted to President-making, and that both parties would avoid all overt acts of legislation likely to affect party prospects in the campaign. Owing to the peculiar financial condition of the country, however, the chances are that both sides will make a vigorous effort to reduce taxation. It is plain that the Government can afford the reduction, that it will help the Administration to make it, and that the Democrats will be afraid to oppose it, even if naturally inclined to do so. The Committee of Ways and Means is, therefore, more important than ever, and the revenue reform element in it is very strong. The air is thick with projects of financial reform, from General Grant's plan of so "arranging the revenue" as to promote "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," to Senator Sumner's plan of returning to specie payments by funding the greenbacks, which is a terrible falling off from his old theory that "the way to resume was to resume." It seems quite probable we shall not only have considerable reduction of internal taxation, but a slight tinkering of the tariff in the direction of free-trade. The revenue reformers seem to have made progress during the holidays, both by toning down the protectionists and by adding to their own number.

What the Democrats will do, however, it would puzzle the wisest man to say. The "passive policy" seems to gain ground pretty steadily. Mr. John Quincy Adams has during the week given in his adhesion to it in a despondent but philosophical letter, and the *World* is running up and down the bank naked and nervous, apparently ready to take the plunge, but afraid of the cold and the depth of the water. Civil-service reform is in the meantime in high favor on all sides, but everybody thinks somebody else should begin it, and finds the difficulties immense. The New York correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* gives a very amusing account of Tom Murphy's views on this question. Tom says that he was always in favor of civil-service reform, but the difficulty he found was to get honest men into the offices. Many a weary, sleepless night he must have wrestled with this problem. In short, Satan, though considerably discouraged, is still, Senator Conkling will be sorry to hear, in the field, and active, trying to lead men astray by promises of spoils.

The President's Message consists, like all similar documents, partly of moral reflections of an expository or didactic kind on the condition of the country, partly of narrative, and partly of suggestions, but the reflections, of course, depend for their value on the character of the President's mind. General Grant's mind is not of a reflective turn, and his observations in this field are, therefore, rarely either picturesque or instructive. The narrative part of the present Message, as is not unusual, contains nothing very new—we have learnt through the newspapers nearly every fact of importance which it brings forward; but he condemns in strong terms, as delusive, the measures of emancipation put in force in Cuba and Porto Rico, and says the continuance of the civil war in Cuba continues to be "a source of annoyance and anxiety." He gives the unfortunate Catacazy the most terrible blow ever inflicted on a public envoy by the head of a friendly nation, which it must take all that gentleman's consciousness of descent from the Byzantine emperors to enable him to bear up under, and which must, as long as M. Catacazy is his official chaperon, make the Grand Duke's position during his stay in this country somewhat embarrassing.

As regards civil-service reform, he deals with it with a striking mixture of timidity and boldness. After telling about the formation of the Civil Service Commission and the result of their labors in drawing up a plan, he declares the experiment which they propose "shall have a fair trial." Now, this expression of interest, and of long-standing interest, on the subject is, we confess, considering the way the New York Custom-house has been conducted for the past year, Murphy, the Collector, being the President's intimate friend, companion, and adviser, and considering the nature of the Presidential interference in the Missouri election—to select only two instances out of many—perfectly incomprehensible to us. We do not undertake to draw any inferences from it. We simply call the attention of our readers to it. We must say the same thing of the remarkable passage in which he says that if bad men have secured places it has been the fault of the system established by law and custom for making appointments, or the fault of those who recommend for Government positions persons not sufficiently well known to them personally. The only remark we make here is, that this illustrates forcibly the difficulty, to which we adverted a fortnight ago, of ever fixing the responsibility of a bad appointment on anybody in particular. He makes one excellent suggestion, and that is that anybody who signs a letter of recommendation should be made by legislation responsible for the conduct of the person to whom he gives it.

The suggestive portions of the Message, or what are technically called the "recommendations," are of course the most interesting. The recommendations are: (1) legislation in execution of that portion of the Treaty of Washington relating to the Canadian fisheries; (2) an appropriation for determining the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, forming the boundary between the United States and British Possessions in the Northwest; (3) some action by Congress about the overdue instalments from the Venezuelans, under the award of the Commission of 1866; (4) a modification of the tariff and internal taxation—the latter to be abolished, except on spirituous, vinous, and malt liquors, tobacco, and stamps, and the tariff to be reduced in such "a manner as to afford the greatest relief to the greatest number"; articles not produced at home, but which enter largely into general consumption, to be placed on the free list; and such further reductions to be made as not to "disturb home production or reduce the wages of American labor"—it looks from this as if the President had joined the "Revenue Reformers," but was determined to be safely vague as to what revenue reform means; (5) that collectors of customs be deprived of all share in the proceeds of seizures for fraud; (6) (omitting one or two trifling suggestions as to promotion in the army and navy) the purchase of the telegraphs and their annexation to the postal system; (7) legislation defining the status of Mormon plural wives and their offspring, and enabling the Territorial legislature to legitimize the latter; (8) the retention of the public lands as "a heritage to our children"; (9) the raising of the salaries of the heads of bureaus and officials requiring responsibility and character; (10) the removal of the disabilities imposed by the Fourteenth Amendment, except in the case of "the great criminals"; (11) liberal appropriations for local improvements at Washington; (12) legislation for the protection of immigrants.

In the report of the Treasury Department—which is the only one of the reports containing much that is of special interest—Mr. Boutwell makes a very striking exhibit as to the public debt; indeed, we believe, an exhibit unparalleled in financial history, and nothing could well be clearer as regards arrangement. The debt has been diminished by $277,211,892 since March 1, 1869, with a corresponding *annual* reduction in the interest charge of $16,741,326. Besides

the statement with regard to the condition of the debt, the only things Mr. Boutwell has to say which the public will greatly care to read are his explanations with regard to the issue of the new loan to the Syndicate, and his grand plan for the restoration of American shipping. He gives the history of the new loan (now all taken), with which our readers are already familiar, and then goes on to confess once more in the simplest way his violation of the law in letting the Syndicate have the bonds three months before they paid for them, but excuses himself by the reflection that this was the only mode in which the loan could be disposed of, and that, if they had paid for the bonds when they got them, the money would have lain idle. This is doubtless all true, but beside the question. The objection to his violating the law affects not him in particular or this loan in particular, but all Secretaries and other officers and all loans. He recommends, and with good reason, an increase in the commission to be allowed in disposing of the four and a half per cent. loan, when it is brought on the market. He says that nothing can be done for one-half per cent., which is doubtless true; but he ought to have known and said this in April last.

Mr. Boutwell has abstained from any repetition of his absurd comments on the Civil Service, such as he indulged in last year; but he has made up for the omission by a disquisition on the best means of reviving American shipping. The common notion of ocean steam navigation is, that it is a pursuit in which persons engage for the purpose of making money; but Mr. Boutwell is apparently under the impression that it is an exercise or entertainment like yachting, a share of which every nation ought to have at any cost. So, after showing that the American share in the carrying trade was 71 per cent. in 1860, and has now fallen to 38 per cent., and that there is little chance of its revival in the present state of our tariff and currency, ships being now made wholly of iron, and British builders having an advantage over American builders of at least 30 per cent. in the cost of construction, cost of coal, iron, and other materials, and interest on the capital employed—and, he might have added, in local taxation—he proceeds gravely to recommend that enough money be taken out of the pockets of the American people to enable certain individuals to engage in the amusement of running ocean steamers on the same terms as the British. That is, he proposes that the toiling millions of the country shall, out of their wages, pay $13 a ton to any person or persons who shall employ American-built steamers of at least 2,000 tons burden in the foreign trade; and he evidently holds a vague notion that in some mysterious way great good would result to us all from this process of carrying our own and other people's goods and passengers over the ocean at a dead loss. In justice to him, however, we must mention that he modestly adds at the close that "he does not assume that there is no other practical method of restoring our commerce." There is one other "practical method" which far surpasses it—viz., the running of great numbers of ocean steamers entirely at Government expense, carrying passengers for a mere trifle, and feeding them well, and taking freight for nothing. If this were kept up five years, we warrant there would not be a British steamer left in the ocean, which is more than Mr. Boutwell can promise from his plan.

Our readers may remember the curious passage of arms which took place between the Paymaster-General and the Treasury Department after the revelation of the Hodge defalcation. Each sought to throw the blame on the other, and it must be admitted the Paymaster had the best of it, for he showed that he had been steadily enforcing a system of checks on paymasters which the Treasury itself had suggested as "safe"—namely, the weekly presentation to the Department of the paymasters' reports of their balances, which were supposed to be compared with the reports of the sub-treasuries in which the paymasters kept their accounts; but it appeared that no such comparison was ever made; and for this neglect of its own device, the Treasury made the singular excuse that the device in question was of no value, as it could be easily evaded. The Secretary of War now proposes, in his report, to substitute for this valuable contrivance a system of inspection, carried on by officers appointed by the War Department, whose business it will be to see that the sums which a paymaster reports as standing to his credit in a specified place are really there. This seems to be a good plan, and we hope it will be carried out. No system of checks will, of course, prevent all defalcation, until we get that grand change in the nature of man for which so many ladies and gentlemen are preparing to take out patents; but any good system ought to prevent defalcations going so far as Hodge's. While upon this subject, we may mention that, in reply to our challenge offered some weeks ago, Mr. Edgar Needham sends us from the office of the Assessor of Internal Revenue, Louisville, Ky., the report of a case tried before the United States District Court in that city, in June, 1868, in which a clerk in the United States Depository, named Bloomgart, was sentenced to six years' hard labor for embezzlement, and fined to the amount of his defalcation. The report, which is taken from the "Internal Revenue Record," closes with the remark: "It is understood that Bloomgart's friends will ask the President to pardon him." Did they do so; and with what result?

The news from Cuba is of a kind which seems to make foreign intervention in some form desirable and even probable—the control of the island, or, at all events, of the capital, having apparently passed completely into the hands of an armed mob, known as the "Volunteers," whose sole resemblance to soldiers lies in their uniform, and over whom the Spanish officers appear to possess no authority. They have for a good while been conspicuous for their turbulence and brutality, but have just committed, with form and deliberation, an act of extraordinary atrocity. A party of medical students entered a cemetery on a holiday, and in a frolic scratched one or two poor and indecent verses on the tomb of one Castañon, a Spanish partisan, who was killed by some Cubans at Key West. They then set at defiance and threw stones at a priest who remonstrated with them, and ran off. The whole school was then put in confinement till the ringleaders, to the number of eight, were discovered, and these eight were then taken from the jail by the Volunteers, in defiance of the Spanish general in command, tried by court-martial, and shot the same afternoon. Now, as long as the Spanish Government maintains even the semblance of authority in the island, it is perhaps the duty of foreign governments to abstain from intervention, but if it be really true, as this occurrence seems to indicate, that Havana is in the power of a mob, the United States can hardly be expected to look on quietly, considering how many Americans are resident in the city, and how extensive and important our commercial relations with it are. There is talk of a joint interference by this Government and that of Great Britain, which would have the advantage of relieving the United States from all appearance of self-seeking, but there would also be objections to it of a serious kind, arising out of the totally different views on the subject of the mission of the United States in the West Indies held by the politicians of the two countries, which might lead to complications. In the meantime, the Spanish Government seems greatly excited by the news, and the king, in a fit of chivalry, offers to come out himself.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has an article on the "tide of speculation" now flowing in England, which those who have been trying to whitewash Mr. Robert C. Schenck's mining venture would do well to peruse. Speaking of the revival of the speculative spirit in England, it say of the enterprises which are just now appearing on the London market: "Besides telegraphs, tramways, and mines, much business is being done in a quiet way in what we must call miscellaneous schemes. There are asphalte concessions, and foreign slate, stone, and sulphur companies. . . . Undoubtedly, some will thrive, especially those that come earliest into the market; but then it is just as certain that many of them are rash or rotten, or else will be made so by inefficient or dishonest management. The invariable experience of the past assures us, that among the num-

ber must be many directors who deliberately intend to rob their shareholders, and many shareholders who are foolishly offering their fleeces to the shears. Whether they will lose their wool by degrees, or be shorn close in a herd in the next panic, we do not pretend to say." We hope the friends of Mr. Schenck in this country, and those simpletons in England who are meditating taking a "flyer" in the stock of the "Emma Mine," will seriously ponder this passage. One other thing, to which the *Pall Mall* alludes, we commend to the attention of this Government and of the American public. The British investor, though easily duped, is vindictive. Unlike his American brother, he does not laugh and let the rogue run when he finds he has been swindled; and the English courts supply him with the means of gratifying his love of vengeance. Now, the English law makes directors of companies whose shares people have been induced to take by fraudulent representations, or by representations which are by law presumably fraudulent, liable themselves to the full extent of their personal property to the claims of the dupes. Nay, the Master of the Rolls has just decided, in Peek *agt.* Gurney, that even though the directors in Gurney & Co.'s Bank had no fraudulent motive, they would have been liable to Peek to the last cent of their fortunes, and their heirs and executors after them, had Peek, the plaintiff, not delayed so long in seeking his remedy; and Vice-Chancellor Malins has just been overhauling a grand company, called the "Marseilles Land Co.," which had a great run in its day, and has expressed the opinion that "the directors had been guilty of a colorable transaction to enable them to defraud the public by rigging the market," and he pronounces the company a "monstrous scheme." Now, if the Emma Mine ever comes before the courts, do not let us be treated to the spectacle of the American Minister screening himself from judicial censure, and saving his goods from the grasp of irate shareholders, behind his ambassadorial robes. The American eagle ought not to have to use its beak and talons on sheriff's officers.

The French National Assembly, after a recess of more than two months' duration, has reassembled, and at a rather inauspicious moment. Executions which will be laid to its account rather than to that of M. Thiers—for it is the majority of the Assembly which represents the anti-revolutionary rancor of France—have exasperated a considerable portion of the people; the dissatisfaction with the indefinite prolongation of the provisional state of affairs—a state naturally distasteful to the French mind, which is more patient of extremes than of suspense and imperfect solutions—has become almost general, ultra Republicans and Imperialists vieing with each other in intensifying it; and, what is perhaps worse than all this, the Germans have again assumed a very unfriendly attitude. It was, possibly, only for the purpose of making capital—capital, also, in the strictest sense—that the German Ministers, a few days ago, in urging the passage of the military budget, "most significantly"—and successfully—warned the Representatives that France meditated revenge, and that the only safety of Germany lay in her army; but the sterner facts are these, that the French garrison has had lately to be sent away from Dijon at the direction of a German general, who thus revenged an insult previously inflicted upon some troops of occupation by the authorities of the town; that the German military authorities, in Champagne, have executed two Frenchmen guilty of assassinating a German sentinel; and that, in order to punish and prevent similar assaults, all the districts still occupied by the invaders have been placed by them under martial law. With what impressions the legislators of France have returned from their provincial homes, after a protracted intercourse with their constituents, is of course still to be learned.

There has been a good deal of wild declamation on the part of several of our contemporaries during the week, against M. Thiers and his Government, over the execution of Rossel, and several confess with great naïveté that this tragedy has satisfied them that the French Republic is no republic after all, and they characterize the execution as a piece of needless brutality, and so on. As we have never thought M. Thiers a wise man, nor ever admired his "republic," we can say with a tolerably good grace that, if it be conceded the Articles of War are a proper code for the government of an army, we think the execution of Rossel, able, brilliant, and honest though he was, was a necessity—deplorable—to be sure, but still a necessity; and that most of the lamentations over it have come out of people's breasts and not out of their heads. The great danger of France, and perhaps the very greatest, is that the instability of her government, and the love of the people for military processes, may finally hand her over completely to the army, and that the army, having discovered its power, may become a real Prætorian Guard, and put the state up at auction. Things came very near this in 1851, and if the Prussians had not had the greater part of the army under lock and key in 1870, we may be sure it would have had its say in the revolution of that year. It is of the last importance, therefore, that military men should be taught, by any process however stern or savage, that political revolutions are none of their business, and that their sole duty is to obey the government *de facto*. Rossel set a flagrant example of insubordination to the civil power. He, being a commissioned military man, deliberately took upon himself to say that a government elected by universal suffrage, and which was the only government France had, or pretended to have, was not entitled to his obedience; that he was competent to decide that the peace which that government had just concluded with a foreign invader was untimely and unnecessary, and, in pursuance of this decision, he actually revolted, and took the command of an insurgent force, partly for the purpose of overthrowing the constituted authorities, and partly for that of prosecuting the war against the Germans. To describe the man's position is sufficient to demonstrate its guilt and absurdity. It must be remembered, too, that if Rossel had a right to do this for his own private Republic, other officers had a right to do it for the Empire, others for the Bourbons, and others for the Orleanists. The argument that Rossel was gifted and high-minded is simply an aggravation of his offence, because the possession of these qualities only made him all the more dangerous. We must remind our Sentimentalist friends once more that the business of M. Thiers, and all other governors, is not to dispense divine justice, but human justice; that is, not to mete out to every man his exact deserts, but to save and carry on human society in peace, security, and freedom.

A debate recently occurred in the Reichstag which illustrates in a striking manner the oddities which mark the social and political condition of Germany. The constitution of the Empire provides that all states composing it shall have representative governments. The Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg has, however, nothing but a feudal government of the most antiquated type. It has a House of Lords which simply looks after the privileges of the members. The Grand Duke sometimes has a ministry, sometimes not—but takes the whole revenues for his private civil list, and publishes no accounts. The taxes are voted by a "Landtag," composed of "knights" holding landed estates, and of the Burgomasters of the cities, who meet on horseback in the open air, like the old Polish Diet, and race about in an enclosure, talking promiscuously, without rules or forms, and they arrange the public burdens, it need hardly be said, so that they shall not fall heavily on themselves. Under this state of things, the population is rapidly declining under the influence of emigration, and what remains of it demands reform. The Reichstag has granted their request after a stormy debate, in which old Bebel the Socialist, who thinks women will probably have to be bastinadoed in the good time coming, voted with the Conservatives, on the general ground that the Empire was itself a humbug, "a mere fig-leaf to cover naked Cæsarism." Indeed, he thought all constitutions were a sham. He was so obstreperous that the House finally instructed the Speaker to silence him.

THE SOUTH.

THE passages of the President's Message relating to the South are, after all, the most important part of the whole document. All the evils, abuses, misfortunes, and calamities to which he calls attention are mere trifles—clouds passing swiftly over the national sky—compared to the condition of the States lately in rebellion. It is comparatively easy to reform the tariff or the civil service, or reduce the taxes, or return to specie payments, or civilize the Indians, or protect the immigrants, or get the overdue instalment from Venezuela, or bring Mexico to reason on that matter of "the free zone"; but it is almost as hard to give order, peace, and security to the southern half of American society as to medicine to a mind diseased, or pluck the rooted sorrow from the brain. We do not need to tell any of our readers what the state of things in that region is. It is not simply that men suddenly raised from a condition of bestial servitude, inheriting the weaknesses of barbarism, aggravated by the weaknesses of slavery, have been admitted to participation in the rights and responsibilities of free society; it is that they have been put in full and exclusive control of that most delicate and complicated piece of mechanism known as the government of a civilized State, with its debts, its credit, its system of taxes, its system of jurisprudence, its history, its traditions, its thousand knotty social and political problems. We say "exclusive control," because we do not call the division of power which the negroes have made with the Northern carpet-baggers a real division. The carpet-bagger is not a politician; he has no aims, opinions, ideas, passions, or prejudices; he is simply a man who has not succeeded in any of the ordinary walks of industry, and who, while travelling in quest of better luck, has got employment from the Southern negroes in managing the machine which the war threw into their hands, and with the nature of which they are not themselves familiar; and he does this with the firm determination of making all he can out of the job, and with no other determination whatever.

The condition of the negro after emancipation—that is, his ignorance and want of experience, combined with his position of estrangement from or hostility towards his white neighbors—attracted the carpet-bagger as naturally as a dead ox attracts the buzzard. The lower class of demagogue scents an unenlightened constituency at an almost incredible distance, and travels towards it over mountain, valley, and river with the certainty of the mariner's compass. But then we hastened his coming by our legislation. We deliberately, and for an indefinite period, excluded all the leading Southern men from active participation in the management of their local affairs, by a discrimination not unlike that which would be worked in this city, but very much worse, if every man who had not at some time belonged to the Tammany Society were declared incapable of holding office. It was before the war the time-honored custom of the Southern States, and a very good custom too, to put their ablest men, and men of the highest social standing and character, in office. The consequence was that it was these men who figured most prominently in the steps which led to the rebellion and in the rebellion itself. When the war was over, we singled these men out, and not unnaturally, for punishment by the Fourteenth Amendment and other legislation, but we forgot that, as the President points out, they were no worse, so far as disloyalty went, than the rest of the community. They broke their oaths of allegiance to the United States, but the other white men of the South would have done the same thing if they had got the chance of doing it by being elevated to office, either under the United States or under the Confederacy. We forgot, too, that when putting a mutinous crew in irons, the most justly indignant captain leaves at liberty enough able-bodied seamen to work the ship.

There were, in short, two ways, and only two, of dealing with the South after the war, neither of which we adopted. One was to treat the whole community as hostile or diseased and disorganized, and take charge of it from top to bottom, administer its justice, manage its finances, provide it with security of life and property, until such time as we were satisfied that it was competent to take charge of itself. This was the course which the highest statesmanship prescribed, but there were grave constitutional and political difficulties in the way of resorting to it, and, although we have at various times advocated it, we have never been disposed to find fault with the majority in Congress for shrinking from it.

The other way was to treat the whole community as made up of unfortunate Americans, equally entitled to care and protection, demoralized by an accursed institution for which the whole Union was responsible, and which the whole Union had connived at and, down to 1860, had profited by; rent and desolated by a bloody war; disorganized by the most radical social and industrial revolution ever witnessed. The first view was European, rather than American; this was purely American. It had no constitutional difficulties, or at least not so great constitutional difficulties, in its way, and it accorded in all respects with the habits and temper of the people and the machinery of the Government. We adopted neither plan, however, but a combination of the two, and the worst possible combination, the results of which have been positively infernal. In the idea that we were befriending the negroes, we gave them possession of the government, and deprived them of the aid of all the local capacity and experience in the management of it, thus offering the States as a prey to Northern adventurers, and thus inflicting on the freedmen the very worst calamity which could befall a race newly emerged from barbarism—that is, familiarity, in the very first moments of enfranchisement, with the processes of a corrupt administration, carried on by gangs of depraved vagabonds, in which the public money was stolen, the public faith made an article of traffic, the legislature openly corrupted, and all that the community contained of talent, probity, and social respectability put under a legal ban as something worthless and disreputable. We do not hesitate to say that a better mode of debauching the freedmen, and making them permanently unfit for civil government, could hardly have been hit on had the North had such an object deliberately in view. Instead of establishing equal rights for all, we set up the government of a class, and this class the least competent, the most ignorant and inexperienced, and a class, too, whose history and antecedents made its rule peculiarly obnoxious to the rest of the community.

Out of this state of things Ku-kluxing has grown as naturally as Whiteboyism grew out of Orange rule in Ireland, and Klephtism out of Turkish rule in Greece. We condemn the Whiteboys, the Klephts, and the Ku-klux; we read the patriotic, humanitarian, and law-loving denunciations of the last, which appear in the loyal papers of the North, with proper concurrence and approval. We cannot gainsay anything anybody says of the atrocity of riding about the country at night with one's face blackened, murdering and whipping people. But we confess we condemn Ku-kluxing very much as we condemn the cholera. We are opposed to the cholera. It is a loathsome disease, and brings terrible suffering on any community which it assails; nothing too bad can be said about it. But we know that it originates in filth and bad drainage, and if anybody proposed to us to proclaim martial law in the alleys in which the filth was found, and imprison the people who made it, we should refuse to support such a measure. Not all the stump orators in the country or all the roaring editors inveighing against dirty people for ten years would shake our determination. We should support nothing, and recommend nothing, and believe in nothing, but an honest cleansing of the infected places by the Board of Health. There is no more use in getting in a rage with Ku-kluxery, and sending cavalry and artillery after it, than of legislating against pestilence, as long as nothing is done to remove the causes. It is useless to proclaim York and Spartanburg, and lock up your hundred and sixty-eight prisoners, as long as the Charleston Ring is engaged, under the protection of United States cannon, in taking people's property under the name of taxation and appropriating it to their own use, and as long as the men whose fathers for half a dozen generations have lived and died in South Carolina, and who really love the State, find that, while they may not touch its affairs, Northern adventurers are at liberty to make fortunes out of the mismanagement of them. Of course, the Southern whites, if wise, Christian

men, would accept their misfortunes in a different spirit; but the difficulty of all government arises out of the fact that most men are not wise or Christian. The governmental problem everywhere consists in the manner of dealing with men as they are and not as they ought to be, and it is the business of the legislator to look at turbulent people, if he can, not as objects of dread and hatred, but as phenomena to be regulated, or controlled, or removed. There is no more place for passion in dealing with South Carolina than in setting a broken limb or tying up an artery. We care nothing about the stories brought back by the Ku-klux Committee—very likely they are every word true; but they do nothing towards the solution of the problem before us. If when a mangled man was brought to a hospital the house-surgeon refused to bandage him until he had sent out a party of his assistants to find out exactly how he came by his injuries, whether it was in a fight, and if so, who began it, we should all be very angry, if we did not laugh; and yet the late Congressional investigation is something not very dissimilar.

THE BASIS OF ALL REFORM.

The *Tribune* has been engaged for two or three weeks past in the discussion of a reform which is, we believe firmly, the basis, or at least the guarantee, of all other reforms—the reform of the judiciary—but it is surrounded by difficulties such as other reforms have not to encounter. In the first place, the subject is highly technical; to understand the nature and extent of the judicial abuses, much technical knowledge is necessary, and this knowledge is confined to the members of one profession. Moreover, these abuses do not, like the abuses in the administration of State or City finances, come home directly to all taxpayers. The assault on the Tweed Ring possessed the enormous advantage of being directed against iniquities which everybody, even the most ignorant laborer, could understand and measure. A child can be roused into reformatory indignation by being told that he has been charged for a hundred yards of carpet when he has only got two, or that he has been made to pay for plastering a whole house when nothing was plastered but the hall. In other words, the Ring frauds were committed in matters with which everybody is familiar, and about which everybody is concerned, and were capable of estimation in dollars and cents. It is, of course, not possible to put on paper the exact measure in figures of the damage the City Hall thieves have done to the community, but it is possible to put down in figures a sufficient portion of the damage to rouse wrath which can really be called popular.

The damage done by the condition of the judiciary cannot, however, in any way be made thoroughly plain to the popular comprehension. The unjust judge does not work his iniquity by going straight to the treasury and taking what he wants; he supplies himself by the dexterous use of a body of rules of procedure which only lawyers understand; and he does not levy his toll, as the Ring did, on all men indiscriminately; he levies it on the small class who have the misfortune to be driven into litigation. It requires, therefore, not simply technical knowledge, but a certain amount of cultivated imagination and a strong public spirit, to follow him through his rascalities and fathom his guilt. And yet, of all offenders against the common weal, he is the very worst. It is not in the diffusion of a sense of insecurity with regard to property and person through the community that his villany lies, though there is enough of it in this. It is in the extent to which the spectacle of his corruption destroys the popular faith in the very existence of justice and truth and goodness. Other men may be found false and unfair without exciting more than anger, because they make open profession of pursuing their own interest; but when the very class which is set apart to deal out justice proves rotten, it makes men doubt whether there be anything but rottenness anywhere, whether there be really any barrier between anybody's greed or lust and the gratification of it but his purchasing power; and whether all the virtues are not empty names, useful in poetry, but worthless in actual life. Somebody has said, and well said, that when one has lost his faith in man, he cannot very long preserve his faith in God; and we may be sure that those who have seen a judge bought and sold do not preserve much faith in anything but clothes, food, and wine. In spite of all that has been said and written on this subject, we doubt if there exists anywhere, as yet, an adequate appreciation of the weight of the blow which we have struck at the highest interests of modern civilization by the production, in this great democratic city, of the spectacle of judges acting on the bench for several years in unchecked concert with criminals, and aiding them openly, without any attempt at disguise, in the seizure or conversion to their own use of enormous amounts of property. To suppose that any community can wash out such a stain as this by one vote at one election is simply absurd, and in saying this we put aside the gross indecencies of which some of these judges have been guilty in open court—indecencies the like of which have never been listened to in the tribunals of any people civilized enough to have courts, and the effects of which we are quite sure the generation which has heard them can never get over.

Now, this great shame and calamity originated in the triumph of this theory, that, to have a government democratic, all officers must be elected, judges among the number—a theory of which everybody's experience of human nature might have sufficed to demonstrate the absurdity when it was first stated; and it has gained currency, like some other theories of the same kind, through men's allowing phrases to take the place of facts in their reasonings about politics. The two great facts of every judicial system are, that you cannot have judicial independence without fixity of tenure, and that the bar alone is competent to pass upon the judicial competency and honesty. The only way of getting rid of these facts is by a change in human nature and the reduction of our jurisprudence to Turkish simplicity, and the assimilation of the judges, as far as possible, to the cadi. As long as we expect our bench to be pure, and the controversies which arise out of a highly complicated state of society to be adjusted with nicety, we must, in the first place, recognize, with regard to the judges, the existence of that weakness in human nature of which we are all conscious, and from which all Christendom prays every day to be delivered—temptability. Nobody, however, has any right to pray that he may not be "led into temptation" who has just helped to put a fellow-man in a position so full of temptation as a judge's is, and has deliberately withdrawn from him every artificial aid in resisting it.

But there is no use in electing or appointing judges, no matter how good, unless we set a learned and upright bar to watch them, because nobody but lawyers are competent to watch them; and no class of men has, as yet, been produced in any country which is capable of doing its duty without watching. A foolish thing was done in this State when judges were made elective for short terms, but the removal of all real tests of fitness for admission to the practice of the law crowned the folly. The result has been that the corrupt and ignorant judges who mounted the bench under the new system speedily found themselves surrounded by a silent and submissive or collusive bar, and the two together—the one boldly and defiantly, and the other quietly and sneakingly—went to work to make their fortunes, and turned the people's courts of justice into a kind of shambles, where decisions were sold like meat.

An attempt is now at last being made to put an end to this great iniquity. It was begun by the adoption of the judiciary amendment to the State constitution last year, lengthening the judicial term of office. It was continued by General Barlow's exposure of the Erie litigation, and the formation of the Bar Association, but it will not be completed without the impeachment and removal of three men who now disgrace the bench. This has not been possible hitherto because the Ring had the Legislature under its control, and the conscience of the bar and the public were so dead that it seemed as if nothing could rouse it. Now there is no longer either obstacle or excuse, and the work must be done, because if it is not done—if this Legislature be allowed to separate without purifying the bench—the formation of another Ring will be only a question of months.

But it is a work in which all can aid, and in which a great many must aid. The New York *Tribune* has entered on the work of exposing the system under which the rascals work, and we sincerely trust that the *Times* will not be prevented by the disgusting professional jealousy which has made the share of the newspapers in the reform movement at times so ludicrous, from heartily co-operating. The Bar Association has appointed a committee to prepare cases against the three rascals, but it wants money and evidence. The money ought to flow in in abundance; and we tell everybody who voted against the Ring last month that his labor was vain if the present movement is not sustained. The labor of collecting and arranging the evidence to be placed before the Legislature will be very great; it can only be performed by lawyers, and the lawyers who perform it must temporarily give up all other business, and must, therefore, be paid; and we may add that contributions ought not to come simply from this city or this State. The condition of the New York Bench is the concern of every citizen of the United States, because nearly every man's property comes directly or indirectly, at one time or another, within their grasp; and we have no hesitation in expressing our earnest conviction that the production of these three villains before the Legislature next January, and their trial and deposition, will be the most striking, fruitful, and hopeful contribution which the cause of morality and good governmetnt has received in our time. There is no corner of the Union in which its effects will not be felt; there is no court-room which it will not do something to purify and keep pure; there is no man whose title to the fruits of his industry will not be strengthened by it; and there is no reformer, nor any one who is laboring in any field, however humbly, to bring in the reign of "nobler manners and purer laws," whose zeal it will not quicken. We therefore ask for the movement the assistance and sympathy of all good people everywhere. But, like all movements against a deeply-rooted iniquity, it cannot succeed without the display of considerable self-sacrifice on the part of a few men. Those who know, and have preserved a timid silence, must now come forward and testify. The time for retailing the stories of judicial monstrosity in clubs, and parlors, and dining-rooms has gone by. The reasons for silence have passed away too. There is now a good prospect of bringing the offenders to justice, and thus putting an end, we hope for ever, to the system which converted the Bar of this city into a body which we can hardly compare to anything in history but Nero's Senate. To greater degradation than that involved in listening in silence to Barnard's jokes, and going timidly before Cardozo's "receivers" in quest of purchased "justice," surely no educated man, or any man of decency and self-respect, has ever submitted.

AN ENGLISH WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

LONDON, November 14, 1871.

LONDON is not only the richest place in the world in art treasures, but the place where what there is is most readily seen, and to the best advantage. There is not only a succession of exhibitions of original production, but every now and then the resurrection of a choice collection of old work, which brings from portfolios and drawing-room walls the best examples of the early English painters. Such an exhibition is now open as a "Loan Exhibition in aid of the National Hospital for Consumptives," etc., and to those who would know what English art is at its fountain-head, it is an invaluable opportunity.

There is that in the material and processes of water-color painting which adapts it most singularly to the art tendencies of Englishmen. They are, as I have before said, impatient of training, and almost universally deficient in the scholastic qualities in drawing and in the certainty of execution inseparable from good oil painting. The largeness and generalization in the way of getting at the subject in hand necessary to great work in oil, especially to purity of color combined with other technical qualities, occur in the English art world only phenomenally, and these find no school to develop them; and if anything is necessary to good work in oil, it is to know perfectly what you are going to do before you lay the foundation, and to proceed from general to particular, adding to the completeness of one's work by development of detail, not building it up as coral insects do with theirs. And this for the simple and most conclusive reason that the material of oil colors does not permit of changes and *repentirs* without destruction to the purity of the color: a coating of oil color once laid on must have a sufficient time to dry before it is overpainted, or else the upper and under color will mingle and foul each other in a most destructive manner; and to get the best results demands a thorough comprehension of every step in the completion of the picture before beginning it which is not in accordance with the English way of attacking art. But water-color permits any amount of change, repainting, rubbing out, etc., and then following up the work with a facility equal to that of a first start—the almost immediate complete desiccation of the pigment protecting it against ultimate change. And, in other respects, the material accords with the national temperament and genius in its facility for expressing pictorial motives of great simplicity and power—renderings of effect—for quick work by men impatient of completeness, and for a certain purity and intensity of color in which, I think, Englishmen find more pleasure than any other nation. It is not safe to generalize on such questions without long observation; but a range of nearly twenty years' study of English exhibitions and painters will, I believe, justify me in saying that the dominant pleasure in art with the public as with the profession is in a local purity and splendor of colors, even where the larger relations of color are wanting; and for these water-color is unapproachable. There are cases in which they are combined with the greatest range of power, as in Turner and William Hunt, but these are not examples of the school so much as exceptional illustrations of its tendencies. No other school, probably, would have produced either of those men.

On entering an exhibition of the nature of this under notice, there is a most marked relief from the general impression of garishness and exaggeration which any new exhibition gives; and if I were to present a view of English art at its best and with its most genuine motives present, I would rather take this than any of the annual exhibitions. Old David Cox especially strikes me as embodying one of the finest and most characteristic qualities of the English nature—the most complete and superb abandon to the large and poetic impression of the landscape of England, with a mighty grasp of its essential facts—its woodiness, its cloudiness, the breezy freshness and humid air which we, who have lived most of our lives out of it, distinguish more plainly than Englishmen, perhaps, as its difference from other lands. In this, the great quality of landscape painting, in the perception of its unity and meaning, in a masterly execution, striking straight at the heart of the motive and telling the story as no one could who did not feel infinitely more than he saw in nature—feel by the intensity and purity of the emotion which she awakened in him, and which makes the subjective side of art—no man, since the great Venetians, has equalled Cox; no man amongst them has surpassed him, even in that perfect execution which shows itself in rapidity and unhesitating certainty of hand. The way in which he renders, with all its most essential qualities, the broken sky, out of which the rain has just fallen, with delicate aerial grays melting into the blue—the energy with which the forms are drawn, and the swing of cloud and tree, are incomparable. But in range of color, Cox is almost on the extreme of simplicity—a step only above monochromatic, but refined, harmonious, and complete as Pan's oaten pipe.

A completer artist as to training and versatility of qualities was W. Muller, of whom it is said that one of Cox's great delights was to see him paint, which can well be believed, for no such drawing was to be found in the early school—such broad, masterly treatment of form, accompanied by thorough, honest definition of it. Muller's sense of harmony in lines, too, was far greater than Cox's or any other of his contemporaries', except Turner's. To him the classic was a feeling akin, and one wonders if he was an Englishman. But in all his power, there is a little too much art, and he remains cold to us. Another painter of the pure water-color school who is strong in this exhibition is Copley Fielding. Fielding's range was a small one, and his color, like Cox's, not much more than a tone—the simplest possible harmonies; sometimes of gray sea and sky, pitiless and unbroken gloom, sometimes of golden sunset effect, glowing grays and browns. In one of the drawings here, there is a sky and sea painted with a power of concentration and an energy of action in the elements which press close on Turner's best period. The torn, driving, writhing clouds, in which one catches almost ghostly forms, so strong in anatomical structure are they, so like muscular action as they swoop down on the foam-driven sea, the long-drawn-out and goaded waves, the solemn unity of the whole, make this drawing, "The Mull of Galloway," one of the finest examples of what may be done with water-color that I can recall. Fielding had another form of art which was exotic, and is not of permanent value for that reason. It is in the Claude vein—pretty compositions of vale and hill, babbling streams, and pastoral individuals planted along the pictorial waysides—all very pretty and Claude-like and immensely popular, and, like all popular things, very poor.

Another of the great dead men whose work shows very strong here is Cattermole, who for certain qualities of design and in small figures is most

admirable—certain in his results, and with a most happy sense of the naïve and accidental in his figure-grouping and arrangement of accessories—composition of the true sort. He dealt in interiors, in middle-age skirmishes and incidents, baronial reminiscences. His types of men, as men, whether monks or barons, were, it must be said, conventional, and rarely depended for their ideal on anything deeper than the skin; but they were picturesque, full of fire and action when these qualities were most needed, and of that kind of picturesqueness which is the shell of the object rather than the true character of it. But in all that element of figure *drawing* which is the supreme excellence of it, exact expression of the function of the figure, dramatic activity—the contrary of the *pose plastique* of such men as Meissonier, or the *tableau vivant* of Raphael (taking these at their best)—extra-academical excellence, and thorough and genuine *go*, Cattermole has few equals in art. Like the others whom I have named, he is not a colorist otherwise than so as to avoid always bad color and maintain quiet harmonies of gray and brown. Elaboration he always avoids, and his execution remains rapid and sketchy, full of the better finish which tells essentials, and leaves to a more vulgar sense the realization of the trivialities of the subject.

Dewint, too, is one of the passed-away masters of water-color in whom the same sense of the pictorial unity which is the one uniting quality of all great landscape painters, and which alone will make a landscapist great, is the dominant characteristic, but with Dewint there is a sense of repose which Fielding imitated, and Claude even rendered, imperfectly except in rare cases, with a tone of seclusion and isolation which few painters have given so well. In his execution there was a deliberation and careful weighing of the touch which aid the repose and unity of the picture surprisingly, and at times a deep and touching sentiment in keeping with the qualities I have noticed which entitle Dewint's, like the other names I have called up, to be enrolled amongst those who have, and will have, as long as art is what we now know it, a place amongst its teachers.

If to these I add Nestfield, a painter of mountain torrents, with a lovely sense of the picturesque and pure in nature, an opalescent color at all times conventional and studio-tinged, but with an individuality decided beyond question; and a couple of drawings of Barrett, a man with a sense of the value of tone and gradation which places his pictures amongst those of the true and noble school, I shall have gone through what is best noteworthy of the old time in this exhibition.

Of the new water-color school there is a gorgeous display of old William Hunt, the father of the modern manner of water-color painting, in which the insistance of the old or "pure water-color" school on transparent methods gives place to a system of working so like oil-painting, and so largely keeping all the facilities of oil while calling in those of water, that there can be no question of a certain superiority of general result in it over all other methods of painting for small works. In it we see the solid impasto of oil, the purity and freshness of water-color, with a rapidity of execution and a combination of the deliberation and solidity of oil with the facile *laissez-aller* of water—all the strength and luminousness of oil-color and that sparkle and brilliant pigmentary quality which only water-color can give. As to permanence, too, the palm must be given to water-color, and this is clear as may be, from the short time involved, in the drawings of Hunt, which have every quality of fresh and intense color which they would have had in the beginning; and again in the water-colors of Turner (of which there are a few poorish samples here), which always retain their relations and harmony without change or blackening, while in many cases the oil-pictures of the same epoch are wrecks.

It is to be hoped that in any collection of educational intent to be made in America, examples of these old English painters might be included, and of the greatest excellence attainable. They will be worth—to such an art as ours must be—whole galleries of old masters and gems of study abroad. There is, since the early Italian and Venetian painters, nothing so fresh, so pure, so full of the genuine abandon of the artist to the animus of nature, as these men of whom I have been attempting to give you an idea.

W. J. Stillman.

Correspondence.

THE CHICAGO ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: It may be worth while to say that Dr. Reilly, commenting on my letter to the *Nation* from Chicago, was mistaken in presuming that "the other of the both to whom your correspondent refers was John A. Kennicott, Robert's father." Keeping green the memory of both father and son, in my first visit to Chicago after their death, I asked after others of the family. I was told that there were two brothers, both of whom shared, in some degree, the dispositions which had led Robert to his distant grave, and that one of them could be found constantly at the Academy of Sciences. Going thither for the purpose, I did find him, closely associated with Dr. Stimpson, and engaged at the time in some special investigations, the value and bearing of which Dr. Stimpson was kind enough to explain to me, and in which he expressed much interest. Mr. Kennicott himself told me that he had abandoned other pursuits in order to devote himself to science. Two years afterwards, I was informed that he was dead, possibly because my enquiry was supposed to refer to the more distinguished naturalist, his brother. Since reading Dr. Reilly's communication to you, I have ascertained that, meeting a very sad affliction soon after I saw him, he left Chicago, and that, though for the time being lost to his friends, he still lives.

I need hardly say that the much more important position of Dr. Stimpson was known to me. Dr. Reilly has misapprehended my reason for not mentioning him. My intention was limited to an authentic outline of certain matters of public concern, as they were presented to rapid observation at a particular moment after the fire. An expression of personal sympathy with a single living individual by name could hardly have been admitted to my long letter without the introduction of the names of many others in whose misfortunes the public have an interest.

I was influenced, however, in the little I said of the Academy, and in saying no more than I did, by other reasons. This institution was a centre from which emanated certain influences of great importance for a region of vast extent and unbounded promise. Simply as an exhibition to smatterers on the one hand, and to disciples of Mammon on the other, of what scientific study really is, and what it involves, it was in its place invaluable. We could have better spared some score of little colleges and universities. The value of contributions in aid of such institutions depends largely upon the degree in which the wants they are intended to supply can be met by others already in existence, and upon the number of those in the community who understand in what their usefulness consists, and whose aid in their support may consequently be counted on. In this view, I know of no object at Chicago to which it is more important that contributions should be directed than the Academy of Sciences. Most of the small number of those by whose gifts it had been built up have probably lost almost all they possessed by the fire. There is but one other object which I should put on the same level, and that is a similar centre of influence in respect to Art.

If, therefore, I failed to manifest an intelligent sympathy with the sentiments which my letter has given Dr. Reilly occasion to express, it was simply because I thought that these objects might better be brought to the attention of the readers of the *Nation* at a later period, and by some one better qualified to present them. I trust that an authorized account may soon appear of the collections destroyed, of the work interrupted, and of the plans now forming for the future of the Academy.

Fred. Law Olmsted.

New York, November 30.

IMPRISONMENT IN CIVIL ACTIONS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Permit me to express a sincere regret at seeing the *Nation* joining, at such a time of general laxity in morals as the present, in the popular outcry against imprisonment for debt. It was to be expected, after Judge Barnard's recent jail-delivery—a proceeding likely to prove as ineffectual as it was high-handed—that the *Nation* would treat its readers to a scholarly survey of this subject, as viewed from the standpoint of the student of social philosophy. The enquiry is at least pertinent, whether our modern social conditions are not so changed as to nullify the hackneyed arguments against imprisonment for debt?

The *Nation's* propositions appear to be two: first, that this "outrage" against the "sacredness of the person" fails of its end—namely, the securing of payment; and, second, that it is too severe a process in what the *Nation* is pleased to call only "quasi-criminal" cases. The first proposition merely raises a question of fact, and would not probably have been advanced had the writer in question (*Nation*, Nov. 16) had some experience in the collection of debts. The difficulty is that it contemplates only two classes of debtors, those who are utterly poor, and whom it would be useless as well as cruel to imprison, and those who, having property, will quietly hold it within reach of the sheriff's attachment. It ignores altogether that very numerous and, in large towns, rapidly growing class of debtors who have no property, who take good care never to have it, and yet who manage to live very comfortably on what they owe. They may have salaries, to be sure, but not to pay debts with. They perform with these the much more important function of sowing with lavish hand the very confidence from which a harvest of debts is soon to be reaped. In this free-handed policy society not only encourages them,

but all its training of them is directed to this end. Dishonesty has come to fear only one thing—failure. It dreads no other shame; society has taught it none other.

Again, the very conditions of trade are altered. The commerce of this age pre-eminently is conducted on credit. Every man who renders a service must wait for his pay. Meanwhile, in the vastness and floating character of our population, he can know of his debtor's integrity and ability very little—almost nothing. Many times, the only precaution he can take is to enquire of his standing in the community, which, as everybody knows, is in these days a treacherous index of his character. What, then, is the creditor's remedy? He has laid out material, labor, skill, time for a man who, as he presently discovers, is not going to requite him. It is idle for you to laugh at him and say, "Sir, you ought not to have trusted this X., not knowing him to be a reliable party." He will tell you, "But I had to trust him, or not trade; and, besides, he was much respected in the community, and had as friends some most eminent men; he was lavish in spending, hospitable in entertaining, generous in subscribing to benevolent projects; how could I know he was a cheat?"

Suppose, now, that a law were introduced, as the *Nation* suggests, permitting in such a case the attachment of X.'s property. But it turns out that X. has no property. Or, if he has, he lives, as thousands of others do, like the Arabs of the desert, his present abode a mere resting-place, his property consisting of movables, and ready to vanish at the first scent of the sheriff. That this is especially common in this city, and growing alarmingly more so, the *Nation* itself has heretofore ably shown. It may be safe to say that over one-half of the "bad debtors" are men living in comparative luxury, and freely spending their money for all sorts of personal pleasure, while the tailor and doctor and landlady and washerwoman, and a host of others outside, are helpless and without hope. "What are you going to do about it?" Our writ of attachment must needs be a vast deal nimbler process to reach some of these cases than the law ever yet succeeded in making it.

Now, the responsibility for this state of things is largely with society. Of society, then, it is right to demand a remedy. So far as it will help us by giving us the writ of attachment against property, we shall be grateful; and especially thankful shall we be if the *Nation* will assist us during the coming legislative session in getting the scope of that writ greatly extended. But there are debtors against whom is not only precaution powerless, but this writ also is unavailing. The only possible thing they dread is the curtailment of their sensual pleasures. The precise argument which the *Nation* has so ably advanced in the case of Tweed, Sweeny & Co. applies to all other unscrupulous men whom our society nurtures and applauds. Let a wholesome terror of the jail stand over these debtors, and there would be fewer of them who could not pay their debts. The amount of maudlin sympathy these precious rascals are just now getting from the public would be incredible to any one who had not noted the degeneracy of business morals in late years. To talk about the "sacredness of the person" under these circumstances is like talking about the sanctity of the Hindoo bull, which must not be molested, though the creature be eating up your cabbages or break into your china-shop. Nobody's person is so sacred that he must be permitted to go on living at the expense of his neighbors, when the only thing that will stop him is the apprehension of his person. Such living, too—and here a single word upon the *Nation's* second proposition—is in most cases morally a fraud, and not so "quasi-criminal" as we are asked to suppose. The man who employs a physician, or dentist, or tailor, or who trades on credit with a grocer or butcher or dealer of wares—holding himself out by his appearance, dress, manners, and position in society as one able and intending to pay—does not, in my mind, fall very far short of the swindler if he fails to pay. The law, alas! does not yet define him as such; but, nevertheless, these are the things which, "when done with a less dainty grace, plain folks call theft."

New York, Nov. 25, 1871. E. P. W.

Notes.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale's "Ten Times One is Ten" appears to have taken root in Chicago, where, out of the ruins of the fire, has sprung up a Young Men's Christian Union, bearing Harry Wadsworth's motto: "Look up, and not down; look out, and not in; look forward, and not back; lend a helping hand." This new association, having a hearty, non-sectarian support, is to build, next spring, a large hall near the business centre of the town, for lectures and music, in connection with a reading-room, gymnasium, etc., and a library. This last is one of the chief objects of the Union, and commends itself to those who seek an opportunity to aid in the restoration of Chicago. Its central position will for some time make it the most useful, and, indeed, the only easily accessible library for the north and west sides. Its present quarters are at 812 Wabash Avenue, and we believe donations of books and papers will be welcomed.——A movement is on foot to petition Congress to grant each State, out of the public lands, a million acres in trust for its university—or for some one of its colleges, which would then become, we suppose, the State university. The movement is from and on behalf of the South especially, though the projectors of it feel that if the law is not made to cover all parts of the country alike, its chances of being passed are not good. We are far from saying that Congress would not do well to endow the Southern colleges, but we doubt much if the public lands are in this case a proper or the best gift; or if the State Governments of the South, present or prospective, would be safe trustees; or, finally, if any help should be extended except on condition and in the proportion of self-help by the people of the Southern States themselves. In other words, we would have the Government imitate the disbursement of the Peabody Fund.——The *Week*, "a résumé of current opinion, home and foreign," is the title of a sixteen-page paper, large quarto, just started in this city. We believe it is yet to be proved how real a demand there is for a publication of this nature, in which politics are assigned the leading place. The *Week* deals not only with politics but with literature, art, music, and the drama, besides devoting a little space to the news of the day, and publishing the first four chapters of Turgeneff's novel, "Smoke." The classification of this first number is noticeably defective, and to omit the dates of the newspapers and periodicals quoted from is a serious oversight; the typography, too, is neither so accurate nor tasteful as it might easily be.

—Miss Thackeray is about to bring out a novel on which she has been at work for several years. It will be called "Old Kensington," and will appear simultaneously in the *Cornhill Magazine* and in *Scribner's Monthly*. Those who know the facile pen and subtle artistic taste which Miss Thackeray has so largely inherited from her father, and who remember the "Story of Elizabeth" and the "Village on the Cliff," will be glad to learn that those who have seen the new story pronounce it entirely worthy the author and her name, and a great advance on her previous works. Her taste, like her father's, is eminently pictorial, and her tableaux are evidently drawn from life.

—The new edition of Gauss's "Theoria Motus Corporum Cœlesticum," which has just been published by Perthes, in Gotha, and which is designated as the seventh volume of Gauss's works, and is accompanied by a copy of the original vignette, might easily be mistaken, says the Royal Society of Sciences in Göttingen, for a part of the complete edition of Gauss's works edited by that Society, and now in press. This is not the case, however, and the title, "Gauss's Works, Volume VII.," was chosen without their consent.

—The American Ethnological Society having fallen into decay, and the science of ethnology having meantime been swallowed up in the broader science of anthropology, the active members of the society undertook, two years ago, to transform it into the Anthropological Institute of New York, which was finally incorporated in March of the present year. Its president is Hon. E. George Squier; vice-presidents, J. C. Mott, M.D., and George Gibbs; recording secretary, J. G. Shea; and custodian, George H. Moore. The reconstructed society has a wholesome fear of endowments, and even proposes to dispense with a building of its own for its archives and collections, judging that these will be gladly accepted by public institutions, which will, in return, furnish ready access to them. Messrs. Westermann & Co. have issued No. 1 of the Journal of the Institute, with an attractive table of contents, several of the articles being illustrated. A translation of Paul Broca's "Progress of Anthropology in Europe and America" has the merit of an historical résumé, and the peculiar interest of showing what difficulties the earlier attempts to study the origin and development of mankind encountered from religious and political prejudices—slavery, for example, proving as great a stumbling-block in France as in the United States. The stimulus given to these attempts by the formation of Fowell Buxton's "Society for the Protection of the Aborigines," is a curious instance of the reaction of philanthropy upon science. The paper on the sculptured rocks in Belmont County, Ohio, is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of these prehistoric remains. In the article on "Von Martius on South-American Ethnology," we find the following suggestive quotation:

"The Brazilians frequently live in small detachments, being kept apart by the chase; sometimes only a few families wander together; often it is one family alone. Within the family the language suffers a constant remodelling. One of the children will fail to catch precisely the radical sound of a word; and the weak parents, instead of accustoming it to pronounce the word correctly, will yield, perhaps, themselves, and adopt the language of the child. We were often accompanied by persons of the same band, yet we noticed in each of them slight differences in accentuation and change of sound. His comrades, however, understood him, and he was understood of them. As a consequence, their language never can become stationary, but will constantly branch off into new dialects."

—The entire collection of paintings belonging to Mr. Alexander White,

of Chicago, is to be sold at auction at the Leavitt Art-Rooms, 817 Broadway, corner of Twelfth Street, on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 12 and 13, commencing at half-past eight o'clock each evening. The collection consists of 163 paintings by American, French, Belgian, and German artists, the property of Mr. White, and there have been added to it, to be sold at the same time, by the consent of Mr. White, five paintings belonging to Ex-Governor Wm. Bross, of Chicago. Taken altogether, it is a long time since such an opportunity has been offered to lovers of modern pictures to buy so many excellent examples of the work of distinguished artists of our day. Mr. White has shown great taste and judgment, and done a good work, in bringing together such a collection, where there are not a half-dozen pictures that have not some good qualities, while the greater number are of uncommon merit. It is a great pity that a gallery brought together with so much pains and at so much cost, cannot be held together and bought as it stands, or nearly so, for our Art Museum. It represents very fairly a phase of art that is passing away, if, indeed, it be not already past, and it would be very difficult to replace these pictures, supposing it to be some time thought desirable, as it surely will be, to represent this phase of art in our coming National Museum.

—There is one branch of physiological investigation in which the public have a very direct interest—namely, the laws governing, and the effects on the human economy produced by, muscular movement. The literature of this subject is very voluminous, though greatly diffused in pamphlets, monographs, and transactions of societies. The most recent and, on some accounts, the most remarkable experiments have been those of Prof. Austin Flint, jr., touching the excretion of nitrogen as a consequence of muscular exercise—performed, as is well known, during the extraordinary exploits of the pedestrian Weston. In reviewing the history of these and similar researches, in which the thermometer (measuring the amount of heat), the Archimedean test (weighing the loss of substance), the dynamograph (writing out the results on the nervous system), and the sphygmograph (tracing the effect on the circulation) have played an important part, it would seem as if the two latter instruments had assisted us to a practical conclusion which may be thus stated: Repeated contractions of the same muscles, or of different sets of muscles, in overcoming uniform resistances—as the weight of a dumb-bell, or of the body—render "the nerves" unsteady, and make the heart beat more rapidly but less efficiently. On the contrary, an exercise which systematically arouses a person's latent muscular strength, by overcoming successively increased weights or resistances, produces a tangible and definite increase of steadiness of "the nerves," and a slower rate, but a fuller and more equable volume of the pulse. If these observations are well-founded, and of general application, they lend decided support to Dr. Winship and his disciples in lifting and "lifting cures."

—Mr. J. W. Beekman's "Centenary Address, delivered before the Society of the New York Hospital, July 24, 1871," is not only valuable as an historical retrospect, but as repeating and enforcing the lessons of experience in regard to the proper construction and uses of general hospitals. On this ground it may be recommended to the medical profession everywhere. Mr. Beekman rescues from comparative obscurity the name of an eminent New York surgeon, Dr. John Jones, whose advanced sanitary notions were of the greatest service to our soldiers in the Revolution and the war of 1812. He was the author of "Plain, Concise, Practical Remarks on the Treatment of Wounds and Fractures" (New York: John Holt, 1775), and readers of his "Short Appendix on Camp and Military Hospitals," which Mr. Beekman reprints in full, will be surprised at the author's wisdom in matters of hygiene. Old New York below Canal Street, and especially in the neighborhood of the hospital on Duane Street, falls within the scope of this centenary address, and affords some amusing reminiscences. For the benefit of country visitors to the city, we may quote that "where the Astor House stands there was, in 1780, an encampment of negro slaves, who had been enticed by Lord Dunmore from Virginia. They died of small-pox in large numbers, and were buried in the field where Stewart's store, corner of Broadway and Reade Street, now is."

—Messrs. Little & Brown, Boston, have received copies of the "Works in Verse and Prose of the Right Honorable John Hookham Frere," including translations of the Acharnians, the Knights, the Birds, the Frogs, and a portion of the Peace: the last-named was never printed, the others are only circulated among the friends of the author. If Coleridge's seeming extravagant estimate of Frere may be trusted, this announcement ought to excite no little interest in the world where letters are loved; he says of these translations: "A work of which (should the author be persuaded to make it public) it is my most deliberate judgment and inmost conviction that it will form an important epoch in English literature, and open out sources of metrical and rhythmical wealth in the very heart of our language of which few, if any, among us are aware." Lowndes (Bohn's Ed.) gives the dates of the printing of the translations as follows: "The Frogs, 79 pages, London, printed by Nicol, 1839. Printed twenty years before, but only partially issued. The Acharnians, 70 pages. The Knights, 89 pages. The Birds, 104 pages. These last three pieces were printed at Malta, all in quarto."

—We trust it will not seem discourteous to a distinguished visitor to our country to tell over again a famous anecdote relating to the visit made by Peter the Great, "The Czar of Muscovy," to England in 1698. Wishing to be near the Royal Dockyard at Deptford, in order more easily and effectually to carry out the purpose of his journey, which was to study shipbuilding and the management of ships, he hired the house at Sayes Court, a country-seat of John Evelyn, the famous author of the "Sylva." The Czar, as Evelyn says in his "Memoirs," made it his court and palace, new furnished for him by the King; but he and his followers made a poor return for the hospitality. Whilst the Czar was in the house, Mr. Evelyn's servant wrote to him: "There is a house full of people and right nasty. The Czar lies next your Library, and dines in the parlor next your study. He dines at ten o'clock and six at night, is very seldom at home a whole day, very often in the King's Yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The King is expected there this day, the best parlor *is pretty clean* for him to be entertained in. The King pays for all he has." Yet one piece of damage done by the Czar could not possibly have been paid for by the King. In the "Sylva" Evelyn exclaims, in his account of the holly: "Is there under heaven a more glorious and refreshing object of the kind than an impregnable hedge of about four hundred feet in length, nine feet high and five in diameter, which I can show in my now ruined gardens at Sayes Court (thanks to the Czar of Muscovy) at any time of the year glittering with its armed and varnished leaves?" One of the favorite amusements of Peter was to seat himself in a wheelbarrow, and make his officers force him through this "impregnable" hedge and drag him back again.

—A very good illustration of the well-established propensity of the ex-Emperor of the French to meddle with affairs whose direction has been confided to others, is to be found among the extracts from the Diary of M. d'Ideville, who was the French *chargé d'affaires* at Turin when Cavour was Minister, which he has been publishing in the *Journal de Paris*. We quote from the *Pall Mall Gazette*. One of these extracts contains an amusing account of an interview which took place between Cavour and Prince La Tour d'Auvergne, the French Ambassador, in 1860. The Prince had instructions to read to Cavour a despatch from Count Walewski, in which the Italian Government was plainly threatened with the displeasure of the Cabinet of the Tuileries in case it should continue to encourage the annexationist agitation in the Duchies and Central Italy. The despatch stated that any attempt to annex those territories would be regarded as a breach of treaties, and that if the King, disregarding the warnings of the Imperial Cabinet, should place his throne in danger by such an adventurous policy, he would be left to his fate. Cavour listened attentively to the reading of this despatch, leaning his head on his hands and saying not a word. When the Prince had finished, and added a few confirmatory remarks of his own, Cavour rejoined, "Yes, yes, *mon cher Prince*, you are right; what M. de Walewski writes is not calculated to encourage us; this is indeed a sharp reprimand. But," he proceeded, a gleam of satirical glee playing across his face, "what will you say when I read you a letter which has come to me direct from the Tuileries, from a personage whom you also know?" Upon this he took out of his pocket a letter of the same date as Walewski's despatch, in which M. Mocquard confidentially informed him, by order of the Emperor, that the projects of annexation were by no means unfavorably regarded in Paris, and that he (Cavour) need not trouble himself about any complications resulting from them. The Prince was, of course, dumbfounded; he could only bow, and, folding up Count Walewski's despatch, he hurried back to the embassy.

—As a companion picture to the above, we quote from the same journal an anecdote which may perhaps induce the reflection that Cavour may have had as much trouble with his master as La Tour d'Auvergne had with his. King Victor Emanuel having received a letter from Napoleon III. in which the latter revoked certain promises he had made to him on a former occasion, was furious, and took the first opportunity of venting his anger on the Emperor's representative. At the next court ball he summoned Prince La Tour d'Auvergne to his presence in a private room, and addressed him in these words: "After all, what is this Emperor of yours? The last comer among the European sovereigns—an intruder and a b . . . [bastard?] Let him remember what he is, and what I am—I, the head of the first and oldest royal dynasty that now reigns in Europe." Prince La Tour listened to this outburst with as much calmness as he could command, and then observed, "Sire, you will permit me not to have heard a single word that you have spoken." The

King said nothing, and turned away. In the course of the evening, however, he came again to the Prince, and tapping him familiarly on the shoulder, whispered in his ear with a smile, "You need not report our conversation of to-day to Paris, *cher prince*. Besides, you told me yourself that you did not hear what I said."

—It appears that Jules Favre, or, as he will have it, his copyist, omitted from Count d'Harcourt's note relating his now famous interview with the Pope on April 26, the important words *ce n'est pas que* in the connection: "All I desire is a little corner of earth where I shall be master; *not that* if my States were offered back to me I should refuse them, etc." The words can be called important, however, only as regards the sense of the sentence from which they were immediately detached. They in no wise alter the fact that the Pope showed a reasonableness, and a disposition to be reconciled to the new condition of Italy, which threw consternation into the clerical ranks, and made them eagerly clutch at the straw of an inaccuracy in the report of his speech. It is still true, whether or not the Pope would accept his former possessions, that he does not covet the burden of temporal sovereignty, and does not regard the want of it as fatal to his office or the church. And it is further true that Italy has solemnly guaranteed to him, and that he now holds, safe from intrusion by the civil authorities as well as by the mob, his coveted *coin de terre*, of which he is absolute master, and where he can "exercise in their plenitude his spiritual functions."

MAINE'S VILLAGE COMMUNITIES.*

SOMEWHAT over a year ago (see the *Nation*, No. 273), we called attention to some interesting investigations in regard to mediæval village communities in England. Communities of this nature in India, and in certain Slavonic countries, had been described in Maine's "Ancient Law," and connected, by manifest proofs, with a primitive patriarchal condition of society. Mr. Maine seems to have been unaware, at the time of the publication of this work, of traces of a similar institution in Teutonic countries; but the treatise of Nasse, described in the article alluded to above, and the more extensive discussions of Von Maurer—most of them, if we are not mistaken, published since the work on "Ancient Law"—have supplied the missing link in the investigation, and showed that the Teutonic nations possessed village communities quite as distinctly organized, and quite as characteristic, as either Hindoos or Russians. It is to sum up the results of these various enquiries, and show their place in comparative jurisprudence, that Mr. Maine has prepared these six lectures upon "Village Communities." They were originally designed, he tells us, as an introduction to a longer course, but are published by themselves with the hope that "they might possibly help to connect the special sets of investigation, each of which possesses great interest, but is apparently conducted in ignorance of its bearing on the other."

It is not to be expected, therefore, that this work should have the originality of the treatise on "Ancient Law." It is rich in profound and suggestive observations, and, no doubt, it requires as high an order of powers to discern the points of connection between independent lines of investigation, and bring them under one generalization, as to pursue the investigations themselves. But the establishment of the general principle had, in the main, been accomplished in the previous work. The special service done by the present discussion is rather in extending the generalization, which had been made for two branches of the Aryan race, so as to include a third, and that the one to which we ourselves belong. In these lectures, especially in the third, we have the results of the investigations of Von Maurer and Nasse presented with great clearness and compactness, while the fourth lecture proceeds to point out the parallelisms with the agrarian institutions of India, and the light which they throw on the institutions of the West. We have, therefore, a much fuller and more detailed account of the Indian village communities than that which is given in "Ancient Law"; while the sketch given of the primitive communism of England will be new to almost every one. It is not too much to say, therefore, that this work will prove as fundamental and indispensable to the student of history as the former. "Ancient Law" gives him the clue to the development of political and legal ideas in the history of society; in "Village Communities" he finds the clue to some of the most vexed and puzzling questions in mediæval institutions. Certain points now for the first time become comprehensible; certain chapters must be rewritten.

This primitive community is thus described by Mr. Maine (p. 78):

"The ancient Teutonic cultivating community, as it existed in Germany itself, appears to have been thus organized. It consisted of a number of families standing in a proprietary relation to a district divided into three parts. These three portions were the mark of the township or village, the common mark or waste, and the arable mark or cultivated area. The community inhabited the village, held the common mark in mixed ownership, and cultivated the arable mark in lots appropriated to the several families.

"Each family in the township was governed by its own free head or paterfamilias. . . .

"Confining ourselves to proprietary relations, we find that his right or (what is the same thing) the rights of his family over the common mark are controlled or modified by the rights of every other family. It is a strict ownership in common, both in theory and practice. When cattle grazed on the common pasture, or when the householder felled wood in the common forest, an elected or hereditary officer watched to see that the common domain was equitably enjoyed.

"But the proprietary relation of the householder which has most interest for us is his relation to the arable mark. It seems always in theory to have been originally cut out of the common mark, which indeed can only be described as the portion of the village domain not appropriated to cultivation. In this universally recognized original severance of the arable mark from the common mark, we come very close upon the beginning of separate or individual property. The cultivated land of the Teutonic village community appears almost invariably to have been divided into three great fields. A rude rotation of crops was the object of this threefold division, and it was intended that each field should lie fallow once in three years.

"The fields under tillage were not, however, cultivated by labor in common. Each householder has his own family lot in each of the three fields, and this he tills by his own labor and that of his sons and his slaves. But he cannot cultivate as he pleases. He must sow the same crop as the rest of the community, and allow his lot in the uncultivated field to lie fallow with the others. Nothing he does must interfere with the right of other households to have pasture for sheep and oxen in the fallow and among the stubble of the fields under tillage."

It is shown further on that the system here described as *Teutonic* existed in full in England. A passage from the works of Mr. William Marshall, who wrote in the early part of this century, and of course had no notion of the theory which his words go to confirm, describes the system which prevailed in a large part of England, in language which would apply almost without change to the primitive institution made known to us by Von Maurer and Nasse. Traces of it remain even at the present day; for instance, a large common arable field was close to Oxford, and "the grassy baulks which anciently separated the three fields are still conspicuous."

When we said that the present work could not be expected to present new and original views, like that upon "Ancient Law," but rather to combine and generalize several distinct sets of enquiry, we should have excepted the two closing lectures, which develop the leading ideas one or two steps further, and may be pronounced as original and striking as any portion of the author's writings. These treat of "The Process of Feudalization" and "The Early History of Price and Rent," thus touching the field of history on the one hand and that of political economy on the other. Feudalization consisted, not in dissolving this village community, but in turning it into a "manorial group." The waste now was considered to belong no longer to the community, but to the lord of the manor, subject, however, to all the rights of use which had existed before. In this manorial group there are two classes of tenants, the freeholders of tenement lands (the so-called *socagers*) and those holding by servile tenure—that which became copyhold and "customary freehold." The first of these "correspond in the main to the free heads of households composing the old village community." They continued to maintain the same usages as under the old system. The second class, holding portions of the "lord's domain," consists of villeins and others, colonized by him upon the common land, which has now become subject to the lord's "right of approvement." This manorial group has heretofore been the starting-point in the history of English landed property. In future, we are to recognize in it only the feudalized form of the village community. And this process of feudalization, it is shown, was going on in the primitive Teutonic communities even before that contact with Roman law and institutions which certainly hastened the process and affected very materially the form of the result.

The chapter upon "Price and Rent" is equally instructive, and forms an appropriate sequel to the chapter in "Ancient Law" which traces the origin of the idea of property. The great fundamental principle of competition, Mr. Maine shows, is hardly recognized at all in transactions of these early times, rent scarcely existing, and price being purely customary between members of the same community. It was only when members of one community had business dealings with those of another, or when strangers entered into landed relations with any community, that the principle of competition came in. This is illustrated by the fact that even now, wherever the manorial group exists in England, rackrents are rare. Two most important principles in political economy—the right of individuals to property in land, and the rule of competition in buying and selling—are shown not to be the primitive and ultimate facts which we wholly assume them to be, but to have been developed at a comparatively late stage in the history of institutions. The conception

* "Village Communities in the East and West. Six Lectures delivered at Oxford by Henry Sumner Maine, Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence in the University, formerly Law Member of the Supreme Government of India, Author of 'Ancient Law.'" London: John Murray. 1871. 8vo, pp. 226.

of absolute property in land "appears to me," he says, page 158, "to have grown out of the ownership of the lord in that portion of his domain which he cultivated by his immediate personal dependents, and therefore to be a late and gradually matured fruit of the feudalization of Europe." It is easy to see the important practical bearing of this doctrine. Mr. Mill, in a review of the book in the *Fortnightly Review*, says significantly that "if the nation thought proper to reverse the process [which it has hitherto pursued], and move in the direction of reconverting individual property into some new and better form of collective, as it has so long been converting collective property into individual, it would be making a legitimate use of an unquestionable moral right." It ought to be remarked, however, that Mr. Mill does not consider this conversion of the community into the manorial group to have been an unmixed evil. In these cultivating communities "the land was free only in the sense of being free from feudal services, but it was enslaved to custom. An intricate net of usage bound down the alluvial owner, as it now binds the Indian peasant, to a fixed routine of cultivation" (p. 164). Now, the lord was free from these vexatious restrictions; and it was only this freedom and his authority over the waste that made it possible for Europe to be reclaimed from swamp and forest, and brought under cultivation. To absolute property in land, again, "we unquestionably owe such an achievement as the cultivation of the soil of North America" (p. 165).

We had marked a number of striking passages for quotation, but our space will permit only one: "The very small place filled by our own English law in our thoughts and conversation is a phenomenon absolutely confined to these islands [and to the countries colonized by Great Britain?] A very simple experiment, a very few questions asked after crossing the Channel, will convince you that Frenchmen, Swiss, and Germans of a very humble order have a fair practical knowledge of the law which regulates their every-day life. We in Great Britain are altogether singular in our tacit conviction that law belongs as much to the class of exclusively professional subjects as the practice of anatomy" (p. 59). We are gratified to find, on page 201—closing the last lecture—a quotation from our sketch of the New England village system, referred to above, with the words: "This is not only a tolerably exact account of the ancient European and existing Indian village-community, but it is also a history of its natural development, where the causes which turn it into a manorial group are absent, and of its ultimate dissolution."

BEHIND THE BARS.*

Most readers of this painfully interesting volume will agree with its editor in his opinion that it is "well deserving of popular attention," and will be inclined to assent to his opinion that it is also "worthy of the notice of professional and scientific enquirers" who are seeking after the best methods of treatment in cases of insanity. But it may doubted if he can expect many readers to say, as he seems to say, that the author is not often the reverse of philosophical in tone and statement and argument, or that she is never "actuated by a desire to cavil needlessly." Not that the book is not, to all appearance, perfectly well intentioned; nor that it does not in the main breathe a truly humane spirit; nor that it does not contain a great deal of sensible suggestion and remark. But it gives numerous indications of having been written under a sense of irritation which, indeed, seems not unnatural if one considers the trying circumstances in which a delicately reared woman must find herself when compelled to become one of many patients in a large asylum, but which, nevertheless, natural as it may be, is not the state of feeling in which one writes accurately and justly. Inaccurately, and with some injustice, we should say that the author of "Behind the Bars" writes in several of the passages before us; and this is to be regretted the more because of the praiseworthy nature of her attempt and its inherent difficulties. Nothing is plainer on the face of it than that the most carefully moderate and truthful complaints of their treatment made by persons who have ever been known as of unsound mind are easily, almost inevitably, put aside as imaginary, and heard with pitying disbelief rather than with any respect or real attention. And we should suppose that as nothing can be much more baffling and disheartening than to find one's just complaints so treated—to find one's most rational expressions of misery taken as good reasons for pitying one or inflicting further misery—this, we should imagine, would make any person who has ever had experience of it doubly and trebly solicitous to use, in depicting the system which he wishes to have abolished, the most subdued coloring at all compatible with the truth and with effectiveness of representation. But our author has either failed to perceive this or else has been unable to act coolly in her perception of it, and we doubt if the friends of the asylum management which she condemns will not readily forgive her for the larger portion of her book for the sake of the support which the other portion of it indirectly gives to them and their system.

It is to this and other similar portions that we refer more particularly when we speak of the book as being of rather painful interest, though, of course, the nature of the subject is such that of necessity there can be nothing very pleasing in the discussion of it. Still, it requires discussion, and we should be sorry to say anything to deter any one from looking at it in the light in which the writer sets it, albeit she has, we suspect, made the mistake of setting it in a light which unduly deepens the shadows, whether we think of truthfulness to the facts or of the advisability of her course as an advocate. She partly gives away her case. For instance, in talking about the supply of the table at the asylum in which she was a patient, she gives a description which seems to make it probable in a very high degree that asylum breakfasts, both as regards the time and manner of service and the quality and variety of the food, would be found extremely distasteful by a well-nurtured lady, of weak appetite and delicate tastes, accustomed to rise late and to think of her breakfast as being almost anything rather than "a meal of victuals." And further, even if such a person were thoughtful and reasonable enough to admit fully that in large establishments there must be rules and regulations, and a methodical strictness of practice which it is one of the blessings of home life to be free from, nevertheless she might, we suppose, justly complain if the patient paying a high price for board is not permitted to consult her ease by taking her breakfast at some other hour than the usual farm-house hour, and with as little as possible of the penitentiary or boarding-school formality. But, admitting this to be entirely true, and that the asylum dinners also—like dinners in other places—are sometimes badly dressed, and sometimes consist of dishes not tempting to either an ill or well person's appetite, it nevertheless looks very much as if the author were unfair, if not uncandid, in her account of the kitchen and table of her asylum.

There are other chapters in "Behind the Bars," as well as this chapter with the queer heading of "Chops and Tomato Sauce," where there is now and again a heat and carelessness which dispose the reader to distrust. It is, for example, a more serious charge than the reader can fairly be expected to entertain, which is hinted against the medical men of the asylum she describes, when the conjecture is given that they send the night-watcher with his lantern among the patients with a view of breaking up their sleep, it possibly being a part of the doctors' theory "to exhaust nature *au fond* before the recuperative regeneration begins." And it was hasty to make these two assertions: one urges that "no one should believe that any person except a demented one would choose the life of an asylum . . . unless it be that something in the system has fostered and finally brought them to a sort of despair of any other." The second contradicts the first, and says that "there are, it is well known, a few patients here who are not insane, but nervous, of delicate organization, or temperaments too apprehensive to battle with the world, and who here find just the sort of routine necessary for them. And they themselves have chosen it."

But if we have spoken at some length of the principal defect of "Behind the Bars," it was not because its principal defect is the principal part of it; nor, as we have said, because we would deter any one from looking carefully at the subject as this book presents it. It is true that the author is not an expert in the study of mental alienation and its proper treatment; and no more are most of our readers. But it is true, too, that in presence of the very diversified forms of this calamitous disease, and its difficult and often occult nature, it is perfectly common for many persons called experts to be as much at fault, or nearly as much at fault, as most laymen, whether such laymen as have never had experience of insanity in their own persons, or such as, like the writer before us, know by personal experience something of what insanity is, and something, however little, of what measures they found helpful to them, and what injurious. It is not the skilful and studious alienist who will refuse to listen to records like "Behind the Bars"; nor is he the person most likely to reject the aid of enlightened lay opinion in imposing better methods and systems on the asylums, far too numerous, which are still managed in accordance with discredited notions as to the relations which *should* exist between the insane and their attendants. Non-professional opinions and the views of recovered patients are much more likely to be scouted by such medical men as the routine of a system has subdued into something resembling apathy, and whose dicta are perhaps not more valuable, while their spirit of enquiry is much less active and valuable, than the opinions and efforts of laymen who have no system to assert, but only a warm sympathy with some afflicted friend or relative. It will, for instance, perhaps be the unprofessional man of fair intelligence, quite as often as the asylum doctor of fair education and ability, who will give his assent to these words of an eminent authority, Dr. Maudsley: "There can be no greater fallacy than that of supposing what is called a moderate use of mechanical restraint to be consistent with a general plan of treatment in other respects humane and

* "Behind the Bars." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1871.

beneficial. It must be dispensed with altogether, or deterioration will ensue in the patient, and all *kinds of neglect and tyranny will be engendered by degrees*, until restraints become the usual substitutes for forbearance and watchful attention. It is necessary that *the abolition of restraint should be absolute* to be efficient; the principle of the non-restraint system will admit of no compromise . . . I do not hesitate to express a strong personal conviction that the use of mechanical restraints in any asylum, public or private, is an indication of a badly managed institution." These are the words of a physician who has wholly discarded that conception of insanity which regards the lunatic as a man under demoniac influence, a maniac, to be chained like a beast in a cage. And his conception of a rightly managed asylum is not that multitudes of madmen, of all degrees of mental aberration, from the least to the greatest, should be massed together and guarded and disciplined by hired "attendants," who also scrub floors, wash windows, and cook, and who are seldom fitted by education of any kind for their arduous and delicate labors and trusts. That there should be a staff of competent physicians and of trained attendants so numerous that individual attention can be given to individual cases; and that at the same time the patients should be so few that the individual patient shall be in no danger of being sacrificed to the patients collectively—or, in other words, to the necessary discipline of an establishment too large to be much better than a house of detention, instead of a house for curing the sick—that would be nearer Dr. Maudsley's notion of a true asylum than most of the institutions in this country or in England which bear the name of asylums.

It is by what it can do to help in forming a body of public opinion favorable to this new order of asylum that the book before us has its value, and may, with due reserve, be commended to general attention. It settles no questions, but passages in it such as this that follows will lead to profitable reflection. And the people who have a near interest in the settlement of the questions it suggests are more numerous than would be suspected by those who have given little thought to the statistics of insanity. The author is speaking of attendants who in the asylum of her residence were mostly young girls of the rank of farmers' daughters, and who preferred to be "attendants" in an "institution" to being "servants" in private houses, where they would have had somewhat similar but much less onerous work to do:

"There is a strange inconsistency in the picture of these youthful, childish, inexperienced, romping females attempting, after a fashion, to nurse and protect some 'depressed' or 'excited' matron or octogenarian. Imagine the spectacle of two or three voluble, romping attendants conducting an infirm, tremulous old lady-patient to her bedroom at night. They gabble about her, like monkeys, of their own personal affairs, meanwhile twitching at a string or a button which refuses to undo itself quick enough for their accommodation, while they say to the patient, 'Come, come, auntie, hurry up; how slow you are!' or, 'What a torment you are!' or, by way of threat, 'Shall I put the jacket on you?' Taunts and expressions of this sort, though not positive cruelties, are needless, and come not from bad hearts but light heads, and are the effect of another error in the system of employing too young attendants for the care of the insane. . . . The physician does not know what passes between them [the attendants and the patients], and if a difficulty comes up the attendant's story is preferred to the patient's, which, of course, out of respect to his disease, must be refuted. And here lies an immense power. The attendant feels its importance, and from a sense of personal self-aggrandizement come the refusals, the orders, the threats, the disappointments, and petty everyday annoyances to the patient. Here is a practical instance of the woman holding the power that is in reality the man's. And, in nine cases out of ten, a woman possessing authority that is not regulated and tempered by the affections, will abuse and degrade it. . . . They can handle patients very roughly. What would be done, let it be asked, with a patient who threw a knife across a dinner-table lined with patients? Reason and sanity would at once suggest the 'noisy gallery' and the strait-jacket. But the writer has seen an attendant, who lost her temper while serving a patient, do this thing. Was any report to matron or physician ever made of this insane act? At another time, an attendant, provoked because an inmate would not eat, has been seen to take the gravy from the plate, and rub it deliberately with her hand all over the face of the patient. Now, when one considers that the attendants may have it all their own way, and may commit acts like these, while there is no loophole of redress for the patient, would it not seem to be an important duty in the reformation of the whole system to consider the attendance, and the wrongs that are *possible* to accrue from its present arrangements?"

"The wrongs that are *possible* to accrue" are, indeed, the ones to be most considered. The author freely admits that the attendants whom she had opportunities of observing were, on the whole, good girls, who meant well and worked hard and earned their wages. But that the system needs revision seems clear; and so much misery is possible under it, so much has been ignorantly inflicted under it, that we may properly commend almost any book—even if it does do some injustice, and though it does take a good deal too easily a most difficult problem—which will help to make our Uticas and Kirkbrides and Somervilles more like the famous "city of the simple" in Belgium, where for generations lunatic patients have been cared for in the village families, and where it is said that for generations "no such article as a strait-waistcoat has existed in all Gheel."

History of the National Peace Jubilee and Great Musical Festival. By P. S. Gilmore. (Boston: Lee & Shepard).—It is wonderful what a man completely possessed by one idea, and blessed with blind faith and pugnacity sufficient to carry it out in face of every obstacle, can accomplish. If he is fanatically inclined, he may found a sect, and gather together a vast community, as Brigham Young has done in Utah. If he is musically inclined, he may get up a prodigious festival, that shall set all New England singing, as Gilmore did in Boston two years ago. If his monomania is of a very aggravated type, he may write a book of seven hundred and sixty pages about it. And this, too, the irrepressible Gilmore has done. Even here he does not stop; for he is busy organizing another musical festival, to be given in Boston next June, in which not New England only, but all the world, shall take part. Every nation in Europe is to send a band of its best musicians, and a day is to be set apart for each nationality represented. Instead of a chorus of ten thousand voices, one of twenty thousand is to be organized. The orchestra is to consist of two thousand instead of one thousand players, and the building is to hold one hundred thousand people, in place of the fifty thousand who gathered in the Coliseum of 1869. As everything is subjected to the doubling process, we may then look for another volume of fifteen hundred and twenty pages which shall record the affair.

Mr. Gilmore's book is exactly such a production as we might look for. To say that it is egotistical but faintly expresses its character in this respect. From title-page to conclusion it is all Gilmore. What he thought, what he said, whom he saw, what they did and, above all, what he did, is the record of every page. The ingenuous man has even written out and printed the prayer that he offered up in the secret closet in the hour when he feared that the whole affair was about to collapse. His hopes and fears, trials, obstacles, and final triumph, are all spread upon the record. Even the names of the ten thousand singers, the thousand instrumentalists, the artillerists, anvil-beaters, and the very ushers at the doors, are set down. A large part of the book is made up of comments of the press on the progress of his undertaking and its culmination. The author has also improved the opportunity to reflect on such persons as failed to give it support. He is particularly severe on Mr. John S. Dwight, of Boston, the editor of the *Journal of Music*. Mr. Dwight is known to all who are interested in musical art as a man whose life has been devoted, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, to fostering and encouraging the highest and noblest forms of the art. It was absurd in Mr. Gilmore to suppose that he could harness him, and men like him, to his noisy, flaring musical chariot; and it is still more absurd on his part to indulge in foolish abuse of them because they would not permit themselves to be made the instruments of his egregious vanity.

Mr. Gilmore's history is long-winded and desultory. It is without literary merit, but has that sort of interest which pertains to all unreserved narratives of personal experiences. In all other respects, it is merely a literary curiosity.

Doings in Maryland; or, Matilda Douglas. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.)—It is seldom that the persistent reader of fiction gets hold of a poor novel from which so much amusement is derivable as from this. There is such a total disregard of every principle of good writing that the reader at times takes the book for a caricature, but the plot and occasional touches of sentiment rigidly forbid his adopting so favorable a view. We need only say that it describes the heroine's sufferings from poverty, the insolence of school committee-men, and rejected love. With all its faults, much of it has the air of being drawn from life. The love story, however, is a wilful addition. Here it is:

"An advertisement announced to the public the fact that a certain scientific and literary professor—name withheld—having a few leisure hours at his disposal, would give private lessons to individuals—ladies and others—in Latin and other languages. This was just the opportunity Mattie desired; she gladly embraced it, and placed herself under the instruction of the advertiser, who turned out to be the distinguished Professor Waverly." "Professor Waverly had arrived nearly at the meridian of life, and was yet unmarried. . . . The professor's person and accomplishments were all the capital he possessed, and, like a sensible man, he determined to invest to the best advantage; or, in other words, he was a determined fortune-hunter, and no bait worthy of his sublime acceptance had as yet been laid at his elegantly compressed feet." "Praise from others only strengthened Mattie's heart for exertion as meat strengthens the body for labor; but sweet words of approbation from *him* acted upon her like draughts of fourth-proof brandy, exhilarating, intoxicating, maddening her brain, boiling along her blood."

He prefers to marry a "rich deformed idiot." Mattie is aggrieved, and resolves to demand an explanation, "but——her tongue cleaved to the roof of her mouth, her lips refused to shape the words, her tormentor was so unapproachably haughty. She was reading Latin: blunder followed blunder in quick succession; love quite obscured the Latin. He saw the conflict that was going on in the mind of his victim, and looked on with feelings akin to the feelings of a cannibal who, with watering mouth, watches the broiling of

a plump infant, and knows by its faint and fainter moan that it is almost cooked. At length, when his cannibal appetite was sated with the sight of broiling humanity, he brought the lesson to a close, and informed the roasted girl that the next operation of the kind would close the series, as he could attend to business of that kind no longer." She recovers, however, and marries Allston the painter.

We have no space for further extracts, and, indeed, choice would be difficult where there is so much that is tempting.

*** *For a review of Children's Books, see the accompanying Christmas Supplement.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Barker (Lady), A Christmas Cake in Four Quarters	(Macmillan & Co.)	$1 50
Birch (C. M.), Reveries of Song	(Bell & Daldy)	75
Bryant (W. C.), The Song of the Fountain, illustrated	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Colange (L.), The National Encyclopædia, No. 1, swd	(F. B. Felt & Co.)	40
Collins (C. W.), Sophocles	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	1 00
Fishwick (H.), History of the Parochial Chapelry of Goosnargh	(Trübner & Co.)	3 00
Johnson (Rev. S.), Labor Parties and Labor Reform, swd	(Boston)	
Little Folks, Vol. I	(American News Co.)	
Macquoid (Katharine S.), Patty	(Macmillan & Co.)	1 75
Morris (Rev. F. O.), Dogs and their Doings	(Harper & Bros.)	
Markham (C. R.), Ollanta: An Ancient Yuca Drama	(Trübner & Co.)	75
Nicholson (H. A.), Text-Book of Geology	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Text-Book of Zoölogy	" "	
Nine Years Old: a Child's Story	(Macmillan & Co.)	1 50
Norris (Emilia M.), Adrift on the Sea	(E. P. Dutton & Co.)	1 00
Owen (R. D.), The Debatable Land between this World and the Next	(G. W. Carleton & Co.)	
Paez (R.), Ambas Américas: Contrastes	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Passavant (J. D.), Raphael of Urbino, and his Father	(Macmillan & Co.)	12 00
Pressensé (Rev. E. de), Jesus Christ: His Life and Work	(Carlton & Lanahan)	1 50
Pim (Hon. J.), Ireland and the Imperial Parliament, swd	(Dublin)	
Proctor (Edna D.), A Russian Journey	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	$1 50
Reclus (E.) The Earth	(Harper & Bros.)	
Roe (A. S.), Resolution: a Tale	(G. W. Carleton & Co.)	1 50
Smith (Julia P.), Brazen Gates	"	
Spielhagen (F.), Problematic Characters	(Holt & Williams)	1 50
Through Night to Light	"	1 50
Seymour (S.), Review of the Theory of Narrow Gauges, swd	(D. Van Nostrand)	
Stowe (Mrs. H. B.), My Wife and I	(J. B. Ford & Co.)	1 75
Schouler (W.), A History of Massachusetts in the Civil War, 2 vols	(E. P. Dutton & Co.)	
Sanford (Mrs. D. P.), Five Happy Children	(E. P. Dutton & Co.)	1 50
Smith (W.), Hallam's Middle Ages, Student's ed	(Harper & Bros.)	
Sermons by the Paulists, Vol. VI	(Catholic Pub. House)	
Societyism and its Evils, swd	(Sheldon & Co.)	
Songs of the Heart	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)	
Spencer (H.), Philosophy of Style	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Taylor (B.), Illustrated Library of Travel, etc	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)	
Tennyson (A.), The Last Tournament	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	1 52
The Workshop, No. 11, swd	(E. Steiger)	40
Tandon (M.), The Wonders of the Sea	(Robert Turner)	
Tautphœus (Baroness), Cyrilla; a Tale, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	75
The Children's Magazine, Vol. I	(E. P. Dutton & Co.)	
The Merrie Heart; Nursery Rhymes	(Robert Turner)	
Thompson (Rev. J. P.), Home Worship	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	
Trollope (T. A.), Durnton Abbey; a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	50
Tyng (Rev. S. H.), The Rich Kinsman	(Prot. Epis. Soc.)	1 00
The Prisoners of St. Lazare	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Trowbridge (J. T.), Jack Hazard and His Fortunes	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	1 50
Taine (H.), On Intelligence	(Holt & Williams)	5 00
History of English Literature	"	5 00
The Mighty Works of Jesus Christ: Illustrated	(Pott, Young, & Co.)	
Ueberweg (Dr. F.), History of Philosophy, Vol. I	(C. Scribner & Co.)	
Ward (Mrs. F. M.), The Vagabond	(T. Whitaker & Co.)	
Claude Spencer; and Waddles	" "	
Watson (J. W.), Beautiful Snow, and other Poems	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	2 00
Wood (Lieut. O. E), West Point Scrap-Book	(D. Van Nostrand)	
Woolsey (Rev. T. D.), Two Sermons Preached at Yale College	(C. C. Chatfield & Co.)	
Walden (Rev. T.), Our English Bible and its Ancestors	(Porter & Coates)	
Wilson (J.), Treatise on English Punctuation, 19th ed.	(Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.)	
Yonge (Miss C. M.), Little Lucy's Wonderful Globe	(Macmillan & Co.	2 00
Zell's Descriptive Hand-Atlas of the World, Parts 5 to 10, swd	(T. Ellwood Zell)	50

THE STANDARD.

TAINE'S ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Vol. I. Royal 8vo, cloth.

To be completed in two volumes. Vol. II. nearly ready.

Per vol., $5.

THE LONDON SPECTATOR SAYS:

"The half-Carlylian brilliancy of the book is a mere trifle in comparison with the merits of its substance. It will take its place in the very foremost rank of works on the literature of England. . . . No English book can bear comparison with it for richness of thought, for variety, keenness, and soundness of critical judgment, for the brilliancy with which the material and the moral features of each age are sketched."

THE NEW YORK EVENING POST SAYS:

"No history of our own literature equally learned, honest, and entertaining has ever been written by an Englishman. It is the easiest to read of all books about books. . . . Who ever before heard of a literary historian who is never tedious? Yet this praise cannot be withheld from M. Taine. . . . The great name of M. Taine must stand as the voucher for its importance, and for the absolute necessity of an acquaintance with it on the part of every man who would know what contemporary scholarship is doing in this field."

HOLT & WILLIAMS,
25 Bond Street, New York.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

MAGAZINE, *WEEKLY*, *BAZAR*,

$4 PER YEAR EACH.

$10 a Year for the Three.

$7 for any Two.

An Extra Copy of either gratis for every five Subscribers at $4 each in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE sent by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

THE COMPREHENSIVE SPEAKER.

Designed for the Use of Schools, Academies, Lyceums, etc., carefully selected from the best authors, with notes by Henry T. Coates. Large 12mo, 672 pp., half bound, cloth sides, $1 75.

From the New York Daily Tribune.

"It contains a judicious selection of pieces from the best authors, omitting all of doubtful morality, of a sectarian or political character, and of transient literary value. Great care has been taken in the selection of extracts to give the genuine text of the author, without the errors in quotation and punctuation which are such a frequent blemish in this class of school-books. A large proportion of the contents are from American authors, furnishing the materials for a comparative survey of our native literature."

From the Philadelphia Press.

"On careful examination, we do not hesitate to characterize it as the best compilation of its class that has ever come under our note. The merits of this large and valued collection are numerous. Hackneyed pieces have been carefully excluded, and political and sectarian pieces are not to be found in its pages. There are, of course, some humorous passages, in prose and verse, but none that are immoral or vulgar."

From the Christian Union. (Henry Ward Beecher, Editor.)

"Of course the work of compiling such a book as this is involves difficulties which do not appear to the superficial critic. The enormous mass of available matter has to be winnowed with great care and judgment; the hackneyed extracts, which in the days of the old United States Speaker were declaimed until every boy knew them by heart from simply hearing them, must be avoided; and yet it will not do to omit many of those thrilling passages in the Reply to Hayne, the Declaration of Independence, and a hundred others. Mr. Coates has certainly done his task well and faithfully, and the introductory remarks which precede the body of the work are characterized by good sense, and are evidently the result of considerable thought and observation. The plan of the volume is a natural subdivision of the selections first into prose and poetry, and then into narrative, historical, forensic, etc., the design evidently being that a reading class shall not go through, as it were, from Genesis to Revelations, but shall, in the judgment of the teacher, read 'Mrs. Candle on Lending Umbrellas' on a rainy afternoon, or the 'Impeachment of Warren Hastings' when the public is excited about official corruptions. The selections are good so far as we have examined them—and we have done so with considerable care—being taken from the best current literature, as well as from that which will always be regarded as classical where the English tongue is spoken."

Send for a Descriptive Circular.

Copies sent to teachers on receipt of one-half the retail price.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,
822 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

TO BOOK-BUYERS.—MAYHEW & WHITTLE will send post free, on application, which may be made direct to them, or to J. Wiley & Sons, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York, or J. Sabin & Sons, 84 Nassau Street, New York, their new Catalogue of Books collected expressly for the American market. Mayhew & Whittle, 6 Vinegar Yard, Brydges Street, London, England.

BEAUTIFUL GIFT-BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE CENTURY OF QUEENS, with Sketches of some Princes of Literature and Art. 4to, cloth gilt, $6: French morocco, $10; Turkey morocco, $12.

POEMS OF MEMORY AND HOPE: Being a choice selection from the Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, with beautiful illustrations by Hennessy and Thwaites. Cloth, full gilt side and gilt edge, $3 50; morocco, $6 50.

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT, POETICAL WORKS OF. Complete in 1 volume 8vo. Illustrated by Eytinge, Hennessy, Thwaites, and Bush. Cloth plain, $5; cloth gilt, $6; half calf, $7 50; morocco, $10.

FESTUS: A Poem. By Philip James Bailey. Illustrated with eleven fine full-page steel engravings by Hammatt Billings. 8vo, cloth, plain, $5; cloth gilt, $6; half calf, $7 50; morocco, $10.

ROCHEFOUCAULT'S MAXIMS AND MORAL REFLECTIONS. Red Line edition. 18mo, cloth, red edge, $1 25.

For sale by all booksellers. Sent post-paid on receipt of published price.

JAMES MILLER, PUBLISHER,
647 Broadway, New York.

FOR SALE—LOW.

A few Large Paper Copies of
DE TOCQUEVILLE'S DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.

CHARLES W. SEVER,
UNIVERSITY BOOKSTORE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WANTED.—A Partner, Active or Special, with $10,000 in the manufacture of new articles in the fancy goods line. The whole amount of $10,000 will not be required at once, but may be invested as the business may require. The business is already started. Call on or address J. B. COLT, at 268 Union Street, Brooklyn, in the evening, or at the office of L. W. Starr, Printer, 22 Spruce Street, New York, from 2 to 4 P.M.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.

"THE ARTISTS' BOOK OF THE POETS."

In an elegant quarto volume, beautifully printed on toned paper, and bound in cloth, extra gilt, $6; morocco antique, $9; Levant mor., $10.

THE FESTIVAL OF SONG.

A SERIES OF EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

By the Author of "Salad for the Solitary," "Evenings with the Sacred Poets," etc., etc.

SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED WITH SEVENTY-THREE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS.

"'The Festival of Song' is a veritable gem, or rather a carcanet of gems."—New York Tribune.

"The best breathings of the best poets; the exquisite pencillings of our best artists; an accompanying letterpress of most genial and sympathetic comment, anecdotes, and criticism; the whole framed, as it were, amid mechanical surroundings at once dainty and gorgeous."—Boston Post.

"The illustrations are in the highest style of engraving; the type, paper, and binding are sumptuous, and the work commends itself alike to all lovers of art and of letters—to the eye and the mind, to the taste and the imagination."—Boston Transcript.

"'The Festival of Song'—beautiful in every respect—is a string of diamonds, made up by a connoisseur in precious stones."—W. C. Bryant.

"One of the most beautiful volumes yet published in this country, we recall nothing so successful, not forgetting the 'Illustrated Sketch Book.'"—Round Table.

"This exquisite book admirably illustrates the present advanced state of art in this country; and the literature of the volume comprises the quintessence of our best English poetry, ancient and modern. Here are assembled, in a single volume, our great poets with our great artists."—Home Journal.

"'The Festival' will make cheerful many homes of taste and elegance by its incomparable combination of poetry and art."—Providence Journal.

SONGS OF THE SPIRIT.

HYMNS OF PRAISE AND PRAYER TO GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

EDITED BY

RIGHT REV. WM. HENRY ODENHEIMER, D.D.,

AND

REV. FREDERICK M. BIRD.

650 pages, small 4to, bound in cloth, gilt, $5.

The scope and spirit of the book are thoroughly catholic. All religious bodies and all schools of thought, which recognize the Deity of the Holy Ghost, are represented in it. The amount of material may surprise those who remember how little on this subject is found in ordinary Hymnals and Collections of Sacred Verse. The whole domain of hymnody has been drawn upon with no sparing hand. Few of the Hymns have been taken from other than original sources, and the text may be relied on as unaltered and unabridged in nearly or quite every case, except when the contrary is stated.

The book is elegantly printed on superfine paper, and is tastefully bound in cloth.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO., 770 Broadway, Corner Ninth Street, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price.*

HURD & HOUGHTON, NEW YORK.

THE RIVERSIDE PRESS, Cambridge.

PUBLISH THIS DAY:

MACARONIC POETRY.

Collected, with an Introduction, by James Appleton Morgan, A.M. In 1 vol. 16mo, antique style. Pp. xvi. 300, cloth, red edges, cover stamped in red and black. Price $2 75.

The Macaronic system is a system of Latin inflections joined to words of a colloquial tongue; but, besides the ingenious verses which have sprung up within the limits of this definition, there is a great variety of quips and conceits formed by the odd mixture of ancient and modern tongues. Mr. Morgan has made the first considerable collection of these that has appeared. He has included the famous Pugna Porcorum, some four hundred lines long, each word beginning with p; and with great industry has ferreted from their hiding-places an extraordinary number of learned nonsense verses of every description. Many will recall Dr. Holmes's Macaronic in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," beginning;

"In caudent ire the solar splendor flames,
The foles, languescent, pend from arid rames;
His humid front the cive, anheling wipes,
And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripes."

Professor Lowell also has played with these learned toys; and it is appropriate that a lawyer should collect these ingenuities, since no class probably has contributed more to the stock. Mr. Morgan has given a lively setting of note and comments, and the volume has been given a pedantic dress very fitting to its contents.

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

THE LAST TOURNAMENT.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

1 vol. 16mo, with Five Illustrations, $1 25.

This new poem is an addition to the charming series of "Idylls of the King." It contains about 1,000 lines, and is of the same lofty and finished order of poetry with the previous Idylls, which have already taken rank among the world's classics.

HISTORY OF MY PETS.
RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD.
STORIES FROM FAMOUS BALLADS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

New, revised, and enlarged editions. With Illustrations. 3 vols. 16mo, $1 each.

These are new and much enlarged editions of books that can never grow old. They are written with a freshness, vivacity, and charm of style that render them exceedingly attractive to the youthful readers for whom they are intended.

TENNYSON'S POEMS.

FIRESIDE EDITION.

New stereotype edition, in miniature volumes, beautifully bound in vellum cloth. 10 volumes. Put up in strong box. $10.

This new issue of the Laureate's works corresponds admirably with the exquisite elegance and taste of the poetry they contain.

☞ For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO., BOSTON.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS for sale by the Publisher of the *Nation*, 5 Beekman St., New York.

ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS. Twenty-six Views, Topographical, Picturesque, and Architectural. Photographed by W. J. Stillman, late U. S. Consul in Crete, and printed in permanent pigments by the Autotype Company, of London. Elegantly bound in one volume, folio, with descriptive text. Edition strictly limited to 100 copies. A few copies still on hand. Price, delivered at the *Nation* office, $25.

VIEWS IN GREECE AND CRETE. Photographs by W. J. Stillman, and furnished separately to order at from 50 cents to one dollar, according to size and mounting. Catalogue furnished on application.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE OLD MASTERS. Direct from the paintings themselves, and not from engravings. The following on hand, others imported to order in lots not less than $10 in amount:

Titian, *Venus.*—Paul Veronese, *Supper at Emmaus.*—Rubens, *Helena F.*—Raphael, *Madonna with Veil.* (All the foregoing large and unmounted. Price $2 25 each, plus postage.) Botticelli, *Madonna.*—Memling, *Virgin and Child.*—Claude Lorraine, *Landscape.*—Fra Angelico, *Transport of the Virgin.*—Masaccio, *Old Man.* (All these small and unmounted, price 85 cents each, plus postage.)

Address PUBLISHER OF THE NATION.

"THE LIVING AGE has no equal in any country.—Phila. Press.

"It stands at the head of nineteenth-century literature."—Chicago Evening Journal.

"The best periodical in America.—Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE,

Issued every Saturday, gives fifty-two numbers of sixty-four pages each, or more than

Three Thousand Double-Column Octavo Pages

of reading-matter yearly; and is the only compilation that presents, with a satisfactory completeness as well as freshness, the best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Serial and Short Stories, Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, Historical, and Political Information, from the entire body of Foreign Periodical Literature, and from the pens of the

ABLEST LIVING WRITERS.

It is therefore indispensable to every one who wishes to keep pace with the events or intellectual progress of the time, or to cultivate in himself or his family general intelligence and literary taste.

EXTRACTS FROM NOTICES.

"Were I, in view of all the competitors that are now in the field, to choose, I should certainly choose 'The Living Age.'"—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

"In no other single publication can there be found so much of sterling literary excellence."—New York Evening Post.

"The best of all our eclectic publications."—The Nation, N. Y.

"The ablest essays, the most entertaining stories, the finest poetry of the English language, are here gathered together."—Illinois State Journal.

"For thinking people, the best of all the eclectic publications, and the cheapest. . . . It is a monthly that comes every week."—The Advance, Chicago.

"It gives to its readers more than three thousand double-column octavo pages a year, of the most valuable, instructive, and entertaining reading of the day. 'History, biography, fiction, poetry, wit, science, politics, criticism, art—what is not here?' It is the only compilation that presents with a satisfactory completeness, as well as freshness, the best literature of the almost innumerable, and generally inaccessible, European quarterlies, monthlies, and weeklies—a literature embracing the productions of the ablest and most cultured writers living. It is, therefore, indispensable to every one who desires a thorough compendium of all that is admirable and noteworthy in the literary world."—Boston Post.

Published weekly at $8 a year, free of postage.

Address

LITTELL & GAY, Boston.

The best Home and Foreign Literature at Club Prices.

["Possessed of 'Littell's Living Age' and of one or other of our vivacious American monthlies, a subscriber will find himself in command of the whole situation."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

For Ten Dollars, The Living Age, weekly, containing the cream of Foreign Periodical Literature, and either one of the leading Magazines of Home Literature named below, will be sent to one address for one year, viz.:

Harper's Monthly (or Weekly, or Bazar), The Atlantic Monthly, Lippincott's Monthly, The Galaxy, Old and New, Scribner's Monthly, The Overland Monthly, or Appleton's Journal (weekly); or, for $8 50, The Living Age and Our Young Folks. Address as above.

ON the 30th instant will be published, No. 36, December, 1871, completing Vol. 3.

THE AMERICAN BIBLIOPOLIST:

A Literary Register and Monthly Catalogue of Old and New Books, and Repository of Notes and Queries.

The new Number will contain, with other articles, New York City in 1661, the Story of an Old Map. Notes on the History of Fort George. International Copyright. Newspaper Patronage. The New Zealander. The Copyrights of "Hamlet" and "Paradise Lost." Poems of Rev. Stephen Duck. Boswell and the Keeper of Newgate. Dr. Johnson and Charles Dickens. George Borrow's Works. Origin of Racine's Comedy of "Les Plaideurs." Story of Lavater. Viscountess Keith, a Relic of the Last Century. The Koran. The London Book Season. The late Sir Roderick Murchison. Mr. Prescott's Library. The late Thomas Roscoe. The Signers. A Receipt for a "Poem in Dialect." Origin of Chambers's Journal. A Scene at Carlton House. "Gutted" Oysters. Anecdote of Goethe. The late Mr. Babbage. A Catalogue of Holiday Books. A Catalogue of a Choice Collection of Works relating to the Drama. Literary Gossip. Book Notices, etc., etc.

Subscription $1 per year. Cheap Edition, 50 cents.

☞ Send stamp for Specimen Number.

J. SABIN & SONS, 81 Nassau St., N. Y.

GAZZAM'S TREATISE

ON THE

BANKRUPT LAW.

THIRD EDITION JUST OUT.

For sale at all Law-Book Stores.

JESUS CHRIST:

HIS LIFE AND WORK.

BY E. DE PRESSENSE, D.D.

Translated by Annie Harwood.

12mo, pp. 320, price, - - - - - - - $1 50

In the Preface to this work the author says: "This popular edition of the Life of Christ differs from the work that I published a year ago (and which in eight months reached its third edition) by the absence of all that was purely scientific. It appeared to me desirable in this edition, which addresses itself to readers of the most various classes, to avoid, as far as possible, all debatable and controversial points. I hope that in this new form this book, in which I have embodied the most cherished convictions, will meet with a wide circulation."

The following are some of the notices of the press of the author's larger work:

"Pressensé is not only brilliant and epigrammatic, but his sentences flow on from page to page with sustained eloquence which never wearies the reader."—*Spectator.*

"One of the most valuable additions to Christian literature which the present generation has seen."—*Contemporary Review.*

CARLTON & LANAHAN,

805 Broadway, New York.

BEST HOLIDAY GIFT,

OF CONSTANT AND PERMANENT VALUE,

IS

WEBSTER'S

NEW ILLUSTRATED DICTIONARY,

FOR PARENT, CHILD, TEACHER, PASTOR, FRIEND.

Sold everywhere, in common and fine bindings.

GET THE BEST.

WEBSTER'S

UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY.

10,000 Words and Meanings not in other Dictionaries.

3,000 Engravings. 1,840 Pages Quarto. Price $12.

FROM VICE-PRESIDENT COLFAX.

SOUTH BEND, IND., Oct. 28, 1871.

MESSRS. G. & C. MERRIAM:

DEAR SIRS: The hour I have just spent in looking through your latest edition of that remarkable work, Webster's Dictionary, has impressed me more than ever before with the debt of gratitude we owe to Noah Webster for having, "despite a feeble constitution, and amidst obstacles and toils, disappointments, infirmities, and depressions," given thirty-five years of his life to the enormous labors incident to its preparation. Scarcely less valuable are the additions made to it by the eminent writers who have so expanded the text in Definitions and Illustrative Citations, as well as in the Supplements of Synonyms, Phrases in all the modern languages and their meaning, Principles of Pronunciation, etc.; while the publishers, in the unsurpassed beauty of its typography, and the 3,000 illustrations, which add so much of attractiveness and instruction to its pages, have nobly done their part towards the completeness of this great work of our century. Whenever I wish to ascertain exact definitions I consult it, and that is quite often.

Yours truly,

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

A necessity for every intelligent family, student, teacher, and professional man. What Library is complete without the best English Dictionary?

ALSO,

WEBSTER'S

NATIONAL PICTORIAL DICTIONARY.

1,040 Pages Octavo. 600 Engravings. Price $5.

The work is really a gem of a Dictionary, just the thing for the million.—American Educational Monthly.

Published by

G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.

Sold by all Booksellers.

JUST PUBLISHED.

A SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED HOLIDAY GIFT BOOK.

SONGS OF THE HEART,

Selected from many sources. Illustrated with designs by T. Moran, Miss Ledyard, Miss Hallock, Hennessy, etc. Engraved by Linton, Bogart, etc., and with several Autographs.

Uniform with "Songs of Life" and "Songs of Home."

1 vol. square 4to, cloth, $5; morocco extra or antique, $9.

This is another part of the very popular reissue of "Folk Songs." Besides the artistic attractions of that superb work, it contains numerous illustrations, in the very happiest and most effective style, of Moran, Miss Hallock, Miss Ledyard, and others. In subject this part of "Folk Songs"—the Songs of the Heart—is the most appropriate possible for the season.

☞ READY SHORTLY.

INSECTS AT HOME.

Being a popular account of Insects, their Structure, Habits, and Transformations. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S., author of "Homes without Hands," "Bible Animals," "Strange Dwellings," etc. In 1 vol., uniform with "Bible Animals." With a Frontispiece in Colors, and upward of 700 illustrations (21 of them the full size of the page), engraved on wood by G. Pearson, from original designs by E. A. Smith and J. B. Zwecker. 8vo, cloth, $5.

Mr. Wood's previous very popular works give the only assurance needed that this volume is the most useful and reliable guide in this fascinating department of study and investigation ever issued. While sufficient attention is given to the anatomical structure of insects, much larger space is devoted to a description of their habits and to exceedingly interesting anecdotes connected therewith. The illustrations, which are a prominent feature in all of Mr. Wood's books, are very numerous and accurate, and peculiarly graphic.

The above works sent by post or express, charges paid, on receipt of the price.

CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO.,

654 Broadway, New York.

WEST POINT SCRAP-BOOK.

BEING A COLLECTION OF

LEGENDS, STORIES, SONGS, ETC.,

OF THE

U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY.

BY LIEUT. O. E. WOOD, U.S.A.

Illustrated by Sixty-nine Engravings and a Copperplate Map.

Beautifully printed on tinted paper. 8vo, cloth, $5.

D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher,

23 Murray Street and 27 Warren Street, New York.

HENRY K. VAN SICLEN,

BIBLIOPOLE,

133 NASSAU STREET,

Catalogues sent on application.

Special attention given to orders by letter.

VALUABLE NEW BOOKS,

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

RECLUS'S THE EARTH. The Earth: a Descriptive History of the Phenomena and Life of the Globe. By Elisée Reclus. Translated by the late B. B. Woodward, and Edited by Henry Woodward. With 234 Maps and Illustrations, and 23 Page Maps printed in Colors. 8vo, cloth, $5.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK. Edited by Mary E. Dewey. With Frontispiece and Two Steel Portraits. 12mo, cloth, $2.

THE STUDENT'S HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES. View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages. By Henry Hallam, LL.D., F.R.A.S. Incorporating in the Text the author's Latest Researches, with Additions from Recent Writers, and adapted to the Use of Students. Edited by William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D. 12mo, cloth, $2. (Uniform with *The Students' Series.*)

THE STUDENT'S ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE EAST. From the Earliest Times to the Conquest by Alexander the Great. Including Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, Asia Minor, and Phœnicia. By Philip Smith, B.A., author of "The History of the World." Illustrated. (Uniform with *The Students' Series.*) 12mo, cloth, $2.

RAWLINSON'S MANUAL OF ANCIENT HISTORY. A Manual of Ancient History, from the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Western Empire. Comprising the History of Chaldæa, Assyria, Media, Babylonia, Lydia, Phœnicia, Syria, Judæa, Egypt, Carthage, Persia, Greece, Macedonia, Parthia, and Rome. By George Rawlinson, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford. 12mo, cloth, $2 50.

DOGS AND THEIR DOINGS. By the Rev. F. O. Morris, B.A., author of "A History of British Birds," "Natural History of the Bible," etc. Elegantly Illustrated. Square 4to, cloth, gilt sides, $1 75.

NAST'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC FOR 1872. With nearly 150 Illustrations, from Original Designs by Thomas Nast, made expressly for this Almanac. Crown 8vo, paper, 30 cents; four copies, $1.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE PARIS COMMUNE. With a full Account of the Bombardment, Capture, and Burning of the City. By W. Pembroke Fetridge, an Eye-Witness of the Events Described, Editor of "Harper's Hand-Book of European Travel," "Harper's Phrase-Book," etc. With a Map of Paris and Portraits from Original Photographs. Large 12mo, 516 pages, cloth, $2.

KINGSLEY'S WEST INDIES. At Last: a Christmas in the West Indies. By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, $1 50.

FRESH NOVELS,

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

DURNTON ABBEY. By Thomas Adolphus Trollope, author of "Lindisfarn Chase," "A Siren," etc. 8vo, paper, 50 cents.

HANNAH. By the author of "John Halifax." 8vo, paper, 50 cents.

THE PREY OF THE GODS. By Florence Marryat (Mrs. Ross Church), author of "Her Lord and Master," etc. 8vo, paper, 30 cents.

JOSHUA MARVEL. By B. L. Farjeon, author of "Grif." 8vo, paper, 40 cents.

ANNE FURNESS. By the author of "Mabel's Progress," "The Sacristan's Household," "Veronica," etc. 8vo, paper, 75 cents.

NEW LIBRARY EDITIONS by the author of "John Halifax":

Olive—Ogilvies—The Head of the Family—John Halifax—Agatha's Husband. 12mo, cloth, $1 50 per volume.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of their works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE mailed free on receipt of six cents in postage stamps.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED:

WINE: a Treatise on Its Origin, Nature, and Varieties. Being a Complete Manual of Viticulture and Œnology. By J. L. W. Thudichum, M.D., and Auguste Dupré, Ph.D. Medium 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, $9.

"A treatise almost unique for its usefulness either to the grower, the vender, or the consumer of wine."—*Wine Trade Review.*

THE THEORY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., Professor of Logic and Political Economy in Owens College, Manchester. 8vo, $3 50.

THE MINISTRY OF NATURE. By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, author of "Bible Teachings in Nature," etc. 12mo, $2.

THE SOUTHERN STATES SINCE THE WAR, 1870–1. By Robert Somers. With Map. 8vo. (Next week.)

THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS. By the Rev. F. D. Maurice, Professor of Casuistry and Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. New and revised edition. 12mo, $2 50.

MRS. MACQUOID'S NEW NOVEL.

PATTY. BY KATHERINE S. MACQUOID. 12mo, $1 75.

ELEMENTS OF ROMAN LAW. By Gaius. With a Translation and Commentary by E. Poste, M.A. 8vo, $6.

THE PHILOLOGY OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE. By John Earle, M.A., sometime Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford. 12mo, $2.

"Every page attests Mr. Earle's thorough knowledge of English in all its stages, and of the living Teutonic languages."—*Academy.*

"A work calculated to be of great use to students who have gained familiarity with one or two grammars, and wish to know something of the common principles underlying them. As it appears to our judgment after an attentive perusal, it is the work of a competent scholar illustrating with much copiousness a subject with which he has long been familiar."—*London Guardian.*

GREEK VERBS, Irregular and Defective; their Forms, Meaning, and Quantity. By William Veitch, LL.D. (Edinburgh). New edition, revised and enlarged. 12mo, cloth, $4.

For MACMILLAN & CO.'S new Juvenile and other Christmas Books see Supplement to this week's *Nation.* Also their Select Catalogue of Books for Christmas and the New Year sent free by mail to any address on application to the Publishers,

38 BLEECKER STREET, New York.

THE BEST ENGLISH PERIODICALS.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY, EDINBURGH, WESTMINSTER, and BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEWS, and BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

Regularly and faithfully reprinted, at about one third the price of the originals.

TERMS.—Blackwood *or* any one Review, $4 a year; Blackwood *and* any one Review, $7; Blackwood and two Reviews, $10; Blackwood and three Reviews, $13; any three Reviews, $10; the four Reviews, $12; Blackwood and the four Reviews, $15.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE FOUR REVIEWS FOR OCTOBER.

THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO.,
140 Fulton Street, New York.

NEW YORK CHURCH BOOK STORE.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF THE LATE REV. DR. MAHAN. Edited by the Rev. J. H. Hopkins, jr. 3 vols. 8vo.

Vol. I. Church History.
Vol. II. Palmoni and Mystic Numbers.
Vol. III. Miscellaneous Writings.

Vol. I. will be ready about December 14. Price $4.

The Subscription price for the set will be $10, payable, $3 on the delivery of Vol. I., $5 on delivery of Vol. II., and $2 on delivery of Vol. III.

THE RITUAL LAW OF THE CHURCH, with its Application to the Communion and Baptismal Offices. To which is added, "Notes upon Orders and the Articles." By Murray Hoffman, author of the "Law of the Church" and "Ecclesiastical Law in the State of New York." Price to subscribers, $3; to non-subscribers, $4. (In the Press.)

Persons wishing to avail themselves of the subscription prices of the above books should send their names and addresses at once to the Publishers.

NEW BOOKS.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By the Rev. G. Rawlinson, M.A. 18mo, cloth, 75 cents.

THE FOUR GOSPELS. Arranged in the form of an English Harmony from the Text of the Authorized Version. With Analysis and Four Maps. By the Rev. J. M. Fuller, M.A. Post 8vo, cloth, 75 cents.

COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. Containing the Acts, Epistles, and Revelation, according to the Authorized Version. By various authors. With Map. Crown 8vo, cloth, red edges, $2.

MORAL DIFFICULTIES CONNECTED WITH THE BIBLE. Being the Boyle Lectures for 1871, preached in her Majesty's Chapel at Whitehall. By the Rev. J. A. Hessey, D.C.L. Post 8vo, cloth, 75 cents.

THE MINISTRY OF NATURE. By Rev. Hugh Macmillan. 12mo, cloth, $2.

NEW AND CHEAP EDITIONS.

THE PRINCIPLES OF DIVINE SERVICE. An Enquiry concerning the True Manner of Understanding and Using the Order for Morning and Evening Prayers, and for the Administration of the Holy Communion in the English Church. By the Rev. Philip Freeman. 2 vols. 8vo, $6.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES. With an Epistle Dedicatory to the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D. By the Rt. Rev. A. P. Forbes, D.D., Bishop of Brechin. 8vo, cloth, $5.

LECTURES ON CHURCH DIFFICULTIES. By the Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A. With Introduction by the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, M.A. 12mo, cloth, $2 50.

POTT, YOUNG & CO.,
Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue, New York.

CASSELL'S POPULAR EDUCATOR.

COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES.

PRICE, $15.

"We have gone over its pages with sentiments of real wonder. We know no work like it. It has occupied and filled up a field of education vast and most important to the community."—Dublin University Magazine.

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN,
596 Broadway, New York.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1871.

The Week.

THE New York *Times*, replying to the Brooklyn *Eagle*, has published a very explicit and apparently semi-official denial of various charges against the President which have for some time been going the rounds of the press, under the head of nepotism and gift-taking, and participation in speculations provided for him by politicians or office-holders. It denies flatly that he has ever received a dollar's worth of property by way of present since he became President. His St. Louis farm was in part inherited by Mrs. Grant, in part bought by the $100,000 which was raised and presented to him by citizens of New York after the close of the war. With the remainder of this sum he paid off a mortgage on his house in Washington, and bought and furnished the house at Long Branch, which he has been accused of receiving from Tom Murphy. His other property is derived from savings on his pay as Major-General during the war, and from a house which was presented to him by some admirers in Philadelphia while he was General of the army. The stock he holds in the Seneca Stone Company, on which a charge of political jobbery has been based, he bought as an investment, but it has never paid him a cent, and he would like to sell it to some of his enemies.

In dealing with the charges of nepotism, the *Times* is not quite so successful. Of twenty-five cases, on which charges have been based, it shows that in twelve the appointees "are no relations," or—if the *Times* will allow us to make the suggestion in the interest of good English—no relatives of the President. Of the relatives, three were appointed before General Grant came into office; but one of these, the President's father, who is postmaster at Covington, Ky., is well-known to be unfit for his place, and ought not to have been retained; and although thea ppointment of the Rev. J. Cramer, a Methodist minister, and the President's brother in-law, as Consul to Leipsic by Lincoln, may have been a good one, it is hardly fair to talk of his promotion to the Danish Mission by General Grant as a "transfer." Nor is it a sufficient answer to the charge of appointing George W. Dent, another brother-in-law of the President, to the appraisership of customs at San Francisco, that "he was strongly recommended by the California delegation." Civil-service reformers will be rather amused by this. To defend the appointment of another brother-in-law, James F. Casey, as collector of the port of New Orleans, by saying that he has taken the custom-house in that city "out of the hands of politicians," is also taking too great a liberty with the popular intelligence. It is also evasive, at least, to say that Lieutenant Grant has gone to Europe "on duty on the staff of the General of the army," seeing that the General of the army has not himself gone to Europe on duty, or in any public capacity, but as a private citizen, and has, therefore, no "staff" with him, and no work for a staff to do, and that the army regulations forbid the granting of leave of absence to any officer who has not served for two years with his regiment. On the whole, however, the *Times* brings the President very well out of the mire.

Nothing has as yet been heard, or at least has been communicated to the public, from Mr. Schenck about his connection with the Emma Silver Mine. The *Tribune*, which has endeavored from the first to put a good face on the matter, has recurred to it within a day or two, and says that Mr. Schenck was a director of the company before he took the English mission or expected to get it, and declares this to be "conclusive" proof, if we understand the passage rightly, that Mr. Schenck has not been guilty of any impropriety in doing what he has done. The question is, however, not when Mr. Schenck got his directorship or what he expected when he got it, but, Is he using his official position in a foreign country, to which he has been accredited as an envoy, to help a band of speculators to sell stock to foreigners, which they know and he knows they could not sell in this country, and which the simple name of Robert C. Schenck would not help them to sell in any country? The "Company" is not an ordinary commercial company carrying on a legitimate business. It is a mere collection of persons in want of a large sum of money, and their project is not an ordinary commercial venture, but what any business man would call a gambling enterprise. There is no rule of the diplomatic service forbidding a minister to open a faro-bank in the legation, but one who did so would assuredly be recalled. The principal promises and professions of the prospectus of the Emma Mine are such as, under the most favorable circumstances, few or no respectable mining engineers or experts in this country consider justifiable; and one of the most important portions of it contains representations which are untrue, and are evidently intended to deceive. For these representations Mr. Schenck would, should the bubble burst, be personally liable under the English law, were he not clothed with diplomatic functions; and we ask that he shall not be allowed to use his official position to secure people's money, and then turn round and shield himself behind it from their just pursuit. It was his duty to quit the Emma Mining Company when he took the mission; not having done so, it is now his duty to quit the mission. If it be really true that he held the directorship before he got the mission, it both strengthens the suspicion that he was pushed for the mission because he held the directorship, and renders one passage in the prospectus in which his connection with the enterprise is mentioned highly disingenuous, to use a very mild term. The impression there conveyed is that, being the United States Minister, his attention was drawn to the company, and that, having satisfied himself of its trustworthiness, he determined, in spite of his official position, to lend it the aid of his name. But the speculators have sold their stock at a premium, as might have been expected.

The effect of the President's Message on the country at large seems on the whole very favorable. Most of the recommendations are received as either praiseworthy or harmless, though one passage has created some excitement in religious and philanthropic circles, where he commends his Indian policy, not only because it is "humane, Christian-like, and economical, but because it is right." The long-talked-of resignation of Mr. Fish at last took place, but no sooner was the name of his successor, Mr. Edwards Pierrepont, of this city, announced, than there was a great outburst of affection for Mr. Fish, several senators going so far as to sign a memorial to him begging him to remain in his place. This display of feeling has, of course, embarrassed Mr. Fish a little, and the President a good deal, but the probability seems to be that the former will retire at all events. While we sincerely admire Mr. Fish, and wish heartily he could retain the office he has filled so ably, it must be admitted that if he had any good reason for sending in his resignation, it would be somewhat ridiculous to withdraw it for the gratification of a few senators. The desire for a change exists most strongly among the Cuban partisans, who look for a change of policy with regard to the island.

The week has been marked in Congress, as is usual in the brief interval before the holidays, by the introduction of divers bills and resolutions, of which the most remarkable was Mr. Sumner's for the abolition of the internal revenue system, including the income tax, in the course of the coming half-year, leaving nothing of it except the sale of stamps, and transferring this to the Treasury; but, as the bill apparently increases the duty on spirits, and there are doubts

of the power of the Senate to do anything of this kind, and the bill has been referred to the Finance Committee, it will probably be anticipated in the House. Mr. Trumbull introduced a resolution providing for the revival of the Committee on Retrenchment, showing its necessity by illustrations of the abuses in the New York Custom-house under Murphy, whom Senator Edmunds manfully defended, proving his superiority in efficiency to his predecessors by the exceedingly impertinent fact that he collects more money at less cost under a simpler tariff. Mr. Trumbull made his speech a powerful appeal for civil-service reform.

Mr. S. S. Cox has brought in an international copyright bill, embodying Mr. Appleton's plan of giving foreign authors a copyright on condition that they employ an American publisher, which would be a great improvement on the present state of things, but is open to the strong objection that it is only a mitigation of the injustice which all owners of literary property now suffer, inasmuch as it restricts the author's market seriously, and deprives him of the benefit of free competition among *all* publishers. To tell a man he shall not sell his ideas unless he employs A. to print them, is, when analyzed, perhaps as outrageous a form of taxation as ever was invented, the real character of which is disguised by the fact that it is foreigners who are exposed to it. The true course, and the highly civilized one, and the one, let us say, to which we are coming as surely as the world rolls on, is to offer copyright to all nations which concede it to us, without buts or ifs, and then leave authors and publishers, without regard to race, creed, sex, color, or previous condition of servitude, to make what they can out of each other.

The South Carolina bonds have risen slightly, under the belief that the worst is now known about the State finances, and that repudiation will not take place; but the taxpayers are still furious, and, on the 5th inst., there was a fierce assault on the Ring, and a vigorous demand for their impeachment made in the Legislature. The excuse made by Parker, Scott & Co. for getting so many bonds printed is that they wanted them to use in the conversion of the State debt. It appears, however, that in doing this they acted without any legal authority. The Act of March 23, 1869, providing for the conversion of the State debt, provided two things expressly: (1) that no conversion bonds or stock should be issued except on the signature of the Governor, and the counter-signature of the Treasurer; (2) that no stock or bonds should be thus signed, countersigned, or issued, except on the application of a person or persons holding the old stock or bonds, and desirous of converting. Such applications have been made, but only to the extent of $1,200,000, while the Governor and Treasurer confess that they have printed, signed, countersigned, and issued to the State Agent in this city, for sale or pledge, over $8,000,000 of these bonds, without any application whatever—and this is only a portion of their frauds and evasion of the law. In fact, they have issued bonds in almost precisely the same way as the New York Ring, and there is now an outcry, and a highly respectable one, for their impeachment, and even for their committal to the penitentiary.

The *Times* must not be angry because we hoped it would not be prevented by "professional jealousy" from following up the *Tribune's* war on the judicial abuses. We meant nothing offensive. We ought, perhaps, to have said "professional delicacy," because we had in our mind that curious feeling which, whatever its name be, leads newspapers to regard an exposure of an abuse of any magnitude as the property or "claim" of the journal which first makes it, and a matter of comparative indifference, if not of positive hostility, to all others. It is the feeling which led one writer last summer to advise the *Tribune* not to trouble itself about the Tammany frauds, as the *Times* "owned them in fee simple," and it has been at the bottom of a great deal of the carping and abuse of which the *Times* itself has been the object. That the *Times* has ever felt it we have not insinuated; we simply hoped that it would not be affected by it with regard to one abuse which the *Tribune* has taken the lead in exposing. The insinuation of the *Times* that the *Nation* was afraid to attack Tammany, and never did so till the *Times* had made it safe, is very cruel and unkind. Why call attention thus publicly to our constitutional timidity and dislike of attacking things?

The Wyoming Legislature recently sought to put an end to the experiment of woman suffrage, which has now lasted two years in the Territory, and repealed the act, but the Governor vetoed the repeal. What has been the result of women's voting it is impossible to make out very clearly. Its opponents have been rather reticent, but some say that it was merely intended to advertise the Territory, and draw population, and, having served this purpose, ought to be abolished, but the Democrats allege—and this is probably the main reason—that the women all voted the Republican ticket. The champions of the women in the Legislature—or champion, for we have only seen one speech—indulge in such highflown accounts of the working of the measure, and, above all, of its effects on drinking and "lechery," that it is impossible to tell where the prose ends and the poetry begins. In the meantime, the winter campaign has been opened by a session of the Boston Association in Washington—which seems to have been quiet and unobtrusive, as the New York "Pantarchists," under Woodhull, claim that region for their own, and count most of the local suffragists under their banner, owing to their being the discoverers and promulgators at the capital of what some call the "New Idea," and others the "Short Cut," namely, the right of women to vote under the Fourteenth Amendment. Woodhull was there, but skirmished round the outskirts, firing volleys of the *Weekly* into the hall, and terrifying the occupants of the platform by the prospect of a *coup de main*.

In the meantime, the hostility between the two branches is fiercer than ever, owing to the continued "advance" of the Woodhull views, she having lately publicly claimed the "natural right" to a husband a day. Mrs. Stanton, the great original suffragist, who is fresh from eulogizing Mrs. Fair, the California murderess, comes out in the *Golden Age* with a lovely article on Woodhull, whom she compares to the "Lilium Laudidum," whatever that plant may be, and asks, if even all that is said of her be true (which she denies), what of it? and says:

> "The processes of her education are little to us; the grand result is everything. Are our brilliant flowers less fragrant, our luscious fruits less palatable, because the *débris* of sewers and barn-yards have enriched them? The nature that can pass through all phases of social degradation, vice, crime, poverty, and temptation in all its forms, and yet maintain a purity and dignity of character through all, gives unmistakable proof of its high origin, its divinity."

She also administers a vicious dig, we presume, to some members of the Boston wing when she says that "some women with two or three husbands living at the same time are afraid of her," who is strictly "monogamic."

At this writing the Prince of Wales is slowly dying of typhoid fever, caught while staying at a country house in Yorkshire, presumably from the effects of bad drainage—his case closely resembling and running the same course as his father's. The excitement in England is intense, and promises a period of overflowing loyalty, which is perhaps deepened a little by remorseful recollection of the Prince's unpopularity during his lifetime. He was so far from being the kind of Prince the times called for and the public desired, that he was the victim of incessant sneers, depreciation, and scandal some of which had foundation, but the worst of it apparently none. The fact seems to be that his mental powers were very feeble—he fell asleep over a book, and could not converse with a cultivated man, and had gained little by education, and had a strong and hearty animal nature, like a boy's, and, indeed, a boy he seems to have remained to the last. But he was kindly, polite, and discharged the duties of his station as well as his powers would allow; would have made a fair constitutional king, and carries to his grave the

regrets of his friends and dependents. The probable effect of his loss on English politics we have ventured to predict elsewhere.

In the great centres of trade and finance, the threatened death of the Prince has not produced the disturbances which were at one time feared. For a moment, the alarm in London at the sudden relapse assumed an air of panic, consols fell nearly one-half per cent., American bonds and other securities declined more largely, and the whole Continent participated in the shock. But the inherent buoyancy of all the European markets rapidly overcame the influence, and prices of securities and of leading staples are higher than when the Prince fell ill. In truth, the English and German money markets are at this moment undergoing a process precisely similar to that experienced during the second and third year of our war. After we suspended specie payments and were compelled to become heavy buyers of foreign products to supply our own deficiencies, our entire metallic currency was gradually exported to Europe. The sudden influx of so much gold and silver coin into countries where credit is based exclusively upon specie produced its inevitable result—an enormous and unhealthy increase of credit, the wildest speculation, an absurd increase of stock companies for every imaginable purpose, universal inflation, and, finally, the great panic of 1866, made doubly famous by the failure of the great house of Overend, Gurney & Co. Like causes are now producing like effects. The suspension of specie payments in France is flooding England and Germany with a stream of coin far exceeding in magnitude that from this country, while the United States, owing to their early development of paper-money and of banking facilities, have always held but a very small proportion of metallic currency. France, owing to its political insecurity and the wealth of its ignoranty peasantry, has always had the largest specie currency of any country in Europe. The influence of its abandonment of coin payments upon its neighbors is proportionately powerful and intense. Both England and Germany are on the high tide of a career of financial delirium that will probably end, as that of 1866 did.

For the time being, the United States are benefiting largely by the prevailing inflation. American securities of every description are eagerly sought for investment, and large amounts of foreign capital are steadily coming here for productive employment. In spite of an already heavy indebtedness and accumulating arrears of interest, the tide of investment is so great as to overbalance all other financial considerations. The foreign exchanges continue consequently extremely favorable to this country, gold has again declined, and has touched the lowest point since 1862, while money continues easy, and the prices of all securities on the Stock Exchange are rapidly advancing. The trade of the country has likewise improved, and prices of almost all the leading staples are also higher. Grains are firm, cotton and meats higher, groceries and dry goods dull but firm, coal again lower, and real estate somewhat more active. It is not to be denied that the course of the markets is far more satisfactory than could have been anticipated, and this result is no doubt largely due to the more conservative character which has marked the trade and finance operations of the country for the last three or four months. Whether the strong wave of European speculation will unsettle us materially is now the important question of the financial future.

The outcry against the Thiers government for executing Rossel has been very great in England as well as here, and was, of course, increased by the account of his manly bearing in his last hours. The condemnation of M. Thiers by foreigners on this ground, however, is only another illustration of the curious horror which prevails about other people's wars and excesses. There is now no nation which can see the slightest reason for any other nation's fighting, even to suppress a rebellion, and which is not greatly troubled by the punishment of other people's rebels. The French army, as it has come out of the war, undisciplined, demoralized, bewildered by revolutions and counter-revolutions, is perhaps the most terrible enemy France has. For a civilian president to show the slightest weakness in dealing with insubordination in its ranks would probably end in making the government the mere tool of military conspirators; and a more dangerous and flagrant case of insubordination than Rossel's perhaps never occurred, for he not only headed a revolt, but he endeavored to disregard a treaty of peace made by the government with a public enemy. One of our papers has compared his case to Armand Carrel's, but the only resemblance lies in the fact that both men were French officers. Carrel resigned his commission, and went and took part in a Spanish insurrection against the Spanish government. The subsequent participation of the French army in the struggle arrayed him against his own countrymen, but only technically and incidentally, and for this he was condemned by one court-martial, but a second one, on a new trial, acquitted him. Rossel left the French service for the simple and sole purpose of fighting the French army on French soil, and for some weeks assisted a band of insurgents in holding the French capital against the French government. His excuse that he was not satisfied with the Treaty of Peace belongs to the same category as Lord Thomas Fitzgerald's defence, when accused of setting fire to the Cathedral of Cashel: "That he did set fire to it, but he thought the archbishop was inside."

President Thiers's message to the reopened National Assembly—if we may judge by the Cable abstract—is a document of no particular importance or interest, as it almost entirely avoids touching upon the vital questions now agitating France. It announces that the French Government has notified the British of its intention to abrogate, in due time, the commercial treaty between the two countries, as well as of its willingness to renew it on a readjusted basis; speaks of the necessity for France of "enduring" a policy of "dignified peace," and of accepting war only if forced upon her—which may be a kind of disguised warning to Prince Bismarck and his generals in the temporarily occupied French territories; makes the fallen Imperial government responsible for this degraded state of the lately so mighty nation; speaks in ambiguous expressions of what France must do, in case of need, for the Holy Father, and of her friendly relations with Russia, and in very emphatic words of her sympathies for the Austro-Hungarian Empire—which is probably intended to catch the new director of its foreign policy, Count Andrássy; and, in internal affairs, advocates the establishment of general compulsory military service in time of war, and the limitation of the annual contingent, in time of peace, to ninety thousand men.

The sittings of the National Assembly immediately following the reading of the presidential message seem to have been as stormy and turbulent as the tone of the latter was calm and non-committal. Radical motions were presented from various camps severally demanding the removal of the Assembly and the seat of government from Versailles to Paris; a vote of urgency upon the question of the future form of government; the annulling of the Napoleonic decree confiscating the property of the princes of the House of Orleans; and a vote of censure against the Committee of Pardons for its want of clemency toward the convicted Communists. During the discussions, violent recriminations took place between the Monarchists and ultra-Republicans, especially on the occasion of a renewed attack on the Committee of Pardons, when the sitting had to be suspended. The temper in which the legislators of France have reassembled is thus decidedly bad, and when the preliminary skirmishes on the many momentous questions of the day and the future will have to give place to decisive parliamentary combats, there is no telling how far political frenzy and party blindness may go. Outside of the Assembly, republicanism seems to be gaining ground, as it is also in Spain, as her late municipal elections show. The latest Cable despatches—at least in the form in which they are laid before us—speak also of a great triumph of the Spanish Republicans in the general Cortes elections; but we do not believe any such to have taken place, the Cortes having a few weeks ago been prorogued but not dissolved.

WHAT THE NEW CHARTER SHOULD PROVIDE.

THE people of New York have answered at the ballot-box, in a way full of significance and promise, moral and political, the taunt of the Ring, "What are you going to do about it?" but how to secure in a new charter the fruits of the late election, which has so electrified the public by its unanimous condemnation of the abuses in our own city government, remains for us the problem of the day. For it is to be apprehended and expected that the politicians will endeavor so to frame the new charter as to secure advantages to themselves and their parties in the City of New York, by making the machinery of the city government subserve, as heretofore, their ends, personal and political; and it is already plain, even to those not inside politics, that the attention of many, in both parties, who honestly desire the good of New York, and who have so far done good service, is being distracted from the main question of what can be done to secure us an honest and economical government, by intrigues of whose success, so far as they are in the interest of the Republican party, there is, of course, the greatest danger—the Legislature being so largely Republican, a Presidential election so near at hand, and the vote of the City of New York of so much value in determining upon which side the electoral vote of the State shall be cast. Yet nothing is more certain than that a charter for this city, framed in the interests of the Republican party, cannot stand long, considering how large the Democratic majority in the city is, and how evenly balanced parties are in the State.

We hear further of discussions in reference to the charter which make it plain that remedies for the evils with which we have been afflicted are likely to be sought in mere improvements and alterations of the machinery of the city government—a necessary consequence of the fact that those most looked to, and most naturally so, for suggestions and advice in regard to the new charter, are men of political experience, whose suggestions are of improvements in the details of the system, with which they are familiar, and upon the abuses and defects of which their attention has been most closely fixed. Yet, it may be laid down as a first principle, that whatever the machinery may be, unless new forces can be introduced to act as checks and correctives of the administration of the city government, nothing of permanent value will be effected, because, in this country, where the inducements are so great to private enterprise, public employments will, as the rule—some grades and kinds obviously excepted—be sought only by those who are driven to it by misfortune or lack of capacity for better and more lucrative occupations; or by a class who, having ability, are yet sufficiently devoid of principle to seek office with the view of making out of it all the profit and advantage to themselves, pecuniary and otherwise, that their places admit of. Now, if it be true that such a class of men, incompetent on the one hand or unscrupulous on the other, are likely, so long as the public service remains what it is, to form the majority of those who seek office, it must be perfectly plain that, however well-devised the machinery of the new charter may be, and however things may work at the outset, it will not be long before we relapse by maladministration into a condition of things like in kind, if not as bad in degree, as that from which we suffered under the Tweed dynasty.

For only Sentimentalists in politics can fail to admit that it is not by the ballot that we can in truth supervise and control our public servants, or even judiciously select them. Frequent elections, so far from affording us the means of so doing, in reality only make the honest citizen, whose first and most engrossing concern must be about the employment by which he wins his bread, a more easy prey to the politician by trade, who, if elections came at long intervals, as in the earlier days of the Republic, could not exist; but who now, living off the money spent on or contributed one way or another for services rendered on those occasions, devotes himself as his business, whether in or out of office, to the organization and manipulation of political clubs, primary meetings, and all the machinery of repeaters, ballot-box stuffers, rascally registers and inspectors of votes, by which the honest voter is misled, confused, betrayed, and swindled. And it is, we are sure, the consciousness of this state of things, and their hopelessness of effecting anything at the polls in the face of it at ordinary elections, which, more than indifference, has of late years prevented our influential citizens from taking that part in the direction of our city affairs which they ought, and which it is most desirable for them to take. And we may confidently assume for the future that such devotion to the public interest as was manifested at the late election will be called forth, as things now are, only at long intervals, when, as in that case, the danger is great and deeply felt, and the condition of things such as promises so general a union of the more intelligent members of society as will give individual voters hope that the efforts and sacrifices they may make in the cause will be repaid by success.

If, in seeking for security in the future against a recurrence of the evils we have been suffering under, we trace back the causes which produced them in the past, we shall certainly agree that want of information as to the true state of our municipal affairs was one of the principal causes of their coming to so bad a pass, and that want of means for enforcing accountability was another. And it may be asserted with perfect confidence, that if intelligible statements of the condition of the various departments of the city government are published frequently, and the means is afforded by proper legislation of enforcing responsibility on the part of officials in a summary manner, office will have no attractions except for honest men, to whom, in such a condition of things, it will be honorable employment. Existing laws require the publication annually by the Comptroller of his accounts; but for a period of over two years such publication was avoided; and while some two millions of dollars were paid away within eighteen months for printing, nothing of any real value in the way of information was given for it to the public, the money spent for this so-called advertising having been used in fact to subsidize the press and prevent it from giving alarm while robbery was going on. On the other hand, the publication by the *Times* of the facts which it was able to gather in regard to the accounts connected with the Court-house and other jobs, produced, as everybody knows, the impression upon the public which has resulted in the overthrow of the Ring.

With such signal evidences of the value of publicity in reference to the operations of the city government, we should require, as one of the provisions of the new law, a monthly publication by the various departments of the city government, under very severe penalties, recoverable against their several heads, of all the information of value to the public in regard to city affairs, not merely as to the state of the cash accounts, but also as to contracts, pay-rolls, and other information requisite to a perfect understanding of the way in which the business of the city is being done. And in order to prevent the subsidizing of the press, this information should be published in a monthly bulletin of its own by the city, the printing of which can be contracted for, like any other work done for it. Such publication is due, it may be further remarked, not merely to those whose money is expended—the taxpayers—but to all those mechanics and contractors who are entitled to do work for the city, if they are willing to do it on acceptable terms. A contract for excavating earth, paving streets, or performing any other service which is made at a rate above the value of the work done, is a piece of favoritism, obviously at the expense not only of the taxpayers, but of the class of contractors by whom the work might be done, if they had the chance, at a fair market rate. These facts and figures being presented, the daily press, whose readers would be interested in the information to be gathered from these reports, might be safely trusted to condense the information they contained, and present it in a most serviceable and telling way. Under such an arrangement, the organ of the builders would criticise, if there was anything open to criticism, the details of contracts interesting the class to which its readers belong; and so of other avocations and organs of class opinion.

This publication should cover all the departments, even where their province is not to supervise work and spend money, but where, as for instance in the case of the Superintendent of Building,

the duty is to guard the public safety. The recent developments in the controversy between Superintendent McGregor and the builders have made evident what was already well known to many, that a department instituted for the public protection may be made, by an abuse of its power, an instrument of oppression to those who are subject to it, and a source of danger to the public. The Superintendent of Buildings should, therefore, for example, be required to publish monthly the nature of the permits he has given, specifying to whom they are given, and for constructions of what nature, as to thickness and height of walls; and then, obviously, permits in violation of law would die a natural death.

And, generally, this publication should include a summary of all contracts entered into by the city for work, supplies, or service during the month preceding. The expense and the preparation of such a summary and of its publication, though even 100,000 copies were printed (and one-tenth of that number would be amply sufficient) would be very much less than might at first sight be supposed, and perhaps we may hereafter endeavor to make this apparent by figures; but, whatever the expense, nothing can be plainer than that no money could possibly be better expended than in thus putting all classes of citizens in possession of the information which, as taxpayers or workers, so nearly concerns them, and nothing can be more obvious than that dishonest and unfair contracts would not be sought if the knowledge of them would come to the public so soon after they were made. Instances will readily occur to those who are at all familiar with the history of city contracts, especially the larger ones; as to which it is perfectly safe to say that they never would have been sought, unjust as they were to the interests of taxpayers, if the parties engaged in engineering them through had not relied upon secrecy, or a limited knowledge of the facts, for their security in the outrage. The mere certainty of their work so soon seeing the light would have infallibly deterred them from even making an effort to obtain unfair advantage.

As regards accountability, we propose that the law shall give to any number of taxpayers, paying collectively a certain specified proportion of the taxes—say one-tenth, or what you will—the power to proceed against officials, or the city government in its corporate capacity, in the courts, and against individuals by impeachment before the Governor, in cases of maladministration or neglect or violation of the laws regulating official action. The reason for this proposition is, that such a right of interfering with the working of the machinery of the city government being too dangerous a one to be given to individuals, and the repugnance of popular sentiment in this country to anything like a privileged class rendering it impossible to provide for a property qualification (with any hope that a charter embodying that feature as a check will be allowed to stand), this alternative, which confers no privilege, but merely recognizes a right on the part of any number of individuals having a certain stake in the expenditure to enforce honesty in the direction of it, is suggested with confidence that it will associate the elements of a real and vigilant control. It is perfectly evident that such a plan will have the great advantage of admitting the association of taxpayers having similar political views or like interests of any nature; and by making the proportion no greater than a tenth or an eighth, it will be entirely feasible to associate the necessary number of taxpayers; and the result would be that office-holders will act always under a sense of responsibility, subject to a control which can reach them at a moment's notice.

And now, finally, to secure permanence for these enactments, let them be dealt with as principles, and enacted not in a charter for the City of New York, but in a general law, applicable to all communities in the State living under municipal government; for, as we all know, there are rings in other cities of the State besides New York, and it is obvious that, by passing a general law, embodying these principles, for the protection of their citizens also against unscrupulous men in office, we shall not only bring in new forces of supervision and control, but secure the support of the taxpayers and honest citizens in all those communities to guarantee the permanence of such enactments; whereas, if we embody them only in charter for the City of New York, some future Legislature in which the corruptionists have a majority may, by abolishing that charter, sweep away with it those safeguards also.

We may well be encouraged to attempt this sort of general legislation by the history of the general legislation in this State thus far; and we are sure to have for it the good word of the present Governor, who has always been a wise and consistent advocate of the principles of general as against special legislation. It is not many years since one of the most potent sources of corruption in our Legislature was the strife which was continually going on there for special legislation in the form of bank charters; and in the *Times* of Saturday week, December 2, there was a reference to the action of Governor Tompkins, who, by proclamation in 1812, went the length of terminating that session of the Legislature because of evidence which satisfied him that the applicants for the charter of a bank in this city had resorted to bribery to effect their ends. Thus the Legislature was corrupted in the getting of charters, and the charters themselves were drawn as strongly in the interests of those who secured them, and, consequently, as decidedly against the interests of the public generally, as it was possible to draw them and secure their passage. As a consequence, there was not only corruption within the Legislature, but rascality in the banks, and those who can remember the old "Safety Fund" times will remember how often the public was swindled by these specially chartered institutions. Yet this state of things, which was so bad, and which had existed so long, was changed completely, finally, and at once by the passage of the General Banking Law, which threw the business open to all comers who were willing to associate themselves together, and give, by publication and otherwise, the security to the public for which that law provides. Since that time, the public have found in the supervision of the State Superintendent, and the monthly publications of the condition of the banks required by law, a perfect security, and the Legislature has been freed from the solicitations and controversies which formerly occupied so much of its time, and was so fruitful a source of the corruption, such as it was, of that day.

It is not to be doubted that the same beneficent effect would follow the same sort of legislation in reference to cities, which are but corporations, as banks and railroad companies; and it is most earnestly to be hoped that no considerations of supposed party advantage, or personal interest and ambition, nor any devotion to pet plans and projects which have reference only to improvements in the machinery of city government, will be allowed to interfere with or prevent an honest attempt to secure such a general law as shall embody and enforce these most important principles; for if we can only establish them once as principles, they will not only commend themselves in application, but will have, for permanence and security against change, the great advantage which principles always have as contrasted with mere temporary expedients, however well devised.

REPUBLICANISM IN ENGLAND.

THE illness of the Prince of Wales has given fresh interest to the question what progress republicanism is making in England, and what likelihood there is of an early change in the form of government. If we are to believe some of our speculators about the political future of England, the death of the Prince removes the last prop from the throne, and makes its downfall certain on the demise of the reigning queen, if, indeed, Sir Charles Dilke's exposures of the internal economy of the royal household do not lead to its overthrow before that time, to the huge delight of the masses, who are now all ripe for revolution in the interests of pure democracy, if not for an attempt at a modification in the mode of distributing property and rewarding labor. What has helped to diffuse this opinion on this side of the water it is easy enough to see. The Reform Bill of 1866, admitting the working-classes to a share in the government, was undoubtedly a long and bold step in the direction of democracy.

It was accompanied, too, or rather preceded, by a remarkable change in the tone of English thought on religious, political, and social questions, wrought by the influence of such philosophers as Mill, Spencer, and Huxley. The preaching of these men has indeed effected what may almost be called a complete revolution in the way in which the educated Englishmen of the present generation approach the problems of life and death and judgment, things present and things to come, and it is a revolution which may be called marvellous, when we consider the brief period in which it has been effected. That the men who knew Oxford in the days of Newman, and Keble, and Pusey should see Oxford the headquarters of an aggressive radicalism, both in church and state, is, indeed, one of the strangest incidents of our time; and how little those who do not live in close contact with English life were prepared for it is well illustrated by the story, whether true or false, of some of the American bishops who visited Oxford at the time of the Pan-Anglican Synod, and, fancying themselves surrounded in a common room by High Churchmen, sought to exchange high-church views with a group of amused rationalists, whose principal spiritual difficulties related to the immortality of the soul or the existence of a God. The new state of mind naturally shows itself more prominently in politics than elsewhere, and those who remember the very narrow range in which the most radical liberal of the upper classes allowed his reforming fancy to roam thirty years ago, are greatly startled now on finding themselves constantly thrown into the company of English gentlemen who are ready for almost any change, and who talk of the throne as a piece of old furniture, and all well-established institutions as objects of at least grave suspicion. The working-classes, too, in the large towns are fairly launched into the discussion of the labor problem, and, no longer content with temporary triumphs over capital, are seeking, like their Continental brethren, though in a different spirit and with different weapons, for some mode of making themselves, as they say, independent of it.

One may see all this, however, and a good deal more, and yet doubt, as we doubt gravely, whether there is in England anything worth calling a "republican movement," and whether the eager expectation with which some observers here are looking for it is not simply a bit of that longing for great signs and wonders and vicissitudes in Europe, and startling illustrations of the instability of old societies, which makes up two-thirds of the political philosophy of a great many honest souls. That England will eventually be a republic, we do not in the least question; that she is advancing in the direction of a republic is plain enough; but that anybody now living will see an English republic and that the death of the Prince of Wales, or the Queen's incapacity, or the growing indifference of the people to the royal family, will materially hasten it, or that, when it comes, it will come as the result of a great social and political convulsion, or with guns and trumpets, nobody who has read English history, or knows much of the English character, will readily believe. The republic will probably be established in the most humdrum fashion possible by a vote of the House of Commons, and as a commonplace and long-expected incident, for which everybody was prepared; perhaps as the result of the indifference of the reigning monarch for the crown, or of the excessively farcical character of his share in the administration. There is a process with which American politicians are not unfamiliar, and of which the newspapers talk a good deal—"the sweeping of the country like a prairie fire" by "a new idea"—and it is apparently through this, or something like it, that many people expect to see the democracy take possession of the United Kingdom. But the fact is, that not only do ideas not sweep England like a prairie fire, but there is no country in the world in which a general proposition, especially in politics, finds it is so hard to get a foothold, or in which it finds so few partisans. In fact, there has been hardly a reform effected in English history which had not to be stripped carefully of everything which might suggest its connection with any logical or far-reaching revolution before it could gain support. Charles I. was beheaded for fighting against himself, and James II. was declared to have lost the crown because he "abdicated." The legislative union with Ireland was effected by means of "cash down," and not by pictures of imperial strength or glory. The Reform Bill of 1832 recognized simply the absurdity of having the Lower House largely appointed by the Upper, and giving representatives to the sites on which burghs once stood. It must be remembered, too, by those who think that England is on the inclined plane of revolution, that the Reform Bill of 1866 was really not the product of working-class clamor, but of an agitation got up by middle-class politicians engaged in a race for votes, and that it was passed by a Tory Minister in a curious juggling attempt to get the better of his rival, and to the disgust and astonishment of his own followers. Probably nobody had so much to do with precipitating the question on the House of Commons as Mr. Bright, who is now opposed to all further reform, and who, in his present stiff-necked indifference to radical aims, as well as in most other points in his character and career, is a typical Englishman. In fact, nothing was more remarkable about the last extension of the suffrage than the refusal and neglect of the working-classes to demand it.

It is safe enough to deduce from all this the conclusion that the very radical temper is confined to a small set of able men, who will, doubtless, have a large share in the political work of the next thirty years, and will make their radical ideas tell upon it; but this temper does not spread in any appreciable degree among the masses. In fact, the various classes of the community are occupied with far other things than the form of the government. The farmers and landed gentry are bigotedly conservative; the farm-laborers have not yet risen to the point at which the political field becomes visible and comprehensible. The dissenters, who compose the bulk of the active, thinking, earnest, and energetic portion of the middle-classes, are occupied about education. Their political radicalism exhausts itself in a desire to disestablish the church—by no means because they dislike churches, but because they revolt against legal inferiority. The working-classes—that is, the artisans of the towns—are excited about the labor question, but in the English way. There is probably not over one English mechanic in a thousand to whom the aims of the Internationals are not nonsense, and who does not think of the possibility of a general reorganization of society on a new basis, and the enrolment of everybody in the service of the state, as a poor joke. He seeks some easy and comprehensible process of getting a larger share of profits, or of establishing co-operation, and, in short, of gratifying that great Anglo-Saxon passion of "rising in the world," or "getting on"—that is, rising into the class above him. Those who fancy that he desires a change in the form of the government, as a means of securing more comfort, or dignity, or power, or making a nobler state, both underrate the intense practicalness of his mind, and overrate the part played by the imagination in English politics.

If, in reply to this, our attention is called to the large audiences drawn by Sir Charles Dilke's attack on the crown expenses, we reply that a baronet discoursing on the economy of the royal household—one of the most fascinating subjects on which the English mind can dwell—would be sure to draw an excited crowd even if he only explained "the Queen's housekeeping," and would make his fortune, at even a penny a head, if he described minutely a dinner-party at the palace. An attack on the royal expenses has, of course, attractions of a sensational sort which no eulogy or description could have; but that a demonstration made in stump speeches, that the crown costs two million a year, when it could be kept up for a million and a half, will seriously incline Englishmen to abolish the monarchy, is one of those curious notions which one is tempted rather to analyze than refute. The English Government, just as it is, is based in the main on habit, and habit has led the people to bear with it for a thousand years, in spite of great abuses and anomalies. If logic was stronger in England than habit, it would have been changed long ago; and if the expense of monarchy was a feature of it by which the English mind was ever strongly affected, the crown could never have come down to our day, and the popular

affection for the present wearer of it would not have been strongest when her outlay was most lavish. In fact, if there be one deduction which can be more clearly drawn than another from the course of English history and from observation of English character, it is that the thing about which Englishmen are least disposed to be concerned is the form of their government, and that in the work of reforming their constitution it is probably the very last thing they will touch.

We dislike predicting, because we admit that all predictions are of little value, but a prediction as to the probable course of events would seem almost a necessary sequel to what we have been saying. We shall consequently venture to assert that the death of the Prince of Wales will cause a great revival of sentimental devotion to the monarchy, and that this devotion will be lavished on the young widow and her children, and that her eldest son will become the object of extravagant hopes and expectations, which will render the prolonged regency not simply safe but a source of strength to the crown; and that there will be during the regency a strong disposition to discountenance all agitation that is either revolutionary in its character or tendency. What will happen after the heir comes of age will depend on his character, and it would be useless to deny that the rationalizing process is going on in politics and society sufficiently fast to make a king's place increasingly difficult to fill, and to make the most loyal people increasingly exacting. To say that kings and princes are an anachronism is to talk absurdly. Nothing is an anachronism in government which the society which lives under it demands and reveres. There will a time come, doubtless, when it will be considered very silly for people to demand "magnetism" in a candidate for the presidency or governorship, but till that time has come "magnetism" is a respectable quality, which candidates ought to have, let philosophers laugh as they may. There is, indeed, nothing more remarkable in political discussion than the calm way in which even able writers assume that mankind ought to be, and is eager to be, governed by pure reason, and the difficulty they find in understanding how men can be moved by a sentimental view which they themselves do not share. This difficulty is really the great hindrance to the good government of Ireland by the English, who will have it that the Irish political ideal is antiquated and preposterous.

A FAMOUS FIELD.

THERE is a little patch of a square mile or so, in the midst of the rich Sussex landscape in England. Through it, in low ground, sluggishly flows a small brook, and from the brook ridges slope up gently on either hand. It is covered for the most part with the green, thick English grass, dotted now and then by old elms and oaks. A gray, half-ruined wall, toothed with battlements along the summit, runs along one verge of the field; and there are two or three old towers, forlorn, through desertion and decrepitude, as Lears, whose comforting Cordelias are masses of close-clinging ivy—wall and towers suggesting a splendor that has now departed. What happened here in October, 1066, decided some important things; for instance, that in the sentence that is now being written there should be nineteen words of Saxon origin and four of Latin; and that in general, when we write and talk, about a quarter of our speech should be derived from Rome, and three-quarters from the German forests. To this field, if we may trust Guizot, date back England's liberties, and, therefore, America's liberties. Through what happened here, it came to pass that there was at length a Magna Charta—corner-stone of the structure of Anglo-Saxon liberty; and, after an interval, a declaration of independence and a constitution of the United States—cornice and frieze of the noble pile. It was decided there, in fact, that those of us of English race are what we are in mind and body; a cross, namely, between two tough stocks, each of which contributed precious qualities of brain and brawn to form a race which in the nineteenth century should stand so high. The field is that of Hastings, where the Normans under William beat the Saxons under Harold. Thence came a blending of tongues; thence a blending of traits, on the one hand enterprise, on the other sturdy fortitude, into a national character, too full of spring to break, too hard to be wasted, as carbon and iron blend together into steel.

One day, at the end of September, I stood on the beach at Hastings, a watering-place of some fashion on the south coast of England. It was a slope covered with rough shingle, close upon one edge of which crowded the blocks of the modern town, and, on the other, the waters of the English Channel. On the summit of a high cliff to the eastward was the ruin of a Norman castle—cliff and ruin so in sympathy through a long community of stormy exposure, that the turf and rock of the downs seemed to rise into moss and masonry with scarcely a perceptible dividing-line. In front lay in the motionless air the wide glassy level of the Channel, with the horizon line blotted out by the afternoon haze. Coasters lay at anchor off the beach, somewhat dim, with their sails hanging slack. There was a sound of oars from pleasure-boats; and, as I stood on the beach, the sailors came up and pressed me to row with them. Close by, among the many promenaders, a Sunday-school from an interior village was holding a picnic. A day or two before, the Prince Imperial from France, with the Empress, just driven from Paris, had landed in Hastings from Normandy in great distress. Mother and son were still in the town, and, not improbably, among the groups on the beach. It was in a different way that a prince from France landed at the same spot eight hundred years ago. Had I stood then on the shore looking southward through precisely such September mist upon a motionless sea, I should have seen countless sails floating up in the offing; and, in the front of the fleet, an ornamented bark, with a great cross on its flag, a sail marked with a coat of arms of three lions, and on the prow a brazen child, holding an arrow and a bow bent to shoot. The chronicler, William of Malmesbury, says the sails of the vessel were crimson. These were kept turned to the wind, and aided by oars until finally the keel grated upon the shore; and the multitude of craft that followed, bringing 60,000 men, ranging eastward and westward for miles on either hand, were beached one after another by their crews in a similar manner. Over their sides instantly sprang a multitude of archers; then of knights; then from the holds of the ships were led the horses, full of mettle from their long confinement, which pranced on the sand and filled the air with their neighing. Lastly, on the ship whose prow bore the brazen child, a tall, strong man approached the side. His hair and beard were light, his face florid. It had power and decision, bespeaking a character fearless, enterprising, cruel. As he leaped down in his armor from the low vessel upon the wet sand, his foot slipped, and he fell forward upon his two hands. The thousands watching him from the decks of the vessels and from the beach sent up at once a cry of distress, for it was taken as a sign of evil omen. Several of the chroniclers say it was a knight standing by who gave a favorable turn to the incident by a sudden explanation; but I like best the account of Wace in the fine old "Roman de Rou," whose father was a soldier in that host, and had, no doubt, told the whole story to the son. It is, that the strong warrior sprang up vigorously, and holding on high his dripping hands full of wet sand: "See, my lords," he cried, "by the splendor of God, I have taken possession of England with both my hands. It is now mine, and what is mine is yours!" It was Duke William of Normandy. How he and his followers looked, with their kite-shaped shields, their helmets with their "nasals" projecting down from the front, their chain-armor, their boots of steel or strips of variegated cloth wound about the leg from knee to ankle—all this we know from the Bayeux tapestry. What they said and did was rehearsed at length by many a patient monk, and far more picturesquely by the minstrels, who told the tale to the sound of the harp many generations after to king and noble. The Saxon king, Harold, was beset with enemies. He overthrew in the north a rival claimant; but it was at that very time that the crimson sail came leading the Norman fleet from the southward, when the Saxons, though victorious, were weakened and disorganized. Harold, however, hurried to meet the new enemy, leaving behind in his impetuosity all the strength of the northern counties. He made a hasty levy of forces in London and in the south, and came swiftly towards the coast, hoping to take William by surprise. Finding the hope vain, he drew up his army a few miles from the shore, and waited for the Norman onset.

Turning from the calm sea and the beach which those historic keels had grated, I followed back on William's track to the scene of the engagement. I rode through farms and handsome estates where there was nothing to suggest what filled my own thoughts but the name of the station at which I finally alighted, Battle. Thence I walked into the High Street of the little town, whose existence dates back even to the great day when it was called Senlac. Each receding century had left its wave-mark on the little ridge where ran the principal street. The railroad depot was a wrinkle which to-day had made, and going from thence there were waifs deposited now by one time and now by another. There was a portico on which beaux of George the Fourth's time might have stood in surtouts and high stocks; old thatched roofs, with "house-leek green" among the weather-beaten mass that came from a hundred years back; projecting upper-stories from Cromwell's day. Close to the church I got glimpses of a lovely vicarage, withdrawn into quiet, whose shadow-dappled front had the elaborate gables and bow-windows above and below that marked it as Elizabethan, and the church itself was partly at least from the Wars of the Roses. But at the end of the street rose a structure so massive and venerable that it subordinated to itself

the whole of the little village. It was two-storied, guarded at the ends by solid turrets, and battlemented at the top. In the centre was a broad, low-arched gate, above which the front rose sixty feet into a huge square tower. The side of the gateway was sculptured with the heads of Plantagenet kings and queens. Everywhere over the front the weather had eaten into the hewn stone, so that it was marked and crow's-footed as an old man's face. There was no decrepitude, however, but the halest old age. I went up to a narrow open door close by the broader portal. I found the masonry was many feet in thickness, and the door-step firm and serviceable, though deeply grooved by foot-beats. From the dim room beyond, lit by slits in the thick wall, a woman came forward to answer my enquiries. It was the gateway of famous Battle Abbey, built by William to commemorate the victory on the spot where he won it. Following the direction, I turned out of the High Street into a footpath, skirted the enclosure of a park, with a ravine to the right which once was full of wounded Saxons, and came out at last upon more open ground—a ridge of greensward, with now and then a tree, the ground from which descended to a little brook, then rose again into an answering ridge. The whole was traversed here and there by hedges; there were stacks about farm-houses; sometimes the brown thatch of cottages; to the left, the irregular line of the ruined abbey, with the fresher buildings of a nobleman's seat—all sweet under the subdued light of the autumn afternoon. I stood on the spot occupied by Harold's vanguard, the men of Kent.

I counsel all who make a pilgrimage to Hastings to take as a guide for the battle-field the old "Roman de Rou," either the translation, or, still better, the original Roman-French, as Thierry gives it in an appendix. A little previous study will make it intelligible enough to a reader of ordinary French; and, if it is crossed now and then by an obscurity, the fine chivalric picture is hardly injured. It is like the fierce beauty of knight's face suggesting itself through helmet-bars; and the prompt iambics of the metre strike the ear with a vigorous music, like the rhythmic hoof-beat of a troop ranging for a charge. I could easily trace from point to point the progress of the battle. Right from my position had the handsome king, the idol of his people, run his simple entrenchment—a line of stakes, between which osiers were twisted. This marked the front of the position; and about the knoll to the left, a stronger and higher enclosure of the same sort seems to have been made for the protection of the Saxon standard, the figure of a fighting man embroidered upon a banner and richly set with green and gold. The Norman monk, Ordericus Vitalis, while condemning Harold as cruel and perjured, shows him in attractive colors. He had a fine mind and ready eloquence, was intrepid and courteous, stalwart in figure and of great strength. He appears in the Bayeux tapestry in a tunic of iron rings, and probably on the battle-day wore his crown upon his helmet, as was the custom of the kings of his race. The banner shone and sparkled above a strong, yellow-haired host, among whose weapons the two-handed axe was conspicuous. Their shields were round, with a boss in the centre. Probably, since the levies came in hastily at the king's call, some wore the ancient picturesque Saxon armor, described by Sir Samuel Meyrick, heirlooms from warriors who had fought against the Danes, plates of tough, hard leather overlying one another on a long-skirted tunic, leaf-shaped and stained variously, brown, orange, or scarlet, so that they must have seemed to have clothed themselves from the October woods that were gorgeous about them. Raising my eyes and glancing across to the opposite slope, I tried to call up a vision of the Norman columns, troops of horsemen in steel, with front and flanks guarded by archers and pikemen in quilted coats or girt about with hides. I thought I could nearly fix the spot where the duke, putting on his hauberk, threw it over his shoulder, the back side in front. Those who stood near were sorely alarmed at the bad omen, as at the landing; but the ready leader changed it in an instant, crying out: "The hauberk which was turned wrong by me and then set right signifies that a change will take place out of the matter which is now stirring. We shall see the name of duke changed to king." The duke then mounted his Spanish charger, and careered before his retinue, who burst forth into impetuous tribute to his strength and prowess. Down the slope there at nine o'clock moved the Norman lines. But the page of battle about to be written in blood was illuminated at its edge with picturesque poetry. The minstrel Taillefer, having begged the boon of William, suddenly spurred forward to within a few paces of the waiting Saxons, pausing, I conjectured, a few rods down the slope from where I sat. There he sang the song of Roland and the peers of Charlemagne, engaging meantime in single combats, until at length he fell under a lance-thrust. Says the "Roman de Rou":

"Taillefer, ki mult bien cantout,
Sor un cheval ki tost alout,
Devant li dus alout cantant
De Karlemaine e de Rollant,
E d'Oliver e des vassals
Ki morurent en Renchevals.
Sires, dist Taillefer, merci,
Jo vos ai lungement servi;
Otreiz mei, ke jo n'i faille,
Li primier colp de la bataille."

The battle now began with the utmost fierceness. Over the slopes there the trumpets rang, the tramp of the horses resounded hollow on the earth, the shields echoed struck by swords and maces. Like swarms of migrating wild-fowl, the feathered arrows of the archers sounded through the air, which they darkened by their number. The Normans shouted their war-cry, "God aid us!" The Saxons clamored in return, "Out, out, Holy Cross! God Almighty!" The "Roman de Rou" is here most pleasantly quaint:

"'Olicrosse,' sovent crioent;
E 'Godemite,' reclamoent;
'Olicrosse,' est en engleiz
Ke Sainte Croix est en franceiz,
E 'Godemite,' altretant
Com en franceiz Dex tot poissant."

The wicker-work, which with modern arms would be so feeble a barrier, was to the Normans a most formidable obstacle. From nine o'clock until noon there was no advantage on either side. Then, however, a troop of Bretons under Eustace, Count of Boulogne, which had been specially engaged, fell back before the Saxons in almost utter rout. In the low ground, his followers became involved in ditches and in the brook, and perished by the hundred. Utter defeat seemed to lie before the invaders. Bishop Odo of Bayeux, William's brother, with a white ecclesiastical dress sweeping about his stately figure, but wearing a hauberk as well and with a mace swinging at his wrist, dashed on a white horse into the confusion, crying, "Stand fast!" William, too, who had been supposed to be slain, flung his helmet from him, and, with head bare, stopped the flight. "I am here!" he cried. "Look at me. I live, and will conquer!" Throughout the afternoon the clang of the conflict was unabated. Somewhere toward four o'clock, it is probable, took place the event which was the beginning of the end. William, observing that the shafts of the archers, shot horizontally, stuck in the osiers and did little harm, ordered that they should be shot upward, that they might descend vertically upon the heads of the Saxons. Aloft flew the arrows. Harold, looking up unwarily, received one in his left eye. Blinded and crazed with pain, he drew it out, and leaned exhausted upon his shield. Just here the Normans practised a stratagem with results to them most fortunate. Their horsemen feigned a retreat in great confusion into the low ground, leaving their archers behind them. The Saxons, unrestrained now that Harold was wounded, rushed down the hill in disorderly pursuit—"like sand before the wind," is the graphic phrase of Matthew of Westminster. At a signal from William, the knights returned on the gallop and swept round them; then, fighting backward, Norman and Saxon entered the entrenchment together. The closing scenes are made sadly vivid in the old tales. The men of Kent who survived the levies of Essex and Sussex collected with the bleeding Harold at the foot of the gleaming standard. Covered with sweat and blood, they shouted cries of defiance that the Normans compared to the barking of dogs. But the knights came charging, William at the head fighting like a common man-at-arms. The sun had sunk below the level of the woods. Twenty Norman knights, devoting themselves to death or victory, made their way to the standard's foot. The blinded king struck wildly at his foes; but a blow on the helmet felled him, and the sword of a knight cut his thigh through to the bone. In the twilight the last resistance was beaten down, and a group of exhausted men stood with uncertain footing upon the heap of corpses. The standard of the dead Harold fell, and that of William took its place.

"Then the duke took off his armor, and the barons and knights came, when he had unstrung his shield, and took the helmet from his head and the hauberk from his back, and saw the heavy blows upon his shield and how his helmet was dinted in, and all greatly wondered and said: 'Such a baron never bestrode war-horse, nor dealt such blows, nor did such feats of arms; neither has there been on earth such a knight since Roland and Oliver.' And the duke stood meanwhile among them, of noble stature and mien, and rendered thanks to the King of Glory through whom he had the victory, and he ate and drank among the dead, and slept that night upon the field." William was fierce as the lions which he had chosen for his escutcheon; but there is a superb strength in the historic figure. He had begun to take on some superficial refinement and accomplishment, just as upon the steel of his armor were embossed some few lines of ornament—a fine type of the Norse barbarian, whose tumultuous forces were beginning to be steadied and calmed for the ruling of the world. No doubt he was a sad scourge to his new domain; and yet it is not slight praise which our infant history accords him, pleasantly lisping in the Anglo-Saxon chronicle: "Man mihte faran ofer his rice mid his bosme fullum goldes ungedered"—("One might go through his kingdom full of gold unharmed"); and a passing flush of genial poetry

burns momentarily, for almost the only time, in the dry, meagre record, in the passage: "He loved the tall deer as if he were their father."

This is the story whose outline I read on the ridge, sitting where waited the Kentish vanguard for the Norman charge. I went slowly down the hill in the track of Eustace and his routed troops to the spot where they were massacred. Centuries after, in wet weather, the brook was believed to flow with a reddish tinge, remembering the ancient slaughter. That day its bed was nearly dry, and in it grew osiers, descendants, perhaps, of slips that were woven into Harold's entrenchment, as I pleased myself with fancying I might be a descendant from a tattooed ceorl of Kent that stood sheltered behind them. It must have been just here that Odo, the bishop, rode forward with his mace; and here that the Spanish charger pranced in the morning, and the eager barons burst out rapturously over their leader's beauty and manhood. The gray ruin of the abbey now lay opposite; among constructions of a more recent date, a broken well, an ivy-covered turret, a mouldering gable, pierced here and there with the rounded Norman arch. It was just there, where within the wall a remnant of the high altar yet remains, that the gems and gold of the Saxon standard flashed over the combat. That night there was scarcely a soul in sight. Lovely upon the trees, here and there yellow and scarlet, where the autumn was even then kindling, was the sunlight through the haze. The quiet fields sloped smoothly to the brook, welted down to the hill-sides by the long hedges, and bossy with oaks and elms. The old battle-field was indeed at peace. Riding back to London in the dusk, I found myself imagining that the rounding of the hills, the wide moor, the patches of woodland, might be somewhat as they were when out from all this country the faithful levies came gathering to Harold's side. Old oaks were in the fields, which possibly may even then have been standing, or whose parent acorns at least dropped from branches beneath whose shade, as the king rushed too hotly southward, tired footmen might have fallen out to rest their blistered feet.

NICOLAS TURGENEFF.

PARIS, Nov. 24, 1871.

ALL abolitionists in America ought to be acquainted with the name of Nicolas Turgeneff, who was the great apostle of the emancipation of the serfs in Russia. He died at the age of eighty-two years, only a few days ago, at Vert Bois, which was his country-house on the banks of the Seine, not far from Bougival. I have had the honor of knowing him for a number of years, and a better, more generous, and high-minded man I have never known in any country. He had all the cultivation of a gentleman and all the enthusiasm of a reformer. He was born in the Government of Moscow, and at a very early age one of his legs was half crushed in the door of a carriage. This accident prevented him from entering the military service, as most young Russian noblemen did at that time. He was educated for the diplomatic service, and entered when he was hardly more than twenty into the Council of State, composed of the men who formed the high administration of Russia. He was only twenty-five years old when, as Councillor of State, he was attached to the staff of Baron von Stein, the great Prussian minister of 1814; for Russia and Prussia were then in alliance against Napoleon, and the ministers of both countries followed their army and their sovereign; the Russian minister had Prussian attachés, and the Prussian minister Russian attachés. Turgeneff never spoke but with the greatest admiration of Stein, who had adopted him more as a friend than as a diplomatic *adlatus*, and who, while they were travelling with the allied armies, opened to him all the secrets of the policy by which he had regenerated Prussia after Jena. The land question and the emancipation of the Prussian peasantry were favorite topics of conversation, and it was under Stein's teachings that Turgeneff first conceived the bold idea of emancipating the millions of his own compatriots who seemed then doomed to perpetual slavery. He often narrated to me his journey through France, after the defeats of Napoleon. He went to the Congress of Châtillon, which lasted only a few days, and where the allied sovereigns made their last offer to Napoleon—a magnificent offer, considering the state of his fortunes then, but which his pride rejected. Stein and Turgeneff travelled together, and together they went from Châtillon to Paris in a post-chaise, in their uniforms, without being molested in any degree by the population. Stein had even refused to have an escort of a few Cossacks; such was the dejection of the French people then, and the horror which the name of Napoleon inspired in a country exhausted by ten years of incessant war. The entrance of the allied armies in Paris, if it was not an ovation, did not at any rate inspire the Parisians with feelings of horror or despair. The Russian Emperor, Alexander, behaved more like a liberator than a conqueror. Turgeneff often described to me the feelings of sympathy, of admiration, which France, even in her defeat, elicited from all the allied generals and diplomats. The prestige of France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had been such that they really felt in Paris, in 1814, very much as the barbarians must have felt in Rome.

Turgeneff left Paris for Vienna, where he remained during the famous Congress which gave laws to the whole of Europe, that have only lately been finally altered. From that time, he was actively engaged in questions of administrative and social reforms in his own country. He was the friend of those noblemen who had hoped to find in the generous Alexander an ally for the reforms which they were meditating in the Empire. But the Emperor, afraid of the contagion of revolutionary ideas, showed little disposition to amend anything in his own dominions; and as the Empire was absolute, these noblemen began to turn their minds to constitutional reforms as the only means of making social reforms. In this view Turgeneff never shared; he was convinced that in a state where there was nothing but the Emperor and the peasantry, with a nobility without political privileges and classified by the will of the Emperor himself, the Emperor must himself be the great reformer; the nobles were the slave-masters, and he did not expect them to proclaim the emancipation of the peasants. In his opinion, the emancipation of the serfs was to be an imperial act, an act of absolute power; and the constitutional reforms must follow it, not precede it. This difference of opinion did not save him from the accusation of complicity with the gentlemen who, in 1825, were accused of high treason, and who are known in Russia under the name of the *Septembrists*. Fortunately, when the so-called conspiracy of September was punished by the new Czar Nicolas, Turgeneff was quietly travelling in England, studying the manners and institutions of this cradle of constitutional government in Europe. He learned, if I remember right, at Edinburgh, that he had been condemned to death *in contumaciam*, and deprived of all his titles and functions, and that his estates were confiscated. His best friends, Orloff and Troubetskoi, were sent to the mines of Siberia. From that day he became a wanderer in Europe; he was an exile. He was for a time reduced from affluence almost to poverty; but the generosity of a brother saved him from misery. Alexander, his brother, had received his confiscated estates, and contrived, by ingenious devices and not without risks, to transmit gradually to Nicolas the value of the property which had been taken away from him. Being himself unmarried, a highly cultivated man, fond of society, of science, of literature, and taking no open part in politics, his journeys to Paris, and to all the capitals of Europe, made it easier for him to accomplish what he considered—and what certainly was—a sacred duty to his brother Nicolas.

During the long years of the reign of Nicolas, Turgeneff had no other consolations than those he found in his own family. He had married a daughter of the Marquese Viaris, who, while Napoleon was King of Italy, had been enrolled in the French army. The Viaris were an old Piedmontese family, and the Emperor was very fond of old names. After the fall of Napoleon, Viaris, who had for awhile been on the personal staff of the Emperor, lived at Geneva; and there Turgeneff made the acquaintance of his daughter, who was extremely beautiful. Their marriage was the happiest that can be imagined; and to his last day Turgeneff found a perpetual comfort in the devotion of his wife and of his children. He wrote a long work, in three volumes octavo, on his country, called "La Russie et les Russes," which is full of the most interesting information on a country still so little known even to Europeans; and a number of pamphlets at various times, which were always on some questions connected with the political or social development of Russia. The Crimean war was a great blow to him; he was passionately attached to his own country, and, though he had almost become a Frenchman, having lived so long in France, he did not conceal the pain which the defeat of the Russian arms caused him. He did not believe in the Ottoman Empire, or in the Palmerstonian policy; he looked with horror on the *coup d'état* of the 7th of December and on Napoleon III. Czar Nicolas, who had been unrelenting in his severity towards him, who even tried at one time to obtain his expulsion from France, ceased to be mentioned by him with the same bitter severity so soon as Sebastopol was taken. Turgeneff was convinced that the war had been forced upon him by England and by the new Emperor of the French, and that Nicolas had not wished to force it on Turkey and on Europe. The death of Nicolas began, however, a new era in his life. His son, the actual Emperor, became convinced of the necessity of a social reform; he forced the idea of the emancipation of the serfs on his own nobility, and carried this grand reform with an energy which will always leave him a great place in history. Turgeneff became, as it were, young again; he wrote article after article, pamphlet after pamphlet, on this great question—on the terms which ought to be made with the serfs on the land question. He was very anxious that the peasants should become not merely free, but land-owners, and he put forward various plans to this effect. His house, so long deserted by the Russians, who even in Paris were under the eyes of the police of St. Petersburg, was now filled

with the greatest names of the Imperial Court. The young journalists of Moscow, the new administrators of the Empire, came to see the man who was a sort of patriarch of liberalism.

The most interesting trait of Turgeneff's character was that he had all the ardor and enthusiasm of a reformer, and that at the same time he was essentially an administrator and a statesman. He planned reforms in the administration of justice in Russia, not in a vague fashion, but entering into the most minute details. He was a political economist, he was not a revolutionist. He made a journey to Russia in 1857, and, after his long exile, he had the happiness to find a free country where he had only known slaves. The Emperor received him, and he was treated with all the deference he deserved. He visited the only estate which he still possessed, and carried out his own views on it, gave some land to all the peasants, and settled with them the terms of their new tenure. The last year of his life was sadly troubled by the war between France and Prussia. He had retired to London, and there he spent all his time in reading the newspapers as fast as they were sold in the streets. I see him still at his window, opening on Hyde Park, surrounded with a heap of papers, and looking as sad as he did during the Crimean war. He had a very tender and affectionate disposition, and he resented the sufferings of France more than many Frenchmen. He knew the Germans well, and prophesied to me that they would exact the full measure of revenge. When he returned to Paris and to his long-deserted house, his eldest son became dangerously ill. Then came the fearful days of the Commune. The Rue de Lille, where his hotel was, was set on fire almost from one end to the other; Turgeneff's son was too ill to be removed. Those who have visited the ruins of the Légion d'Honneur, of the Archives of the Cour des Comptes, of the Conseil d'Etat, of the Dépôt des Consignations, know that the Rue de Lille must, in those fatal days, have been a sea of flames. There was Nicolas Turgeneff, with his children, watching for the bombs which announced the Versaillais. These emotions were too great for a man of eighty-two years, robust as he was, for he seemed to be made of iron—he had all his hair, he could read without spectacles, he rode almost every day. After the Commune he returned to his country-place, sacked by the Germans. I walked a few days before his death amidst the stumps of his trees; I saw the remains of the famous *abattis;* we dined together on the anniversary of his birthday. Father Gazarin, once Prince Gazarin, one of his dearest friends, had come from his convent; and he proposed the health of Nicolas Turgeneff. Alas! a few days afterwards he was dead. He fell asleep in death. At midnight he was conversing with his family; at one, it was all over. I cannot better depict him than by saying that he had the simplicity of heart of a child, the tenderness of a woman, and the courage of a man. No mean idea could enter his mind; it was hermetically sealed to selfishness, to anything low and vulgar. He approached moral perfection as nearly as any man it has been given to me to know.

Correspondence.

MR. PEIRCE AND THE REALISTS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your far too flattering notice of my remarks upon mediæval realism and nominalism, you have attributed to me a degree of originality which is not my due. The common view that realism is a modified Platonism has already been condemned by the most thorough students, such as Prantl and Morin. The realists certainly held (as I have said) that universals really exist in external things. The only feature of the controversy which has appeared to me to need more emphasis than has hitherto been put upon it is that each party had its own peculiar ideas of what it is that is real, the realists assuming that reality belongs to what is present to us in true knowledge of any sort, the nominalists assuming that the absolutely external causes of perception are the only realities. This point of disagreement was never argued out, for the reason that the mental horizon of each party was too limited for it to comprehend what the conception of the other side was. It is a similar narrowness of thought which makes it so hard for many persons to understand one side or the other, at this day. C. S. Peirce.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 10, 1871.

"A PROTECTIONIST'S CHARITY."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: As my perceptive faculties are obtuse, I am obliged to refer to you for information in regard to a communication in your issue of Nov. 9, last.

Is "A. P. A." to be considered as in earnest, or as writing "sarcastical"? If the former, surely he is poorly versed in political economy, if he can afford no stronger proof of the beneficence of protection than is afforded by his admission that, by the present tariff, he is allowed to *extort* a certain per cent. from the needy builders of Chicago *personally;* even though his charitable thankfulness to our law-makers overflows in a return to all the sufferers *generally* of one-half of his ill-got gains. Reader.

Notes.

Some of our city readers may like to be informed of the free course of lectures at the University of the City of New York, now in progress at the University Chapel, Washington Square, on Thursday evenings at eight o'clock. Seats are reserved for ladies. Professors Henry and John W. Draper, Professor Stevenson, and Professor Coakley give scientific addresses, and there will be others on Homer, and Browning, on Sensation and Thought, on the Future of Society, on Journalism, etc., etc. The course ends April 4, 1872.——Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., of Boston, not having reconciled their difference with Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., have in press Tennyson's "Last Tournament," illustrated by Hammatt Billings, uniform with the same publishers' edition of "Enoch Arden."

— Messrs. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 770 Broadway, have just published what, to doubtless a large number of readers, will be a most acceptable Christmas book: "Songs of the Spirit—Hymns of Praise and Prayer to God the Holy Ghost," edited by Bishop Odenheimer, D.D., and the Rev. Frederick M. Bird. This is every way a handsome book, most clearly printed on fine white paper. The editing, too, seems to us very carefully and thoroughly done; the selections show a generous catholicity in the making, and the prefatory notes contain a good deal of useful information and occasional discriminating criticism well and briefly expressed. We find also at Messrs. Randolph's a book which, we dare say, many of our readers may thank us for bringing to their notice, both on account of the beauty of the illustrations and the interest of the accompanying text—interesting as narrative and valuable, too, for its scientific record of personal observation. This is "The Coast of Norway from Christiania to Hammerfest," by Elijah Walton, author of "Flowers from the Upper Alps"; the descriptive text by F. G. Bonney, author of "The Alpine Region," etc. The illustrations are in chromo-lithography, and have the defects that as yet seem to be inseparable from this art, but their merits are very distinct and unusual, as though they may seem, at first sight, too highly colored, yet it is evident that the aim has been to make them truthful representations of scenery and phenomena of which few artists have endeavored to give us a notion. Gude is the only painter whose name we can recall who has treated with skill the scenery of Norway, and very few of his pictures have reached this country.

—The German mind takes naturally to monuments of departed worth, and does not confine its homage to native genius. To these qualities we owe not only statues and centennial celebrations, but such domestic souvenirs as the handsome volume called "Penates," of which Mr. L. W. Schmidt is the publisher, in connection with a Düsseldorf house. The household gods are Shakespeare, Goethe, Mozart, Schiller, Beethoven, Scott, Moore (who is here in the company of his betters), Holbein, Dürer; Thorwaldsen, Rauch, Rietschel (a group); Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn (another group). Really excellent lithographic portraits of these characters are surrounded by floral emblems generally pleasing in color and design, and preceded by a page of appropriate poetry or sentiment (in English) in ornate lettering. Sometimes the place and date of birth and death are added, or the titles of famous works. The binding is in keeping with the contents. We know no reason why gift-books of this sort should not become popular in this country.

—The Anglo-American Association is the name of a small body composed of Englishmen and of Americans resident in London, and was formed two or three years ago, we believe, under the auspices of Mr. Thomas Hughes, for the praiseworthy object of promoting a better understanding and more cordial relations between England and the United States. That any such body could do anything worth mention towards such an object, considering the vast number of points at which the two peoples come into contact, the multiplicity of the ties, both commercial, civil, and literary, which connect them, and the infinite variety of the ways in which they get their knowledge of each other, no candid observer ever believed. The one attempt made by the association to light up a dark place in Anglo-American relations—the monograph on the Fisheries question, which we noticed at length in these columns when it appeared—was not particularly brilliant, and was of no manner of use. Still, the aims of the organization were good, and for this reason, as well as because it furnished a certain number of kindly gentlemen with a vent for feelings of in-

ternational brotherhood, were the citizens on both sides inclined to look on it with a friendly eye. Within a few weeks it has, however, got itself into trouble by undertaking to present Chicago with a public library, made up in part of contributions of their own works from English authors. This was at least a harmless project. It is true it exposed the promoters to some snubbing from sour persons like Carlyle and Disraeli, who either do not like American institutions, or are disturbed about international copyright; but then it might have gone on for a long while without attracting the notice of mankind. Mr. George W. Smalley, however, one of the American members, having come to the conclusion that, if he and the other Americans remained in the body while this book-begging was going on, it would in some grave manner compromise the American people, solemnly sent in his resignation, and called the attention of the two hemispheres to the act through the newspapers. The result is that Mr. Jenkins, the author of "Ginx's Baby," and other members, have attacked him for so doing, and the two have had a delightful and comely little "spat" in the *Daily News*, in which Jenkins was severe and Smalley was sarcastic. The affair is now over, but the honor of America has, though at the eleventh hour, been saved, and Chicago will probably have the library. The position of the Americans, that it would not be becoming for them to remain in the body while it was begging contributions from Englishmen towards an American testimonial, was sound enough; but, even if they had remained in it, nobody would have been sorry or ashamed, or in any manner damaged in mind, body, or estate, and—hardly anybody would have found them out.

—At this season of the year, the great picture market which exists in London assumes an activity which will increase until spring time, the sales becoming more and more important as they proceed. This year, however, there have been thrown early upon it two remarkable waifs: The Ripaldi Raphael, an unquestionable Raphael of the purest period of the artist, and the most Raphaelesque in the opinion of his warmest admirers. It was painted in his twenty-first year, for the nuns of St. Antony of Padua. It is part of a predella, and has belonged to the gallery of the King of Naples, by whom it was presented to the Duke of Ripaldi on the flight from Gaeta, when Garibaldi and the Piedmontese had put an end to the reign of Bomba *figlio*. It is in excellent condition, less repainted than most of Raphael's pictures, and is offered at $200,000 to the National Gallery, which, after its erratic and exceedingly extravagant indulgence in Dutch pictures, at an outlay of $70,000 this year, will hardly risk another heavy purchase. The other is a part of a series of Raphael's cartoons of the history of Scipio Africanus, colored by Giulio Romano, in similar manner to those so long at Hampton Court, which they resemble in treatment and size. They are about ten feet high by from ten to twenty-one feet long, and have been, like the Ripaldi Madonna, offered to the French Government, rescued from the Commune, and brought to London, where their owner, a Swiss gentleman who finds it necessary to realize on them, hoped to find a market. But the English Government, having its set of similar works, will hardly be more likely to purchase these than the Madonna. Is not here a chance for our new museum in New York? The character of these works is that which has made Raphael the master of modern painters, which has set the type of pictorial composition, and which, with most men who study the academic relations of line and grouping, has established the imperial canons of art. To the modern French classic school the works at Hampton Court were a source of inspiration; and those of the school of *dessinateurs* whom we now recognize as the great masters in that genre—Ingres, Delaroche, etc.—have studied the works of this period of Raphael's development as the finality of art. Without discussing now the relation of the schools, it remains certain that, in all that pertains to the teachable in composition and in design, these works would be a lesson in so-called high art which nothing but the Sistine Chapel could rival. They are said to be in almost perfect condition, as when they formed part of the great exhibition of Napoleon I., since when they have been in the hands of their present owner.

TWO HISTORICAL ESSAYISTS.*

No. I.—MR. FROUDE.

Mr. Froude and Mr. Freeman are the most eminent of living English historians. They have each published essays which are, to employ an expression of Mr. Froude's, "short studies on great subjects." As both these authors exhibit in their essays some of their most marked traits, the occasion is a convenient one for forming some estimate of the character of writers each of whom has attained, if not widespread popularity, yet certainly a position of influence in the literary world of modern England. Moreover, both Mr. Freeman and Mr. Froude, though belonging in many respects to different schools, and though in their whole view of historical writing in many points diametrically opposed to one another, yet have many common features clearly visible to critics, though probably scarcely discerned by either of the objects of criticism. Mr. Froude and Mr. Freeman each of them bear, though in a different manner, unmistakable traces of the influence exerted over them by the High Church movement. In Mr. Froude, this influence is perceptible at every turn. In Mr. Freeman, it is traceable rather in crotchets, such as a dislike to the term "the Reformation," than in any very serious bias exerted by it by way of either attraction or repulsion over his mind. Each of them, again, owing to the very influence to which we have referred, looks at society from a curiously ecclesiastical point of view. Mr. Froude, it is true, never loses an opportunity of reiterating the fact that he has "no hope from theologians, to whatever school they belong," and that "they, and all belonging to them, are given over to their own dreams, and they cling to them with a passion proportionate to the weakness of their arguments"; but he never gets clear of theological questions. Mr. Freeman, on the other hand, is not much given to speculation of any kind, but he attaches an amiable, if occasionally a somewhat amusing, importance to all the minutiæ of ecclesiastical antiquarianism, and, we suspect, would find it even harder to pardon Mr. Froude's errors as to the names of sees or the installation of bishops than his moral and immoral paradoxes as to the character of Henry or Elizabeth. This ecclesiastical bias is, in writers of history, not altogether an undesirable prejudice, as it leads them to pay attention to a side of history which formerly had an importance it has not now, and, it is to be hoped, will never have again. But in Mr. Froude's case, at any rate, it certainly warps his judgment when writing on modern topics, and is, in part, the cause of one of the gravest defects as well of Mr. Freeman as Mr. Froude. These writers have neither of them any interest in or any comprehension of the view of history which considers the growth of society to depend upon fixed laws or principles. This view, no doubt, has been the subject of gross exaggeration, and it is, to say the least, extremely doubtful whether a single principle has yet been ascertained which can even metaphorically be termed a historical law. Yet erroneous and premature as have been most of the theories already started, no man can believe that really great historians will not always attempt to deduce from past events the general principles on which their course has depended. Characteristically enough, both the writers under review utterly neglect the generalizations of political economy, which certainly throw light on some of the most perplexed enquiries as to human progress. Mr. Froude knows just enough of political economy to show that he misunderstands it, and is fully determined, if we may adapt to his case a dictum of an intelligent artisan, that, "if political economy be opposed to Mr. Froude, Mr. Froude will offer strenuous opposition to political economy." Mr. Freeman is happily under no temptation to defy political economy, for he does not appear ever to have heard that the science of political economy had an existence. His good sense, moreover, keeps him from propounding economical paradoxes, but he, no less than Mr. Froude, would gain much by a study of what may be called the economical side of history.

Both these writers, again, make up for their neglect of historical science by profound belief in that last resort of speculators in want of a theory —the influence of race. This belief in what we conceive Mr. Freeman would call Dutch and Mr. Froude Teutonic races, exhibits itself in each writer under very different forms. Mr. Freeman is incited by it to exhibit rather boisterous exhilaration in the fact of his being an Englishman and nothing but an Englishman; but he is not, as a general rule, so far as we know his writing, at all desirous to oppress races who have not the good fortune to be Dutch—indeed, Mr. Freeman would never oppress any one at all, unless it be Alsatians, who, in defiance of language, blood, and Mr. Freeman, wish to be French when he is kind enough to think they ought to wish to be Dutch. Mr. Froude, though he no doubt also never means to be an oppressor, certainly shows traces of a feeling that the best thing for Celts, Hindoos, and other non-Teutonic races is to be vigorously governed by energetic Teutons in a way which, say, to Celtic impatience, might seem like oppression. Add, lastly, that both Mr. Freeman and Mr. Froude, and this is one both of their merits and defects, were born controversialists, and only trained to be historians. Mr. Freeman succeeds much better than his companion in keeping controversy and history apart; still, they both must be considered as men who, even when writing history, are driven by irresistible impulse to assault the real or supposed errors of real or, in some cases, imaginary opponents Mr. Froude rages if he sniffs a political economist in the distance, and Mr. Freeman snorts for the battle at the merest suggestion that England owes anything to Roman influence.

We have purposely dwelt on some of the points in which these distinguished writers resemble each other; for it is just those characteristics which are common to men of the most different mould, because born under somewhat similar influences, which are at once of permanent importance, and also

* "Short Studies on Great Subjects. By J. A. Froude, M.A." London: Longmans. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.
"Historical Essays. By Edward A. Freeman." London and New York: Macmillan.

certain to elude general notice. But when the similarity between Mr. Freeman and Mr. Froude, resulting mainly from what we venture to call their unscientific view of history, combined with their love of controversy, is fully taken into account, the broad fact remains that they each represent a different class of minds, each treat history in a different manner, each owe their influence to different qualities, and each deserve and require separate criticism.

Let us first take Mr. Froude. His "Short Studies" deals with so many different topics, from Calvinism to the Eastern question, that it would be impossible in a series of articles, still less in the remainder of the present article, to discuss the various views and opinions contained in it. The best way, probably, to deal with the book is to consider one question which it forcibly suggests, and to which its pages, to some extent, supply an answer.

What is it which prevents Mr. Froude from exerting an influence either as a historian or a controversialist at all proportionate to his undoubted talents?

The truth of the allegation which this question obviously presupposes can hardly be denied by any one who recalls Mr. Froude's literary career. Known as the author of one or two fictions, which may, indeed, have been what Mr. Gladstone terms "questionable," but which were certainly full of power and interest, Mr. Froude, about fourteen or fifteen years ago, produced the two first volumes of his history. These were open to grave criticism, but they were read by many persons with enthusiasm, and they rightly excited very high expectations of the author's future achievements. No one, again, can doubt that, when, some year or two ago, the history was left off rather than finished, the world felt that these expectations had been doomed to disappointment. Moreover, Mr. Froude from the first was hailed by many persons not only as a great historian, but also as a sort of prophet, or, at any rate, as a propounder of striking theories. Few persons can now say that Mr. Froude's theories have made much mark on the world. What, then, is the cause of something which must fairly be termed failure, or, if not failure, at any rate a want of that success which the author's brilliant talents might have been expected to ensure?

The cause certainly is not any decline in literary talent. Whoever reads the essay on the condition of Protestantism will admit that the description of the evangelical prayer-meeting, where the congregation sung the melancholy hymn, of which the main conclusion, according to Mr. Froude, is that "doing ends in death," is at least as striking a picture as anything in the "Shadow of the Clouds" or in the wonderful account of the "Pilgrimage of Grace." Nor, again, can it be said that the views propounded by Mr. Froude are either wholly without worth or really opposed to the feeling of the day. No fair critic can deny that a volume of four hundred and odd pages, written by an able man, on many of the leading subjects of the day, and containing attacks on a great number of received opinions and received institutions, almost inevitably contains a great many remarks which are true and useful. Nor can any one who traces the course of recent English legislation, and other signs of popular feeling, doubt that there is a strong current of sentiment running dead against many of the approved political and economical doctrines which Mr. Froude assaults with a zeal which is hardly a zeal according to knowledge.

But, if his influence be not impeded either by defect of literary skill or by the essential unpopularity of his doctrines, wherein, again we ask, does the hindrance lie? A whole chorus of *Saturday Reviewers* and others are ready to reply that Mr. Froude's grossest fault, that which mars all other virtues, if he has them, is his inaccuracy. Now, we are certainly not going to do battle for the accuracy of a writer who has been frequently detected in errors, and who, even in these essays, seems to us, if we understand him rightly, to assert that Sunday-schools existed about the time of the Reformation. But, while fully admitting the importance of accuracy in history, we gravely doubt whether Mr. Froude's inaccuracies, great as some of them have been, made so much impression on the public mind as critics expected them to produce. The public, after all, feel what reviewers sometimes do not—that, though accuracy is good, a man may be a great writer, and even a great historian, who occasionally makes a slip about the installation of a bishop or the size of a diocese, or even about more important things. Inaccuracy, however, is one form of the fault which, more than any other, mars Mr. Froude's writings and lessens his influence. It is a fault very easy to perceive, but not by any means so easy to define, and may, perhaps, be best described as a want of judgment or due balance of mind. To this are, we suspect, to be attributed errors which unfriendly critics have sometimes ascribed to intellectual dishonesty. Of intellectual dishonesty, in the ordinary sense of the word, Mr. Froude is free. His picture, for example, of Henry VIII. is not, even taking his own showing of the facts, a fair or truthful picture, nor can we believe that his version of the facts is in all cases to be relied on. On the other hand, Mr. Froude has too frequently himself, whilst proceeding with his history, called attention to facts which did not square with his own theory to allow the supposition that he wilfully conceals the truth. He misstates facts not because he wishes to misstate them, but because he is essentially a rhetorician and not a historian. Whatever phase of thought or feeling his mind passes through, that he represents with considerable power, but he is constantly going through phases of sentiment, and seems to have neither the will nor the capacity to think on any given subject; still less has he any power of fairly realizing what are the arguments of an opponent with which, as a controversialist, he ought to deal.

Hence, his whole writings, and especially his controversial writings, have a pre-eminently sentimental, spasmodic, inconsequent character. Take, for instance, the article on "England's War." His theme is the decline of English power since the date "when the last shot had been fired at Waterloo," and "Great Britain was the first power in the world." Mr. Froude, after his manner, first assumes the fact of the decline, and then accounts for it. The causes to which he attributes it are, to sum them up briefly in the words of the school to which Mr. Froude belongs, the "shams of constitutional government." The effect of this eloquent and, in some parts, very ingenious essay is utterly ruined by the reader's being haunted by the enquiry which never suggests itself to Mr. Froude. The enquiry is simply this: How is it possible that a kind of government under which, in 1815, England rose to the highest power, should be itself the cause of England's sinking below contempt after 1815? We do not say there is no answer to this question, but it is one which lies on the very threshold of the enquiry, and the existence of which Mr. Froude never recognizes. How, again, is Mr. Froude's admiration for Calvin to be made consistent with his constant depreciation of dogmatic theology, or with the exaggerated prominence which he gives to the merely negative character of Protestantism? But, indeed, it were impossible even to state the numerous questions which Mr. Froude's essay suggests to which it is scarcely possible for any sensible man to find an answer. How, for instance, is it possible that a man of great cleverness, who knows history and knows the world, can really believe that, "as regards morality, it may be doubted whether inviting spirit-rappers to dinner, and allowing them to pretend to consult our dead relations, is in reality much more innocent" than burning witches? This question is puzzling enough, but there is an even more puzzling enquiry behind. How can it be that a man who certainly does not form too high an estimate of the world's truthfulness, who must, though not a lawyer, know something of law, and must, though not a great historian, know something of history, still seems to feel a mysterious faith in the preambles to statutes? On an implicit faith in preambles Mr. Froude attempted to base his views of history, and now, after more than fifteen years' historical labors, still looks with incomprehensible reverence on "the preamble of a Tudor statute" which "used to speak with reverence, real or pretended, of the law of God." The belief in preambles is certainly the last and strangest of all the phases of human faith, and is certainly a curious creed for a writer who, with all his defects, can, as in the essay on the "Prospects of Protestantism," speak with vigor and decision, and tell respectable English churchmen the truth, which they are always forgetting, that they must either condemn Rome or condemn the Reformation, and that "there would have been no such thing as the English Reformation except for those among us who did not believe in priests at all."

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.*

II.

We should say that Professor De Mille may safely allow himself this much of self-gratulation over his books for boys—that the boys will read them with interest. Whether he ought to think that he has done well to write them is another question, and one to which Professor De Mille's answer and ours would probably be different, though we have no very harsh condemnation to give them either. They appear to us to have for their principal merit the merit, such as it is, of giving a sort of expression to the inexpressible, break-neck boyishness of healthy boys. The expression is very much exaggerated, to be sure; the boys are athletic and adventurous to a degree that is morbid—as if boys who were born in some one of the British

* "Fire in the Woods. By Professor James De Mille." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1872.
"Adrift on the Sea; or, The Children's Escape. By Emilia Marryatt Norris." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1872.
"When I was a Little Girl. By the author of 'St. Olave's.'" New York: Macmillan & Co.
"Nine Years Old. By the author of 'St. Olave's.'" Illustrated by L. Frölich. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1872.
"The Fairy Book. The Best Popular Fairy Stories, selected and rendered anew By the author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman.'" Illustrated. New York: Macmillan & Co
"Chatterbox." 1871. New York: Pott, Young & Co.
"Little Folks. A Magazine for the Young." New York: American News Co.
"Children's Magazine." New York: Church Book Society.
"Little Folk Song. By Alexina B. White." New York: Hurd & Houghton.
"Jack Hazard and His Fortunes. By J. T. Trowbridge." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

colonial possessions, and thus devoted by the fates to being more exclusively and fervidly members of the Alpine Club than it would have been necessary to be had they been born in the United Kingdom itself. The quantity of going over cataracts, and getting adrift in schooners, and escaping from quicksands, and fighting shovel-nose sharks, and camping on desolate islands and promontories, that is done by the members of the "B. O. W. C." would secure the approval of Mr. Whymper himself for any man—for an officer in the militia service of the Dominion of Canada. But the boys will not quarrel with the exaggeration. We wish it was more certain than we suppose it is that they will quarrel with the vulgarity of Mr. De Mille's Captain Corbets and Solomons and Pats and Grand Panjandrums and Jiggenses. We do not know, however, that "Lost in the Fog," "Among the Brigands," "The Fire in the Woods," and their companions are books that will do so much harm to the young reader by their falsity and low tone, as they will do him good by amusing him and by cultivating in him habits of adventure and of physical activity, in which American boys are perhaps somewhat lacking. Perhaps they are lacking; we doubt if their mothers would say so. The charge might probably be made with more truth against American youths who have passed the age of boyhood.

"Adrift on the Sea" is a little book which we are more than willing to commend. It is a story of the vacation of some children, who spend the summer at the seaside, and who, among other and smaller adventures, have the misfortune to "forget that it is Sunday," and to walk on the beach on that day, and afterwards play in a boat which drifts out to sea with them and carries them nearly to France. Not that it is a Sabbatarian book at all. The true cause of the mishap is that the eldest of the children, Arthur, who is twelve years old, has been for two years at a public school, has become very conceited, and imagines himself competent to do anything, let alone rowing a boat. This self-conceit—which has previously withstood the shock of the young gentleman's extreme illness after pipe-smoking that he had given himself out as able to do, and several other smaller shocks—is pretty thoroughly taken out of Arthur by the compulsory voyage in the Channel and the spectacle of the misery which privation of food inflicts upon his smaller brother, Georgie, who is represented as a boy who shows great singleness of purpose at meal times. The moral which the book inculcates is very well inculcated, we think, though we do not say that older persons than children of ten or twelve years might not think it too much obtruded. Still, every one may read it with some pleasure. Included in it, by the way, are two stories, one absurd one, with comical effects that doubtless will be appreciated in the nursery, and one about a sick boy who dreamed that he was taken up into heaven—which is extremely sentimental in its tone, but which may be of service at twilight in softening the hearts of bad children and diminishing the frequency of corporal punishment.

"Nine Years Old" also is a pleasant book which we think our readers might do well to buy. An aunt recalls for her nieces things which happened to her when she was nine years old and had two grandmothers, and certain faults to be cured of. Here, again, there is a little moralizing which will do nobody any harm, and doubtless will do the children good. There is also here and there a little of that sort of remark which shows that the utterer has lost some illusions—as, for instance, that one cannot always be young; that one would be happier if one could just have what one wanted, and the like. But as the children will disregard all this pensive philosophizing, and indeed not know that any philosophizing is going on, we need not expend spiritual energy in reprobating it as wholly out of place in literature for the young, a sin against art, and so forth. Some pretty pictures by Frölich add to the agreeableness of this pleasant little volume. The same author's "When I was a Little Girl" is a fresh, rambling, simple little book, just the thing for girls of ten years old or younger, about English country life and English school children, the farmyard, and dolls and playing games, and all that variety of gentle reminiscence with which good aunts and mothers amuse their small audience at twilight.

We find ourselves a little surprised at seeing such a book as a "Fairy Book" from such an author as Mrs. Craik. Perhaps there is no good reason why she should not write fairy stories, but from the delineation of moral and religious character to the rehabilitation of the Yellow Dwarf and Invisible Prince is certainly an unexpected step. Most of the venerable and highly respectable old stories are here, from "Cinderella" and "Beauty and the Beast" down to that immoral and detestable little fiction, "Red Riding Hood," which never has had anything to recommend it but the fact of its being a "classic." Mrs. Craik presents these veracious histories in a simple form, and without any sacrilegious adornment; and, as it will never do for a generation to arise and know them not, we can recommend the new version to parents of conservative minds.

The bound numbers of the English magazine for children, *Chatterbox*, make fully as attractive a volume as that of last year. Some of the pictures —and there is a large collection—are commonplace and badly drawn, though good enough to be a help in illustrating the stories; but, besides these, the number of fine prints got together, chiefly of animals, is alone worth the price of the book. They are so good as to call for a more enduring binding than the one they have received, which will not hold together a book of four hundred and twelve pages for more than a year, even in good children's hands. The reading matter of the book is adapted to children of any age and is of the pious kind. Still, many of the stories are interesting, and there is a fair quantity of sound and entertaining instruction.

Little Folks is likewise the year's number of an English magazine. It contains, within strong-looking backs, four hundred and sixteen pages, not so large as those of *Chatterbox*. The range of its collection of pictures seems to be mainly the same, although there are more insignificant ones, and fewer of the fine large cuts. The funny pictures did not strike us as very funny, while occasionally there is a positively disagreeable one, like "The Jack Tar" (p. 100). The literature of the book is, in part, contributed by young people from five to fourteen, *pour encourager les autres* in the art of composition. It is also secular in its treatment of subjects, and, so far as we have observed, contains no abnormal cases of virtue.

But for a specimen of an out-and-out Sunday-school work, the *Children's Magazine* (American) takes precedence of anything we have yet had this year. Whatever be the subject—a description of the Yosemite Valley, or an account of the excavations at Pompeii, or stories for the children—everything is made to point a laborious evangelical moral. A small child in one story wants to be told what "Samivel" said, and what it "meaned," which might remind the unregenerate more of one Mr. Weller than the little Samuel whom the Lord called. Boys also help poor people out of their private purses in a reckless way, and contract a regular habit of doing chores for them. For the rest, there are Sunday lessons, letters to "Our Bible Class," etc. The illustrations are poor.

We intend a compliment to the author of "Little Folk Songs" when we say she has been a heedful student of Mother Goose. There is quite a familiar ring about some of the little pieces, and they make one feel like beating time to them, though not like singing. The imitation runs a little too close in "Money," with its

> "How shall I eat without any bread?
> How shall I sleep without any bed?"

which brings Tom Tucker vividly to mind. The marked merit of the book is in its precise adaptation to the needs and comprehension of a small child. We venture to assert that "The Bee's Honey," "Mistress Mouse," "Baby Pigs," "The Spider," "Buttons," "Stannie's Hiding," or "My Kitten" could not be read to a two or five-year-old audience without being rapturously encored. The strongly marked rhythm and simple ideas, set up in an easy row, attract the attention and fasten on the memory. There are longer pieces than these mentioned, all of which are more or less good, except perhaps "Rumble Grumble," which is rather unpleasant, and the "Toad in the Road," which may be amusing to parents, but is inadvisable to read to small boys with warlike propensities. "The Ant to the Grasshopper" is a happy instance of clear, compact writing. The whole book is so thoroughly cheerful and wholesome, and, where there is a moral to be drawn in any piece, it is done with such restraint and delicacy, that we think it may be as popular with the mothers as with the babes.

We were agreeably disappointed on taking up "Jack Hazard" to find that it was not a reprint of the estimable but dull "Jack Hazard" of former days, but a brand-new biography written by Mr. Trowbridge. This Jack was a profane little driver on the Erie Canal thirty years ago, and his history goes to show how a boy with character and pluck and latent conscience may rise by his own exertions and a few favoring circumstances from the very lowest kind of life to respect and honor. The principal favoring circumstance in Jack's fortune was his Newfoundland dog, Lion. The dog had been singed in a fire, and no one befriended him but Jack, to whom he ever after owed allegiance. If it wasn't for the author's plain intention, we should say that Lion was the hero of this history; it is certainly his adventures which lend it its chief interest. He is to "Jack Hazard" what the horse Don Fulano was to Winthrop's "John Brent"; and we think it a little odd, with Mr. Trowbridge's habit of winding up his *dramatis personæ* in a handsome way, that he has omitted to mention at the close what became of Lion. To be sure, there is a sequel hinted at, and that may contain the desired information. Mr. Trowbridge certainly has a knack at painting Yankees, and the proverbial "mean Yankee" suffers no abatement at his hands. The boys' talk is as comical as it is realistic; and the slang he puts into their mouths is a triumph of either invention or memory. There is in this book, as in all its predecessors, a curious looking towards dramatization which may or may not be conscious. Miss Wansey and Mr. Pipkin are just ready for the stage, with the regular farce repetitions of set phrases in

their mouths, and with their utterly preposterous and illogical wedding at the fall of the curtain. Not that unlikely people do not frequently surprise us by marrying, but in a related story one requires some intelligible excuse for suddenly turning enemies into lovers. Jack's reform is, however, the point of the book which requires one more word. It is pretty fairly though liberally managed; that is, the process of sloughing off such a skin as he had is made to seem not a very difficult process. We are afraid a real canal-boy would have had more struggles, more slips backward, and been a little less of a Casabianca, keeping on picking red-root, while the Deacon had forgotten him, and the dinner-horn was blowing. Still, it is a cheerful fault, especially when the duty of analysis of hearts and heads is so fully performed in all the magazines for the young.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Abbott (E.), The Baby's Things; a Story in Verse	(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) $0 75
"Awful!" and Other Jingles	(G. P. Putnam & Son) 1 25
Butler (Rev. W.), The Land of the Veda	(Carlton & Lanahan)
Cathcart (G. R.), Youth's Speaker	(Ivison, Blakeman & Co.)
Curtius (E.), History of Greece, Vol. II	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Douglas (Marian), Picture Poems for Young Folks	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 50
Douglas (Amanda M.), Lucia: Her Problem	(Sheldon & Co.)
Du Chaillu (P.), The Country of the Dwarfs	(Harper & Bros.)
Edwards (Mrs. A.), Ought We to Visit Her?	(Sheldon & Co.)
Fish (D. W.), Arithmetical Examples	(Ivison, Blakeman & Co.)
Imogen, and Other Poems	(B. B. Russell)
Jepson (B.), Elementary Music Reader	(Chas. C. Chatfield & Co.)
Kendrick (Prof. A. C.), Our Poetical Favorites	(Sheldon & Co.)
Lawrence (W. B.), Disabilities of American Women Married Abroad	(Baker, Voorhis & Co.)
Morgan (J. A.), Macaronic Poetry Collected	(Hurd & Houghton) 2 75
Mulock (D. M.), Hannah; a Tale	(Harper & Bros.)

NEW YORK CHURCH BOOK STORE.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF THE LATE REV. DR. MAHAN. Edited by the Rev. J. H. Hopkins, jr. 3 vols. 8vo.

Vol. I. Church History.

Vol. II. Palmoni and Mystic Numbers.

Vol. III. Miscellaneous Writings.

Vol. I. will be ready about December 14. Price $4. The Subscription price for the set will be $10, payable, $3 on the delivery of Vol. I., $5 on delivery of Vol. II., and $2 on delivery of Vol. III.

THE RITUAL LAW OF THE CHURCH, with its Application to the Communion and Baptismal Offices. To which is added, "Notes upon Orders and the Articles." By Murray Hoffman, author of the "Law of the Church" and "Ecclesiastical Law in the State of New York." Price to subscribers, $3; to non-subscribers, $4. (In the Press.)

Persons wishing to avail themselves of the subscription prices of the above books should send their names and addresses at once to the Publishers.

NEW BOOKS.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By the Rev. G. Rawlinson, M.A. 18mo, cloth, 75 cents.

THE FOUR GOSPELS. Arranged in the form of an English Harmony from the Text of the Authorized Version. With Analysis and Four Maps. By the Rev. J. M. Fuller, M.A. Post 8vo, cloth, 75 cents.

COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. Containing the Acts, Epistles, and Revelation, according to the Authorized Version. By various authors. With Map. Crown 8vo, cloth, red edges, $3.

MORAL DIFFICULTIES CONNECTED WITH THE BIBLE. Being the Boyle Lectures for 1871, preached in her Majesty's Chapel at Whitehall. By the Rev. J. A. Hessey, D.C.L. Post 8vo, cloth, 75 cents.

THE MINISTRY OF NATURE. By Rev. Hugh Macmillan. 12mo, cloth, $2.

NEW AND CHEAP EDITIONS.

THE PRINCIPLES OF DIVINE SERVICE. An Enquiry concerning the True Manner of Understanding and Using the Order for Morning and Evening Prayers, and for the Administration of the Holy Communion in the English Church. By the Rev. Philip Freeman. 2 vols. 8vo, $6.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES. With an Epistle Dedicatory to the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D. By the Rt. Rev. A. P. Forbes, D.D., Bishop of Brechin. 8vo, cloth, $5.

LECTURES ON CHURCH DIFFICULTIES. By the Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A. With Introduction by the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, M.A. 12mo, cloth, $2 50.

POTT, YOUNG & CO.,
Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue, New York.

SONGS OF THE SPIRIT,
HYMNS OF PRAISE AND PRAYER TO GOD THE HOLY GHOST.
EDITED BY
Right. Rev. WM. HENRY ODENHEIMER, D.D.,
AND
Rev. FREDERICK M. BIRD.
650 pages small 4to, bound in cloth, gilt, $5.

The scope and spirit of the book are thoroughly catholic. All religious bodies and all schools of thought, which recognize the Deity of the Holy Ghost, are represented in it. The amount of material may surprise those who remember how little on this subject is found in ordinary Hymnals and Collections of Sacred Verse. The whole domain of hymnody has been drawn upon with no sparing hand. Few of the Hymns have been taken from other than original sources, and the text may be relied on as unaltered and unabridged in nearly or quite every case, except when the contrary is stated.

The book is elegantly printed on superfine paper, and is tastefully bound in cloth.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.,
770 Broadway, Corner Ninth Street, N. Y.
☞ *Sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price.*

THE LAND OF THE VEDA.
PRICE $4.

Being Personal Reminiscences of India; Its People, Castes, Thugs, and Fakirs; Its Religions, Mythology, Principal Monuments, Palaces, and Mausoleums; together with the Incidents of the great Sepoy Rebellion, and its results to Christianity and Civilization; with a Map of India and Forty-two Illustrations. Also, Statistical Tables of Christian Missions, and a Glossary of Indian Terms used in the Work and in Missionary Correspondence. By Rev. William Butler, D.D.

This is a large 8vo of 550 pages, profusely and admirably illustrated, and in mechanical appearance exceedingly attractive. Indeed, the Publishers as well as the author have spared no pains to make the work all that can be desired. Dr. Butler's long residence in India, and his intimate acquaintance and harmonious relations with the governmental authorities there, gave him special facilities for extensive observation and study, and his work, therefore, comes to us with the freshness and value of original information and direct personal investigation. It abounds with historic facts and current incidents, and furnishes the public with a large amount of valuable information on the varied and interesting subjects of which it treats. The style is vivid throughout, and in many parts exceedingly picturesque and interesting.

CARLTON & LANAHAN,
805 Broadway, New York.

ON the 30th instant will be published, No. 36, December, 1871, completing Vol. 3,
THE AMERICAN BIBLIOPOLIST:
A Literary Register and Monthly Catalogue of Old and New Books, and Repository of Notes and Queries.

The new Number will contain, with other articles, New York City in 1661, the Story of an Old Map. Notes on the History of Fort George. International Copyright. Newspaper Patronage. The New Zealander. The Copyrights of "Hamlet" and "Paradise Lost." Poems of Rev. Stephen Duck. Boswell and the Keeper of Newgate. Dr. Johnson and Charles Dickens. George Borrow's Works. Origin of Racine's Comedy of "Les Plaideurs." Story of Lavater. Viscountess Keith, a Relic of the Last Century. The Koran. The London Book Season. The late Sir Roderick Murchison. Mr. Prescott's Library. The late Thomas Roscoe. The Signers. A Receipt for a "Poem in Dialect." Origin of Chambers's Journal. A Scene at Carlton House. "Gutted" Oysters. Anecdote of Goethe. The late Mr. Babbage. A Catalogue of Holiday Books. A Catalogue of a Choice Collection of Works relating to the Drama. Literary Gossip. Book Notices, etc., etc.

Subscription $1 per year. Cheap Edition, 50 cents.
☞ Send stamp for Specimen Number.
J. SABIN & SONS, 81 Nassau St., N. Y.

A NEW (LITERARY) DEPARTURE.
A Comic Christmas Novel will be Ready To-day:

THE WALKING DOLL; or, The Asters and Dis-Asters of Society. By Orpheus C. Kerr. Being a new and wholly original Eccentrically Humorous Romance of Society; a perfectly fresh and interesting Love Story; an Ingenious Comedy of Perplexing Errors; a piquant Literary and Social Satire; a Romantic Study of Passion and Fashion; of Characters whimsical, sentimental, eccentric, and farcical. 12mo, (about) 350 pp., cloth extra, $1 50.

Also,

SHORT POEMS FOR SHORT PEOPLE. By Edgar Fawcett. A Delightfully Humorous Christmas Volume for Young and Old. 16mo, (about) 120 pp., cloth gilt, $1.

Early orders solicited from the Trade.
FRANCIS B. FELT & CO., Publishers,
91 Mercer Street, New York.

A MOST ACCEPTABLE PRESENT.
DR. JOHN HALL'S
PAPERS FOR HOME READING.
By Rev. John Hall, D.D.,
Of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church.
1 elegant 12mo, with Portrait, $1 75.

N. B.—A few copies in choice calf and morocco bindings for Presents.

This popular book is now in its fourth thousand.

DODD & MEAD, Publishers,
762 Broadway, New York.

CRITICAL AND SOCIAL ESSAYS. Reprinted from THE NATION, and in some measure supplying the place of the first two volumes of the paper, now somewhat scarce. Price $1 50. Address, Publisher of THE NATION, Box 6732, N. Y.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF CAPTAIN JOHN Brown. Edited by Richard D. Webb. The best ever written. With photograph showing the face without the beard. Price $1 50. Address, Publisher of THE NATION, Box 6732, N. Y.

IMPORTANT NEW WORKS

JUST READY, or to be Issued by

SCRIBNER, WELFORD & CO.,

654 Broadway, New York.

I.

THE DESERT OF THE EXODUS.

Journeys on Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wanderings, undertaken in connection with the Ordnance Survey of Sinai and the Palestine Exploration Fund.

By E. H. PALMER, M.A.,
Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

With Maps and numerous Illustrations, from Photographs and Drawings taken on the Spot by the Sinai Survey Expedition and C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake.

2 volumes 8vo, cloth extra, $7 50.

Messrs. S., W. & Co. have imported an Edition of this very valuable contribution to Scripture History, and, in order to place it within reach of all interested readers, have reduced the published price of $14 to $7 50, from which no discount can be given.

II.

AN ELEGANT AND USEFUL GIFT-BOOK.

ALPINE PLANTS.

Figures and Descriptions of the most striking and beautiful of the Alpine Flowers.

Edited by DAVID WOOSTER, F.R.H.S.

Illustrated by 54 Plates exquisitely colored, and attractively bound in cloth, extra gilt and gilt edges, with Flower Panel in colors on the side; royal 8vo, $10 50.

III.

STONES OF THE TEMPLE;

Or, LESSONS FROM THE FABRIC AND FURNITURE OF THE CHURCH. By Walter Field, M.A., F.S.A. Crown 8vo, with numerous Illustrations. Cloth extra, gilt top, $3 75.

IV.

A JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH.

From the French of Jules Verne. With 52 full-page Illustrations by Rion. 12mo, attractive cloth, extra, $2 50.

V.

Eastlake's New Work (to be Ready Next Week):

A HISTORY OF THE GOTHIC REVIVAL.

An attempt to show how the Taste for Mediæval Architecture which lingered in England during the last Two Centuries has since been encouraged and developed. By Charles L. Eastlake, Author of "Hints on Household Taste." With nearly 50 fine Plates. 1 vol. quarto, cloth extra, gilt top, $13 50.

The above works sent, post-paid, on receipt of the price, by

SCRIBNER, WELFORD & CO.,
654 Broadway, New York.

READY DECEMBER 15.

THE ARTIST EDITION

OF

TENNYSON'S NEW POEM,

THE LAST TOURNAMENT.

Illustrated by HAMMATT BILLINGS,

And uniform with the Artist Edition of "Enoch Arden." The designs by Mr. Billings are the best he has ever done.

J. E. TILTON & CO., BOSTON,

PUBLISHERS.

READY THIS WEEK BY

HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.

THE RIVERSIDE PRESS, Cambridge.

I.

FIRESIDE SCIENCE. A Series of Popular Scientific Essays upon Topics connected with Everyday Life. By James R. Nichols, M.D., Editor of Boston Journal of Chemistry. In 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, $1 50.

Some of the topics discussed are the metal to be used in Water-pipes, the Chemistry of a Hen's Egg, the Clothing we Wear, and Dr. Nichols's success in scientific farming has drawn from him some valuable notes and hints.

II.

THE METAPHORS OF ST. PAUL AND THE COMPANIONS OF ST. PAUL. By John S. Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester. Two volumes in one, with Illustrations, and an Introduction by Rev. Professor Hackett. 16mo, $1 25. (Published for American Tract Society.)

Dean Howson's great work, in conjunction with Dr. Conybeare, is sufficient guarantee for the value and excellence of this book.

NEXT WEEK:

CELIA THAXTER'S POEMS.

PIATT'S LANDMARKS, and new edition of his Western Windows.

RECENT BOOKS:

Morgan's Macaronic Poetry. $2 75.

Meline's Mary, Queen of Scots. $1 75.

Mrs. Richardson's Stories from Old English Poetry. $1 50.

Mrs. White's Little-Folk Songs. $1 25.

For sale by all Booksellers. Sent free of expense on receipt of advertised price by the Publisher.

THE BEST ENGLISH PERIODICALS.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY, EDINBURGH, WESTMINSTER, and BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEWS, and BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

Regularly and faithfully reprinted, at about one third the price of the originals.

TERMS.—Blackwood *or* any one Review, $4 a year; Blackwood *and* any one Review, $7; Blackwood and two Reviews, $10; Blackwood and three Reviews, $13; any three Reviews, $10; the four Reviews, $12; Blackwood and the four Reviews, $15.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE FOUR REVIEWS FOR OCTOBER.

THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO.,
140 Fulton Street, New York.

VALUABLE BOOKS

FOR

GIFTS AND LIBRARIES.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.,

110 WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON.

HAVE JUST ISSUED

A CATALOGUE OF BOOKS

COMPRISING

WORKS IN EVERY CLASS OF LITERATURE,

SELECTED FROM THEIR

LARGE AND EXTENSIVE STOCK.

☞ Sent free by mail to any address.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RAPHAEL OF URBINO, AND HIS FATHER, GIOVANNI SANTI. By J. D. Passavant, formerly Director of the Museum at Frankfort. With Twenty Illustrations, by the permanent Woodbury process. Royal 8vo, full gilt, $12.

"Deserves, and will probably meet with, the highest attention of all lovers of art and of artists. . . . The elegant and refined finish of the photographs deserves the highest praise."—*Boston Evening Traveller.*

N.B.—The Illustrations to this volume are by a carbon process, and cannot possibly fade.

WINE: a Treatise on Its Origin, Nature, and Varieties. Being a Complete Manual of Viticulture and Œnology. By J. L. W. Thudichum, M.D., and Auguste Dupré, Ph.D. Medium 8vo, with many Illustrations, $9.

"A treatise almost unique for its usefulness either to the grower, the vender, or the consumer of wine."—*Wine Trade Review.*

NEURALGIA, and the Diseases which Resemble it. By Francis E. Anstie, M.D., M.R.C.P., Editor of the Practitioner. 8vo, $3 50.

ON THE USE OF THE OPHTHALMOSCOPE in Diseases of the Nervous System and of the Kidneys, also in certain other General Disorders. By Thomas Clifford Allbutt, M.A., M.D., Cantab, Physician to the Leeds General Infirmary, etc., etc. With Colored Plates. 8vo, $5.

EXPERIMENTAL MECHANICS. A Course of Lectures delivered at the Royal College of Science for Ireland. By R. S. Ball, M.A. With many beautiful Illustrations. Medium 8vo, $6.

THE MINISTRY OF NATURE. By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, author of "Bible Teachings in Nature," etc. 12mo, cloth, $2.

THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS. By the Rev. F. D. Maurice, Professor of Casuistry and Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. New and revised edition. 12mo, cloth, $2 50.

THE THEORY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., Professor of Logic and Political Economy in Owens College, Manchester. 8vo, $3 50.

"This new work on Political Economy is destined, if we mistake not, to exercise far greater influence on the study of the science than the author seems to imagine."—*Manchester Examiner.*

THOUGHTS ON LIFE SCIENCE. By Edward Thring, M.A. (Benjamin Place), Head-master of Uppingham School. New edition, revised and enlarged. 12mo, $2 50.

MR. PISISTRATUS BROWN, M.P., in the Highlands. Reprinted from the London Daily News, with additions. Illustrated. 12mo, $1 75.

PATTY. BY KATHERINE S. MACQUOID, author of "Rookstone," etc. 12mo, cloth, $1 75.

CLARENDON PRESS PUBLICATIONS:

ELEMENTS OF ROMAN LAW. By Gaius. With a Translation and Commentary by E. Poste, M.A. 8vo, $6.

THE PHILOLOGY OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE. By John Earle, M.A., sometime Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford. 12mo, $2.

"Every page attests Mr. Earle's thorough knowledge of English in all its stages, and of the living Teutonic languages."—*Academy.*

MACMILLAN & CO.'S Select Catalogue of Books for Christmas and the New Year, containing all their Illustrated Holiday and Juvenile Books, sent free to any address on application to

38 BLEECKER STREET, New York.

LEE & SHEPARD

PUBLISH THIS WEEK

A NEW NOVEL OF SOCIETY.

RUBY DUKE.

BY MRS. H. K. POTWIN.

12mo, Cloth, - - - - - - - - - $1 50

By the Author of "THE GOLD-HUNTERS."

THE WHALEMEN'S ADVENTURES IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS AND ON THE PACIFIC COAST. By W. H. Thomes, Author of "The Gold-Hunter's Adventures," "The Bushrangers," and "The Gold-Hunters in Europe." 12mo, Illustrated, Cloth, $1 50.

By Prof. JAMES DE MILLE.

AMONG THE BRIGANDS. Being the first volume of a new series, "The Young Dodge Club." 16mo, cloth, $1 50.

By ELIJAH KELLOGG.

THE CRUISE OF THE CASCO. 16mo. Illustrated. $1 25.

THE PLEASANT COVE SERIES.

3 vols. Illustrated. Per vol., $1 25.

1. Arthur Brown, the Young Captain.
2. The Young Deliverers.
3. The Cruise of the Casco.

By SOPHIE MAY.

AUNT MADGE'S STORY. 24mo. Illustrated. 75 cents.

LITTLE PRUDY'S FLYAWAY SERIES. 3 vols. Illustrated. Per vol., 75 cents.

1. Little Folks Astray.
2. Prudy Keeping House.
3. Aunt Madge's Story.

By PAUL COBDEN.

THE TURNING WHEEL. By Paul Cobden, Author of "Who Will Win?" "Going on a Mission," etc. 18mo. Illustrated. $1 25.

THE RECKONING SERIES.

3 vols. Ill. Per vol., $1 25.

1. Who Will Win?
2. Going on a Mission.
3. The Turning Wheel.

☞ Sold by all Booksellers and Newsdealers.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

LEE, SHEPARD & DILLINGHAM, New York.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,

VOL. CXIV. 1872.

"If some scoffer were now to ask, 'Who reads an American essay?' we should have little difficulty in replying, that Boston produces at this moment one monthly and one quarterly magazine which are certainly equal to any two specimens of periodical literature of which London is the parent. . . . Let any man who doubts whether American essays finds many English readers endeavor to procure in England, either for love or money, a copy of last July's number of the 'North American Review'; nor let him forget also to enquire how many copies of the much-sought number have already been sold in London."—London Telegraph, 1871.

"The fact that, on the whole, the 'North American Review' has been kept abreast of its English contemporaries, being better than they fully as often as it has been worse, is greatly to the credit of our American men of letters. . . . It would be for the general good if the number of newspaper editors and newspaper readers who now see the 'North American' could be doubled and tripled; for in all the coutry there is hardly another source of sound scholarship and criticism in literature, and of careful thought on the questions that should occupy the politician, legislator, and sociologist."—The New York Nation, 1870.

Liberal inducements offered to the trade and to agents. The attention of all libraries and book-clubs is invited to the Review. For back numbers apply directly to the Publishers.

Terms, $6 a year. Single numbers, $1 50.

J. R. OSGOOD & CO., Publishers,

124 Tremont Street, Boston.

NEW BOOKS

JUST PUBLISHED BY

NOYES, HOLMES & COMPANY,

117 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

HUDSON'S REVISED EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLETE WORKS, the text carefully restored according to the first editions. New revised edition. With Introduction, Notes (original and selected), and a Life of the Poet. By the Rev. Henry N. Hudson, A.M. Eleven vols. 16mo, with contents lettered on the back of each volume. Steel Portrait. Price, $15 for the set.

Also, an ILLUSTRATED EDITION of the same. Containing nearly Two Hundred Steel Engravings (in outline). Eleven vols., gilt top. Price $22 for the set, in neat box.

A REVISED EDITION OF SHURTLEFF'S HISTORY OF BOSTON.

A TOPOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL DESCRIPTION OF BOSTON. By Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff. With ancient Maps and Plans. One vol. 8vo, 730 pp. Price $5. This valuable work, revised and corrected by the author, is now first offered to the trade and general public.

THE FOURTH GOSPEL. The Heart of Christ. By Rev. E. H. Sears, D.D. One vol. 12mo, 500 pp. Ready soon.

THE STORY OF GUTENBERG AND THE ART OF PRINTING. With numerous illustrations. An instructive and entertaining volume for all ages. New and handsome edition. Price $2.

EVERY DAY. A Book for Young Ladies. By the Author of "Katharine Morris," etc. 12mo. Price $1 50.

THE KNIGHTLY SOLDIER. A New and Revised Edition. By Rev. H. Clay Trumbull. Illustrated. Price $2.

Sold by all Booksellers.

NOW READY:

A NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION

OF

TENNYSON'S POEMS.

COMPLETE.

Cloth extra, $1 75; cloth gilt, $2.

PUBLISHED BY

J. E. TILTON & CO., BOSTON.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

MAGAZINE, *WEEKLY*, *BAZAR*,

$4 PER YEAR EACH.

$10 a Year for the Three.

$7 for any Two.

An Extra Copy of either gratis for every five Subscribers at $4 each in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE sent by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

JUST PUBLISHED.

HOMO VERSUS DARWIN.

A Judicial Examination of Statements recently published by Mr. Darwin regarding

"THE DESCENT OF MAN."

1 vol., 155 pages, with Illustrations, 12mo, cloth. Price $1.

*** This book has proved highly popular in England, and will no doubt be equally popular with American readers.

THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOR,

In accordance with custom and the laws of the Decalogue; treating of the evils existing in the systems of Labor at the present time, and the means necessary to effect reform. Translated from the French of M. F. Le Play, author of "Des Ouvriers Européens," and "La Reforme Sociale," by G. Emerson, M.D., M.A.P.S. One vol., 418 pages, 12mo, cloth. Price $2.

CASSAGNAC'S

HISTORY OF THE WORKING AND BURGHER CLASSES.

BY M. ADOLPHE GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC.

Translated by Ben. E. Green. 1 vol. 8vo, cloth, $2 50.

"This valuable work has been for some time out of print, and copies of it are exceedingly rare, therefore an American translation will be welcome."—Washington Chronicle.

"The work to the student of the labor problem is a treasure."—Trenton (N. J.) Gazette.

☞ For sale by Booksellers generally.

CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER,

PUBLISHERS,

Nos. 819 and 821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

THE COMPREHENSIVE SPEAKER,

Designed for the Use of Schools, Academies, Lyceums, etc., carefully selected from the best authors, with notes by Henry T. Coates. Large 12mo, 672 pp., half bound, cloth sides, $1 75.

From the New York Daily Tribune.

"It contains a judicious selection of pieces from the best authors, omitting all of doubtful morality, of a sectarian or political character, and of transient literary value. Great care has been taken in the selection of extracts to give the genuine text of the author, without the errors in quotation and punctuation which are such a frequent blemish in this class of school-books. A large proportion of the contents are from American authors, furnishing the materials for a comparative survey of our native literature."

From the Philadelphia Press.

"On careful examination, we do not hesitate to characterize it as the best compilation of its class that has ever come under our note. The merits of this large and valued collection are numerous. Hackneyed pieces have been carefully excluded, and political and sectarian pieces are not to be found in its pages. There are, of course, some humorous passages, in prose and verse, but none that are immoral or vulgar."

From the Christian Union. (Henry Ward Beecher, Editor.)

"Of course the work of compiling such a book as this is involves difficulties which do not appear to the superficial critic. The enormous mass of available matter has to be winnowed with great care and judgment; the hackneyed extracts, which in the days of the old United States Speaker were declaimed until every boy knew them by heart from simply hearing them, must be avoided; and yet it will not do to omit many of those thrilling passages in the Reply to Hayne, the Declaration of Independence, and a hundred others. Mr. Coates has certainly done his task well and faithfully, and the introductory remarks which precede the body of the work are characterized by good sense, and are evidently the result of considerable thought and observation. The plan of the volume is a natural subdivision of the selections first into prose and poetry, and then into narrative, historical, forensic, etc., the design evidently being that a reading class shall not go through, as it were, from Genesis to Revelations, but shall, in the judgment of the teacher, read 'Mrs. Caudle on Lending Umbrellas' on a rainy afternoon, or the 'Impeachment of Warren Hastings' when the public is excited about official corruptions. The selections are good so far as we have examined them—and we have done so with considerable care—being taken from the best current literature, as well as from that which will always be regarded as classical where the English tongue is spoken."

Send for a Descriptive Circular.

Copies sent to teachers on receipt of one-half the retail price.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,

822 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1871.

The Week.

THE President has sent in a message, accompanying the Report of the Civil Service Commission, announcing that he has adopted the rules recommended by it, and that they will go into effect on the first of January, and asking for an appropriation for the expenses of the permanent Advisory Board. The rules prescribe, as primary qualifications for appointments in the civil service, citizenship, knowledge of the English language, good character and health, and adequate age. The Advisory Board is to group the positions in each branch according to the character of the duties, and grade each group from the lowest to the highest, for the purpose of promotion within the group; and admission to the service shall always be, in the first instance, to the lowest grade of any group. All vacancies in the lowest grade of any group shall be filled by competitive examination of all persons who shall present themselves, after due public notice. The examiners shall then present the three candidates standing highest on the list, and from these the appointing power shall make its selection. All vacancies in grades above the lowest shall be filled by competitive examination from the members of the other grades of the same group. The remainder of this rule is as follows: "but if no such applicants are found competent, the appointment shall be upon an examination of all applicants, conducted in accordance with the provisions for admission to the lowest grade." All persons filling positions of trust, for whose fidelity another officer is responsible, must, however, have the approval of that officer. Postmasters drawing under $200 salary are to be appointed in the old way, but all persons appointed under these rules enter first on a probationary period of six months. The President appoints three examiners in each department, and they act under the supervision and regulations of the Advisory Board. Assessments on salaries for political purposes are strictly forbidden. The assistant secretaries of departments, Assistant Attorney-General, first Assistant Postmaster-General, Solicitor of the Treasury, Naval Solicitor, Solicitor of Internal Revenue, Examiner of Claims, the Treasurer of the United States, the Registrar of the Treasury, First and Second Comptrollers of the Treasury, the Judges, District Attorneys, Private Secretary of the President, Ambassadors, and divers other officials of like grade, as well, of course, as all officers to whose appointment the advice and consent of the Senate are necessary, are excepted from the operation of the rules.

We can only say that both the report of the Commission and the adoption of the rules by the President must be regarded as a great triumph of a great reform, whatever doubts one may entertain about the goodness of the President's intentions. We should have been better pleased with it if actual officeholders had been subjected to the tests here prescribed; but, in default of this, it is not too much to ask for the issue of an order similar to that which Mr. Green issued in the City Hall the other day, warning officers that they are to withdraw from politics, and assuring them that their political opinions and abstinence from political "work" shall in no way affect their hold on their places. We must insist that this is a necessary supplement to the new rules.

The great fight over the proposal to revive the Retrenchment Committee in the Senate has ended, after long and acrimonious debate, in the appointment of a Committee of Investigation, with full power to send for persons and papers during the present session of Congress, but with the condition of the civil service withdrawn from the enquiry. This is, to a certain extent, a triumph for the independent Republicans, but the Administration Senators have managed the composition of the committee to suit themselves. In defiance of parliamentary usage, they have put on it none of those who originally pressed for the investigation, and have only put on one Democrat, Mr. Bayard of Delaware. This is pretty dexterous and barefaced; but the affair, nevertheless, even considered from the Conkling and Morton point of view, has not been well managed. The committee consists of Messrs. Buckingham, Pratt, Howe, Harlan, Stewart, Poole, and Bayard, and they are to enquire into the expenditures; what offices ought to be abolished, and what salaries reduced, if any; what improvements can be made in the system of accountability in the care and disbursement of public money; whether any money has been paid out illegally, or officers employed without authority of law or unnecessarily, and to what extent the expenses may or ought to be curtailed. What will be the nature of the report which such a committee will make we cannot better foreshadow than in the words of a well-informed correspondent, who says that the majority will declare "that the Administration is without spot or taint, and presents a spectacle of ability and purity without parallel in the history of the world"; while Messrs. Pratt and Bayard, the minority, will declare "that since the reign of Nero and Caligula there has been no such shameless corruption and nepotism." These statements will be supported by a printed volume of evidence containing from 500 to 1,000 pages, copious extracts from which will be read in the Senate Chamber, to an audience consisting of a dozen listless spectators in the gallery, and a group of Senators chatting and smoking in the lobby.

We have said the affair was not, even from the Conkling-Morton point of view, well managed, because they might have heartily supported Mr. Trumbull's first proposition for general investigation—in fact, have pretended to court investigation, and then have got their own men on the committee with one or two Democrats as they have now, and so managed by adjournments and taking voluminous testimony to drag the thing along till the end of the session, and then reveal nothing after all. In this way they would have shielded the Administration just as effectually as now, and have avoided the terribly damaging debate of last week. They would have saved some of their partisans out of doors, too, from committing some great blunders. The New York *Times*, for instance, would have been spared the serious indiscretion of trying on men like Trumbull and Schurz the style of treatment it has found so effective in dealing with knaves like Hall, and Connolly, and Tweed. We can assure it that it not only seriously injures its own influence—which, after all that has happened, we should be sorry to see diminished—but makes itself ridiculous when it threatens to "expose" a man like Mr. Trumbull or Mr. Schurz, while whitewashing saints like Mr. Conkling. Mr. Morton, in the meantime, continues to pound his desk with his fists, and maintain that our civil service is "better than that of any European country, more free from abuses, equal in integrity, and more efficient than any other," and, in short, "the best in the world." This reminds one of the minister in Berlin who maintains that the world is flat and the sun goes round it, and says the "philosophers may laugh as they please, but he is happy as a child." Statements like these are not the articulate utterances of a legislator, however, but the snortings of a war-horse. The gallant old steed who gives them off is not a sagacious animal of his kind, either—for, only three short years ago, he was neighing for the payment of the United States debt in greenbacks, and the issue of unlimited paper for this purpose.

There has been a good deal of fuss made during the last three or four weeks over the interference of the United States troops to preserve order, after the fire at Chicago, on the demand of the mayor, Governor Palmer of Illinois distin-

guishing himself by the earnestness of his protests against it, addressed both to the State Legislature and the Federal Government; and he has been supported in his remonstrances by several grave, able, and emphatic articles in the New York *Tribune*. It is not alleged that the conduct of the troops was not admirable; that their commanding officer, General Sheridan, was not discreet as well as energetic; and that the force did not render valuable assistance in the days of panic and despair succeeding the fire. The objection to its employment, as made by Governor Palmer and the *Tribune*, is that the assumption by the United States of the task of preserving order by military force in the States, except on the demand of the State authorities, is a violation of the spirit if not of the letter of the Constitution, and, worse than this, familiarizes the public mind with arbitrary processes, so that many an error, by the same example, may rush into the State. We have observed, however, that these protests have made very little impression on the public mind, and we think we can give the reasons. One is, that the Force Bill of the last session of Congress has so prepared the people for Federal interference, even in doubtful cases, that they pay no attention to the possible consequences of such a precedent as the use of regulars to keep order on the site of a burnt city. The other is, that finding in the *Tribune* nearly every week impassioned defences of the exercise by the President, himself a military man, or nothing if not military, of the discretionary power of suspending the habeas corpus in any State in which he thinks proper to suspend it, for any reasons which to his mind seem sufficient, they laugh and wink when they come to the articles which commend Governor Palmer for his manly defence of the outworks of constitutional liberty.

The Committee of Investigation of the Legislature of South Carolina has made a report on the financial condition of the State, which is creditable for its fulness and frankness, particularly as the majority are colored men, and as that body last year took the enormous sum of $583,651 for "legislative expenses," and fitted themselves out with furniture and upholstery to the amount of $91,500. Between October, 1870, and November, 1871, the carpet-baggers increased the State debt of $6,655,856 by over $9,000,000, and have nothing to show for it. The treasury is empty, the credit of the State completely gone, and the January interest will probably not be paid. Not only have enormous amounts of bonds been issued, nobody knows for what, but they have been issued without authority of law. The report of the committee arraigning Governor Scott and the worthy Niles G. Parker, the State treasurer, for fraudulent over-issues, has been adopted in the House, and it was immediately followed by resolutions that both of them be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors. The resolutions were laid over under the rules. The impeachment ought, however, to be accompanied and followed by a common domestic prosecution for felony. Deposition from office by a "high court" for "high crimes" is all very well, but conviction by an ordinary criminal court of low crimes, and committal to an ordinary penitentiary, is what all our Ring thieves and peculators most need.

The Geneva Commission has begun its proceedings by electing Count Selopis, the Italian representative, as president. The "case" of the United States, as made up by Mr. Bancroft Davis, was presented, and contains a full recital of the facts, great and small, of what are known as the *Alabama* grievances, coupled with an equally full recital of all that the Government of the United States has thought or said about it. The story which was set afloat a few months ago, that this case was unsatisfactory to the counsel for the United States, Messrs. Cushing, Evarts, and Waite, was, let us add, a pure fabrication. The case forms a volume of 500 pages, and contains a French translation, and is accompanied by seven other volumes of papers and documents. It asks for compensation in a round sum for the loss of vessels and their cargoes; for the expense of pursuing the rebel privateers; for the loss sustained by the transfer of American ships to foreign flags, and increased cost of insurance; and for the prolongation of the war caused by the operations of these cruisers. In short, the case claims everything it is possible to claim, likely and unlikely. The total amount claimed for losses in vessels and cargoes caused by the depredations is in round numbers $19,000,000. This sum, or a sum sufficient in the estimation of the commission to cover all proved losses, with a reasonable margin for contingencies and doubtful cases, will, it is believed, be awarded, and the decision will probably be reached in the course of next summer.

The troubles of the New York Ring increase. The Grand Jury, which has been sitting for the last fortnight, has found indictments, and in some cases several indictments, against the principal thieves, beginning with Tweed. As many as fifteen have been proved against the wretched Connolly, and divers smaller rascals have been also visited in the same way. They are all being held to bail for trial at the General Sessions. Tweed has retained a great array of counsel, but his main reliance must be on the difficulty of getting a jury that will agree. The new Central Park Commissioners have got on the track of the great-souled Sweeny, and have detected that worthy in the perpetration of at least one job for which, even if it be not felony, he certainly ought to go to jail. In the meantime, there rages a most amusing discussion, in which Mr. Belmont, the banker, is said to be taking a prominent part on Hall's side, as to whether Hall has done anything even dishonorable. That the inventor of Mrs. Cunningham's "bogus baby" in the Burdell trial, and who, after ten years' service as District Attorney in this city, rose to be Mayor, should be held up to the world by sensible men as a deluded innocent, is perhaps one of the most singular incidents in the history of the Ring. Hall, for instance, not to go over the whole ground, was put by statute on a board of audit, to audit claims against the city. At the very first meeting, he moved a resolution that the whole business of auditing these claims be handed over to Tweed and Watson—who was killed last year, and who was what might be called the divider of the spoil—and the great frauds forthwith began. Now, about his share in this transaction Hall has told perhaps twenty falsehoods, we will not say lies, and if he was innocent, as his defenders would have us believe, we must believe either that he did not know what auditing meant, or that he did not, after several years' intimate intercourse, know the character of Tweed and Watson; or, in other words, that a man who had thoroughly succeeded in New York politics was a born natural. The story of the Ring would hardly have been complete without this sequel. On the theory on which Hall's champions are defending him, we should never discard a man's society or friendship unless we had actually seen him stealing, or forging, or had seen a bill found against him by a Grand Jury. In some cases, indeed, we should have to find some of our spoons in his pocket, and our shirts in his carpet-bag, before refusing to associate with him.

The wonderful ramifications of the Ring have been illustrated afresh during the present week. Three national banks have failed, mainly owing to their having been managed or controlled by members of the Ring, and to the inevitable loss of confidence entailed thereby. One of the three has been laboring for some time past under the effects of previous disaster, aggravated, it would seem, by too close relations with one of the Washington officials specially appointed to watch over the rectitude of its management. It shows courage and confidence on the part of the great majority of the banks to have allowed these three banks to suspend in a time of so much uneasiness and distrust, especially since one at least of them is reported to be amply solvent; and their action confirms the belief that the stronger financial institutions have for some time past been retracing their steps in the matter of expansion. The result is further shown in the improved aspect of the weekly bank returns, which, in spite of increased reserves, indicate a great decrease in loans. Money, in

consequence, is necessarily scarce and dear; and although the stringency is probably aggravated at times by Wall Street cliques, it is not to be denied that it is mainly natural, that credit is everywhere being curtailed, and that there is a steady growth in the feeling of caution, not to say distrust, to which our financial institutions have long been strangers.

The Hartford *Post* has been publishing the lobby bills of the cities of New Haven and Hartford incurred during the past two years in the dispute over the State capital. New Haven, as was natural, disbursed the most, $39,051 74, against Hartford's $16,921 75, the aggregate being $55,973 49. These sums, if they seem small in comparison with the fees of a New York lobby, or the price necessary to induce an American minister to lend his name to a mining speculation, are, nevertheless, having been in the main corruptly employed, far too great to leave a good character to the Connecticut Legislature. The *Post* has been very earnest in exposing this evil, and it now prints the bills of the two cities side by side, with sad results to the character of professional lobbyists. Several of them went from advocating the cause of New Haven as a semi-capital to that of Hartford as a sole capital, and so appear in both lists; generally demanding the same or else advanced wages for thus turning their coats, but occasionally coming down from $400 to $300, or even from $300 to $100—for Hartford's scale of hire was lower than New Haven's. The heaviest single charge on the taxpayers was "Incidentals, $2,000"; and for their "services and expenses," on one side or other, lawyers, editors, legislators, railroad commissioners, a member of the State Board of Education (who only wanted the school geographies simplified), a United States collector, assessor, and bank inspector, received pay along with the obscure and disreputable crowd who form the rank and file of the lobby, but whose compensation frequently exceeded that of the most prominent attorneys.

The European money markets continue to improve in ease, the American Syndicate has satisfactorily completed its loan negotiations, our credit abroad is steadily improving both for national and railroad securities, and foreign exchange and gold in our own markets continue low or declining. The success of recent efforts in the direction of curbing the insolent and fraudulent Erie management, following so closely upon the Tammany failure, is encouraging European investors, and new combinations are reported from England aimed at a total disruption of the Erie power, which is a worse disgrace even than Tammany itself. There are also rumors of intended criminal proceedings against some of the Southern State bond swindlers; and, altogether, there is a decidedly healthy reaction in public sentiment on the subject of honesty in the management of financial, municipal, or State institutions.

Trade is dull. The holiday trade of the city is said to be light, and, in spite of unusual efforts on the part of the dealers, complaints are very general. There are an unusually large number of failures among the smaller tradesmen, clearly indicating the unsatisfactory condition of the working-classes; and it is a somewhat suggestive and painful contrast to read at the same time the statements of the great jewellers and dry-goods and fancy-goods dealers, that the costliest and most valuable articles continue to have the best sale. The wholesale trade is always dull at this season. Cotton has again advanced, though the full advance has not been maintained. The crop is now pretty generally admitted to be materially below four million bales, and undoubtedly justifies an advance over the low prices of the summer. But in the present uncertain condition of European affairs, the shrewdest observers do not believe in a continuance of the recent extraordinary rate of consumption. The advance in price has, however, been so great, that several old houses, which had believed in lower rates, have failed amid some little excitement. The cotton market has recently become as great a field for gambling operations as Wall Street, and threatens to absorb some of the more unscrupulous elements, who no longer find their opportunities in the dull dealings of the Stock Exchange.

The Prince of Wales has recovered, contrary to all expectation, and apparently in violation of the rules of the medical art. As a great many newspapers had published well-written obituary notices of him, accompanied by appropriate reflections suggested by his case on the vanity of earthly grandeur and the stern impartiality of Death, and had even treated his decease as likely to bring speedy ruin on the British monarchy, his restoration is not unnaturally exciting a good deal of indignation and even some suspicion. It is broadly hinted that he was, after all, only "playing possum," and that the Queen, and the royal family, and the Court physicians were aiding in the hoax, with the view of exciting sympathy among "the masses," who had made up their minds to have a republic without further delay, but, hearing he was so sick, determined to postpone it. Sir Charles Dilke in the meantime continues his great crusade, but the wind is likely to be taken out of his sails, for his followers have determined to strip off his title. The "British Federal Council of Internationals" held a meeting the other day in London, at which they were visited by a deputation of the "Land and Labor League," inviting them to join in preparation for a grand meeting in support of Sir Charles and his speeches and the establishment of a republic. It then appeared, however, that in that body Sir Charles must be spoken of as "Citizen Dilke," and that under this appellation he would, if he behaved well, be made "the first President of the British Republic"; but it also came out that the Internationals had by no means made up their minds that they wanted a republic, or at all events that they would be content with a republic simply. "It was a republic," one citizen remarked, "which shot Rossel." We make bold to say, however, that reducing Sir Charles to "Citizen" Dilke would be like killing the goose that laid the golden egg. It is his baronetcy that makes his republicanism so valuable. In the meantime, violent discussions, which have been long brewing, show themselves in the ranks of the Internationals in England, the English members being by no means ready for the assault on the monarchy, and the Continentals denouncing them as traitors. Even such advanced reformers as Bradlaugh and Odger are now among the "sore-heads."

Mr. Robert Lowe, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has come to the defence of the monarchy in a speech delivered before a Mechanics' Institute in the north of England. He criticised Sir Charles Dilke, and with a fair show of reason, for not beginning his attacks on the monarchy in the House of Commons, where there would have been some one to answer him who knew something about the facts, and he charged him with various misrepresentations, only one of which, however, he exposed, viz., that the Queen has paid no income tax. He says she has paid it, like all other debts and dues, regularly. He made one point, too, which is in some degree corroborative of the view which we took in the last *Nation* of the Republican movement in England, and that is, that politics is not a speculative or metaphysical, but a practical science—that every government has to be tested by its results; and tested in this way, and conceding that the great ends of government are peace, liberty, and security, the British monarchy must be admitted, especially when compared with the other governments of the world, to have worked well. The Internationals, however, as well as most other reformers of our day, are not concerned about peace, liberty, and security, but about social reorganization, and they have as yet seen nothing in the history of that form of government called republicanism to lead them to expect from it any better things for their purposes than from the monarchical. We infer, therefore, and with great assurance, that the Republican movement in England is one of the smallest, feeblest, and hollowest movements of the day; that the only strong movement of the day is the Labor movement, and that it is prepared to accept either a republic or a monarchy, provided it furthers its own ends.

THE CONFLICT IN THE SENATE.

THE conflict which has raged during the past week in Washington over Mr. Trumbull's proposal to revive the Committee on Retrenchment has been very interesting for various reasons, but most of all for the light it throws on some of the political tendencies of our day. As all our readers know, the question whether a president should be eligible for a second term has been from the very beginning one of the vexed questions of American politics, the arguments on both sides being numerous and weighty. In the early days of the government, before politics had become a trade, and the civil service a mere party machine, opinion inclined towards the doctrine of eligibility, and it triumphed not only in the Constitution, but in popular practice under the Constitution. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Jackson all served a second term. Since Jackson's time, however, the doctrine has, under the Presidential intrigues for renomination, and the prostitution of the civil service to the promotion of personal and party ends, gradually declined in popularity.

The *Tribune*, which has of late been preaching the one-term principle very strongly, showed, the other day, that it rose, thirty years ago, to the rank of a cardinal article in the Whig creed. It had secured a sufficiently strong hold on the popular mind to make it highly probable that nothing but the expiration of Mr. Lincoln's term in the midst of a bloody war would have sufficed to set it aside, even in his case. We have recently argued against the supposition that it would of itself furnish a complete remedy for the corruption and disorder in the civil service, and, apart from the question of civil-service reform, see many grave objections to the people's binding themselves by a constitutional amendment never, under any circumstances, to re-elect the actual occupant of the Presidential chair.

We are not now going to discuss this point over again. We wish simply to call attention to the fact that the friends of the present Administration are now not only fighting against "the one-term principle," but are going far beyond the most advanced position ever taken up by the old advocates of eligibility for re-election by putting forward, with great heat and fury, the presumption —we do not think we exaggerate in describing it in this way— that the President is entitled to re-election as a matter of course— that is, not simply *may* be re-elected, but has a claim to be re-elected prior to that of all other candidates, known or unknown, and a claim so plain and obvious that all discussion of it, even, is a mark of "treason to the party," and of sinister motives; and all this six months before the nominating convention meets. Now, we do not hesitate to say that we think the fact that General Grant comes before the public for a second term with the civil service unreformed in every particular, and that he has not hesitated in a single instance in which it appeared likely to serve the Administration to use the patronage for electioneering purposes—using it in one instance even to interfere with the election of senators; and that he has shown as great laxity in his appointments as any of his predecessors, not excepting Andrew Johnson; and that the civil service is now an enormous as well as a corrupt machine, which makes its power felt in every village in the Union—constitutes of itself a full and sufficient reason, if not for rejecting his claims to re-election peremptorily, at least subjecting them, before the convention meets, to the strictest scrutiny. No scrutiny on such an occasion can be too strict. The question, "What use have you made of the powers with which we have armed you?" is one which, when addressed to the head of a popular government, is always in order, and can in the nature of things never be impertinent, or ill-advised, or unseasonable; and all refusal to answer, or restlessness under investigation, or curious speculation as to the motives of the persons making it, raises, and ought to raise, a presumption of abuse of some sort or other. There is nothing the people cannot better afford to do than let the person into whose hands it has put this vast machine refuse to allow any authorized enquirer to look into its working. Nevertheless, Mr. Trumbull's proposal to revive a Committee of Enquiry —a lawful body, lawfully organized, to ask lawful questions about the public affairs—has been resisted, and almost successfully resisted, at Washington on two grounds—one, that it would be used to injure the President's chances of renomination, to which he is presumptively entitled; the other, that the proposer is a factious man, whose aims are not high. We do not mean anything personally disrespectful to the President or his friends when we say that these pleas are almost identical with those used by our Ring to ward off the examination of their accounts. What Hall and Connolly said was—first, that there was nothing wrong; secondly, that if there was anything wrong, they would set it right themselves; and, thirdly, that the motives of the would-be investigators were interested and low.

We shall probably be told that our objection to General Grant's renomination, based on the condition of the civil service, has no force, inasmuch as he is engaged in reforming it on the very eve of an election. But to this there is the obvious answer that, even if the occurrences of the last four years threw no doubt on his sincerity, the reform now on foot does not affect any person now in office. We have not seen the Commissioners' report, and may be mistaken on this point, but we believe we are not. The present incumbents hold their places without liability to examination, but with liability to arbitrary dismissal, and they are the result of four years' careful sifting of the service by experienced hands, so that a better disciplined or more devoted body of mercenaries has probably never gone into a canvass; and that they are going into the canvass, all reforms and promises of reform to the contrary notwithstanding, and that they will be used skilfully to fill the convention with "Grant delegates," no reasonable man really doubts. The reform will thus begin when there is nothing more to be gained by the abuse. We do not say that the fact that General Grant has not reformed the civil service, and that he has used it freely for electioneering purposes, and made most disreputable appointments, are conclusive reasons why he should not be renominated; but we do say that they are reasons why the question of renominating him should receive the fullest and freest discussion, and why every sort of light should be thrown on it, and why those of his creatures who seek to stifle enquiry by assailing the persons who propose it should be peremptorily silenced. But no such reasons are needed. The one reason why every administration should answer freely, with persons and papers, regarding every item of its conduct, is that it holds the purse and uses the force of a free people.

Apart from this general principle, however, there is reason enough in the history of General Grant's administration for a rigid enquiry. It has been marked by numerous and heavy frauds and defalcations. Postmasters, paymasters, collectors, assessors, Treasury clerks, and bank examiners have all been stealing, embezzling, and betraying their trusts on a great scale. It is only the other day that it was found necessary to count over the bonds and money in the Treasury at Washington to see whether the two clerks who had been detected as defaulters the previous week were the only ones. A short time before, another clerk had been found out helping a knavish Congressman to get payment for the sham claims of sham soldiers. A short time before that, it was found that a paymaster had made away with half a million; almost the same day it was found out that an assistant-postmaster had stolen one hundred and fifty thousand. Since then, a man whose business it is to keep the Government and the public informed of the condition of the National Banks is found to have been silent when he ought to have reported, and "to have been silent," as Grattan said, "for money." Moreover, all these facts come to light at a moment when the country is being literally desolated by Rings; when the treasuries of many States and many cities are discovered to be in the hands of thieves; when nearly everybody, high and low, is "on the make"; when our very ambassador at a foreign court is accused of selling, not his own poor name, for that would be nothing, but the dignity and trust with which a great nation had clothed him, to a board of speculators to enable them to secure the money of widows and orphans for a tumid mining venture.

Now, we do not blame the Administration for all this. It is in part the fault of the condition of the civil service, in part the fault of the times in which we live, and the social conditions by which we are surrounded. Some of these frauds, Paymaster Hodge's, for instance, might have occurred anywhere or under any system. But surely their occurrence shows that there is something wrong, and surely the success which has attended them, and the accidental way in which nearly all of them have been discovered, naturally and fairly suggest the inference that there are others just as bad which might be discovered, if search were made. The President himself admits that there is a great deal wrong by his attempting to reform the civil service. If that worked well, why reform it? And if it be not yet reformed, who shall doubt the right or duty of Congress to overhaul it from top to bottom? It will not do, to recur again to the example of our own Mayor Hall, to declare, when frauds are brought to the President's notice, that they do not exist, or, if they do exist, that he is not responsible for them, but, anyhow, will not have them investigated lest his enemies should discover something that might damage him.

The course for the public to pursue at this time is plain enough. Nobody has any right to object to General Grant's offering himself, or to others offering him, for re-election; nor can we find fault with them for putting forth the acts of his administration in as favorable a light as possible in support of his claims. They are things to be considered, and carefully considered. But, on the other hand, the people, and all parts or portions of the people, have a perfect right to discuss his claims fully, to consider well the propriety of re-electing him, and to do this with a complete immunity from all let or hindrance or incentive on the part of the Administration, and from all imputations on their honesty, and purity, and political soundness.

THE "CONDITION OF THE LABORER."

THERE is a good deal, of course, to be said in favor of Mr. Hoar's bill providing for the formation of a Commission to enquire into and report upon the condition of the laboring population of the United States, and the way and extent to which it is "affected by existing laws regulating commerce, finance, and currency." That such a Commission ought to form a permanent part of our administrative system, no thinking man doubts. That Congress should ever attempt one particle of legislation affecting directly or indirectly the industrial system of the country, without having before it such reports as such a Commission would furnish, is greatly to be regretted. But when one considers that we had such a Commissioner for three years, and that he published very valuable reports, and that the President dismissed him on the demand and with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, because a certain class of manufacturers did not like his conclusions, and because the Secretary of the Treasury thought *he* could get all the information *he* needed about the industrial condition of the country by looking out of the car-windows as he travelled about, one does not feel very hopeful about the results of any fresh enquiry of the same nature. The reports of such a Commission are pretty sure to be distasteful to somebody, and that somebody is pretty sure to try to get it dismissed for not forming or expressing a different opinion, and, if the Administration has no more nerve or wisdom now than it had two years ago, we should simply be treated to another discreditable farce. Owing to the strength of the money-making spirit, and to the wide diffusion of the Sentimentalist view of society, it is getting to be very difficult to secure the services of a really honest and scientific investigator in any department of industry. If he draws inferences which conflict with the views of speculators, or of protected manufacturers, or manufacturers seeking protection, he is denounced as an enemy of the country, and unfit to receive its pay—as in the case of Mr. D. A. Wells, the State geologist of Missouri, who was abused in the Legislature and finally dismissed the other day, for saying there was no tin in St. Louis County. If, on the other hand, he maintains that the facts indicate the impossibility of mending certain matters by legislation which the Sentimentalists insist that nothing but legislation can mend, he is accused of having a "bad heart," and of being a selfish voluptuary, or being in league with selfish voluptuaries. Indeed, the "scientific man" who is just now most in favor with politicians (who are nearly all "on the make," to use the expressive slang of the City Hall) and with humanitarians is he who settles beforehand what the facts ought to be, and then finds them just where he wanted them and just what he wanted them. We trust, therefore, that if, as proposed, Congress should commit the appointment of this Commission to the President, he will avoid putting on it any man, no matter what his pretence to a knowledge of our industrial condition, who is directly aided in making money by any existing legislation, and also avoid putting anybody on it simply because he is a "good man." "Good men"—that is, men with "large hearts" and very indifferently stocked or very soft heads—are pretty sure to do mischief when they are allowed to meddle with the machinery of society. Their proper sphere is simply that of firemen, and the sole duty they can safely perform is keeping the steam up. We hope, also, that, when the Commission has made its report, the President will have the nerve to stand the criticism it calls forth, and not conclude, because it is distasteful to a large number of persons, that all reports are vanities, and that the true rule to follow in legislation is, after all, the rule of thumb.

There is one other point to which it is perhaps worth while to call the attention of gentlemen like Mr. Hoar, who are taking up the labor question as a specialty, and whose character and position are likely to give weight to what they say on it, and that is the facility with which their utterances may excite wild and unreasonable expectations among that immense body of laborers who know nothing about the machinery of society except that their own part in it is hard and toilsome. Mr. Hoar's assertion that "the general rules or administrative regulations of the International Association were adopted in October last, in London, by delegates comprehending the leading minds from all the civilized nations of the world," indicates, if correctly reported, either peculiar views as to what constitutes a "leading mind," or else a decided want of soberness in his own mode of approaching the labor problem. The "General Council," which may fairly be supposed to contain the élite of the Association, does not present the name of a single person possessing any claims whatever to intellectual pre-eminence; and we venture to assert that its meetings have not been attended by anybody who is, in any civilized nation, looked on as remarkable for either grace, wisdom, or understanding. Moreover, "the General Rules of the Association" contain nothing whatever that the feeblest minds which have ever taken up the labor problem are not capable of conceiving, and nothing which in the smallest degree contributes to its solution. Indeed, the statement of principles contained in their preamble and resolutions is simply a repetition of the vague and vapid generalities which may any day be heard from the half-dozen demagogues and worn-out agitators who have, in this country, recently made "labor reform" their hobby. Here it is, and we should greatly like to know for what Mr. Hoar, after having read it, finds himself indebted to "the leading minds" which composed it:

"CONSIDERING,

"That the emancipation of the working-classes must be conquered by the working-classes themselves; that the struggle for the emancipation of the working-classes means not a struggle for class privileges and monopolies, but for equal rights and duties, and the abolition of all class-rule;

"That the economical subjection of the man of labor to the monopolizer of the means of labor, that is, the sources of life, lies at the bottom of servitude in all its forms, of all social misery, mental degradation, and political dependence;

"That the economical emancipation of the working-classes is, therefore, the great end to which every political movement ought to be subordinate as a means;

"That all efforts aiming at that great end have hitherto failed from the want of solidarity between the manifold divisions of labor in each country, and from the absence of a fraternal bond of union between the working-classes of different countries;

"That the emancipation of labor is neither a local nor a national, but a social problem, embracing all countries in which modern society exists, and depending for its solution on the concurrence, practical and theoretical, of the most advanced countries;

"That the present revival of the working-classes in the most industrious countries of Europe, while it raises a new hope, gives solemn warning against a relapse into the old errors, and calls for the immediate combination of the still disconnected movements;

"FOR THESE REASONS—

"The International Workingmen's Association has been founded.

"IT DECLARES:

"That all societies and individuals adhering to it will acknowledge truth, justice, and morality as the basis of their conduct towards each other, and towards all men, without regard to color, creed, or nationality;

"That it acknowledges *no rights without duties, no duties without rights.*"

Now, we think we are stating the experience of nearly every thoughtful and conscientious man, not connected with the agitating machinery of the labor question, when we say that no information of the smallest value as to what is meant by the phrases, "labor reform" or "emancipation of labor," is ever to be obtained from the speeches and resolutions of those who have the matter in charge; and yet, upon the meaning of these phrases, as used by these persons, the value of their exertions and their exact place in the estimation of the world must depend. That "the emancipation of the working-classes must be conquered by the working-classes themselves" may be true; but from what is labor to be "emancipated"? Who is "the monopolizer of the means of labor"? What is "the economical subjection of the man of labor"? What is "the economical emancipation of the working-classes" to which "every political movement is to be subordinated"? What is the special value of the acknowledgment by the members of the Association "of truth, justice, and morality as the basis of their conduct towards each other, and towards all men," as long as we do not know what they mean by "truth, justice, and morality," and as long as we do know that Simon de Montfort, Philip II., Robespierre, Jefferson Davis, and Tweed all professed to take truth, justice, and morality "as the basis of their conduct" towards all men? Finally, what do we care, or need we care, about anybody's admission that every right has its correlative duty, and every duty its correlative right, unless we know in what sense he uses the terms "right" and "duty"? Slave society had its system of morality, in which rights and duties figured as prominently as in any other society, but, somehow, a large proportion of its population were exposed under the law to frequent "larrupings" and daily robbery.

Now, we maintain that it is the duty of every politician—and especially of every politician whose words and character have weight—before either endorsing the International Association or launching himself into an agitation for the legislative amelioration of the laborer's condition, to form in his own mind a clear and distinct conception of the nature of the evils of the laborer's condition, and the precise character of the remedies he proposes for them, and to express this conception *in a plan of reform* put down in black and white, and not in vague commonplaces about "emancipation," and "servitude," and "subjection," and "progress," and "elevation," and "monopoly." We have had, heaven knows, declamation enough, and enough "preambles and resolutions" and "administrative regulations" for agitating associations. We desire now to know, once for all, what the "man of labor" seeks and what he wishes to have done with "the monopolist of the means of labor," and what he has in his mind when he discourses of "rights" and "duties." That the working-classes are discontented and ill off, everybody knows. What we wish to learn is the nature of those changes in the machinery of society by which it is proposed to put an end to their misery.

Undoubtedly, there are in legislation, in custom, in tradition, and, above all, in ignorance, great hindrances in the way of the mass of men in choosing their work, and in carrying its product to the general store, and in getting their fair reward for it, but these hindrances consist largely in restraints on individual freedom. By all means let us have them cleared away, and free play given to human faculties; but let those who see these restraints describe them accurately, and ask for their removal by name, and stop prating to us about "emancipation" in general. Above all things, let us have an end to all schemes for the regeneration of society which simply propose to substitute one set of "directors" for another. The world is sick, or ought to be, of plans like Louis Blanc's old one, of reorganizing industry on the basis of "giving to each according to his wants, and exacting of each according to his capacity." There is, and has to be, at the bottom of all these schemes a court or tribunal, made up of *men*, whose business it will be to determine what each person's wants are, and what his capacity is; and here you have at once the machinery of a tyranny as odious as the Inquisition and as blighting as the rule of Turkish pashas. In nearly every recent plan for the elevation of the laborer, one can, by a little scrutiny, discover some arrangement for "looking at the world as God looks at it," or, in other words, of setting those eminent philosophers and humanitarians, Brown and Smith, to administer "divine justice"—that is, to give everybody what Brown thinks his exact due, and get from everybody what Smith pronounces his precise duty, by the mere word of command; or, in other words, to do work which only the Creator is competent to do, and which, if it were desirable to have it done, we may be sure the Creator would have done long ago, without waiting for the formation of the International Association. If we are to have the nature of our labor and the extent of our income cut out for us by a Board of Control, pray what should we gain by having it composed of M. T. Boon, G. H. Buttery, Jules Johannard, and Walery Wroblewski, of the International, instead of A. T. Stewart, Moses Taylor, Tom Scott, and Jay Cooke? And if the possession and use of our accumulated wealth is now in bad hands, should we gain by handing it over every year to gentlemen who have thus far seldom succeeded in making a decent livelihood for themselves?

TABLE-TALK IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, December 1, 1871.

I FEAR that my present letter, if it is in any degree to reflect faithfully the condition of the ordinary English intellect, must be of a rather gossiping kind. No new topic attracts public attention, though a good many minor discussions of more or less interest are occupying (to use Lord Westbury's phrase) what we are pleased to call our minds. I will venture to refrain from any profound politico-philosophical discussion, and to ask your readers for once to imagine themselves placed at a London dinner-table, and to be listening to the conversation of a set of average guests. After the necessary tribute to the weather, which, during the last month, has out-Novembered the usual atrocities of an English November, they may be pretty sure that one subject will emerge above the confused hubbub of commonplaces. An animated discussion will take place as to the rights and wrongs of that endless trial which has just reached its fifty-fifth day, and which bids fair to have a run surpassing that of many successful plays. The opinions expressed will be of the most contradictory kind, half the company probably maintaining that the claimant to the Tichborne estates is obviously an impostor, and the other half maintaining as resolutely that he is establishing his identity beyond all cavil. It is a very pretty quarrel, on the rights of which I may not speak; though I will venture to say that it is generally remarked (I believe that the rumor is also contradicted) that the bonds upon which the claimant raised the necessary sinews of war have recently been rising in value. This controversy, however, is beyond my legitimate sphere, and I will only venture the confession that, idiotic as my conduct may be, I have wasted as much time in studying the aspects of the suit as would have sufficed for getting up the literature connected with Junius, with the Man in the Iron Mask, and half-a-dozen other so-called historical problems.

Probably, after a time, the conversation will change as the guests perceive it to be necessary to avoid so inflaming a topic, and the next question will most likely be the merits of Sir Charles Dilke. If a colonel, a conservative member of Parliament, or a royal chaplain should be of the party, I need not say that poor Sir Charles will be denounced in language such as an orthodox preacher would apply to Tom Paine, or such as Burke would have thought fit to characterize the French regicides. Indeed, as I have imagined the scene to be laid at a dinner-party, where people appear in dress-coats and white ties, I fear that the voice of condemnation will be pretty loud and unanimous. I ought to remark, in fairness, that, since I wrote last, Sir Charles has maintained that his language was misrepresented by the London papers, and that he did not found an argument for republicanism on the assertion that the Queen's salary was extravagant. However, his language was scarcely prudent on any showing, if he desires popularity

with the tolerably well-dressed classes. The lower ranks of constituents seem to sympathize with him a good deal, and pass resolutions expressive of their approbation of his straightforward manliness, and so on. They have rather a more disagreeable mode occasionally of testifying their admiration, as most of the meetings, which he continues industriously to hold, result in something strongly resembling a free fight. Republicanism, indeed, in England, seems, if one may judge from such reports, to be in a state of rather boyish exhilaration. The discussions show more symptoms of sheer delight in a disturbance than of earnest revolutionary feeling. The most vivid account of any of the intended manifestations that I have seen describes how an orator, of more conservative tendencies than most of his audience, succeeded in making a great point by declaring that the main organ of republican principles in the country had only been kept alive by means of a raffle for a blanket. His declaration tricked the fancy of his hearers, who displayed, by a sort of good-humored laugh, noisy appreciation of the absurdity of the proceeding.

When Sir Charles Dilke has sufficiently exercised the talent for invective of the company, it is possible that conversation may turn upon the illness of the Prince of Wales. I hope that by the time this letter reaches you the illness may have taken a favorable turn, though we are not as yet relieved from all anxiety on the subject. If one may believe in the rather gushing eloquence of the *Times*, our anxiety must be keen indeed. That leader of respectable public opinion declares with abundant emphasis that we all rush every morning to the telegraph reports, and go about our business with spirits permanently elevated or depressed, in accordance with their favorable or unfavorable nature. I cannot say, to speak quite candidly, that I have observed this warmth of public feeling. Perhaps, if we may slightly modify Rochefoucauld, there is something not altogether unpleasing in the misfortunes of the most eminent public men. However that may be, there is, of course, a good deal of sympathy for the danger of a prince who, if he is not precisely a popular idol, is still fairly esteemed as princes go at the present day. Illogical as it may be, people are apt to assume that a royal personage in a fever feels a much greater pang than when a pauper dies. Everybody would be glad to hear that so highly-favored a career is not to be cut short prematurely; but it would not be right to say that we are in such an agony of suspense as is sometimes produced by the danger of a deeply-loved hero. And, somehow, it is rather odd to find a column devoted to the illness of the prince placed side by side with a column devoted to the disloyal eloquence of Sir C. Dilke and his supporters. As the conversation diverges from this topic, it may, perhaps, take a more general political turn. In that case, we may hear a discussion as to the reality of the Conservative reaction, which has been talked about any time these ten years. It is supposed to have been recently manifested in the return of Conservatives for Plymouth in place of the Liberal Sir R. Collier, who has been raised to the bench. Although certain local questions, and a dispute about the liquor trade, obscured the more general party issues, it cannot be denied that the election was indicative of divided counsels and diminished zeal on the part of Mr. Gladstone's supporters. The more recent election at Dover has resulted in the election of Sir G. Jessel, who has been appointed Solicitor-General, and who, as I may add in passing, is the first Jew who has ever occupied that distinguished position. The majority, however, was not great, and there were considerable secessions from both parties. The Conservative candidate was weak, and it is considered rather ungracious to oppose the re-election of a member whose seat has been vacated by appointment to office without some special reason. If the Conservative reaction is not strong at Dover, neither can it be said that the Liberal party showed any remarkable zeal. Probably the truth is that serious discontent with much of Mr. Gladstone's recent policy is combined, in the minds of many people, with an utter want of confidence in Mr. Disraeli, and thus the recent elections show rather a lukewarm loyalty to our accepted leaders than an absolute turn of the tide.

A quaint illustration of this feeling has been recently exhibited at the Scotch universities. It is the custom here, as you probably know, for the students to elect annually some distinguished man to the honorary post of Lord Rector. Mr. Mill, for example, Mr. Froude, and Mr. Carlyle have recently received that honor, and each of them delivered an able address on the occasion. In the present case, the Conservatives boast of having won a triumph. Sir W. Stirling Maxwell—a man whom Scotch students might properly delight to honor on many other grounds besides his Conservatism—was elected in preference to Sir Roundell Palmer at Edinburgh. Mr. Disraeli was elected by a very large majority over Mr. Ruskin at Glasgow, whilst Mr. Ruskin had a recompense by receiving the votes of the students at St. Andrews. It would be absurd to reckon these results as any serious indication of the popular feeling in Scotland. The students are for the most part very young men, and have the amiable enthusiasm of youth in favor of any one of great political or literary reputation. Even if the result really indicates that just now there is a Conservative tendency among these very excellent young men, it does not follow that any corresponding change is taking place in the country at large; and, after all, it is rather difficult to discover what precise meaning, political or otherwise, is to be attached to the fact that amongst a certain number of Scotchmen, of the average age of nineteen, Mr. Disraeli is preferred to Mr. Ruskin as the deliverer of an address. Mr. Disraeli's Conservatism is of a curious shade, and Mr. Ruskin is, I imagine, the one member of his party. Perhaps it is more worth noticing that Mr. Herbert Spencer would apparently have been elected at St. Andrews had he consented to stand. It is, at least, some proof that his reputation is spreading amongst the rising generation. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to look forward to Mr. Disraeli's appearance in the character of a distributer of good counsels to ingenuous youth.

This old-fashioned ceremony reminds me that an illustration has recently been given of the manners and customs of our English undergraduates which is not altogether so satisfactory. The young gentlemen at Oxford made so disgraceful an exhibition of themselves at the last commemoration here, that the University has found it desirable to give leave for that time-honored ceremony to be held in future in some place to which they could not have access. A good deal of indignation has been expressed at the mode in which the flower of our rising generation disgraced themselves at this species of annual saturnalia. They had behaved recently rather after the manner of a well-known assembly, influenced by Alexander the Coppersmith, only that, instead of crying out for two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," they yelled for about the same space, "Turn out the man with the red tie," and thereby considerably interfered with the dignity of an academical celebration. The fact is, that discipline has been allowed to become rather undesirably relaxed at the universities, which has been partly the cause, though rather perhaps the consequence, of the recent rage for muscular excellence. The simple-minded youth who consider eminence in rowing and cricket to be the first duties of an English citizen are apt to be over-boyish in their manners as in their minds. This tendency, which, I think, has been too severely condemned, and which has certainly been caricatured in some recent writings, has, nevertheless, been undoubtedly carried to an absurd and pernicious excess, and the need of some reform is very generally felt. I see, however, no reason to doubt that the necessary remedies will be applied, for, whatever the faults of our universities, they are certainly endeavoring with praiseworthy earnestness to raise the general standard of learning, and are showing more activity than has been displayed in recent times. Now that the question of tests has been got out of the way, we have a prospect of some more important practical reforms; but as that is a large question, and one which will not be settled in a day, I shall seek for some future opportunity of saying a few words on the subject.

Correspondence.

THE HIGH PRICE OF WOOL.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The falling off in the wool product of Ohio does not help Mr. Edward Atkinson's argument. That result is traceable chiefly to two causes: 1. The Government demand for woollens during the war had the tendency to make sheep-growing profitable, and we came to the close of the war with a very large increase of sheep. But this was true only of sheep. The war caused an enormous waste of horses, mules, hogs, beef cattle, etc. Your paper stated that our stock of these animals, in 1865, was not more than seventy (70) per cent. of what it would have been under the operation of the ordinary law of increase. Beef remained very high, wool decreased in value, and the raising of cattle became more profitable than the raising of sheep. 2. The Solons who framed the present tariff put a duty on fine wools almost prohibitory, but they omitted to put a *duty on sheep-skins*, and the wool-growers of Australia, the Cape, and Buenos Ayres killed their sheep and sent us the skins with the wool on. From this source, a large proportion of our supply of fine wool was derived for two or three years. This defect in the bill was remedied last January, since when, and *only since when*, the American wool-grower has had the benefit of the heavy duty, and wools are higher now than at any time since the war closed.

In the meantime, our supply of beef cattle is much increased, and it is not hazarding much to say that sheep-culture will largely increase under the stimulus of the present high prices. Sheep may not be grown so largely as formerly in Ohio. An appeal to the statistics of any one State is unfair, there are so many conditions which govern it. For instance, it is affirmed that sheep cannot be grown to profit in the older States, where land is worth $100 per acre or more. But we are having now a large increase of sheep-

culture in our outlying States and Territories; and the capacity of Texas, California, New Mexico, and Colorado is almost boundless.

WOOL DEALER.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 4, 1871.

[The publication of this letter has been unavoidably delayed. During the early history of New England, when the "noble red man" was somewhat more common than at present, it was a general habit with a large class of persons who were not accustomed to reason very correctly concerning the relation of cause and effect, to attribute every extraordinary or untoward circumstance to the influence of the "pesky Ingin." If a cow was lost in the forest, the "Ingin" had made way with it; if the season was unusually dry or wet, the "Ingin" had either been burning the swamps or forests, or else he had not; and the occurrence of epidemics or pestilences was even set down not unfrequently to the same personal agency. The "Ingin" was dark in his person and mysterious in his doings, and therefore his connection with whatever was difficult to account for was to some minds conclusive. Now, what the "Ingin" once was to the common people of New England, the tariff has, under the inspiration of Mr. H. C. Carey, become to the people of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania. Its increase, with them, is the source of all national good; its absence, the source of all national evil. Mr. Carey even goes so far as to teach that the potato-rot, the squash-bugs, the canker-worms, the plum-curculio, and the gnats which prey upon our early radishes are all indirectly attributable to the tariff; and that we may not be accused of misrepresentation, we quote *verbatim* from one of Mr. Carey's recent articles. Speaking of agricultural commodities, he says: "Disease tends to disappear as population grows and a market is created near at hand." In proof of this, Mr. Carey might have referred to the potato-rot in Ireland, the disease among the silk-worms of France, the cattle plague of Germany, or the rust in celeries, but he does not; and again he says: "The man who has a market at his door finds both blight and insects banished from his land;" which is another mode of saying that vine-worms, squash-bugs, curculio, oïdium, and rust in celery and wheat do not occur in the neighborhood of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, but do in the remote interiors, in California or on the prairies of Kansas, and would not occur anywhere if we always had a sufficient tariff to create an adequate home market.

It seems to us that our correspondent in Philadelphia, when he attributes the rise in the price of wool to the increase of duty on sheep-skins, must have been somewhat indoctrinated with this local theory; but that, if he will take a review of all the facts concerned, he will soon undeceive himself. What are the facts?

1. An increased duty on sheep-skins went into effect last January, but there was no rise in wool until midsummer.

2. It would seem to need no argument to prove that, if the rise in wool was confined to the United States, the cause must be local; but that, if the increase occurred all over the world, and commenced first in places outside of the United States, the cause was in no way local, but general. Now, the rise in wool commenced in Europe, has extended all over the world, and is experienced more fully to-day in Europe than it is in the United States. Our correspondent would have us believe that the increase of the duties on an importation of 20,000,000 pounds of fine wool on the skin into the United States has advanced the price of over one thousand millions of pounds of wool all over the world; the increase occurs, furthermore, some six months after the passage of the tariff in question, and notwithstanding the fact that as much fine wool has been imported since the increase of rate as there was for the corresponding months immediately previous to such increase. In short, the rise in wool which began in England in June and July last is clearly attributable to the following circumstance—that the demand for clothing, blankets, etc., consequent upon the Franco-German war swept the markets of Europe of certain descriptions of woollens, while French and German production was temporarily arrested. Wool did not rise until the conclusion of the war, and a demand to meet scarcity and renewed manufacturing in Europe was experienced. Concurrently with this increase of demand in Europe, the importations of wool from Buenos Ayres were almost wholly arrested by the prevalence of yellow fever in that port; and from the Cape of Good Hope, in a degree, by the stampede of laborers from the sheep-farms to the diamond diggings. The extreme drought of the summer of 1870 also resulted in a very great diminution of supply of the coarse wools from South Russia and adjacent countries. In the United States, the increase of price has been helped by the circumstance that the wool-clip of all the States east of the Mississippi for the year 1871 is estimated at from twenty to thirty per cent. less than it was the previous year; while the diminished consumption of manufacturers, which was comparatively small in 1870 by reason of the drought of that year, which prevented the mills from working, has been augmented this year to the extent of over *thirty* per cent. In the United States, up to the 1st of December, 1871, the increase in the imports of foreign wool were in excess of 40,000,000 pounds over the corresponding period of 1870, while the domestic consumption of wool in the same period is believed to be in excess of 55,000,000 pounds. That even this increase in domestic consumption of wool for manufacturing purposes is not due in any way to the tariff is conclusively proved by the fact that the wool manufacturing industry of England has experienced during the same time an equal or greater increase; the exports of manufactured woollens from Great Britain for the first ten months of 1871 having been 46,000,000 pounds, or 55 per cent. in excess of what it was during the first ten months of 1870, while the imports of foreign woollen manufactures into New York for the first ten months of 1871, in spite of the excessive tariff, amounted to $36,910,000, against $28,200,000 for the like period of 1870, a gain of 30 per cent.

We think, therefore, it would require something more than the proverbial acumen of a Philadelphia lawyer to trace out any legitimate connection between the increase of the duties on sheep-skins, and the movements during the past year in the prices of wool or the import and consumptions of woollens. Finally, in respect to Mr. Atkinson's statements, we have only this to say—that the staple argument used to justify the great increase of the duties on wool in 1866 was that the higher tariff would encourage domestic wool-growing, while the facts show that the number of sheep in the United States has been on the decrease ever since, and that the wool-clip of 1871 is the smallest we have had for many years.—ED. NATION.]

WAS IT "SERF" OR "CERF"?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the report of Mr. Wendell Phillips's lecture on the Labor Question, at Steinway Hall, on December 6, I find this passage: "It (modern civilization) is an encouraging advance from the time when a French noble came home from the west, 300 years ago, and warmed his feet, as the easiest way, in the blood of a peasant, without waiting for artificial fire," etc. This noble of the cold feet and his eviscerated peasant have stalked in company through literature altogether too long, and it is high time that they were finally disposed of. Was it not in the columns of the *Nation* that I some time ago saw exposed the ludicrous blunder through which "cerf" was converted into "serf," and the blood of a stag into that of a peasant? If this explanation was correct, the gentleman who discovered it, or who reproduced it, will certainly make an interesting contribution to the "Curiosities of Literature" if he will give a formal and final *coup de grace* to a ridiculous commonplace; let him tell Mr. Phillips and others where and with whom it originated, and whether in fraud or ignorance; who gave it currency; and, finally, who detected the counterfeit which half the world still continues to offer as good money.

Why should that noble have selected a peasant, when a pig would have served his turn twice as well?—I remain, etc.,

A. P. A.

[It has been thoroughly exposed in the *Nation*, and in many other places previously, but no exposure would prevent Mr. Phillips repeating it as often as it suited him.—ED. NATION.]

THE COMPOSITION OF THE GERMAN ARMIES.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: During our late war, I remember that an account given in the *Nation* of the composition of the German armies raised the doubts of some readers whether the character of that army differed materially from that of all other soldiers. As a corroboration of what you then remarked, I beg to call your attention to some statistics recently made public by the Prussian Judiciary Department, in their official organ *(Justizministerialblatt)*.

It appears that 2,571 members of the judiciary service, not professional soldiers, joined the Prussian army for the war. (This is exclusive of the contingents of Saxony, Mecklenburg, Brunswick, Hesse, and the southern states.) Of these 2,571 persons, 556 belonged to the judicial bench, 70 to the bar, 44 to the public prosecutions *(Staatsanwaltschaft)*, 789 were "Referendare" (aspirants to judgeships, young men who, after having terminated their course of studies, and passed two examinations, are commissioned as assistant judges and secretaries), 885 secretaries, and 227 subordinate employees. Of these, 2,145 served in the ranks, 426 in the military administration, 948 were commissioned as officers, 41 as judge-advocates. 90 in all died in battle and from wounds (16 judges, 1 belonging to the public prosecutor's department, 12 assistant judges, 48 Referendare, 11 secretaries, 2 subordinate employees). Besides, 18 died from diseases. 383 have been decorated with the Iron Cross.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Johannes Rösing,
Consul-General of the German Empire.

2 Bowling Green, New York, Dec. 18, 1871.

Notes.

—Messrs. J. Sabin & Sons are about to publish a reproduction, by means of photo-lithography, of Du Bry's famous folio, "Hariot's Brief and True Report of the New Found Land of Virginia, of the commodities, and of the nature and manners of the naturall inhabitants Discovered by the English Colony there seated by Sir Richard Greinuile, Knight, in the yeere 1585, at the special charge and direction of the Hon. Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight, Lord Warden of the Stanneries, who therein hath been favoured and authorized by her Majestie and her letters patent: This fore book is made in English by Thomas Hariot, servant of the abovenamed Sir Walter, a member of the Colony, and there employed in discovering. Folio. Franckfort: Imprinted by Ihon Wechel, at Theodore Du Bry own cost and chardges, 1590."

"This edition," says Mr. Sabin's prospectus, "will be a reproduction, in exact *fac-simile*, of the rarest and most precious book relating to Virginia, and of which there are not more than half-a-dozen perfect copies in existence. These are in the British Museum and Bodleian libraries, and in the private collection of Mr. Lenox, Mr. Brown, Mr Christie-Miller, and Mr. George E. Mann. There is a very imperfect one in the library of Harvard College, and one wanting two leaves belonging to Sir Thomas Phillips. No complete copy in England is known to have been sold for less than £100 for the past hundred years, and we understand one has recently changed hands at double that sum, and probably will again, if the opportunity occurs. The last copy sold in this country brought $975. This reproduction has been executed by the newly-discovered process of photo-lithography. The imitation of the old-style type is perfect, and the seventy-six quaint and curious engravings by John White, the English painter, who, at the command of Queen Elizabeth, accompanied Sir Walter Raleigh in his famous expedition, are reproduced with marvellous accuracy."

—Another reprint, hardly less curious than "Hariot's Brief and True Report," is announced by Mr. J. W. Bouton, who will have ready for delivery in December "The Plays, Histories, and Novels of the ingenious Mrs. Aphra Behn. With Life and Memoir, 1724-35." The dramas will be contained in four volumes, the novels, etc., in two volumes. The six volumes are to be beautifully printed, and the portraits and plates of the now very scarce original edition are to be reproduced in *fac-simile*. It is very well that the works of Mrs. Aphra Behn should be reprinted, but, considering just what they are, it is also well that "only a small number of copies will be produced for subscribers." Leigh Hunt, in his entertaining miscellany, "Men, Women, and Books," gives us, in connection with some striking extracts from the ingenious lady's poems, the following estimate of her character and writings:

"Next comes Aphra herself, and we must say affects and makes us admire her beyond what we looked for. Her verses are natural and cordial, written in a masculine style, and yet womanly withal. If she had given us nothing but such poetry as this, she would have been as much admired and known among us all, to this day, as she consented to be among the rakes of her time. Her comedies, indeed, are alarming, and justly incurred the censure of Pope; though it is probable that a thoughtless good-humor made her pen run over, rather than real licentiousness, and that, although free enough in her life, she was not so 'extravagant and erring' as persons with less mind. It should be borne in mind by those who give an estimate of her character, that she passed her childhood among the planters of Surinam —no very good school for restraining or refining a lively temperament."

—The result of the sale of Mr. Alexander White's pictures which took place last week is, perhaps, worth noting. The prices brought were very high, and the gross receipts were over 91,000 dollars. As the *Evening Mail*, the only one of the city papers that published a full report of the sale, with the price of every picture, remarks, "this is beyond question the most successful picture sale ever held in this city"; and we should be glad if, with the *Mail*, we could attribute some of the high prices to a warm-hearted expression of sympathy for Mr. White on account of his business losses, but, with that explanation, what would become of the pictures that brought prices far below their merits? There were, as we said, very few poor pictures in the collection, but a more discriminating public would have made better distinctions than were made the other night. Some of the prices reached would have made people in Paris stare; these, for their bigness, 3,250 dollars shall we say, for any picture that Chaplin can paint; these, for their smallness; take the prices paid for the pictures by Zamacois, for example. It may be suspected that our wealthy picture-buyers, as a rule, have not got beyond a learned lesson of the mercantile value of certain names, have not sufficiently studied their decline and fall, nor trusted enough to the popular estimate. Everybody who has followed the trade side of art in this city, and in other great cities, too, knows very well that every now and then there is a rage for certain men's pictures—"they go off," to use the classic expression of the dealer, "like hot cakes;" sometimes, as in the case of Bougereau, for instance, the fortunate favorite cannot paint fast enough for the demand—but the result, in nine cases out of ten, is that he ends by painting too fast for the demand, and the public appetite is sated. There are many men who, once having hitched on to these stars, never know when to unhitch. In the end the profitable purchases are found to be those which have been founded on knowledge, taste, and judgment, not on fashion or the mere recommendation of dealers, as a rule the most ignorant of mankind with regard to the real value of works of art. To our thinking, the chief value of Mr. White's collection lay in its representative character, as a means of studying several important phases of art, and we expressed a wish, founded on this view of them, that they might be kept together and lodged in our new museum of the future. This was, of course, not a practicable wish, but it indicated our estimate of the collection. The art it represents is of a fashion that could not be permanent; it has nearly passed away with the time that made it, and Mr. White will have no follower who will try to bring together such another.

—The friendly biographer of the late John P. Kennedy—Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman—whose work we so lately reviewed, died suddenly on Sunday last, December 17, in his 59th year, of pneumonia. He was born in Boston, April 20, 1813, but was deprived of a college education in consequence of his delicate constitution, which he sought to strengthen by going abroad in 1833 and again in 1835. In these European experiences he attached himself especially to Italy and the Italians, and, first manifesting this predilection in his "Italian Sketch-Book" (1835), he ever after was distinguished for it, so much so that he is said to have received quite recently from the Italian Government a decoration conferring an order of nobility. Probably his foreign observation also led him to take a warm interest in art, to criticise the productions of American artists, and to write their biographies, for which he had unusual capacity, being fond of gossip, and having a fine memory. His "Artist Life, or Sketches of American Painters," published in 1847, was further carried out in 1867, by his "Book of the Artists," in reviewing which at the time we had occasion to say that its usefulness lay in its biographical more than in its critical portions, it being Mr. Tuckerman's good-natured belief that American art was as good as any nation's art, and that a painter was *ex necessitate* a blessing to his country, and therefore merited, in any mention of him and his works, much praise by way of encouragement. In literature, also, Mr. Tuckerman belonged pre-eminently to the genial and appreciative school of critics, who, as it happened, survived longer in New York than in his native city. He was the intimate and esteemed friend of Irving and the lesser lights of our Knickerbocker period, and for his personal amiability will doubtless be long remembered by his immediate friends and admirers. Kindness of heart, indeed, he had in a remarkable degree.

—Our readers not in the profession perhaps need to be told that it is the custom among journalists, on the establishment of a new paper, to give it a friendly notice. The new editor is probably an object of pity to such of his "brethren of the quill" as do not feel for him an unaffected indifference, or else a hearty disgust based upon his impudence in cutting into their circula-

tion; but still the rule is to give him a cordial welcome, and wish his paper the success which it will no doubt merit. After the appearance of the second number, one shows him up in his true colors, both as a man and a politician, and exposes the want of enterprise which compels him to borrow from one's own columns, mistakes and all, items of news which our reporters sought with their accustomed energy and collected at a considerable expense. But the first number is almost invariably commended for its "neat dress," its well-filled department of local items, and its "spice," and is welcomed with the remark that there is plenty of room for a live paper in such and such a place, naming it, and that So-and-so, the conductor of the new journal, is a well-known newspaper-man and has had the required experience. "Almost invariably," we said, is this done; we think we should probably have said "invariably," if we had not recently seen this sample of the way of welcoming new-comers which is reported as in vogue among our fraternity in the West: "We are sorry to receive No. 1 of the *Comanche County World*. The *World* is badly printed, and has a sickly, poverty-stricken appearance. Mr. John Smith, its publisher, is an idiot, and 'the leading men' of Comanche County are 'responsible' for the foundation of this paper. They ought to be sent to the penitentiary. We trust that Mr. Smith will stop the publication of his paper and save his money." This can hardly be called *justum bellum*, we should say. Hostilities must set in; but in the general interest of the profession this kind of war-making is to be deprecated. So, too, is this, which may well enough go with the other, and which is in dead earnest. Mr. J. F. Meline having written a weighty—and here and there a little warm—reply to Mr. Froude's charges and arguments against Mary, Queen of Scots, Mr. Mitchell remarks that Mr. Meline's sympathy with Mary springs from creditable motives, while Mr. Froude's feeling is "an affected animosity springing from a mean desire to flatter the prevailing prejudice of the ruling faction, or from the still meaner desire to be made a baron," which last is certainly criticism of a queer sort.

—Mackenzie, Paternoster Row, has published, says the *Builder*, the first division of what will be, if well done, a useful book. This is "Examples of the Municipal, Commercial, and Street Architecture of France and Italy, from the Twelfth to the Fifteenth Century," drawn and measured by R. Anderson, architect, Edinburgh. More than one English architect has published his sketch-book of Continental travel; but, so far as our knowledge of them extends, though they contain many beautiful and many interesting things, they seldom give us what can be turned to practical account. Mr. Anderson's book promises something better. It is to contain records of town-halls, warehouses, shops, and dwelling-houses, and from so rich a mine there ought to come plenty of good metal. The drawings are to be made to a uniform scale—the plans 16 feet to the inch, the elevations 8 feet to the inch, and the details 2 feet to the inch. Sections of mouldings are to be given one-quarter full size. The first division, which is all that has as yet been published, contains specimens from Cluny, Cordes (Languedoc), Clermont, Montferrand, Siena, and Cremona. From France we hear of the following recent architectural and archæological publications: "Etudes sur la Construction de la Cathédrale de Troyes," by Léon Pigeotte; "Les Monumens Celtiques de l'Alsace," by Max de Ring; "Les Inscriptions Antiques de la Haute Savoie," by M. Véron.

—A pleasant article in a recent number of the *Saturday Review* has something to say about names and titles, especially such as authors have invented for their fictitious personages, and mentions with respect the nomenclature of Bunyan, Addison, Steele, Scott, Dickens, and Shakespeare. We are rather surprised that the writer has overlooked an author with whom it is not to be supposed he is unfamiliar, who, it has often struck us, is more than usually happy in this particular field of invention. We mean Thackeray, who has hardly a novel in which he does not well exemplify that excellence in the devising of names for fictitious personages which consists in giving them names at once plausibly resembling real names in ordinary use, and also expressive of the meaning desired to be conveyed. Bunyan's success—to take the case of a very successful nomenclature—is not of this double kind. Very effective indeed are his "Mr. By-Ends," "Mr. Greatheart," "My Lord Time-Server," "Mr. Timorous," "Mr. Much Afraid," "Master Worldly Wiseman," "Giant Despair, with his Castle Doubting," "Mr. Pickthank," "The Hill Difficulty," "The Slough of Despond," and "Vanity Fair." The praise of plausibility, however, is not given to such nomenclature, whatever higher praise belongs to it. Or take the dramatists, with their "Sir John Brute" for a low-minded, bullying man who misused his wife, and their "Mr. Surly," and "Mr. Lovegold," and "Mirabel," when a name is to be found for a surly man, and a miserly man, and a gay man of wit and fashion. Descriptive these names are, but certainly no more than Bunyan's are they plausible, like reality; and though they are to be permitted the playwright, because the stage must in many things be permitted to put very high heels on the cothurnus, to speak metaphorically, yet of the novelist or other writer who makes names for satirical or humorous purposes, a more delicate and less obvious descriptiveness or suggestiveness is rightly demanded. We do not say that Thackeray does not often appear to us to fail in this respect, for we think he often does; he had not admired Addison and Fielding, and the literature of their age, for nothing, as we all know when we enjoy his humor and fun and satire and kindliness and shrewd analysis; and among other things that remind us of his converse with the British Augustans are some of his names, which, as far as concerns the uniting of plausibility with descriptiveness, are not different from Addison's "Fanny Fickle" and "William Wiseacre," or Farquhar's "Lady Bountiful," or Fielding's "Mr. Heartfree."

—But some are a great deal better than these, and it is often remarkable how much of suggestion he will contrive to get into names that look pretty much as if they might be in the directory—where, to be sure, they would not be without some congenial company. Major Pendennis we believe it is that makes up a quarrel between two ladies who have fought each other for years, and apparently with rancor, if we may infer clapperclawing from their names: they were Lady Clapperton and her daughter, Lady Claudia. Then there is Lady Clara Pulleyn, the poor little chicken-hearted daughter of the Earl of Dorking, whose fate it is to marry Sir Barnes Newcome. The Newcomes themselves are newly come into the baronetage, and have plenty of poor relations below them, and good enemies and poor friends above them. Dr. Portman, the old-fashioned parson down at Fair Oaks, and the friend of Mrs. Pendennis and Laura, has a name reminding one of the days when portly old clerical gentlemen drank the wine of "our most ancient and most faithful ally," and died without the sight, or the thought for that matter, of Mr. Gladstone and light French wines. It is Sir Charles Mirabel, "always a theatrical man," as Major Pendennis explains to his nephew, who falls in love with The Fotheringay, Pen.'s old flame, and weds her. Gawler is the bitter and bilious lodging-house keeper whose gorge rises whenever he sees a new boarder at Miss Honeyman's house, across the way; and Miss Honeyman's brother is the Reverend Charles Honeyman, the popular and soothing preacher for ladies. Sergeant Rowland and Mr. Oliver, Q.C., are the opposing barristers in the suit in which Sir Barnes Newcome is libellant and big Belsize is co-respondent. Then there is Mademoiselle Petitot, the *danseuse;* and the eminent Scotch divine, Rev. Saunders McNitre; and Dr. Gulp, whose chariot stands before the door of Miss Molly Grubb; and that loose fish, Captain Raff, M.P., the honorable member for Epsom, who has to levant from his betting debts, and who is described as having retired from his seat just after the Goodwood races and "taken a mission to the Levant"; and Becky Crawley, *née* Sharp; and the Tredyddlum and Polwheedle Coppermine Company; and Coventry Island, to which one and another undesirable gentleman is sent as governor, and whence we get news, by H. M. S. *Yellow Jack*, that Sir Thomas Liverseege is dead of bilious fever; and Mrs. Slack Roper; and Lady Jane Sheepshanks, daughter of the Earl of Southdown, of Southdown and Trottermore Castle; young Goodwin Sands, Lord Tenterden's son; and Mr. Bows, the old fiddler; and the much maculate Lord Steyne; and the "horsey" Captain Glanders and Captain Skewball; and Dr. Birch "and his young friends" of Swishington; and Madame de la Cruchecassée; and General Sir George Tufto; and old Hawkshaw, who coughed so intolerably; and "that irreclaimable old bore, Jawkins"; and the Reverend Silas Hornblower, the evangelical missionary who was tattooed in the South Sea Islands; and Mr. Bowls, the butler; and Mr. Pestler, the apothecary, with his assistant, Mr. Linton; and old Colonel Livermore, "of the Bombay Army"; young Hooper, the wine merchant; Sir Thomas Coffin, a hanging judge; Colonel Gripley, who always seizes the newspapers at the club; Burke, Thurtell, and Hayes, of Thavies Inn, the legal gentlemen who managed Becky Sharpe's case against the insurance company when she demanded the amount of Jos. Sedley's policy after nursing him through the illness which resulted in his death; "that horrid Grindley the dentist"; young Lord Cubley, who is brought home from abroad to Fitzurse Castle; Mrs. Rougemont, the actress; Tiler and Feltham, the hatters; and many more. There are still others of Thackeray's names, not meant to be expressive of any particular trait or circumstance, but used as names are used in real life, which might, we think, be praised for a general expressiveness and appropriateness; as, for example, Beatrix, for the wilful beauty in "Esmond." But this is a region where, decidedly, tastes differ, and may be allowed to differ; and, moreover, the subject is too wide for consideration here, and a long essay might be given to each of its branches.

—We learn from the *Academy* that an artistic curiosity of great value has lately come to light in Vienna. It is a complete set of wooden chessmen, richly carved and full of character, by no less a master than Dürer. The work is in perfect preservation, and its genuineness, according to the *Augsburg Gazette*, can scarcely be doubted, as it has been for centuries in

the possession of the same family which, though of late resident in Austria, came originally from Nuremberg, and possessed, besides this work, a large oil portrait by Lucas Cranach of a city notable, their relative.

— The Florentine journal, *Nuova Italia*, notes with pleasure that a street in London has been named after Dante. It asserts, says *Nature*, that this is the first time any public place or thoroughfare out of Italy has been so named. The "Dante Road" is the stretch of wide road between Newington Butts and Westminster Bridge. Dr. Barlow, the Dantophilist, who formerly owned the ground occupied by the new road, petitioned the Commissioners of Public Works to name it after Dante, and they have obligingly consented. But would it not have been as well to have honored first Dante's great English contemporary, Chaucer, who, so far as we know, has no memorial in brass or marble in England? Over his monument in Westminster there is, indeed, a memorial stained-glass window, on which we may be sure that Chaucer, with his fine sense of color and his exquisite feeling in architecture, would not look with any pleasure; but the monument itself is without statue or inscription. Indeed, an American visitor to the Abbey about ten years ago was enabled to supplement the shilling exacted by the verger for telling his tale, by the item of the whereabouts of Chaucer's burial-place. In default of other monument there is, however, the "Chaucer Society." Is there a "Dante Society" in Italy?

TWO HISTORICAL ESSAYISTS.*

No. II.—MR. FREEMAN.

"We undertook in a former essay," writes Mr. Freeman, "to show that Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was not the successor of Charles the Great. We now assert with equal confidence that Francis Joseph of Lorraine is just as little a successor of the Saxon Ottos or the Swabian Fredericks." This sentence is highly characteristic of Mr. Freeman, for it shows that he himself considers the main object of a long historical essay on "The Franks and the Gauls" to be the exposure of false claims put forward by Louis Napoleon, and the main aim of a most interesting essay on "Frederick the First, King of Italy" to be the exposure of equally false claims put forward in behalf of the Emperor of Austria; and Mr. Freeman is perfectly right in his own estimate of his "Historical Essays," for though he is (what Mr. Froude is not) a genuine historian, he, like Mr. Froude, is a born controversialist, and throughout his recent volume, filled though it is with valuable historical matter, appears in a controversial character. We shall therefore consider Mr. Freeman in this article chiefly as what may be termed an historical controversialist—that is, as an author who, though writing history, and good history, writes it for the sake of enforcing certain views or opinions. It is quite true that to some of Mr. Freeman's great merits justice cannot be rendered when he is viewed as a sort of intellectual pugilist, ready to hold the ring against all comers in behalf of certain theories, but it is also true that he has, as a controversialist, some very strong points which do not admit of being fully exhibited in his greater historical works.

Mr. Freeman's great merit and, we must add, great peculiarity is that he carries on controversy, whether he is discussing the right of foxes to live or of Edward the First to invade Scotland, by means of direct tangible arguments, which are not always convincing, but can at least always be either attended to or distinctly controverted. If, as pleaders tell us, "when one man asserts and another denies, then issue is said to be joined," Mr. Freeman is one of those rare but satisfactory writers with whom, if one can do nothing else, one can always join issue. Some of our readers, indeed, may think it strange that we term the fact of Mr. Freeman conducting his controversies by means of argument not only a merit, but a peculiarity; but we are fully justified in the use of this term, for controversy nowadays is carried on not by the use of definite reasons on one side or the other, but by more or less concealed appeals to sympathy or sentiment. Take, for example, Dr. Newman's "Apologia," or his even more interesting novel, "Loss and Gain." No one will dispute that these books stand, each in their way, among the most brilliant controversial writings which the present age has produced; but the author himself would hardly deny that they are not, and are not meant to be, argumentative treatises, assigning the reasons why a rational man should become a Roman Catholic. They are avowedly not statements of the arguments which bring intellectual conviction, but elaborate descriptions and indirect vindications of the feelings which actually lead an Anglican to join the Church of Rome. Take again the mode in which Carlyle, Froude, or Ruskin deals with political economy. To assert that these writers argued against economical doctrines would be to insult their understandings, for it is certain that both Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude know what an argument is, and deliberately assault political economists not by force of reasoning, but by appeals to the feelings. Now, for producing immediate results, we fully believe that what may be termed sentimental controversy is a far more effective weapon than argumentative controversy. Mr. Carlyle, for instance, has done more to discredit political economists by constantly terming them "professors of the dismal science," than he could have effected by the most elaborate argument against the positions of Malthus or Ricardo. We, therefore, by no means wonder that sentimental rhetoric should be more usually employed in controversy than reasoning, but our full conviction that in America, no less than in England, sentimentality is gradually undermining love of truth, makes us distrust all writers, whatever their eminence, who appeal to feeling rather than reason, and inclines us to feel especial respect for an author who, like Mr. Freeman, may have prejudices enough, but invariably defends them not by declamation or rhetorical subtleties, but by the use of the best arguments which he can find.

Let any one take, as an example of Mr. Freeman's method, his essay on the "Relations between the Crowns of England and Scotland." We ourselves feel considerable difficulty in admitting all his conclusions, and find it difficult to believe that Edward the First, and even Edward the First's lawyers, could have given the extremely interesting and learned account of English claims on Scotland on which Mr. Freeman bases his moral defence of Edward's policy. We should like, for instance, to know from Mr. Freeman whether he thinks Edward would have known what was meant by an English Emperor, or Bretwoldd. Still, though we doubt the absolute soundness of Mr. Freeman's arguments, we cannot believe that the most bigoted Scotchman could read the essay without feeling it to be a piece of manly, sensible argument, quite different in character from the sort of rhetorical logic with which Mr. Froude justifies Henry's murders or Mr. Carlyle glorifies Cromwell's massacres; and though Mr. Freeman may lose some popular applause by his strict adherence to solid argument, he has his reward. We may not think that Edward knew all the facts which Mr. Freeman adduces in his defence, but it is impossible to read Mr. Freeman's version of the case without feeling that Edward had fair grounds which would have satisfied most statesmen for pushing what seemed to him valid claims. Indeed, Mr. Freeman, in his desire to argue fairly, scarcely seems to us to urge all that could be said in Edward's behalf. The intensely legal character of Edward's mind, as well as the legal character of the age, must have made it impossible for him or his counsellors to distinguish between claims defensible by the rules of special pleading and claims defensible by the rules of statesmanlike morality. The difficulty which Burke felt in drawing up "an indictment against a whole nation" is one which could never have occurred to an age whose highest morality was summed up in the king's motto, *Pactum serva*. Moreover, the grounds of expediency to be urged in favor of Edward's policy are at least as strong as those which have satisfied the consciences of statesmen in more civilized ages. Edward's scrupulosity might compare favorably enough with the scrupulosity of Bismarck or Bismarck's Emperor.

It is Mr. Freeman's great merit to rely on the power of argument in an age which delights in sentiment. It is also his great merit that he scarcely ever writes on any subject to which he has not devoted careful study; but neither of these virtues would have enabled him to fight the successful battles which he has fought against all historical wrong-doers, down from the heinous criminals who think Charlemagne was a Frenchman to the petty offenders who persist in using the term "Anglo-Saxon," unless he had possessed another peculiar quality. This quality is a faculty for repetition. Men of equal ability with Mr. Freeman, when once they have propounded their doctrines to an unheeding world, often feel it an absolutely unbearable task to repeat what they have already said until they have attracted the attention of what Austin calls "the vast confederacy of fools." Not so Mr. Freeman. In season and out of season, in book, in pamphlet, in review, in newspaper, he repeats and reiterates the truths of which he has seized hold. That Englishmen always have been Englishmen; that the Franks were not Gauls; that St. Thomas was never called A' Becket; that Louis Napoleon was a tyrant; that, for some reason to us unknown, it is a proud thing to be a Teuton and a discreditable thing to be a Celt; that Alsace used to be called "Elsass," and shall, thanks to Mr. Freeman and Prince Bismarck, be so called again; that "diocese" should not be spelt "diocess"—are propositions which, whether important or unimportant, true or untrue, Mr. Freeman and Mr. Freeman's friends force upon the attention of an ignorant and weary world. Mr. Freeman, in short, is a man who wields a sort of intellectual hammer, and who (as children say) "hammers and hammers and hammers" until he has forced his point upon even the most unwilling hearers. Now, we confess ourselves to a considerable admiration for the body of hammerers as long as the points which they hammer at are really good points; and, on the whole, on the questions for which Mr. Freeman fights, whether they be little or great, he is generally, so far as we can judge, on the side of truth and justice, and is almost entirely free from that delight in savage energy and high-handed oppression

* "Historical Essays. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford." New York: Macmillan. 1871.

which marks the minor literary men of the present day. Mr. Freeman, indeed, gains a good deal by not only being a humane man and a just man, but also an antiquarian. Coming to the study of history from the study of antiquities, he has seized more clearly than any other historical writer of the day the all-important truth that the investigation of history is, call it by whatever names you will, merely the investigation into evidence, and that the duty of a historian is not to say fine things about the philosophy of history, but to investigate into the evidence of the facts on which such philosophy, if worth the paper on which it is expounded, must rest. This truth lies at the very foundation of historical research. Its importance vindicates the stress which Mr. Freeman lays upon minute accuracy, and to have seized this truth and held fast to it in the midst of an unbelieving world, is Mr. Freeman's great claim to the reputation which he already possesses, and which will, we conceive, ultimately increase on both sides the Atlantic.

Mr. Freeman owes much to his antiquarianism; but a man's strong point is almost always his weak point, and Mr. Freeman is no exception to this rule. As an antiquarian, he fully realizes the importance of small details and minute accuracy; but he constantly fails to see that small things are small, and that a historian, or even an historical controversialist, ought to have some other virtues than accuracy in order to sustain his part. The essay, for instance, on St. Thomas of Canterbury is one of the best parts of Mr. Freeman's book. It gives, certainly, much curious information, and contains, also, an estimate of Thomas which is not only just, but much more subtle than Mr. Freeman's estimates of character often are. The dictum that the saint's conversion, "though perfectly sincere, was still artificial—his saintship never sate quite easily upon him—with the zeal of a new convert he overdid matters," paints not only the character of Thomas, but of a large number of religious men who are at bottom secular-minded. But this admirable essay is defaced by defects which constantly mar the author's works. He expends an infinity of trouble to show that the Saint was never called A' Becket. No doubt Mr. Freeman is right. His error is to think that it matters much whether we call the archbishop A' Becket or Thomas. Mr. Freeman again justly criticises writers who judge of Thomas with reference to the controversies between Catholics and Protestants. But though here again Mr. Freeman is technically in the right, he appears to us himself to have fallen into an error. No doubt, in judging the moral character of the archbishop and the king, it is a fatal error to judge as Protestants or as Roman Catholics; but, on the other hand, it is impossible in forming our estimate of the men of the Middle Ages to shut out of view the tendencies of the principles which they advocated. If Protestantism is right, it is impossible not to sympathize with men who unconsciously acted upon the view of life of which Protestantism is the outcome. If Protestantism be a mistake, it is impossible not to sympathize with men like Thomas who opposed this error in its earliest form. Mr. Freeman would, perhaps, say that he is an historian of the Middle Ages, and has nothing to do with Protestantism or any view of life or history. What we maintain is, that Mr. Freeman's great defect lies in the fact that he strives, and strives in vain, to avoid all general views of history. You cannot do this for the simple reason that such views are in many cases the expression of truths, and the mere attempt to do it dwarfs a historian into an antiquary. Mr. Freeman has done much to make history accurate. One cannot but hope that he will ultimately shake off the trammels of antiquarianism, and do something to make history philosophic. Meanwhile, his "Historical Essays" will do much to dispel vulgar errors, and so prepare the way for a true and philosophic view of history.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.*

III.

"STORIES FROM OLD ENGLISH POETRY" is a title which has so good a sound that people who read old English poetry or people who, without being poetry readers, know the story of Perdita and Hermione, of Miranda, Ferdinand, and Prospero, of Cordelia and Lear, of Griselda, of Macbeth, of Orlando, and old Adam and Rosalind, may easily come to this book of Mrs. Richardson's expecting more of pleasure than it will give them. Something of the kind happened in our case, we think, and perhaps made us form a lower opinion of the work than we otherwise might. Reconsidering the matter, we believe that while we cannot commend it much, we need not discommend it altogether. Its principal positive fault appears to be that there is rather too full and strong a dose of love and love-making to fit it particularly well for the children, though perhaps it may be grateful to the palates of persons who are at that stage of life called hobbledehoyism, or, in girls, "where the brook and river meet," as Mr. Longfellow says, "womanhood and childhood sweet." "Campaspe and the Painter," for example, is sweet. Alexander having ordered the captive Campaspe into court for inspection, that unlearned Theban, paying no attention to "the dignified" Aristotle, nor to Hephæstion, the wise counsellor, nor much to Alexander himself, gives her eyes and heart to another personage; "the beauty of his attitude, the full white throat which his silken tunic left half bare, the short curling rings of hair on his well-poised head, the eyes that shone with the light of genius, all made him more resemble the god Apollo, to the eyes of the simple maiden, than any earth-born man." This was Apelles. Campaspe, on her part, inspires an equal flame in the painter's heart: "Ah! Campaspe," he soliloquizes, "beautiful Campaspe! Would that thou knewest how dear thou hast become to me! So dear that to part with thy picture were worse than death, unless I could have thyself in exchange." Just at this point he is startled by Campaspe's entrance. "The sight of the maiden almost dazzled his eyes and took away his breath. The color in her cheeks was deepened into a richer carnation than he had ever seen them wear. Her eyes overflowed with a look at once so tender and appealing that the glance sank deep into his heart." As Strappan (Strephon), the Port Royal negro, said to Mr. Sumner: "Arter you lub you lub, you know, boss. You can't broke lub. Man hab to be bery smart for broke lub. He can't move lus dan you burn him. Hab to kill all two arter he lub 'fo' you broke lub." This truth Alexander also discovered: "And you, Campaspe," says the angered monarch, "turning to where she sat tremblingly watching the interview, Do you love Apelles? The maiden turned red and pale by turns. But looking at Apelles, who stood gazing at her as if his soul's fate hung on her answer, she said in a clear voice, I love Apelles."

A good deal of this kind of matter and manner the adult reader finds in Mrs. Richardson's book—more than he will find edifying; and we mistrust its capacity for edifying the boys and girls. Why, for instance, need the story of Cordelia and Lear, as told for children, have Edmund in it at all, or any of the loves of Goneril and Regan? We see no need at all. Not that Mrs. Richardson dwells at all on them, but she might better have kept them out. We like better the method of Charles and Mary Lamb in telling, say, the story of "As You Like It." We have not their book within reach, and it is a good many years since we read their version of "As You Like It," so we may be much mistaken in setting down our impression of it as the impression which was meant to be got. But if our memory serves us, their version differs from Mrs. Richardson's in this, that in hers there is too much of Rosalind, and Orlando, and Phœbe, while from theirs the childish reader gets a vivid impression of the goodness of the good duke, the faithfulness of Adam, the generosity of Orlando to his brother when he saves him from the serpent and the lion, the sincerity of Oliver's repentance, and that of the wicked duke, the happiness of the ending, and the pity of it that so delightful a life in the woods should ever come to an end. This difference in the impression produced by the two versions is all in favor of the Lambs and all against Mrs. Richardson and several other writers of literature for children who display to them the workings of the passion of love. Of course, in children's literature, as in any other, the princess may be in love with the prince, and Florizell, after he has rescued Snowwhite, may be allowed to marry, and live happy ever after; but while recognition of the obvious facts of life, of childhood's experience—children, too, having their loves and likings—is all in order, and right, and pretty, it is quite another thing to address or to cultivate the passions which underlie this social scheme into which, to be sure, children are born, but which they are to learn a part at a time. If Mrs. Richardson had kept this principle in view when she was selecting the stories she intended to narrate, she would have left out several of those before us. Of minor faults the book has a number. For example, children should not be taught nowadays that Shakespeare was "not popular in his own time," as the phrase goes; and there is, now and again, a little shakiness about our author's grammar and diction. Doubtless it is not saying too much to say that a collection of stories that have pleased all nations of men since the infancy of the world will be found agreeable reading by the boys of to-day, and we feel safe in recommending

* "Stories from Old English Poetry. By Abby Sage Richardson." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1871.
"The Fables of Pilpay. Revised Edition." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1872.
"American Wonderland. By Richard Meade Bache." Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1871.
"Picture Poems for Young Folks. By Marian Douglas. With Illustrations." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.
"The Country of the Dwarfs. By Paul Du Chaillu." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1872.
"A Tale of a Nest. By the author of 'Aunt Annie's Stories.' With Illustrations by Mrs. Hartland." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. London: Seeley, Jackson & Halliday.
"The Judge's Pets. By E. Johnson. Illustrated by E. B. Bensell." New York: Hurd & Houghton.
"A Christmas Cake in Four Quarters. By Lady Barker, author of 'Stories About.'" London and New York: Macmillan & Co.
"Five Happy Children. Third of the Rosedale Books. By Mrs. D. P. Sanford, author of 'Under the Skylight, and Other Stories for Christmas.'" New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
"The Cousin from India. A Book for Girls. By Georgiana M. Craik. With Illustrations." New York: Harper & Brothers.
"Moonshine. Fairy Stories by E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P., author of 'Stories for My Children,' etc. Illustrated by William Brunton." London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

to parents who meditate giving away some books this work, and next to look at Messrs. Hurd & Houghton's edition of "The Fables of Pilpay." It is embellished with woodcuts of the fashion of 1813, pleasantly quaint, but spirited, and such as will momentarily renew the youth of some of the elderly purchasers of the volumes, and will show the children of to-day the sort of pictures that were made for their young grandfathers.

The three living poets who stand first in the popular regard of the English-speaking world have given us a volume apiece of poetry within the year, but we believe we are not afraid of saying that "Balaustion's Adventure," and "The Divine Tragedy," and "The Last Tournament," all together, might be exchanged without loss for Marian Douglas's little volume of verses for children, "Picture Poems for Young Folks." They are not all for young folks, however. As is apt to happen in such cases, some of them, which are about children, indeed, are about them rather than for them, and are not so much for them as for older persons. Some of them express, better than anything else, the belief, more or less prevalent among writers for children, that a main use of children is to afford opportunity for the lavishing of affectionate endearments upon them. They are made playthings. But doubtless the child, in its capacity of consumer of literature, may better be conceived of differently, though, perhaps, the mistake is not a serious one, or perhaps not a mistake at all, so long as the literature for children is really literature for an auditor partly made up of mother as well as child. Still, we do not see why these, for instance, which follow, are not stanzas that should be excluded from so pretty a collection of verses for the young as "Picture Poems" certainly is:

"Is the yellow-bird dead?
Lay your dear little head
Close, close to my heart, and weep, precious one, there,
While your beautiful hair
On my bosom lies bright as a sun-lighted cloud.
No, you need not keep still;
You may sob at your will;
There is some little comfort in crying aloud.

But the days they will come,
When your grief must be dumb;
Grown women, like me, must take care how we cry;
You will learn by-and-by
'Tis a womanly art to hide pain out of sight,
To look round with a smile,
Tho' your heart ache the while,
And to keep back your tears till you've blown out the light."

The first of these stanzas is one that we had in mind when we spoke of verses better as expressing affectionate goodness than for any other reason, while the second requires, we think, suppression. Unless, indeed, we permit so fond a friend of the children to be once in a while injudicious in speech before them. As we have quoted some verses that show Miss Douglas's book in a light not so favorable as it deserves, we will quote a little piece that is, perhaps, above her usual level of success, but still not so much above as the "Crying Aloud" is below it. It is called "Naming the Baby":

"You have birds in a cage, and you've beautiful flowers,
But you haven't at your house what we have at ours;
'Tis the prettiest thing that you ever did see,
Just as dear and as precious as precious can be;
'Tis my own baby sister, just seven days old,
And too little for any but grown folks to hold.
Oh! I know you would love her; she's fresh as a rose,
And she has such a queer, tiny bit of a nose,
And the dearest and loveliest pink little toes,
Which, I tell mother, seem only made to be kissed;
And she keeps her wee hand doubled up in a fist.
She is quite without hair, but she's beautiful eyes,
She always looks pretty, except when she cries.
And what name we shall give her there's no one can tell,
For my father says Sarah, and mother likes Belle;
And my great-uncle John—he's an old-fashioned man—
Wants her named for his wife that is dead, Mary Ann.
But the name *I* have chosen the darling to call
Is a name that is prettier far than them all;
And to give it to baby my heart is quite set—
It is Violet Martha Rose Stella Marzette."

This seems to us very successful, being good as portraiture and poetry, and as sure to please the little girl who shall read it as the little girl who figures in it is sure to please everybody. Very good, too, are "Little Molly," "Chicken Little's Duty," "Kitty," "The Cherry Pie," "The White Kitten," "If You Please," "The Garden Thief," and the one beginning:

"Among the thistles on the hill
In tears sat Little Sorrow."

Once in a while one wishes for a shade more of care on Miss Douglas's part to preserve the usually admirable simplicity and unliterary lifelikeness of her style. It is, for instance, a question why she should on the third page take "wintry," with its suggestion of the secondary meaning of the word, in place of the directer "winter." And the lines above quoted,

"While your beautiful hair
On my bosom lies bright as a sun-lighted cloud,"

are far from her better way of expressing herself. But in general, Miss Douglas merits gratitude for the pleasure which she gives, both by what she says and by her way of saying it, and we do our readers a favor in calling their attention to her book.

"In the Country of the Dwarfs" we have M. Paul Du Chaillu again, quite the same Paul that we have previously seen landing on the coast of Equatorial Africa, amid cries of "Chally, Chally," from negro tribes and transports of general joy. As formerly, Paul sets out magnificently equipped, to find the head-waters of the Nile, and whatever science, the courage which is known to the enemies of France, undying energy—the energy of demons—can do against fate is done; but, as formerly, the head-waters are not reached. A Commi man of Chally's escort unfortunately kills an Ashango man, the Ashangos attack the expeditionary force, and although Chally and the others fight like lions, they are compelled to abandon all their books, instruments, observations, and collections, and retrace their steps to the sea-coast. We rather think, however, that this "Country of the Dwarfs" is another of M. Du Chaillu's books made over and adapted to the juvenile mind, and is not a record of a second attempt; but, as we cannot say that we have kept track of our traveller of late years, we do not pretend to settle the question. The boys will find themselves amused, and though their companion's opinion of himself need not be taken without any allowance, they will find themselves, when with M. Du Chaillu, not in bad company.

"A Tale of a Nest" is a nice little story, particularly for the purpose intended, which was to divert a little girl about seven years old from excessive reading of fairy tales. It describes the marriage of a couple of young chaffinches, their nest-building, and their trials and joys in bringing up their first family. The character of each kind of bird—for most of the other common English birds are introduced—is delineated in the dialogues, and their most observable habits make the events of the narrative. It is not a bad field for imaginative children to exercise their wits in, and in the more literal sort it is well to create a kind of personal interest in dumb things, which, in its turn, makes sympathy and gentleness. The least satisfactory point of such stories is in dealing with the frequent harrowing slaughters obliged to take place among the fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters of these families, that are represented as having human affections and human capabilities of suffering. Of course, there must be an immense discrepancy somewhere, the effect of which might be either to unduly excite or to harden the child, according to its bent in the beginning. It is possible that this caution may be overnice, but we do not speak without experience of the need of it. Here is a bit to illustrate the kind of difficulty alluded to. The mother chaffinch is quite frantic over the loss of her eldest son, just carried off by a hawk. The brothers and sisters crowd around their parents all trembling and horrified:

"'Father,' enquired the younger brother timidly, 'has the hawk eaten him up by this time, do you think?' And the mother answers, 'You will kill me, children!'"

For the rest, the language of the book is rather in advance of the ideas, and some useless episodes must be called padding.

Of all the small children who carry about an unceasing demand for "another story," we should think the most unappeasable might receive a temporary quietus by reading or having read to him "The Judge's Pets." The sensations with which we laid down this book were that we had always been reading "The Judge's Pets," and that there never were so many pets before, or so many things happening to so many pets. The volume is a small one, yet the amount of mild statistics it contains seems surprising. There is an even flow of innocent facts from beginning to end that gives an adult a profound sense of satiety. This effect is partly produced by the lack of a good chronological order. A pet dies or is disposed of, and you think you have got through with *him*, when he turns up again a few pages on to play a fresh trick. The children grow up pretty steadily—there are six of them, and they are included among the pets—but even they have relapses into younger periods. The minute details of each anecdote, and the occasional repetitiousness which weary the grown reader, will probably be the very opposite of distasteful to a child, however. "The mother brought him everything he could possibly need, to put into his new trunk, because she wished him to have all the clothes he would want till he came home again." And then follows an inventory of George's boarding-school outfit. There is also mention made of a fawn which "was of a beautiful fawn color." Still, these are small defects, and, overlooking the trivialness of the manner, there is really much to praise. As a book about animals, it is gentle and humane enough to be read in Mr. Bergh's own nursery, if he has one. It is not a good, stupid book either, but has some fresh and lively stories in it. In short, it would be a good Christmas present for a little boy—much better than a drum.

It would doubtless be a marvel to any young person from the age of four upwards, how any one, having read a volume of Lady Barker's delightful stories, could ever refer to it with anything but unbounded praise and grati-

tude. Indeed, a story-teller with her advantages does not often appear before the public. The first and greatest of these, it must be said, is in the material she has to draw upon. She has passed her life in England, Jamaica, the East Indies, and New Zealand, and in all these places she has enjoyed the opportunities of a good social position, for seeing whatever might be seen by a lady. In the East, she travelled with an army of 10,000 on a tour of inspection, from Lucknow to the Punjaub. This episode furnished some good matter for "Stories About," and the present volume gives still further interesting accounts of it. About New Zealand we have sheep stories, and about Jamaica a description of a "Johnny Canoe"—a curious festival among the negroes—and other out-of-the-way things. The plan of the book—not easily guessed from its title—is to describe a Christmas spent in each of the four quarters of the globe just mentioned; not the Christmases characteristic of those places particularly, but four special occasions of which the author was part. After the interest of what she has to communicate, Lady Barker's narratives possess the merits of vivacity, simplicity, good-breeding, and humorousness. Her sympathies with hunters and animals—exhibited not so strongly in this book as the one of last year, however—will make her popular with boys to a degree not common with lady story-tellers. The only stories with which she fails to succeed are the ones repeated at second-hand. Of these the most notable is the ghost story at the beginning. The plan of it is so easily discernible as to need no assurance that it is a true story. There is not the first smack of horror about it; while the working-up is exaggerated, and the characters all so weak as to awaken no interest.

Although there is an occasional sad history in the book, it is pleasant to see that it is not disfigured by any genuine story of horror, such as the murdering of the child in Jamaica, by putting it into an anthill, which almost spoiled the admirable volume of last year. On the whole, Lady Barker's tales must be judged a great success. Parents may readily approve, while the children will be absorbed admirers of them. The compliment paid to America is so heartily as well as gracefully done that it must certainly do its part towards increasing the affectionate international regard between young English and American readers.

The "Five Happy Children" are from seven years of age down to a baby of a few months. Exactly what age the reader of their doings is expected to be it is not so easy to say. The story is all told in one or two-syllable words, the one-syllable being generally simple, and the double ones divided by a hyphen. It would seem as if a child with intelligence enough to read so far would demand a little more pabulum for his pains. To be delighted with the exceedingly tame events that make up the life of Rose, Ned, and the rest, one would have to imagine him quite without any interest in his own daily life, or else cut off from every magazine, from the *Nursery* upwards, and from the countless better books that flood the public every Christmas. But if, intellectually, the story is beneath the notice of a five-year-old, morally it is a dozen or more years beyond him. At what age do children plead to be allowed to go to church twice a day, and are only restrained from "pouting" thereat because they feel that such a course would be wicked? And when is it that they pray to the Lord Jesus to help them bear the pain of having their teeth out, in remembrance of the sufferings of the early Christian martyrs, and rebuke the little girl who says she wishes they could have gone to her dentist who gives laughing-gas?

The publishers preface their series of "Books for Girls, by the Author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' and Others," with that author's "Address" to the public, in which she speaks of the great want felt for books peculiarly for girls, "that can give them, at the most impressible age, a true impression of what life is and what it may be made." We presume that this intention, therefore, is to be borne in mind by each writer who contributes to the series, and the success in carrying it out taken into account by the reader. The cousin from India is a little girl of nine years old or so, who, having been entirely left to the care of Indian servants, has grown up to her present age in a state of complete moral darkness; she is an adept in deceit and malicious mischief. At the opening of the story, she comes to live with her English cousins, three simple-minded, purely-brought-up children, about her own age. Effie is a very clever child, the English children only moderately bright. The course of the story shows the growth of the bad influence over the good, until it is checked by a dreadful accident, followed by the death of one of the little boys. As a story to enchain the attention and cause torrents of tears to fall from the eyes of little girls with any kind of sensibility, it is completely successful; it is full of invention and interest, and the good and the bad are painted in such strong colors that what to detest and what to commend is never left in doubt. So far, so good. When one comes to the faults, they are found to be equally strong, and are, to our mind, these: (1) It is not a credible story of any children; (2) it is not a child's book at all. For the first, although bad children do often obtain a singular influence over good ones, they do not acquire it instantaneously or with such impossible ease as attended this case. The Leighton children are devotedly attached to their mother, who is their companion and confidante, yet they never tell her anything of the monstrous pranks of their new cousin, even in the beginning; nor is her attention arrested by such unusual circumstances as the breaking of a whole set of valuable china or the setting fire to the drawing-room curtains. She is said to be a good mother, but she appears either a culpably indifferent or else a very stupid one. The second defect, however, is the more important one. The "Cousin from India" is, in spite of its childish incidents and characters, treated in the style of a full-grown novel. There are telling "scenes," well-known devices for working on the feelings, no end of "passion" and "passionate" grief and words and thoughts; "great eyes," "great gasps," "great sobs," etc.

The moral progress of the story is made by simple statements at necessary points. The sentimental progress is developed and elaborated with an artist's care. How it was that Effie's reform was begun by Davie's death, which affected her heart through her imagination, can perhaps be understood by parents; but what possible light is shed on the simple matters of sinfulness and repentance and amendment to the minds of children by this tragical process is hard to see. To illustrate what we mean, the description of Effie in grief is very thorough; how she sobbed "in her passionate, blind way," and how she went to lonely rooms, and, in general, how she bore herself. At this crisis her good aunt seeks her and speaks "good and wise words to her," which at last reach the obdurate heart. "I think I should spoil these wise and true words if I were to try to write them down," then observes Miss Craik, as if her duty was done; and we agree with her. Her forte is in painting appearances, and not in pointing out the unseen courses of moral and spiritual regeneration and growth.

Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen's preface to his "Moonshine" this year roars even more gently than that for "Crackers for Christmas" last year. At that time he protested against being called upon to portray ogres as "living upon strawberries and cream," or being any other than their well-known hideous and terrible selves; still he promised to be as careful about making any one's hair stand on end as the positive needs of the story would allow. Now, he confesses, in rather an injured tone, that the reviews have still been hard on him, and reluctantly implies that he will try to improve. We readily count ourselves among the "dull" people who considered the improvement called for, and, admitting all the progress which has been made in the present volume, still think that there is room for more in the same direction. "Robin-a-Bobbin-a-Bilberry Ben" is, perhaps, as moderate an ogre story as a real ogre-lover would consent to make, there being in it none of the disgusting descriptions of fattening children, punching them in the sides to see how much flesh they were gaining, etc., that we were treated to in "Crackers for Christmas," and rather more humor, such as it is; but we should not be sorry to see the Ogre pass at once and for ever out of juvenile literature. Mr. Hugessen insists that he possesses an allegorical value, which, though true enough when John Bunyan had him in hand, is a feeble excuse for painting a hideous monster in the most revolting details, and bringing him to grief by magical incantations instead of somebody's bravery, moral or physical. There is a curious struggle at the end of each of Mr. Hugessen's stories to extract some kind of moral or religious pointing from the preceding wild and ingenious mixture of elves, speaking animals, dwarfs, etc., which contrasts oddly with the reckless determination visible throughout the whole narrative, up to its final paragraph, to tell an old-fashioned, genuine, out-and-out fairy story, in spite of what any one may say. The horrible dwarf Grindmash, who has been destroying the rabbits of the beautiful Fern Fairy's dominions, is finally brought to his knees and begs her for giveness. The lovely fairy orders a score of rabbits to beat him with nettles. This they do until he is almost dead, when she packs him off" with bitter and insulting words," and he goes alone to doctor his wounds. After that every thing prospers in the domain of the Fern Fairy. "Cruelty and oppression she abhors, whether exercised on man or beast. . . . So, if you want to be helped by the dear Fern Fairy, be loving and innocent and kind and gentle to each other and the animals which are about you. Ay, and you have a better reason than *this* to make you gentle and kind. We need not wonder and question whether there are fairies or not; we *know* there is one great Holy Being," etc., etc. This is, perhaps, not quite so delightfully inconsequent as the ending to one of his last year's most hideous ogre stories, which is worth giving as an illustration of the curious streak of sentimentality—we had almost said superstition—which seems to find a safety in holding up the cross to exorcise the spirits he has called up: "And if you want to know any more, you must go down to the shore yourselves and ask the mermaids. Perhaps they will answer you in their sweet and tender strains, and tell you all you want to know. Perhaps not. But anyhow, you will hear the murmur of the waves as they break for ever and for ever upon that lonely shore; and if you stand close down by them, and look out over the

sea, and think and listen, and try to understand what they say, you will learn and know that they are ever speaking of the might of Him who made both him and you, and remind you that Time is creeping on and on," etc., etc. In the present volume, "The Wizard of Bockhanger" is a fine old story, which may be praised without cavil; "Potter's Gift" and "Mulligatawny" are entertaining and funny, while "The Boy and the Birds" turns out so gently as hardly to seem like our author's. Mr. Hugessen knows how to be so interesting that it is to be hoped that the reviews will scold him into still further refinement; not abandoning his precious old-fashioned properties, which the children would think a spoiling of good fun quite as much as he, but substituting a little more valor for so much magic, and giving up altogether the gross and coarse details of the bloody parts of the stories. To ask him to write for boys and not be bloody at all, would, perhaps, be equivalent to asking him to cease to be an English story-teller.

The History of the Parochial Chapelry of Goosnargh, in the County of Lancaster. By Henry Fishwick, F.H.S. (Manchester: C. Simms & Co. London; Trübner & Co. 1871. Square 8vo, pp. 239.)—Goosnargh, a word equivalent to Goose-field, is the name of a township in Kirkham, five miles northeast of Preston on the Ribble, and, being in Lancashire, is necessarily but a few miles inland from the Irish Sea. Our readers may more easily understand that it is some twenty miles north of Liverpool. The book is in many respects a counterpart of our own town histories, being a collection of small matters uninteresting to all but the inhabitants, and yet worthy of preservation as contributing material for the history of the nation. What will surprise Americans, perhaps, is the fact that the records preserved are of little greater age than our own. Leaving out the scanty notices gleaned from general records, the parish books are of late date. Thus the records of the twenty-four sworn men begin in 1634, the churchwardens' list in 1607, the parish registers in 1639. Of course much attention is given to genealogy, the pedigrees being those of Bushell, Rigby, Caterall, Fishwick, Hesketh, Midgeall, Whittingham, Parker, Singleton, Newsam, and a few less important ones. It will be noticed that most of these are names not familiar to our ears; and, in fact, Goosnargh cannot claim any very distinguished sons. The most interesting fact we notice is that in this parish the custom of appointing "sworn men" has continued to the present time. The author states that "select vestries" are still common in England, but this body is quite different from them. The twenty-four men "levied rates, looked to the repairs of the church, and everything belonging to it." They had the general management of bequests to the poor, and all affairs of the school. In fact, they act as the delegates of the parish, and seem to have all the powers belonging to their constituents. They hold office for life, and the corporation fills all vacancies. They have always been holders of lands in the parish, or even eldest sons of land-proprietors. A revival in England of such a form of town government, with a greater freedom of election, might close some of the vexed questions of the day.

The Household Book of Songs: For Four Voices. Collected and arranged by Francis C. Bowman and Charles A. Dana. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)—The only fault we can find with this book is its title. "*A* Household Book of Songs" would have described it precisely; the definite article promises too much. It would not be possible in so small a compass as that of a convenient book for the music-rack (which the present volume is) to get in a hundredth part of the "Songs of Sentiment," "Songs of Nature," "Folk Songs," etc., etc., which any one tolerably familiar with musical literature would be able to name off-hand. It cannot, therefore, be regarded at all as a companion volume to Mr. Dana's "Household Book of Poetry," which was an eminently representative work. But, as far as it goes, the selections are made with excellent judgment and fine taste. The arrangements of the songs we have tried are very simple and satisfactory. Any family or circle of friends that contains a quartet (two male and two female voices), unless they are so musical as to know everything, cannot but be pleased in adding this collection to their repertory.

*** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books on the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Abbott (J.), Gentle Measures in the Management of the Young	(Harper & Bros.)
Cole (Maj. W. L.), California, swd	(New York)
Dickinson (Ellen E.), Emmanuel, and Other Stories	(T. Whittaker & Co.) $1 25
Dillon (J. B.), Historical Evidence of the Origin and Nature of the U. S. Government	(New York)
Duyckinck (E. A.), The Poets of the Nineteenth Century	(Harper & Bros.)
Eggleston (E.), The Hoosier School-Master	(Orange Judd & Co.) 1 25
Forster (J.), The Life of Charles Dickens, Vol. I.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Ganter (F. S.), Man: a Poem, swd	(New Orleans) 1 00
Hamilton (Gail), Woman's Worth and Worthlessness	(Harper & Bros.)
Longfellow (H. W.), The Divine Tragedy	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 50
New Year's Autograph Album, swd	(M. W. Sparks)
Odenheimer (Rev. W. H.) and Bird (F. M.), Songs of the Spirit	(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)
Parr (Louisa), John Thompson, Blockhead	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Salad for the Solitary and the Social	(De Witt C. Lent & Co.)
Schroedter (Allwina), Penates	(L. W. Schmidt)
Swinton (Prof. W.), Condensed School History of the U. S.	(Ivison, Blakeman & Co.)
" Word-Analysis	" "
Saunders (K.), The Haunted Crust, etc.	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)
Stephens (Mrs. Ann S.), A Noble Woman: a Tale.	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
Tennyson (A.), The Last Tournament	(J. E. Tilton & Co.)
Townsend (G. A.), The Mormon Trials at Salt Lake City, swd	(Am. News Co.)
The Coin Book	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
The Story without an End	(Chas. S. Francis)
The Musical Treasure	(O. Ditson & Co.)
Taine (H.), History of English Literature, Vol. II.	(Holt & Williams) 5 00
Tissandier (G.), The Wonders of Water	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Two Legends of the Christ-Child, swd	(De Witt C. Lent & Co.)
Wood (Rev. J. G.), Insects at Home	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)

BEAUTIFUL GIFT-BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE CENTURY OF QUEENS, with Sketches, of some Princes of Literature and Art. 4to, cloth gilt, $6; French morocco, $10; Turkey morocco, $12.

POEMS OF MEMORY AND HOPE: Being a choice selection from the Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, with beautiful illustrations by Hennessy and Thwaites. Cloth, full gilt side and gilt edge, $3 50; morocco, $6 50.

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT, POETICAL WORKS OF. Complete in 1 volume 8vo. Illustrated by Eytinge, Hennessy, Thwaites, and Bush. Cloth plain, $5; cloth gilt, $6; half calf, $7 50; morocco, $10.

FESTUS: A Poem. By Philip James Bailey. Illustrated with eleven fine full-page steel engravings by Hammatt Billings. 8vo, cloth, plain, $5; cloth gilt, $6; half calf, $7 50; morocco, $10.

ROCHEFOUCAULD'S MAXIMS AND MORAL REFLECTIONS. Red Line edition. 18mo, cloth, red edge, $1 25.

For sale by all booksellers. Sent post-paid on receipt of published price.

JAMES MILLER, Publisher,
647 Broadway, New York.

PRESIDENT PORTER'S NEW BOOK.

PUBLISHED TO-DAY:

THE SCIENCES OF NATURE
VERSUS
THE SCIENCE OF MAN.

A Plea for the Science of Man.

BY NOAH PORTER, D.D., LL.D.,
President of Yale College. 1 vol. 12mo, $1.

This most able and interesting volume reverses to some extent the arguments of Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and others, and will not fail to command attention as an important contribution to the current scientific discussion.

DODD & MEAD, Publishers,
762 Broadway, New York.

SLAVE SONGS OF THE UNITED STATES

A Unique Collection of Original Melodies—words and music—obtained among the Negroes of the South; preceded by an account of these Songs, and an Essay on the Negro Dialect, as observed at Port Royal. By Prof. W. F. Allen, of the University of Wisconsin. Cloth, 8vo, price $1 50.

Sent post paid on receipt of price. Address
Publisher of "THE NATION,"
Box 6732, New York City.

The Second Edition of Taine's "English Literature" is in rapid preparation.

2 *VOLS. ROYAL 8VO*, $10.

HOLT & WILLIAMS,
NEW YORK

TO BOOK-BUYERS.—Now Ready, a Catalogue of Rare, Curious, and Useful Books, particularly rich in the Drama, Burnsiana, Byronana, Shakespeariana, and Miscellaneous Literature, just imported.

Send stamp to
GEORGE TAWSE,
YE OLDE BOOK STORE,
735 Broadway, New York.

AUTHORS, LECTURERS, ETC.—An experienced Stenographer desires occasional evening employment, as an Amanuensis. Terms moderate. Address Stenographer, P. O. Box 1633, New York City.

WANTED.—By the Publishers of the NATION, Nos. 54 and 61 of Vol. II., for which twenty cents each will be paid if sent in within a week; also Nos. 288 and 291 of Vol. XII., for which fifteen cents will be paid.

LEE & SHEPARD

PUBLISH THIS WEEK

By OLIVER OPTIC.

BIVOUAC AND BATTLE; or, The Struggles of a Soldier. 16mo, illustrated, $1 25.

THE ONWARD AND UPWARD SERIES. 4 vols. (boxed). Per vol, $1 25.

OLIVER OPTIC'S ALMANAC for Boys and Girls, 1872. Containing besides Calendar, Diaries, and useful information regarding the Seasons, etc., a Christmas Story by Oliver Optic, entitled "Golden Christmas; or, The Seven Sleepers of Cheat Street," with twelve illustrations. A Thanksgiving Story by Elijah Kellogg, entitled "How Miss Nancy Grant Bent Her Twiggs." A Tableau Entertainment by George E. Baker, entitled "The Seven Ages," with twelve illustrations. Also twelve full-page illustrations, etc., etc., the whole forming one of the most original, unique, and attractive books for the Young People ever published. 30 cents.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE. Vols. 9 and 10, 1871. Containing two Serial Stories by Oliver Optic; two Serial Stories by Elijah Kellogg; one Serial Story by Sophie May; Stories, Sketches, Dialogues, Declamations, Puzzles, Rebuses, etc. 832 pp., with numerous full-page illustrations. Handsomely bound in cloth, 2 vols. in one, $3 50.

By ELIJAH KELLOGG.

THE SOPHOMORES OF RADCLIFFE; or, James Trafton and his Bosom Friends. 16mo, illustrated, $1 25.

By SOPHIE MAY.

THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER. A Story of Girlhood. (Reprinted from "Oliver Optic's Magazine.") 16mo. Twelve illustrations. $1 50.

SINGULAR CREATURES: being Studies and Stories from the Domestic Zoology of our Parish. By Mrs. George Cupples, Author of "Driven to Sea," etc. 16mo, illustrated, cloth, $1 25.

☞ Sold by all Booksellers and Newsdealers.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

LEE, SHEPARD & DILLINGHAM, New York.

THE COMPREHENSIVE SPEAKER,

Designed for the Use of Schools, Academies, Lyceums, etc., carefully selected from the best authors, with notes by Henry T. Coates. Large 12mo, 672 pp., half bound, cloth sides, $1 75.

From the New York Daily Tribune.

"It contains a judicious selection of pieces from the best authors, omitting all of doubtful morality, of a sectarian or political character, and of transient literary value. Great care has been taken in the selection of extracts to give the genuine text of the author, without the errors in quotation and punctuation which are such a frequent blemish in this class of school-books. A large proportion of the contents are from American authors, furnishing the materials for a comparative survey of our native literature."

From the Christian Union. (Henry Ward Beecher, Editor.)

"Of course the work of compiling such a book as this is involves difficulties which do not appear to the superficial critic. The enormous mass of available matter has to be winnowed with great care and judgment; the hackneyed extracts, which in the days of the old United States Speaker were declaimed until every boy knew them by heart from simply hearing them, must be avoided; and yet it will not do to omit many of those thrilling passages in the Reply to Hayne, the Declaration of Independence, and a hundred others. Mr. Coates has certainly done his task well and faithfully, and the introductory remarks which precede the body of the work are characterized by good sense, and are evidently the result of considerable thought and observation. The plan of the volume is a natural subdivision of the selections first into prose and poetry, and then into narrative, historical, forensic, etc., the design evidently being that a reading class shall not go through, as it were, from Genesis to Revelations, but shall, in the judgment of the teacher, read 'Mrs. Caudle on Lending Umbrellas' on a rainy afternoon, or the 'Impeachment of Warren Hastings' when the public is excited about official corruptions. The selections are good so far as we have examined them—and we have done so with considerable care—being taken from the best current literature, as well as from that which will always be regarded as classical where the English tongue is spoken."

Send for a Descriptive Circular.

Copies sent to teachers on receipt of one-half the retail price.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,
822 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

PROSPECTUS OF A PRIVATELY PRINTED ISSUE

OF THE WORKS OF THE

DRAMATISTS OF THE RESTORATION,

TO BE EDITED BY

JAMES MAIDMENT AND W. H. LOGAN, ESQS.

It is proposed to issue, for private circulation only, in post 8vo, to range with Pickering's editions of Webster, Peele, Marlow, etc., a series of those Dramatists, for the most part writers of Comedy, who flourished after the extinction of the Commonwealth.

There will be six volumes issued annually, at intervals of two months, commencing January, 1872.

The paper and typography will be unexceptionable.

As the text of most of these authors has, in later editions, been either imperfectly or corruptly dealt with, the several plays will now be presented in an unmutilated form, and will be carefully collated with the earliest and the best editions.

Biographical Notices and brief Notes will accompany the works of each author.

The series has been entrusted to the joint Editorial care of James Maidment and W. H. Logan, Esquires, and will commence with the dramatic works of Sir William Davenant, whose excellence—known chiefly through the medium of a solitary play preserved in Dodsley's collection—is at the present date unrecognized, the cumbrous size of the volume containing his writings making it a sealed book to all but poetic and dramatic antiquarians. His plays, which sparkle with wit, and evince great skill in the construction of the plots, will form the three first volumes. As the reviver of the Drama after its long neglect during the Commonwealth, it is believed that it would be difficult to find a more appropriate author for the commencement of the series.

The hitherto uncollected works of John Crowne, the author of Sir Courtly Nice, and other clever comedies, also forming three volumes, will complete the first year's issue.

It is confidently expected that the encouragement given to this undertaking will be sufficient to warrant the Publication, during subsequent years, of the works of Killegrew, Shadwell, Chas. Johnson, Wilson, Etherege, Centlivre, Wycherley, Sedley, Lacy, Congreve, Farquhar, and others, several of which have never before appeared in a collected form.

The issue to Subscribers of the first volume of Davenant will take place in January, 1872, and Subscribers will be understood to continue from year to year, unless they signify otherwise. The impression will be limited:

Small paper, crown 8vo, - - - - - - -	$4 00
Large paper, demy 8vo, - - - - - - -	7 00
Whatman's paper, demy 8vo, - - - - -	12 00

4 copies on vellum (two of which are already subscribed for.)

EDINBURGH: WILLIAM PATERSON.

NEW YORK: J. W. BOUTON.

Subscribers' Names received and copies supplied on day of publication by

J. W. BOUTON, BOOKSELLER,
706 Broadway, New York.

☞ A liberal discount to the trade.

NOW COMPLETE.

THE CENTENARY EDITION

OF

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In 25 Vols., Crown 8vo, Cloth. Price $37 50.

THIS ATTRACTIVE EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY has been published as a Commemoration of the Hundredth Anniversary of Sir Walter Scott's Birthday. It claims to be the only complete edition, containing the author's manuscript notes and corrections, the works having been carefully compared with Scott's interleaved copy, and from this source annotations of considerable interest having been obtained, which had not before been published. Some minor notes of an explanatory kind have been introduced, while a special Glossary has been added to such of the Novels as require it, and each volume contains a special Index.

It is printed in very clear and legible type (especially cast for the purpose) upon white wove paper of superior quality; is well bound in maroon cloth, extra, and handy in size. Vol. I. ("Waverley") has a portrait of the author, and each volume contains Vignettes and a Frontispiece.

Published by

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.,
110 Washington Street, Boston

In Preparation, uniform with the Centenary Waverley:

SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS, 2 Vols.
LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT, 2 Vols.

SMITH'S BIBLE DICTIONARY

A GOOD illustration of the improvement which an English work sometimes passes through when undertaken by an American publisher is found in Hurd & Houghton's reprint of Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible." They put the work into the hands of Prof. H. B. Hackett, the eminent scholar, and of Dr. Ezra Abbot of Harvard College Library, a literary microscopist of singular patience. They took the English edition, together with its confusing supplements and its condensations, with the new matter, and omitting nothing, whether of text or illustration, set the whole material in new and more excellent order, called in the assistance of twenty-six of the best American scholars, added 500 pages of new matter not in one lump, but in a large number of important addenda to existing articles, enlarged the number of illustrations and maps, brought in the results of the most recent explorations, corrected a large number of vexatious typographical errors and errors of reference, and finally added an index, covering more than fourteen four-columned pages, of passages of Scripture illustrated. This index alone at once renders the American edition unmistakably superior to the English as a book of reference, and no one who has compared the two sets of books can hesitate a moment about awarding the palm to the American edition, which is one of the really valuable books offered this season.

PRICES AND STYLES.

In brown cloth, strongly bound, the set,	- -	$26 00
In full sheep,	" - -	30 00
In half-morocco,	" - -	35 00
In half-calf, extra,	" - -	36 00
In full calf,	" - -	48 00

HURD & HOUGHTON,
13 Astor Place, New York;

THE RIVERSIDE PRESS,
Cambridge, Mass.

COCOA FOR INVALIDS.—Nutritious and digestive pancreative cocoa. Specially prepared for sufferers from indigestion, debility, and pulmonary complaints, is highly nutritious, easily digested and palatable, and adapted for the most delicate stomach. Sold in tins from 1s. 6d. by all chemists and Italian warehousemen, and by the manufacturers, Savory & Moore, 143 New Bond Street, London, W.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1871.

The Week.

THE Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* has "interviewed" Senator Schurz with regard to "the conspiracy" which the *Times* professed to have discovered between him and Messrs. Trumbull and Fenton, and which it has revealed to the world under the designation of the "Schurz-Fenton Trick," having for its object the defamation of the President, under the guise of an enquiry into abuses. Mr. Schurz says that he knew nothing of Mr. Trumbull's motion till it was made, a statement which we believe Mr. Trumbull would corroborate. Moreover, we can also say with confidence that nobody was more surprised than Mr. Trumbull at the stir his motion produced. He had no idea that the place where he put his finger was so tender, nor had he any idea that the public at large would be so much roused by the yells of the patient, and would insist so eagerly on having him stripped, examined, and radically treated. Our assertion last week, that the reason why the Administration Senators were so seriously alarmed by the motion was their fear that it would damage the President's prospect of renomination, has been confirmed fully by an article in *Harper's Weekly*, written in his defence. In short, the President has assumed, in the eyes of his supporters, the attributes of an "heir presumptive," and anything which clouds his prospects they treat as treason. Nothing could be more simple-minded, too, than the way in which they treat hostility to his renomination as disqualifying a Senator even for the task of enquiring into his management of the government, just as if the Committee of Seventy were, owing to their previous suspicions of Connolly and Hall, disqualified from examination of the city accounts.

The report of the Civil-Service Commissioners has been given to the public since our last issue, and is a very candid and thorough discussion of the whole subject. Of course there was, after all that has been said on the matter during the last four or five years, little or nothing very new to be urged in favor of the reform. The actual contact of the Commission with the difficulties of the question, and the consciousness that something would probably come of their labors, have given their observations a pointedness which is easier felt than described, and have enabled them to throw useful light on some of the suggestions which have come before the public from various quarters. For instance, Mr. Cox's proposal, which, we believe, Mr. Trumbull has since adopted, that the postmasters should be elected, they met with the objection that it would be almost impossible to determine a postmaster's constituency with sufficient accuracy to ensure real responsibility and supervision. As we supposed, the report leaves the present office-holders untouched. They are to remain as they are, untested in any way, but subject to the power of arbitrary removal; and they have been, as we pointed out last week, selected carefully by Tom Murphy and his like, with reference, in the vast majority of cases, solely to their electioneering capacity or political influence. The new rules forbid the practice of levying assessments on their salaries for political purposes, but with this exception the civil service will continue for the present—at all events, till after the next Presidential election—precisely what it has been in times past; and unless the President has greatly changed since he dismissed all office-holders in Missouri who supported Schurz and Gratz Brown, and put Tom Murphy into the Custom-house (according to Tom's own confession, as we can prove) to "run it" for the benefit of the party, it will be used to secure his renomination, just as in this State it was used to secure the control of the last convention for "the friends of the Administration," under Murphy's auspices. Now, we do not hesitate to express our earnest conviction that no reform in the civil service can ever be made permanent which does not clearly involve self-sacrifice on the part o the administration which carries it out—that is, no reform made by the Republicans which does not deprive them of the use of the civil service for party purposes will be respected by the Democrats when they come into power. If General Grant is aided in procuring his re-election by a corrupt civil service, his successor will assuredly not accept the legacy of a reformed service at his hands, and the whole reform will wear the appearance of a dextrous and successful effort to ride two horses.

The remedy is, either to take away the power of arbitrary removal, to which, as we have said, there are in the present state of the public mind and of party usages serious objections, or to apply the reform at once to actual incumbents as well as to prospective candidates. Of course, modifications would have to be made in applying the system of examinations to men who have served long and well, but a great and beneficial and much-needed weeding-out could be accomplished without inflicting any hardship on competent persons, and without deranging the service. This should be accompanied, too, by a general order, such as Mr. Green issued in the City Hall, warning officials that their duties were ministerial and not political, and that as long as they perform them faithfully they shall not be vexed or pursued or in any manner damaged on account of their political opinions. Without some such action as this, it will be useless to try to persuade those who really care about civil-service reform and have worked for it that the President sincerely desires it. *Harper's Weekly* insists that he does, but, while entertaining the highest respect for the opinions of that journal, we would ask it seriously whether it can really expect people to accept either General Grant's assertions or its own as outweighing the President's course with regard to the civil service during the last three years. It is useless, for instance, to tell us that he was "overborne by the system" when he made the sweep in Missouri or appointed Murphy collector. If he, a civil-service reformer, could be forced into doing these things, how can the public be got to believe that he will have the strength to carry out the great reform the Commission has sketched out for him, and the execution of which it declares to rest solely in his discretion? Shall we be seriously told that the heart which quailed when Murphy charged will not quail when the whole tribe of Murphys rise against the new régime?

Mr. Hoar's bill, providing for the appointment of a Commission to investigate the condition of the laborer, has passed the House, and will doubtless pass the Senate, and, as might have been expected, Mr. Hoar is in receipt of a large number of letters from persons anxious to serve on the Commission. There is probably no position of the kind which has so many attractions both for the struggling politician and for the philanthropist with a hobby. We may mention, for the information of those whom it may concern, that Mr. D. A. Wells—whom the omission of an "and," by the bye, made us last week speak of as the State Geologist of Missouri—has written, and is now engaged in the delivery, of a lecture on "Labor," to which we have listened within a few weeks, for which we advise the new Commission to call on Mr. Wells at the earliest possible moment. It is not in the least likely that the Commission itself will produce anything nearly so valuable in the nature of an examination of the conditions of the labor problem, and of the hindrances, in legislation or in the state of the currency or taxation, to the laborer's receiving his just reward. Nobody in the country is in possession of a tithe of Mr. Wells's information on this subject, and few, if any, have such skill in the arrangement of facts and the extraction from them of solid instruction.

The Committee of Seventy have drafted a new charter, which they will submit to the Legislature, not for adoption so much as

suggestion. It boldly adopts the theory that the Mayor, if made very powerful, would re-elect himself, so it leaves him considerable power of removal, but only little power of appointment. It creates a legislature consisting of a board of forty-five aldermen, nine to be elected from each senatorial district, and by the cumulative variety of minority representation—that is, each voter may vote for nine candidates, or concentrate his nine votes on one, so that it will be possible in every district for a well-managed minority to secure representation at all events. The board is to have complete legislative powers, including the voting of the taxes, a provision which is an immense improvement on the present system of having them voted at Albany, and would, if adopted, do a good deal to purify the State Legislature. The suggestion recently made in the *Nation*, that all municipal acts, proceedings, and transactions should be published in a municipal record, and all payments to city papers for advertising be done away with, also finds a place in the draft. This is more useful than it seems on the surface; for, without meaning to charge any paper in particular with actual corruption, except the Ring organ, the *Star*, which pocketed nearly $300,000 of the stolen money, there is no doubt that the city advertising did, if not corrupt, at least silence many papers with regard to city abuses, and made all of them more cautious and reticent than they would otherwise have been in denouncing them. We ought, in saying this, to do tardy justice to the youngest journal of prominence in the city, the *Evening Mail*, by adding that, considering the temptations which the Ring was ready to offer to all papers, and which, in the case of young papers, of course were peculiarly strong, the part which this one took in the fight against the Ring was remarkably creditable.

The administrative portion of the city government is divided between ten departments, of which the Public Works, Parks, Docks, Charities and Correction, and Finance have five Commissioners each. The arrangement of the others is not settled. Of these five Commissioners the Mayor appoints one and the Aldermen the others. He may remove his own peremptorily, the others for cause, and the Aldermen may remove their own four, but not less than four, peremptorily. When the Mayor removes any aldermanic Commissioner, or the Aldermen remove their own, they also fill the vacant places. It is probably here that the weak point of the new system will be discovered, as it is here the log-rolling and bargaining will take place. This government of departments by five persons will necessarily greatly weaken responsibility, and make it almost impossible to bring any shortcoming home to anybody in particular. But the framers of a charter have to choose between this and so concentrating power as to enable one man to set the whole community at defiance, and sell nominations, as Fernando Wood is believed to have done. Five Commissioners, it is safe to say, are too many, and annual elections, which the Committee recommend, would be a great mistake. It is not possible for the best men of the city either to go through the labor of selecting candidates once a year or even to form a correct judgment about the merits of men in office. Few men have time to show their capacity in any place of trust, in which they are called upon to deal with an innumerable multitude of details, between April of one year and April of the next. Two years is as often as non-professional politicians ought to be called on to set the electoral machine in motion. The professional ones would, of course, like to have elections once a month, and to have life here and hereafter passed in making up "slates" and "attending to one's political duties." They delight in "political duties," but they are the only duties they care about.

Owing to various technical objections on the part of the defence, the Ku-klux trials in South Carolina have made slow progress, and but one case has actually reached a hearing and a decision. This was the case of Robert Hayes Mitchell, charged with complicity in the murder of one Jim Williams, a black man, or, in the language of the act, with conspiring and combining to deprive him, as a citizen, of the right of suffrage. The jury consisted of two white men and ten mulattoes of more than average intelligence, and Mitchell had for his counsel Mr. Reverdy Johnson and ex-Attorney-General Stanbery, who seem, however, to have been quite staggered by the weight of testimony establishing the existence of the Ku-klux order and its political purpose; so much so that Mr. Johnson felt obliged to denounce warmly the atrocities contemplated by it, and perpetrated by the associates of his client, and both counsel confined themselves to proving Williams's bad character, Mitchell's subordinate part in killing him, and the absence of a *political* motive in this special instance of Ku-kluxery. It was, however, such a defense as neither of them could have much enjoyed making, and probably they were neither of them surprised nor outraged by the verdict of guilty which followed their efforts. The Columbia correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* furnishes another reason for supposing that what Webster would have called their "performing a disagreeable duty" has been more than commonly irksome to these eminent advocates. After remarking that "no exception to the general rule of treatment of Yankees has been made in their favor" at Columbia, he continues:

> "They have been here three weeks; they are both gentlemen of respectability, and probably of decency; they are both Democrats (a mark of decency, etc.); they came here to defend 'our best citizens' from Federal tyranny; but they are both Yankees, and they have not yet been invited to the house of any native citizen, nor have they taken a meal at any other place than their hotel, except at the house of Mr. Chamberlain, the carpet-bag Attorney-General and Government counsel in the Ku-klux cases."

It appears that Mr. Schenck, on learning how his course with regard to the Emma Mine was considered, applied to the State Department for advice, and, on Mr. Fish's recommendation, but without any censure, resigned his directorship. It has been discovered, in his defence, that the Duke of Saldanha, when Portuguese ambassador at London, allowed his name to be used in bringing out a Lisbon tramway scheme on the London market. All that can be said about this is that the Duke did wrong; that he is a notorious old "operator" and adventurer, and no model for American diplomatists. The *Tribune* elevates him, for the purposes of Schenck's defence, to the rank of "one of the most illustrious of Continental statesmen," which is nearly as strong as the prospectus of the Emma Mine; but we object to the now time-honored fashion of defending American abuses by pointing out the commission of a similar abuse, sometime within two hundred years, by some rascal or set of rascals in the Old World. It is, for instance, no longer a sufficient answer to a charge of bribery against an American legislator that in Walpole's time English members of Parliament were bought up wholesale. The fact that the Americans are more of a business people than the Portuguese, or than any Europeans, renders it all the more necessary that our ministers should not go abroad as the agents of speculators, with their desk full of prospectuses and "reports." We are glad Mr. Schenck has resigned his directorship, but we wish he had done so before he received anything for the use of his name, and before the stock of the company was all sold. We would warn English investors, too, that that "monthly dividend" of the Emma Mine which sounds so attractive is not to be relied on for the support of a family.

General Boynton, the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, has taken the trouble to disinter from the files of the *Globe* the history of this retrenchment committee over which the battle of last week was fought, and it puts the henchmen of the Administration in a more embarrassing position than ever. It appears that this committee on retrenchment, for which Mr. Trumbull moved, is not a new committee, but an old committee organized so long ago as 1866, and revived regularly by every Congress since. It appears, moreover, that among its most ardent supporters were Messrs. Edmunds and Sherman, and, worse than all, that the duties assigned to it by Mr. Trumbull's motion, and the terms in which they were assigned to it, are all but identical with those of the resolution of 1866. When that resolution was so amended as to extend the enquiry to the condition of the civil service, Mr. Edmunds accepted the amendment, asking simply for an enlargement of the committee; and this is what the organs of the Administra-

tion have the assurance to talk of as a trick. It may be well to renominate General Grant, and it may be, as *Harper's Weekly* says, that two-thirds of the Republican party desire his renomination, but the question cannot be settled until the Convention meets. In the interval, it is everybody's right, and indeed everybody's duty, to discuss him and his Administration, not less, but more freely and fully than heretofore; and so far from the doors being shut on those who are now opposed to his renomination, it is they who, if there be any difference of right in the matter, are best entitled to all the information that can be furnished.

The Cuban difficulty has clearly entered on a new phase, in that it has become manifest that Spain has not only not been successful so far in quelling the insurrection, but that she does not control even the "loyal" population. In short, she does not govern the island, nor any part of it. The volunteers hold it, and the Spanish troops occupy the position of an auxiliary force. This would be a sufficiently perplexing state of things if the volunteers were a disciplined force, which they are not. The course of a foreign government dealing with a friendly power engaged in the suppression of an insurrection is plain enough. It can wait as long as it pleases for the insurrection to be put down, without compromising its dignity or waiving any of its rights; but, when the government so engaged shows itself to be unable, even in that portion of the territory peaceably occupied by its troops, and in which its authority is not disputed, to fulfil its international obligations, there is not the same room left for discretion. If Havana belongs to Spain, and is garrisoned by Spanish soldiers, there must be somebody in it capable of answering for Spain to other powers; and, if there be not, somebody has to be found. At present there is not. The loyal end of the island is in the hands of forty thousand unruly volunteers, and forty thousand unruly volunteers are a body unknown to international law. Our Government cannot treat with such a body, nor call it to account, nor get redress from it. It can do nothing with it but disperse or disarm it. The questions whether it will do this, and when it will do it, are questions of convenience simply; and the existence of such a state of facts does not by any means make war imminent, but it is a state of facts which calls for an entirely different attitude from that called for by a protracted insurrection.

Business in all branches has been dull during the past week, and prices, with one or two exceptions, have materially declined. Breadstuffs continue to fall, the supplies being large and sent to market freely, while the European demand has declined. Meats have also started on a fresh decline, the hog supply being large and holders eager to sell. Groceries are firm, especially coffee, which is now higher than it has been for years, owing to the short crop in the Brazils and the increased consumption of the present year. Speculation is invading the grocery market since the decay of Wall Street, and "coffee rings" and "tea rings" are the order of the day. Cotton is firm, and has advanced, although last week, for the first time since the heavy receipts began, the weekly arrivals exceeded those of the corresponding week of last year. The consumption of cotton at the present time is enormous, and it is very doubtful whether it can continue at this rate; from the great Oriental markets there already come reports of glut and overstocking. But here everything is buoyant, and the belief in a short crop is not affected by the temporary increase in receipts. Real estate is nominally firm, but very dull; dealers report unusually large amounts of property offered for sale, but without much yielding on the part of holders.

In Wall Street, money has continued scarce and high; but stocks are active and advancing. A so-called "bull campaign" has been agreed upon by the great leaders of the manipulating fraternity, and neither the public indisposition to participate in their schemes, nor the scarcity of money, nor the uneasiness of the banks, appears to be able to influence them. It is unfortunately true that the whole conservatism of the banks appears to be directed against the commercial and mercantile community, who find accommodation of every description extremely difficult to obtain, while the great Wall Street gamblers appear to control unlimited sums, although they have to pay somewhat higher rates for it. There is nothing new in relation to the great onslaught on Erie. Gold has touched 108⅜, the lowest point since June, 1862, and silver is now but a nominal premium above par in currency.

The republican agitation in England seems to gain in fervor if not in extent. The monarchy has on its side, in the large towns at least, a large body of persons who do not, on some subjects, believe in the value of free discussion, and they attack the republican meetings, which nearly all end in a free fight. Besides the fight at Bolton, at which a republican was killed by a brickbat thrown in at the window, an attempt on Sir Charles's part to lecture at Derby resulted in another fight, by which the meeting was broken up. Besides Mr. Auberon Herbert—who is the son and brother of a peer—and Sir Charles Dilke, another member of Parliament, Mr. Charles Seely, Jr., has come out as a republican. The principal other republican champion is Mr. Odger, who is distinguished in the labor movement; but he has had a terrible encounter with Mr. Osborne, another prominent labor reformer, at a meeting of the "London democrats." This body appears to be short of money, $35 being due to a printer and $75 to somebody else for "getting up a demonstration," and there are no funds to pay them. This led to an open contention between the two democratic chiefs, Osborne treating Odger as a sham republican who never would get a republic and was not in earnest in seeking it, and they thereupon abused each other roundly, accusing each other of greed, selfishness, and the receipt of money for which they made no return—in short, of several monarchical vices.

The movement against the House of Lords seems to gain in force also. A conference on the subject has been held at Birmingham, at which the tide of opinion seemed to run mainly against the hereditary principle and the presence of the bishops in the Upper House; but there was no sign of favor for a single chamber. Sir Charles Dilke lectured in the evening, his discourse ending as usual in a free fight. He opposed life peerages as a mere mitigation, and only a slight one, of the evils of hereditary legislation, on the ground that men of real ability would not accept them, and that those who did would be looked down on by the hereditary peers. A nose-pulling case, Bostonians will be interested to hear, has arisen out of the republican movement—Alderman Carter, a member of Parliament, who took the tickets at one of the Dilke meetings, having been charged by Mr. Mallinson, an architect, with "tweaking" his nose. The magistrate found the alderman guilty of an assault, but of an insignificant character, and dismissed the case.

The accounts from France are anything but encouraging. The tendency of the opinion of the country at large seems to have been of late towards the acceptance of the Republic, as having the great merit, whatever its defects, of actually existing. But this appears to have made the majority of the Assembly, which has just met again, more reactionary in its temper and high-handed in its policy than ever before. In the new organization, the Left had been denied almost all representation among the vice-presidents and secretaries and in the committees. The executions at Satory have produced great irritation in Paris, and rendered the idea of going back there more unpopular than ever with the Conservatives, although the necessity for going back is every day more apparent. Thiers seems anxious to throw the blame of them on the Commission of Pardons, though he knows well that such offences as Rossel's could not be pardoned and the discipline of the army maintained; and then, to the ordinary uncertainties of the future is added the uncertainty caused by his advanced age. In short, the probability of prolonging the present situation seems much smaller than it was three months ago. Should either of the two factions seek to precipitate the crisis, that crisis can only consist in an appeal to the army; and of the sentiments of the French army, as at present constituted, nobody seems to know much, but it is safe to conclude that it is not Republican, much less Reddish. Our Paris correspondent gives an interesting account of another "leading mind" of the Commune, whose career closely resembles Rochefort's.

ROYALTY AND REPUBLICANISM IN EUROPE.

WHAT are the pleas of republicanism in Europe? And, above all, what are the sins—past, present, or potential—of European royalty? This latter term is so vague and comprehensive, that we must begin by making some distinctions, since almost all the possible phases of decline through which royalty must pass may be said to co-exist in Europe, from its all but perfect type personified in the Russian autocrat to the phantom royalty of England, Belgium, and Italy. Now, it is a fact that there are no republicans in Russia, and even men like Putin and Bakunin, who go to Geneva and become citizens of the "Universal Republic," do not urge the immediate proclamation of the republic in Russia. In Germany, too, where the struggle for constitutional liberty is still far from being terminated, the number of professed republicans is remarkably small. But in those countries where the prerogatives of the sovereign have been reduced to what may be called a minimum, since they have reached the level of those allowed to the chief magistrate in a republic—where liberty is greatest, and where the rights of individual citizens are most freely asserted and most scrupulously respected, the republicans are sufficiently strong to form political parties, and to threaten the institutions to which they owe their impunity. In other words, European republicanism grows in the inverse ratio of autocratic tyranny; its reaction against personal tyranny is weakest where that tyranny is greatest; it is strongest where the traces of personal government are evanescent. And as this would be a *reductio ad absurdum* which we cannot accept, our syllogism can become true only by the assumption that it is no longer monarchical oppression, but some other feature of monarchy, which modern republicanism reacts against, and that if it cannot strike royalty in the name of liberty and morality, its grievance must be an intellectual one. And in this intellectual strength lies its political weakness. It can no longer stir the heart as Masaniello did, or Garibaldi. There are no wrongs to avenge, though there are follies to expose, and mistakes to correct. The cry of liberty falls flat when raised against those who are no longer enemies of liberty. And thus all purely republican agitation, when separated from socialism, can wield no other weapons than those of criticism. With these it has discovered that royalty, though no longer tyrannical, is something worse than harmless—a superfluity. But this is only a thesis, and no cry. It is easy to knock down an enemy, but how can you shake off a bore? Many men, who would enjoy the former exploit, would shrink from the latter, which implies, if nothing worse, a breach of decorum or a breach of the peace. It was easier to expel Isabella of Spain or the King of Naples than it would be to get rid of a respectable worthy like the King of Saxony. And, as a matter of fact, crowned profligates and crowned despots have rarely been attacked by the republicans or in the name of the republic, but have been expelled only to make room for better sovereigns. Even the Mazzinians, if not Mazzini himself, accepted Victor Emanuel as universal heir of the Italian thrones, and the relief they felt was so great that they never thought of agitating for the republic.

Before we admit (what can hardly be denied) that royalty, when properly disarmed and constitutionalized, becomes a superfluity, we will examine its residual attributes, such as are still allowed to belong to it in the freest monarchies of Europe. These attributes are the veto, the right of legislative initiative, the right of declaring war and of making peace, and, lastly, its hereditary character. The first two a constitutional king has in common with the President of the United States, and of the third he can make as little use as if he were a President-elect, unless the funds are granted by the nation. How troublesome the exercise of similar rights can become under circumstances, Americans know fully as well as Europeans, and English republicans feel so strongly on this point, that they would object as much to a president-elect as to an hereditary sovereign. Mr. Conway, who addressed the London Republican Club, at the Hall of Science, on the 13th of November, tried to show that the evils "resulting to a nation from having a president" were about as great as those resulting from having "a ghost of a king," and in his dread of any personal headship, he was even "opposed to the principle of State legislatures in America," and wished to see all these pointed State pyramids merged into one large truncated pyramid, tapering off into nothing worse than "a commission with a sort of prime minister." We grant that it is dangerous to leave such weapons as the veto in the hands of any single man. The Roman tribunes, who first wielded it, were at least two, and sometimes ten. But since all these considerations concern republics as well as monarchies, they need not be urged in the name of the republic as republic, and the desired reforms may be obtained by way of amendments to the constitution in every free country. Even kings have been, and can at any time be, legally stripped of their various prerogatives without bloodshed or revolution. The only attribute of royalty which distinguishes even the most powerless king from a president, and of which it could not be stripped without ceasing to be royalty, is, besides its name, its hereditary character. The Pope-kings and the kings of Poland, though elected kings, were real kings, but only because they were not constitutional kings in the modern sense of the term.

Suppose, then, that we had found the modern idea of royalty, the model king with none but citizen's rights, of whom nothing could be predicated except that he was his father's son, that he enjoyed a salary called the civil list, and that he was the recognized head of society. Politically, such a personage would certainly be superfluous, but would he be worse than superfluous?

According to his three predicates, he could be objected to on three grounds: intellectually, on the ground of common sense; financially, on the ground of economy; and morally, on socialistic grounds. The financial argument recently proffered in England by Sir Charles Dilke, though sound and apparently irresistible, is not likely to tell. It could have weight only with a nation that was neither wealthy nor pleasure-loving. Even in semi-bankrupt Italy the people (workmen and all) would not grudge the funds for the erection of a royal ball-room in the Quirinal, if Sella were less stingy; and as long as cities are ready to waste a hundred thousand francs for one night's illumination, while the lamp of education wants feeding and trimming, all specious denunciation of a frugal king's expenditure would be simply a waste of breath.

Less weighty even than the financial is the social argument. Royalty is, no doubt, a superstition, as Garibaldi and many before him have called it; and, what is worse, it is a superstition of the upper classes alone, in this sense, that they excuse their own weakness for royalty by assuming it to be a superstition of the lower classes, whom, they think, it would be cruel to deprive of it. The recent discovery that the people had, long since, outgrown this superstition, would have been a painful surprise to the upper classes but for their remarkable power of "not seeing" unwelcome things. Nor can it be denied that human majesty, whether in the garb of royalty, or wealth, or titles, or cocked hats, has often captivated even democratic hearts, and occasionally this weakness crops up where one leasts expects it. A Liberal Italian paper, quite recently, found fault with two ministers of the crown for going into a Roman restaurant, and sitting down to dine with people who were likely to speak disrespectfully of their last measures. But all these sentiments belong to a sphere lying beyond the reach and competency of political agitation. Society, with all its follies, cannot be regulated by legislation. Even its inequalities, which, in a free country, are never anything but school-classes, through which every one who can may pass, are the result of that very principle of liberty which has made of individual freedom the supreme law of modern society. And that is the reason why socialism is as antagonistic to individual freedom as it is antagonistic to the freedom of trade and of competition. But on these points many people seem to have confused ideas, and idiotic Europeans still express astonishment when they hear New Englanders talk of the "classes" of Boston society, as if various Republicans were bound to associate with each other regardless of tastes, affinities, or culture.

The only really vulnerable point of modern royalty is, strange to

say, its so-called legitimacy. A good king is king not because he is good, but because he is the son of his father. He is a physical accident, and, if royalty were not politically harmless, common-sense might well object to such an institution. Nor is legitimacy what the term implies, there being no monarchy on earth where the continuity of succession has not been broken by revolution or by conquest; and if the plebiscitary right were to correct or supplant the so-called divine right, it would have consistently to be enforced on the death of each sovereign. Royalty would then become elective, and soon cease to be royalty.

What, then, is to be done with this institution? To substitute, more or less gradually, the plébiscite for the right of lineal succession, would certainly be the gentlest way of bringing about the self-extinction of royalty. Even convents are suppressed not by the expulsion of the monks, but by the exclusion of novices. But the proceeding is too slow to please a militant political party. Nor is it likely to find favor with conservative people. For it must be admitted that the sovereign people can be as troublesome and as foolish as any king of the old school; and there are men, even in America, who think that the belief in universal suffrage, unrestricted by any educational or domicile test, is as much a superstition as royalty ever was—not, indeed, in the same innocent sense as royalty, or lord mayor's shows, or national guards, but in the far more pregnant sense in which protectionism, trial by jury, and the pretended "national horror" of secret voting or of compulsory education have, at times, been qualified as popular superstitions.

In fact, it is not enough for rational men to cry *Delenda est* when they have to deal with anything simply superfluous. A mason does not pull down a house, or clear away the rubbish either, without having counted the cost; and it behooves the republicans of Europe, if not content with gradual action, to consider how much blood, money, and misery it would cost to rid the world of such sovereigns as Queen Victoria or Victor Emanuel (such being the only ones objected to). Signor Crispi, one of the republican leaders in Italy, after making this calculation, came to the strange conclusion (which he was honest enough to state in public) that royalty could, in exceptional cases, be of some use to a nation, and that the Italians, in their present condition, might say of monarchy what the French say of the republic, "It unites us"; and might say of the republic what the French most justly say of monarchy, "It divides us."

This is an important admission. But, as it refers to exceptional cases only, it does not invalidate the general maxim that sovereigns are superfluous in proportion to their loyalty to the constitution. It only shows that republican leaders need not, and ought not to, cease being practical statesmen. To be successful, or, rather, to hasten their success, they should endeavor to gain over a greater number of educated men, which they could easily do by merely abstaining from rant and hollow declamation. The line of action which European republicans should follow is clear and broad. Let them begin by attacking and combating the principle of hereditary rights where it is apt to work real mischief, not where it is a powerless emblem. Let them agitate for the reform or suppression of the British House of Lords; and let them, above all, endeavor to prevent any relapse into monarchy when chance or revolution has brought on an interregnum.

A POLITICAL FINANCIER.

THE approaching election by the Legislature of Ohio, to fill a vacancy in the representation of that State in the Senate of the United States for a term of six years, commencing March 4, 1873, possesses more than ordinary interest, for the reason that, in case of the re-election of the present senator, Mr. John Sherman, the principal candidate, he will in all probability be continued in the office of chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate—a place of great importance to the whole country, and demanding of its occupant the highest qualifications in respect to integrity, statesmanship, and financial knowledge and experience. Mr. Sherman's friends, in advocating his re election, allege that he possesses these qualifications in a pre-eminent degree, and that, therefore, no other candidate from the Republican party in the State should be allowed to enter the lists in opposition. To make a claim, however, is one thing; to support it by evidence is quite another; and with a view of seeing how far the claims in this case are supported by evidence, we propose to enquire a little into Mr. Sherman's history.

Mr. Sherman entered the Senate in 1861, after having previously served four terms in the House, and was re-elected in 1867. He is now, consequently, at the close of his second term. An examination of his earlier senatorial record, as contained in the pages of the *Congressional Globe*, fails to show anything which does not bear the stamp of mediocrity; and during the inception and consummation of the financial measures consequent upon the war, he does not appear to have said or proposed anything which the future historian of the period will consider as of the slightest importance. After the war, his career becomes more significant.

It will be remembered that the so-called "greenback swindle," or the project of paying off the Government funded debt in depreciated currency, was first prominently promulgated by Mr. Pendleton in Ohio, in the State campaign of 1867; and although at first denounced by the Republican leaders in the State generally, it proved exceedingly popular with the masses, and before the close of the year may be said to have nearly carried the public sentiment of the State, without distinction of party. In the outset, Mr. Sherman, in common with other Republican leaders, did not hesitate to characterize the whole project, in the plainest language, as a crime; but as the summer's experience made it probable that the popular current throughout the State was setting in the other direction and with Mr. Pendleton, he took a politician's and not a statesman's view of the subject, and soon arrived at essentially different conclusions. The second session of the Fortieth Congress assembled in December, 1867, and, on the 17th of that month, Mr. Sherman obtained the consent of his committee to submit a bill and report in reference to the refunding of the debt at a lower rate of interest than six per cent., in which, without committing the Finance Committee of the Senate to his doctrine, he, nevertheless, repeated all the Pendletonian arguments in favor of paying the bonds in legal tender at their current or some prior rate of depreciation. In fact, the whole report was evidently designed to rouse a fear in the mind of the public creditor that Congress would ultimately accept the greenback doctrine, and thus, for fear of having his debt repudiated, induce him to exchange his six per cent. Five-Twenty bonds for a new Five per cent. which Mr. Sherman's bill proposed to create. The implied and ill-concealed threat contained in the report and bill was, however, a little too much for the Senate and the general sentiment, and so the bill was speedily recommitted; but early in January a substitute was reported, with the threat omitted. What Mr. Sherman, however, could not force the Senate and his Committee to recognize officially, he did his best to promulgate and strengthen personally, and in a speech of some two hours' length in the Senate, on the 27th of February, 1868, he threw his whole weight into an argument in favor of paying the bonds in greenbacks. As a specimen of his language, we quote the following from a report of this speech in the *Congressional Globe* for 1867–8, pp. 180–189: "I say that equity and justice are amply satisfied if we redeem the bonds at the end of five years in the same kind of money, of the same intrinsic value, as it bore at the time they were issued." He then proposed to offer the holders of the Five-Twenty bonds his new Five per cents, and said (p. 184): "We will give each of you at your option this form of security in exchange for that which you now have: if you accept this offer by the 1st of November next, we will give you certain exemptions; if not, you stand upon your existing right, and all questions affecting it shall be postponed until the next session of Congress." Near the close of this same speech he further said: "The bill does not provide for a rejection of this offer; but, I repeat, if it is rejected, I will not hesitate to vote to redeem maturing bonds in the currency in existence when they were issued and with which they were purchased."

This foolish and unwarranted attack upon the credit and good faith of the country—we say "unwarranted" because Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Edmunds, and others in the course of the debate showed that, although Mr. Sherman was chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate, he had no clear idea or correct knowledge of the terms on which the Five-Twenties were issued and disposed of; and "foolish" because, as we shall show, Mr. Sherman had subsequently to eat his own words publicly—created profound astonishment and disgust throughout the country. Gold, which early in December was 133, rose on the reporting of Mr. Sherman's bill to 137, and in February, on the delivery of his speech, to 144, and did not again recede from the point at which the rise commenced in December, 1867, until nearly a year afterwards, or until November, 1868. The flow of bonds for investment to Europe was also arrested; and a return movement—especially from Germany—seemed likely to take place to such an extent that serious financial disturbances were anticipated.

Looking over the files of some of the leading Republican papers of that time, we find that the New York *Evening Post* expressed itself as follows:

"We may safely assert that no action yet taken by any politician, either Democratic or Republican, has inflicted such serious injury upon the credit of the United States, or rendered more certain and necessary a reorganization of political parties, as soon as the exigencies of reconstruction shall render such changes possible."

The New York *Times* of January 30, 1868, commenting on the first report, used this language:

"The moment it became known that the Committee intended to present such a report, there was a general apprehension in financial circles that it would depress the value of Government securities. It was a day of general rejoicing among the bears."

Mr. Chittenden, who was the Registrar of the Treasury at the time the Five-Twenties were issued, under the signature of "Adirondack," also expressed himself, in respect to Mr. Sherman's report, in the New York *Times* as follows: "If any body but the Senate Finance Committee had grouped together such a mass of wrong assertions, so ingeniously deceptive, and, withal, by the assumption of these false premises, putting such a powerful argument into the mouths of repudiators, I should be warranted in characterizing it as a wicked attempt to mislead the country by the statement of facts known to be untrue." So much for Mr. Sherman's integrity, statesmanship, and financial sagacity, at a time when the exigencies of the country demanded the best exertions of all true men to save her from the shame, the humiliation, and the disgrace of repudiating the debt she incurred in defending her own life, and in protecting the liberties of her children.

The current of public sentiment, however, soon changed. The Chicago Convention struck a deadly blow at all this specious and disguised repudiation, and the success of the Republican party in November, 1868, sealed the fate of "Pendletonianism." This made another somersault on the part of the honorable Senator necessary, and, eight days after Congress assembled again, that is, December 16, 1868, he made haste to report from the Finance Committee the following resolution:

"*Resolved* by the Senate, etc.

"That neither public policy, nor the good faith of the nation, will allow the redemption of the Five-Twenty bonds until the United States shall perform its primary duty of paying its notes in coin, or making them equivalent thereto; and that measures should be adopted by Congress to secure the resumption of specie payments at as early a day as practicable."

It is interesting to observe that, the same day, Senator Morton (who had joined Mr. Sherman on the greenback escapade) made an elaborate speech in favor of an early resumption of specie payments. It is still more interesting to consider, in honorable contrast with the career of these two men, the course of Senator Fessenden. During the debate on Sherman's Funding Bill, Mr. Fessenden said:

"I have no doubt we are bound by every principle of honor, as expressed upon the paper, and as connected with the contemporaneous exposition of the thing itself, to pay the principal of every bond we have issued in coin. That is my judgment, and I do not think I shall change it; and so positive am I that that was the understanding of everybody in the community, that, even if there were a narrow chance of escape by a technical construction of the paper itself, I should deem myself dishonored as a member of this body if I should take the first step in any direction that would look like paying or attempting to pay our obligations of that description in paper."—*Globe*, July 13, 1868, p. 3994.

On the 27th of February, just one year from the day that Mr. Sherman made his repudiation speech, he voted for Schenck's bill to strengthen public credit—which expressly declared that the Five-Twenty bonds were payable, principal and interest, in coin.

Again, Mr. Sherman's recent record in respect to the tariff is not of a character which savors of either honesty or statesmanship, or one in respect to which either he or his friends have reason to be proud. Thus, on the assembling of the present Congress, in March last, the House passed resolutions removing the duties from salt and coal by a two-thirds vote. The resolutions went to the Senate, and were so simple and unmistakable in phraseology and meaning, and referred to subjects so familiar, that it would seem as if there could be no objection to submitting them at once to consideration and a vote. But this would not suit Senator Sherman. He knew that there was soon to be a senatorial election in Ohio, and that, if he permitted these resolutions to come to a vote, he would be compelled to show his hand one way or the other, and so run the risk of incurring the opposition of either the revenue reformers or the protectionists. He therefore determined to attempt to ride two horses, and he succeeded as well as could be expected; for the resolutions were referred, on his motion, to the Finance Committee. He refused, although earnestly pressed by Senator Trumbull and others, to report them back; and in their place introduced resolutions authorizing the Senate Committee to sit during the recess, and consider the subject. The pettifogging character of the whole proceeding becomes evident when it is considered that the Senate Committee had a right to consider and enquire at any time, without specific authorization—and, in fact, is instituted for this specific purpose; that the subjects to be enquired about have been considered again and again by the Committee; that there is on file in the committee-room all the information necessary for the formation of an opinion; and, finally, that the Committee, in spite of its authorization, did not meet until a few days before the present session of Congress, never had a quorum present, and, as was expected, did nothing, and had nothing ready on the reassembling of the Senate. As a trick for appearing to do something, and yet ensuring that nothing should be done, it was ungenerous, but almost too transparent, and reminds one not a little of the old man in the "Nonsense Verses",

"Who said, *how*
Shall I flee from this terrible cow?
I will sit on this stile, and continue to smile,
And soften the heart of this cow."

How much Senator Sherman needs to enquire into the subject of finance may be also inferred from an assertion made by him in a speech in Ohio, in the fall of 1870, "that he was unable to recognize any difference between a tariff for revenue and a tariff for protection"; although, as Ex-Commissioner Wells remarked in his *North American Review* article, "the Senator at that very time could not name an article in the tariff, on which the duties had been levied mainly with a view to protection, in respect to which there had not been not only a resulting loss to the Treasury, but a heavy burden of taxation entailed upon the people." And again, in addressing the Chamber of Commerce in Cincinnati, after the adjournment of Congress last spring, he remarked that undoubtedly the tariff needed some amendment, and that he proposed during the summer and fall to give the subject consideration; which bit of wisdom, coming from the chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate, would be equivalent to a schoolmaster saying to his patrons that, inasmuch as they had selected him to teach their children to read and write, he would begin to take into consideration the expediency of learning to read and write himself.

In the recent debate in the Senate on Mr. Trumbull's resolution for a committee of investigation, we also find Senator Sherman just where every man that has watched his political career

would expect to find him, namely, superserviceable in preventing anything from being done which does not conform to the narrowest rule of party expediency; and practising a discourtesy of which no other Senator was guilty, in reviving an old and wholly obsolete rule, not heard of in debate for years, to prevent Mr. Trumbull from speaking, and so hinder the truth in respect to corruption from coming before the public. In short, an examination of his public career shows him to be nothingmore nor less than one of those politicians whose elevation to high office has for the last quarter of a century tended to debase the whole tone of American politics. We trust, therefore, that, for the sake of the Republican party, and for the interests of financial reform, civil-service reform, and general progress, the rumor that the Ohio Legislature will relegate Mr. Sherman to private life, and select from out of the numerous other candidates some man of greater capacity to represent them in the Senate, may not be unfounded.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

WASHINGTON, December 21, 1871.

THE impressions received upon revisiting Washington, after an absence of seven months, most of which were spent abroad, may, perhaps, prove interesting to readers of the *Nation*. The Administration party has unquestionably gained strength during the summer, both by reason of positive achievement and the abandonment of schemes of aggression in the West Indies. The Alabama Treaty has justly brought great credit upon the men who negotiated it, and the promise given by the President to inaugurate a reform of the civil service will further increase public confidence. Moreover, as the time for holding the National Republican Convention has approached, there has been a visible tightening of the bonds of party. I could mention several members of Congress from the West who were ready to play the part of rebellious captains last spring, and who are now dutifully serving in the ranks. There are, however, a few men, who best represent the intellect, the culture, and the liberalism of the Republican party, who are exceedingly distrustful of professions of desire for reform coming from a President who dismissed Mr. D. A. Wells, who forced ex-Secretary Cox from the Cabinet, who appointed Sickles Minister to Spain, and who used the power of Federal patronage against Carl Schurz and Gratz Brown in Missouri. I myself, however, think that, notwithstanding his affiliations with the Morton and Cameron school of politicians, the President is at present sincere in his expressed intention to carry out the plans of the civil-service Commissioners as regards *future* appointments to office. In this he shows political sagacity, for the public offices are now filled with men who can be depended upon to work for his renomination, while by his adoption of the recommendations of the Commissioners he bids high for the support of civil-service reformers. Promises to make no appointments to office from improper motives *after* the first of January will not satisfy thorough-going reformers, to be sure; but the influence of even such promises upon the country will be considerable. It is very clear that the Administration party intend to lighten their ship during her passage through the maelstrom of the Presidential election by throwing over the deck-load of abuses. "I should not be surprised," said a leader of reform in the Senate to me, "to see Grant become a revenue reformer before spring."

The truth about Grant's character I believe to be this: he likes the fun of being President, and it matters little to one whose knowledge of the principles of government is crude, and whose opinions are consequently ill-defined and loosely held, whether there is a protective or a free-trade tariff; whether Sickles is Minister to Spain or some one else, so long as Grant inhabits the White House and has its stables well filled. Such a man cannot and does not satisfy the American people; but when, dissatisfied, we try to find a better man, we meet with great difficulties. As Mr. Montgomery Blair has well said, there is a compress at work keeping Grant in the Presidential chair. It is, of course, the Democratic party. I believe it to be the conviction of all practical politicians in Washington that Grant is certain of his renomination and of his re-election, in the event of a Democratic nomination, no matter how good a one. But I am equally persuaded that all this confidence would speedily vanish should the Democrats adopt the Missouri policy. The question of the hour is, Will they do it? I came to Washington to get light upon this question, and I find the feeling among the wisest of the Democratic leaders to be that it is possible that their party may consent to die, provided some sort of resurrection and a future life is guaranteed. In other words, they say: We may consent to form an alliance with liberal Republicans, but we will not agree to stand aside and allow them to do as they please without consulting us. There is another set of Democratic politicians, who are well represented by the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, who, being "war-horses," talk about nailing the Democratic banner to the mast, and who discountenance any alliance with Republicans as necessarily involving a surrender of what they are pleased to call their principles. This folly is, I believe, sufficiently luminous to be seen of all men. While professing to stand up for their own opinions, they are, in reality, refusing to adopt the only possible plan of action by which their triumph can be made even probable. There is wisdom enough still in the Democratic party to secure the prevalence of a policy of alliance, provided there are allies to be had. The Missouri Republicans, who elected Gratz Brown against the power of the Administration, still control the politics of the State, and are understood to be ready and anxious for an alliance. The Illinois Republicans are not Grant men, and prefer and would vote in the Republican National Convention for any other candidate who might show sufficient strength to be considered a rival of Grant. And many of them would leave the party, I am convinced, if the Missouri policy should be adopted by the Democrats. In Ohio there is also much angry dislike of Grant; and I doubt whether the State could be depended on to go for him, should his opponent be Gratz Brown, Senator Trumbull, or Judge Davis. In Wisconsin, the Republicans are even more rebellious. I am informed there is clearly plenty of material for a new political combination, but there is a sad want of leaders. The Missouri men alone have burnt their ships. From what I see and hear, the conviction is forced upon me that there will be no lead given by men like Trumbull voluntarily. They may be forced by the Administration party into opposition, but they will go reluctantly and timidly.

If we are to have a new party, it will grow out of the debates in Congress this winter. Although, at this moment, nothing of importance separates the Liberal Republicans and Anti-Bourbon Democrats, and, while I have heard men representing both say to each other, "It would not take us long to write a platform upon which we both could stand," still the bonds of party remain. And upon the party-standing of Congressmen their renominations depend. As things are now, say they, we are sure of our future, but where should we be if new combinations come about? Men in Congress of the opposite parties have got to get used to each other's society, to go through the letters often in company, to confer with each other in caucuses against a common enemy. What question is likely to arise that can force reluctant members into each other's arms? There is but one, viz.: the question of free-trade *versus* protection. If this is vigorously pressed, Kelley and Randall will go through letters together, and Trumbull and Thurman will become allies. The Republicans of the West and the Democrats of the East will be found acting in concert. Grant must take sides, and no commission can be formed to bridge over the torrent of invectives which Kelley and Maynard are likely to pour upon Burchard and Finkelnburg. Revenue reformers may prove strong enough to persuade the facile Grant to have no opinion of his own, and to know only that of the people; but I doubt it. The protectionists are powerful in the Senate, and the States of Pennsylvania and Michigan are Grant States. Some compromise is sure to be offered by the Administration, but it will satisfy neither side.

COMMUNIST MANNERS.

PARIS, December 8, 1871.

JUSTICE, says Horace, often comes slowly "pede claudo." It is a great pity. The executions which took place in Paris during the terrible week when our soldiers took the capital street by street, by the light of the monuments set on fire, filled every heart with awe, but did not awaken any feeling of shame or remorse. The policy afterwards adopted in sentencing the Communists has been just exposed to much criticism. The responsible leaders of the sedition, the members of the Commune, have not been treated with sufficient severity, while thousands of unfortunate workingmen, who were led by ignorance, folly, and misery into the ranks of the Commune, have been condemned to transportation; while M. Rane, a member of the Commune, is allowed to go free, and is even a member of the Municipal Council of Paris, many innocent men, taken among the Communists, are still awaiting sentence in the prisons of Versailles and on the hulks of Brest. There ought to be morality in punishment, otherwise punishment loses all its social value. We do not punish men for the wicked pleasure of seeing them suffer, but in order that the multitude may see a relation between crime and chastisement. If the relation is lost—if there is no measure between guilt and punishment, the minds of the people only become more confused. Hundreds of young radicals are encouraged by the leniency shown towards M. Rane and others. It would have been easy for the

Council of War to condemn all the members of the Commune on some particular point—let us say, for instance, for what the military court calls *embouchage*, that is, for enticing the soldiers of the regular army to abandon their ranks and to serve under another flag. After the 10th of March, the Commune made a proclamation, in which high pay was offered to all the soldiers forgotten and abandoned in Paris. This was clearly a case of *embouchage*. And the punishment of this crime in the French law is death. It would have been easy to commute a sentence rendered against every member of the Commune, according to the conduct of each individual member.

So far, only two members of the Commune have been condemned to death —Ferré, the assassin of the hostages, and Rossel, the General of the Commune for a few weeks. Even the Reds have not attempted to defend the memory of Ferré, but the radical papers are attempting to throw a sort of halo around Rossel—a young, intelligent officer of the Engineers, who professed that he espoused the cause of the Commune, moved by a patriotic rage. He tried, during the siege of Metz, to excite a military conspiracy against Bazaine, but found no support among his comrades; General Changarnier, to whom he offered the command of the army, spoke to him as a father does to an angry child, and dismissed him with a few kind words. After the capitulation he escaped, and offered his services to Gambetta. It is difficult to understand why, being so furious against the Prussians and so anxious to fight, he allowed himself to spend a few months in the camps of Nevers, where he was almost lost. Gambetta would undoubtedly have given him more active service if he had insisted upon it. We find him afterwards in Paris as a general of the Commune, fighting against his friends and comrades. He attempted to enforce some order in the ranks of the Communists; he had one poor fellow shot under his own eyes who refused to fight against the Versaillais. His orders were of the most stringent, even of the most cruel character. Every effort was made after his condemnation to obtain his pardon; but it was impossible to pardon him. The French army would have felt insulted if he had been. After all, a soldier must understand that, if he deserts his flag, he has no mercy to expect. Rossel employed the last days of his life in writing various letters to his friends and relatives. There is a radical paper called the *Constitution* which calls these pages "the testament of an elect—a sublime leaf of the eternal bible written by the race of Adam with its own blood." Gambetta's paper, the *French Republic*, speaks of Rossel as of a martyr in a holy cause. The Republicans do not yet understand that they lose all chance of converting the French people to their ideas so long as they allow themselves to be considered as systematic revolutionists.

The Communists who publish a paper in London called the *Qui Vive?* do all they can to keep the French bourgeoisie in a state of mortal terror. I wonder if the equivalent of Vermesch, the editor of the *Qui Vive?* could be found in England or America? He is a type which can only be found in the Paris boulevard—a man still young, well educated, without any political convictions, fond of pleasure, who began his career by writing frivolous articles in the *Figaro* about the scandals of the day, the last duel, the last piece of Alexander Dumas, junior, the demi-monde, etc., spending his evening at the theatre and his nights at the Café Anglais or the gambling-table. When the siege of Paris began, frivolity ceased to be the order of the day. Vermesch adopted the republican tone of austerity; his only object was to write a paper which should bring as much money as possible. When the Commune triumphed, he published the *Père Duchêne*, which was so successful among the populace that Vermesch had, I hear, a net profit of a thousand francs a day. The *Père Duchêne* was a servile imitation of a paper published under the same name during the Terror, written in the coarsest and the foulest language, with an obscene oath in almost every line. I have several copies before me; even the type of the old revolutionary paper was imitated, and the ideal Republic, with the Phrygian cap and the *niveau* of equality in hand, was reproduced at the head of it. In these numbers Vermesch recommends the murder of the hostages, the burning of the monuments, the pillage of the houses of all noted royalists, etc. As soon as the Commune was in danger, Vermesch fled, and now he publishes the *Qui Vive?* for the Communists of Leicester Square. He informs the French *bourgeoisie* that the Commune was too tender, too generous, but that the next revolution will be unmerciful. "We will," says he, "cut off all your heads, even if they be covered with white hair." This is another extract: "We have been merciful to these frightened rascals. We will be so no more. Between them and us there will be an eternal war; speak no more of contempt, speak no more of prisons—death! O slaughtering heroes! the time will soon come when you will be slaughtered! There will be no more question then of burning these *bicoques*" (these *bicoques*, which means good-for-nothing houses, are the Tuileries, the Hôtel de Ville, etc.) "or of shooting in an obscure corner a few abject spies, a few ignoble Jesuits. Oh no! then, bourgeoisie, *you* will die! Then we will evoke Marat, whose eye follows us in the dark: for thou alone, Marat, wast right:

"'Pour que le peuple touche
A ce port qui s'enfuit toujours,
Il nous faut au grand jour la justice farouche,
Sans haines comme sans amours,
Dont l'effrayante voix, plus haut que la tempête,
Parle dans sa sincérité,
Et dont la main tranquille au ciel lève la tête
De Prudhomme décapité!'"

Prudhomme is the type of the French middle class, created by Henri Monnier in his curious "Signes Populaires"; it is a type as well known as that of John Bull in England. Prudhomme is a pompous, stupid fellow, fond of fine phrases, always bent on "giving a lesson" to the men in power, but very timid in revolutionary times. He is the man to whom his comrades of the National Guard offer a sword of honor, and who makes the answer, now become proverbial: "This sword is the finest day of my life; I will always keep it, comrades, and always use it to protect the laws, and, if need be, to attack them."

You see what fate the *Père Duchêne* promised to our Parisian bourgeoisie, though it was, to a certain extent, by its folly and weakness an accomplice of the Commune. If I have cited these few verses, it was to show to you that Vermesch is a poet, and not quite without merit. He has published several poems in which there is real talent; and this is just what I beg you to notice. Vermesch and the men of his class are not ignorant fanatics, nor sectarians, they are cold-blooded charlatans; they serve one cause just as they would another. Is there in the whole American Republic a single republican of this type, a man who tells the people to kill the rich, to burn their houses, to confiscate their property? In France, unfortunately, Vermesch is only one of a numerous class who, under the name of the Republic, are merely egotist leaders of a social war. There is no marked limit between Vermesch and Ranc, once a member of the commune. Ranc is the friend and associate of Gambetta; Gambetta was the colleague of some of M. Thiers's actual ministers; and thus it is that the Republican party is actually a kind of monster, with M. Thiers for its monarchical head, and the long, enormously broad tail of communalist socialism. Who can wonder if, as a nation, France sees this monster with dread, and almost with horror? "Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne." Most eyes are only fixed on this awful tail; all the life of the body seems to have gone to it and to its horrid excrescences—men like Ferré, like Vermesch, like that other man, Maroteau, who has a kind of morbid genius, and wrote one of the most extraordinary papers published under the Commune; he is only twenty years old, and has been condemned to death, but will probably be allowed to die from consumption, as he is very ill in prison. It is to me a problem how men like Maroteau and Vermesch can take their pens and write on virgin paper the horrible lines they have written. The demon of vanity, I suppose, is in them; they must, they will attract the world's notice; they would rather die the death of a criminal than die ignored. Their life is a long orgie; they are morally drunken; they are maniacs of revolution. Those among you in America who wish success to the French republic, ought to remember that the old Latin countries have to deal with men and with ideas which you have hardly any knowledge of. The only men in France who would be good citizens under a republic are those who desire for the present a constitutional monarchy.

Notes.

THE editors of the *American Naturalist* announce that, with the commencement of their new volume, they will make the department of microscopy a special feature of the magazine, placing it under the charge of Dr. R. H. Ward, of Troy, and making it a medium of communication for investigators, teachers, and instrument-makers. The December number already gives some idea of what this department will be, and has besides a very varied table of contents—the beginning of a scientific account of the Mammoth Cave and its inhabitants, a paper on the long-crested jay, and another on a singing-mouse from Florida. This last merits the attention of musically-disposed readers, who will here find (perhaps for the first time) a notation of the melodies of this species of songsters. The writer states that on one occasion his little *prima donna* sang for nine minutes together without pause or cessation.

—One who signs himself "Not a Public-spirited Philadelphian, but a Nervous New Englander," after paying a deserved compliment to the modesty of Philadelphians, and another to the well-known collections of birds and of crania in the museum of their Academy of Natural Sciences, writes us as follows: "The final fact, to which the foregoing is only preparatory (by way of getting the good-will of the audience), may imply a lack of self-esteem. This matchless collection is in a building totally inadequate in

size, and, what is worse, which is without any pretensions to being fire-proof. And yet the appeal for funds to erect a commodious and fire-proof building meets with so feeble a response that the mathematical probabilities are very great that fire will consume the whole before a fit building is provided for it." We should say that the friends of the University of Pennsylvania might do worse than assist in overcoming this indifferenee.

—We apprehend that there can be no difference of opinion as to the propriety of devoting the surplus of the indemnity paid us by China a dozen years ago—which no Administration has been disposed to pocket, and which the Chinese Government declines to take back—to found an American college in China. Indeed, had there been time in this eventful period to consider what disposition should be made of the $400,000, we might already have seen it applied to this useful purpose, according to the original suggestion of Dr. S. Wells Williams, the well-known author of the "Middle Kingdom." Mr. W. P. Jones, late U. S. Consul in China, who is now seeking to revive the project, states, from his experience and observations for six years at Macao, Amoy, and Canton, that "the prejudice to our political and commercial relations with the Chinese suffered for the want of suitable interpreters, works incalculable mischief and injury both to themselves and to us. . . . He has firm faith in the slow but steady progress of China in the adoption of American and European inventions and ideas, and feels confident that the proposed institution would effect the most beneficial results, and prove one of the wisest acts of diplomacy this government can perform."

—Our notice, last week, of the late Mr. Tuckerman was necessarily more brief than we could have wished to make it, and we need offer no excuse for further remarks on an American man of letters who, without being prominent, was well known for more years than the present generation of readers can remember. He received his education and attained his majority at a period in our literary history when the United States could hardly afford a man such education and culture in letters as should prepare him for any very good literary work, unless he possessed talent of a high order, or had in him native force of genius. High talent, however, or force of genius Mr. Tuckerman had not; and though his earlier productions gave him a name which, twenty-five years ago, was not inconsiderable among his contemporaries, it is, like many other American literary names once bright, now faded. This decadence, however, though of necessity, and right, and rather to be a little sighed over than really regretted, should not prevent our remembering the obligations with which we of to-day are bound to those American workers in literature of whom Mr. Tuckerman was one; who without too much encouragement from their surroundings—and with a sort of encouragement, when they got any, that perhaps was less stimulative than gratifying—promoted, so far as they could, the interest of art and of elegant letters in this country. It is because they smoothed the road somewhat that we walk with a more assured step, if we do so walk, as compared with them. They, at all events, made some of our mistakes for us, and saved us the need of making them. That he helped to promote the interest of literature and art among his countrymen constitutes, we suppose, Mr. Tuckerman's principal claim to remembrance; or, if this claim be postponed to any other, it may probably come next to that founded upon his industrious collecting of historical, biographical, and literary facts in various fields—as, for instance, when he compiled a somewhat curious book made up of the judgments passed upon this country by European tourists, or when he got together the biographical details for his work on American painting. It is now not much worth while, and indeed for some years has not been worth while, to point out that Mr. Tuckerman's other claims to remembrance are but slight. His poetry, elaborated with care, does not call for other remark than that it was like much of the verse made by men of fair ability and literary habits. His criticism of pictures and artists is somewhat voluminous; but only such of it is received with assent by competent judges of art as has been received by everybody from other sources, and has been long established; for much more than this he is not looked to, and less than this is not often found in him. As to his literary criticisms, the case with them is not far different. Often they have a great deal of such correctness as may be had when one repeats echo-like, but with diminished distinctness of articulation, what has long been said; often they attain correctness by leaving discrimination unattempted and seeking the safety of general terms, to the disregarding of anything like definiteness; and often they are mistaken. But whether they are wrong or whether they are right, a vapidity that makes it of not much consequence whether they are wrong or right is their characteristic quality. They seem to give evidence of a kind disposition, of rather sluggish sympathies and susceptibilities, of small acumen, of small comprehensiveness of thought or strength of reasoning, of that sincere fondness for books and bookishness which, as we have remarked above, to have felt and to have acted upon was, at one period in our history, to have done a public service of some importance. When thinking of the exaggerated praises that we find set down against the names of some of our earlier writers, and the too much distinction which the pursuit of literature seems to have conferred in their time, we are apt to forget that this happened only in certain circles, and that there were other circles vastly more numerous and vastly larger where the reward of much devotion to literature was mainly contempt and wonderment. The exaggerated reputations at which we smile could only have been obtained in a community which as a whole held literary pursuits not in exaggerated esteem, but in little or none. And Doctor Griswold's laudations are not so good evidence that literary fame was eagerly bestowed in the America of his day as that it was little sought or cared for at all. Next to nobody troubled himself with the notion that fame or anything else was in that way to be got. Something Mr. Tuckerman did to bring this state of things to an end.

—The proceedings of the American Oriental Society at New Haven in October appear in the usual abstract for the information of the public, and embrace thirteen communications of a high character, by Professors Hadley and Whitney, President Woolsey, Mr. Addison Van Name, a number of missionaries, and others. Mr. Ezra Abbot's paper is a criticism of Archbishop Trench's distinction (laid down in his "Synonyms of the New Testament") between *αἰτέω* and *ἐρωτάω*, and arrives at the conclusion, in which it will be safe to rest, that the former word "is generally to ask for something which one wishes to *receive*, something to be *given* or *granted*, rarely for something to be done"; the latter word, on the contrary, "is generally to request or beseech a person to *do* something, rarely to give something." This distinction is established by the construction which follows these verbs—in the one case an accusative of the object asked for; in the other, an infinitive or a subjunctive clause. The Rev. J. T. Gracey describes a commentary on the Bible, by Syud Ahmed Khan, printed by the author in two volumes in 1862 and 1865, at his private press in Ghazeepore and Allyghur, India. The text, in double columns, is in Hindustani and English; and the work is a liberal recognition of what is common in Christian and Mohammedan scripture and belief. The following extract is from "Remarks on the Relation of the Chinese and Mongolian Languages," by Rev. John T. Gulick:

"The conception which determined the classification of the points of the compass was originally the same in Chinese, Tibetan, and Mongolian, although in modern Chinese its primitive form has been greatly modified and obscured. In these languages the south is always mentioned before the north, and, in ancient Chinese and Mongolian, the west before the east. We further find, in Mongolian, that the word *south* means 'in front,' for *north*, 'behind,' for *west*, 'to the right,' for *east*, 'to the left.' In the other languages, some of the points are named in the same way. The character which in Chinese stands for *north* is composed of two men turned back to back, and originally meant 'to turn the back upon' or 'behind.'" In the compass, the index is placed upon the south point of the needle. In at least one passage of the ancient classics, Mr. Gulick had found the word *right* used for 'west.' In languages of other families, the points of the compass are sometimes named upon the same principle, but another point is usually assumed to be in front. Thus, in Hebrew, the words *before, behind, right,* and *left* are used, but the east is in front. With us, in giving the points of the compass in their order, the north is conceived to be faced. The Hawaiians front toward the west, and call *north* 'right' and *south* 'left.'"

—A good children's book—a very much better one than its external appearance indicates, for it has a cheap look—is Mr. Richard Meade Bache's "American Wonderland," of which we accidentally omitted to make notice last week. Mr. Bache had the good thought to go to the stores of legends which may be found scattered through the works that treat of our Aborigines, and thence he has brought many stories which he has done into English, and which almost all readers, no matter how well versed in folk-lore, will find of a fresh and pleasant taste. He promises more of them, and is to have the assistance of Mr. D. G. Brinton, the well-known author of "The Myths of the New World." We should think—considering the conservatism of children, and the somewhat conventionalized character of the wonderland with which, for some generations now, the children have been familiar—that it might be advisable to prefix to the next edition of this "American Wonderland," or the next volume of similar legends, a few words that would make the youthful reader a little more at home in the unaccustomed scene, by giving him some information as to the customs and beliefs of the Indians. It would not, for instance, destroy the charm of such a legend as "The Road to Paradise," if the boy were told of the Indian's custom of burying with his dead the implements of the chase which are to be of use to him in the happy hunting-grounds. And a vocabulary of the strange Indian words, so accented as to show the right pronunciation, would be of service, as ignorance on this point detracts so much from the pleasure of reading about fictitious persons and places. We may remark here, in view of the new edition which we suppose to be certain to come, that a story like that of "Mishosha" would be the better of a little pruning at the beginning, where there is matter that might as well have been omitted. The author allows himself some

liberties with his originals, as it is not primarily his intention to show precisely what Indian legends are; he is making a story-book for children, and not a work for scholars, and his omissions and additions, and omissions to omit, must be tried by other tests than scholars could apply. One story, very like Hans Andersen in incidents, and, perhaps, made still more like him by direct imitation of his manner on the part of the compiler, we had intended to quote, it is so good. "The Boy Who Snared the Sun" is the name of it. But it is not particularly characteristic of the volume, which is of a fresh flavor, and our space admonishes us to refer the reader to the book itself, where, by the bye—we must make room to say—he will find, amid much else that is good, the striking effect of the apparition of *two* associated *ghosts*, bringing home to the beholders, as one ghost cannot, the fact of other worlds, other interests, and other laws. The spectacle of the social communion, to call it so, between the two, so separated as they are from human fellowship, and in the midst of human beings all around them, is very effective upon the imagination.

—Mr. Thomas Hughes has written a letter to the London *Daily News* in which he states that the Anglo-American Association, having no space large enough to store the material that is coming in or promised by British authors, publishers, and learned societies, in response to the committee's appeal for books for the Chicago Free Library, application has been made to the Crystal Palace Company, and the board of directors of that company have willingly given the necessary space. Mr. Hughes suggests that, as the Queen has set the good example of giving her autograph on the title-page of her books, all authors will do well to do the same. And further, as the library will contain books old and new in all departments of literature, donations in money will be employed in the purchase of rare books not otherwise obtainable, and in payment of the necessary expenses. Such donations may be forwarded to Sir John Rose (of Norton, Rose & Co., No. 1 Bartholomew Lane, E. C.), who has kindly consented to act as treasurer. The honorary secretaries, Messrs. A. H. Burgess and F. W. Chesson, will answer any enquiries addressed to them at No. 1 Adam Street, Adelphi. We find elsewhere that the Early English Text Society has promised a complete set of its publications.

—We are now in possession of enough particulars of the fire at Warwick Castle to make it possible to judge pretty accurately how great our losses are by that calamity. The fire was discovered at about one o'clock on Sunday morning, December 3, by one of the servants, who roused two of the footmen. The alarm-bell was rung, and messengers went off for help to Leamington, Coventry, and Kenilworth. Engines and firemen were soon on the spot, but the whole of the east wing was destroyed before they arrived. Serious as the destruction proved, it might have been complete had it not been for the courage and presence-of-mind of William Everton, one of the footmen. Preparations were being made at the castle for the Christmas hunting-party, and the Earl had sent down 50,000 cartridges, which were stored in the gun-room. The whole of this dangerous material was carried out of the house by this brave fellow, and put where it could not be reached by the flames. Fortunately for the public, the fire began in the east wing in the private apartments of the family; and before the flames had reached the great hall, which separated these from the state apartments, all the pictures, furniture, and tapestries which they contained had been removed out of danger. The celebrated baronial hall, sixty feet long by forty feet wide, and twenty-six feet high, would seem to have been entirely destroyed. Nothing but charred wood and ashes remains of the old oak panelling with which the walls were covered, or of the fine roof constructed in 1851, from the designs of Mr. Poynter. The wainscot was hung with antlers of deer, and with ancient armor, valuable either from its workmanship or from its having belonged to famous people. Indeed, to perhaps the majority of those who visited Warwick Castle, the old arms and armor were the chief attraction. The originals from which Colonel Colt borrowed his "invention" of the revolver, and from which the inventors of the mitrailleuse and the breech-loaders borrowed theirs, were the objects of greater interest to many than were the noble roof, the carved wainscot, gleaming with the mirror-like polish of many years, the floor of Venice marble, or the lovely view from the deep bay-window and its balcony. We are led to suppose that this most interesting and valuable collection shared the fate of the room that held it, but it is possible it may have been saved, for we read that there was time to save a portion of the contents of the new dining-room, which, we believe, lay between the great hall and the rooms in which the fire started. As for the state apartments—the red drawing-room, the gilt drawing-room, the cedar drawing-room, the state bedroom, and the state dressing-room—they were saved, as it would appear, by the thickness of the stone wall that separated the red drawing-room, the first of the suite, from the great hall. When it was perceived that the destruction of the great hall could not be stayed, and when the flames were already seen through the chinks of the thick oaken doors that separated it from the red room, the people began to carry out of the state apartments everything of value that could be moved. Some of the pictures were set in the panels of the walls, and secured by ornamented beadings or mouldings. These had to be torn or cut out if they were to be saved at all, and it is to be feared that they must have suffered by the operation. The fine tapestry that covered the walls of the state bedroom was torn away from its fastenings, and the bedstead, with its beautiful hangings and coverings, which was once Queen Anne's, and was given to the grandfather of the present Earl by George III., was carried off piecemeal. Some of the furniture was too heavy to be moved, but the marble and mosaic tops of tables were taken off and all the smaller pieces were removed. Much of the furniture in these apartments was of great beauty and rarity, and we can only hope that it has not been irreparably damaged in the saving. The pictures that made the chief glory of Warwick are, as far as we can learn, nearly all unharmed. The Rubenses, Rembrandts, Salvators, Carraccis, the portraits by Zacchero, Lely, and Kneller were saved, and also the portrait of Henry VIII., once famous as a Holbein, yet, though no longer believed to be one, a fine picture by whomever painted. The famous portrait of Charles I. and his armor-bearer, by Vandyke, is safe, and, though no express mention is made of it, we will hope that the equally famous and, to our thinking, far more beautiful picture by the same master, "The Children of Charles I.," was also rescued.

—To those persons who find Kaulbach as tiresome as we do, with his overmuch academic learning and his overmuch posing and make-believe, and who yet would like to have one of Goethe's famous works with illustrative pictures, we commend the new edition of the "Hermann and Dorothea," with eight photographs by Franz Hanfstängl, after pictures by Arthur Freiherr von Ramberg. These are really beautiful pictures, full of sweet, tender, fresh, and unaffected nature, and ought to give pleasure to all who know and love the poem whose qualities they perfectly reflect in being what we have declared them to be. Placed alongside of Kaulbach's illustrations to the same poem, they make that much overrated artist's work seem more theatrical and stiff than ever.

THE LAST TOURNAMENT.*

"The Last Tournament" belongs to Mr. Tennyson's series of "Idylls of the King," in which its proper place is just after "Pelleas and Ettarre" and just before the better known idyll called "Guinevere." It is, perhaps, most noticeable not for itself, but as giving increased emphasis to the moral element in the poem of which it forms a part, and bringing into fuller light the author's purpose of giving to the mediæval story still more of moral symbolism than was given to it by Mapes—or whoever it was that first gave a religiously and morally didactic quality to legends originally not so endowed to any great extent, and which, after Mapes's time, in the hands of Sir Thomas Malory and his readers, as well as in later times nearer our own, certainly exercised their charm on the fancy and imagination far more than on the ethical or spiritual part of men's natures.

The story of this latest idyll is not long. Sir Tristram is the hero, being the victor in the last tournament held at Camelot before the discovery of Guinevere's infidelity, and the coming of the train of ills that followed Lancelot's departure across the seas for Benwicke, the war between him and Arthur, the treason of Modred, the great destruction of the knights of the Round Table, and the incoming of the heathen. Arthur and Lancelot riding, one gloomy day of wind and rain, beneath a great wall of winding rock, hear the wail of a child from an eagle's nest high up the crag. Lancelot, climbing, rescues the child, which has about its neck a carcanet of rubies. The Nestling, as the child is called, is given to the Queen, who tries to rear it, but it dies, and she returns the necklace to the King, saying:

> "Take thou the jewels of this dead innocence,
> And make them, an thou wilt, a tourney-prize.
>
> Perchance—who knows?—the purest of thy knights
> May win them for the purest of my maids."

Pure knight or pure maid, however, it is now hard to find in Arthur's court, whence truth, honor, courtesy, chastity, obedience, have long departed, leaving no more than their shadows behind. Everything is tainted, and all things forebode the time of dissolution. The knights are making ready for the day of jousting.

> "But on the hither side of that loud morn
> Into the hall staggered, his visage ribbed
> From ear to ear with dog-whip weals, his nose
> Bridge-broken, one eye out, and one hand off,
> And one with shattered fingers dangling lame,

*"The Last Tournament. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co., and J. E. Tilton & Co.

A churl, to whom indignantly the King,
'My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast
Hath drawn his claws athwart thy face? or fiend?
Man was it who marred Heaven's image in thee thus?'

"Then, sputtering through the hedge of splintered teeth,
Yet strangers to the tongue, and with blunt stump
Pitch-blackened sawing the air, said the maimed churl,
'He took them and he drave them to his tower—
Some hold he was a table knight of thine—
A hundred goodly ones—the Red Knight he—
Lord, I was tending swine, and the Red Knight
Brake in upon me and drave them to his tower;
And when I called upon thy name as one
That doest right by gentle and by churl,
Maimed me and mauled, and would have outright slain,
Save that he sware me to a message, saying,'" etc.

The message is to the effect that the Red Knight has founded a Round Table in the North; that the knights who sit about it are all adulterers, like King Arthur's own, but are truer knights, since they profess to be none other than they are; that his tower, like Arthur's court, is full of harlots, who are, however, not hypocrites; and that Excalibur shall be broken. Upon this, Arthur commands Lancelot to sit as arbitrator of the tournament, while he breaks up the robber's den:

"Thereto Sir Lancelot answered, 'It is well:
Yet better if the King abide, and leave
The leading of his younger knights to me.'

Then Arthur rose, and Lancelot followed him,
And while they stood without the doors, the King
Turned to him, saying, 'Is it then so well?'"

For, as it seems to him, he sees the foot loiter that is bidden go; he sees the glance that is but "half-loyal to command," "a manner somewhat fallen from reverence," "a manhood ever less and lower." He goes forth, however, and the Red Knight, surprised at an orgie, is slain, and his hold is burned; but in the attack, the young knights whom Arthur has with him to teach them knightly war show bloody ferocity instead of magnanimous valor, massacring men asleep and shrieking women,

"And in the heart of Arthur pain was lord,"

for now with each new event the air grows fuller of dreary portent.

Lancelot, meantime, sits umpire at the last tournament—which is

"By these in earnest, those in mockery, called
The Tournament of the Dead Innocence"

—and he adjudges the prize to Sir Tristram, but not without a momentary wild desire, when he sees Tristram's strength, and remembers how they two had fought, and Sir Tristram had held his own, to descend into the lists himself, and shake

"The burthen off his heart in one full shock
With Tristram even to death. . . ."

And not without wrath and shame at the cowardice of some of the knights, the lawlessness of others, and the discourtesy of the victor—who will grace no lady as queen of love and beauty, but puts up the rubies, saying,

"Fair damsels—each to him who worships each
Sole Queen of Beauty and of Love—behold
This day my Queen of Beauty is not here."

With these rude words, riding away, Tristram seeks Isolt, his mistress, King Mark's wife, musing as he goes through the autumn woods, wondering if Isolt knows of his marriage with Isolt of Brittany, and meditating its concealment from her. He finds her at Tintagil, and there a somewhat stormy interview takes place between the two, for Tristram makes some attempts to deceive his mistress as to his marriage, of which, however, she is informed. The scene is, for the most part, sufficiently labored and ineffective—though, certainly, it has not the curious forceless forcibleness of the account, above quoted, of the maimed and mauled swineherd, nor of the description of the Red Knight's extirpation; but it ends with some not expected dramatic power. Tristram, after some reflections on the folly of his vows to Arthur, and on the lightness of vows of love—as to which last he makes a song of a lugubrious sort of lightness, perhaps well adapted to the nature of the sentiment—and after some asseverations of his indifference to his wife, and the ardency of his passion for his mistress, succeeds in soothing Isolt, throws the rubies about her neck, and is embracing her, when,

"Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek,
'Mark's way,' said Mark, and clove him through the brain."

The rest of the scene is dreamy—though we do not know that it is incongruously so—and without fire; and there is a touch of surprise when Mark enters to such purpose.

We have said that "The Last Tournament" has the merit of making still more obvious, if that were necessary, Mr. Tennyson's idea of the poem to be fashioned out of the cycle of romance in which, so long ago as in his boyhood, he was working, and which has furnished his mature powers with their principal task. A fair and noble fabric—shattered in consequence of disloyalty to high ideals, and of the inability of the unpurged eye to recognize their beauty—this would seem to be what Mr. Tennyson, after he had passed the period of "The Lady of Shalott" and "Morte d'Arthur," set himself to show us in the later Arthurian poems—these "Idylls of the King." Hence, perhaps, it is that they are idylls "of the King," and that to Arthur the poet assigns the place of hero, though unquestionably, if we consider the relative poetic value of the various personages created by the makers of the Arthurian poetry, it is to the conception of Lancelot that the first, and by far the first, place must be assigned. It is the king, however, who embodies best Mr. Tennyson's leading thought, which is rather of a moral than poetical quality, though assuredly not devoid of poetry. Another lesson we may suppose the poet to have had in his mind besides this of the ruin that may be wrought by some moral weakness in noble natures, and the ignobleness of low natures—the lesson, namely, that such ruin wrought by companions in the struggle is never a reason for not contending to the end, and never a cause of final and hopeless defeat. Here, by the way, is perhaps the justification of giving, as the true end of the epic, "The Passing of Arthur," with its island valley of Avilion where Arthur's hurts shall be healed, and whence, still living, he is yet to come again, and to fulfil the design once baffled. But, perhaps, if the first of these lessons is well set forth, if we are made to see in his defeats the invincible Arthur, the second lesson we may be considered to have been learned when the first was taught us. Except it be for the inculcation of this second lesson, or for the romantic effect of the incident itself—of the mystic barge, the weeping queens, and the island valley—one would be inclined to think that the idyll called "Guinevere" might be taken as the proper conclusion of the epic into which Mr. Tennyson has wrought the old legends. In that idyll we have the guilt of Guinevere and Lancelot made manifest; the beloved wife and the trusted friend, the lily and rose of chivalry, are proved defiled and cankered, and chivalry the false worship of a false divinity; the fellowship of the Round Table, faith, loyalty, and valor failing, falls apart; the king who has wrought so long to rear the strong fabric of honor, and order, and law amidst the chaos of heathenish rapine and license sees now that the evil times have come that are to make all his labors vain, and, conscious of his betrayal and of the crumbling realm, he summons his remaining knights to a hopeless field, and goes from the queen to his last battle, forgiving her, indeed, as a man, but as a king and the guardian of the people and the state condemning her with the same inexorableness and clear justice with which he will meet the other traitor, Modred, in arms. In "Guinevere," then, the Arthur of this latest rendering of the legendary romance would seem to accomplish his destiny. There the perfect knight, the royal statesman, the warrior of Christ against the heathen, finds knighthood corrupted in man, chastity gone from woman, the realm rent within by treasonous feuds, and ready to receive its last stroke from the hordes of the pagans without. When he turns from the too late repentant queen at Almesbury, and moves dimly away towards the great battle in the West against those of his own household, Mr. Tennyson's Arthur, as it seems to us, fitly disappears into the darkness of a world too deep in darkness to be illumined by the "pure severity of perfect light" which he would have shed upon it had it been ready for the light. But probably this objection of ours as to the catastrophe of the "Idylls of the King" has its root in our general objection—more or less indefensible or defensible, and which we do not defend here—to the way in which Mr. Tennyson has dealt with the old romances. But whatever inimitable charm these have lost in his hands, the praise belongs to him of having revived for this generation and some generations to come, in a finished and beautiful work, adorned with poetry of his own, and breathing, too, the aroma of old-time poetry and impossible and captivating romance, an assemblage of beautiful and noble characters, the knowledge of whom is a sensible enlargement of the poetical horizon of most readers, and of strictly moral and mental horizons as well.

As for the merit of "The Last Tournament," considered apart from the merit of the poem in its place in the series of idylls, we believe we need say little. Those who have read the others of the series know already the kind of pleasure that may be got from this one; those who have not may doubtless better begin with some of the others, and indeed with the first. Perhaps most readers familiar with the idylls in general may feel themselves, in reading "The Last Tournament," a little tired of what they once very well liked, or never very well liked, as the case may be. But though a work should be by necessity of its nature not perfect, it does not follow that it is not better completed than incomplete, and we think most readers of "The Last Tournament" will agree that the poem helps to complete "The Idylls of the King." No one now will miss seeing that, as the action progresses, all things in Arthur's realm draw onwards towards doom and ruin. Such as saw it before will be too little thankful, perhaps, for Sir Tristram, Sir Dagonet, Mark, and the maimed churl, and the young knights who "sworded" the Red Knight's garrison.

THE KING OF THE BEGGARS.*

Of the curious little book named below, written by Robert Goadby, there exist, we believe, but two copies in this country which are accessible to the public—one in the Library of Congress, and the other in the Philadelphia Library. Another short life of Carew, called "The Accomplished Vagabond, or Compleat Mumper," published at Oxford in 1745, is rarer still. The new edition, just published in London, is not an exact reprint of either of these works, but is in various ways changed, and in some respects is the fullest account we have of the eccentric Bampfylde-Moore Carew. The book, whatever it may seem, is not another "Robinson Crusoe," but is, in most of the details, substantially true. The hero was twice transported to Maryland; and his adventures in America, with his descriptions of Philadelphia and other towns, and of the manners and life of the epoch, are interesting to us of the present day.

Bampfylde-Moore Carew, who was born in July, 1693, was the son of a clergyman in Devonshire, and descended from and connected with some of the oldest and most respectable families in England. As a boy he went to school at Tiverton, where he was much addicted to all kinds of sport and exercise, and especially to hunting with a pack of hounds, of which he and his schoolfellows had control. The neighboring farmers and gentlemen having made complaint of the damage their crops had suffered in one of these hunts, four or five of the young fellows, of whom Carew was one, from fear of punishment, joined a band of gypsies whom they met and got merry with. After being once initiated into vagabond life, no persuasion or suffering could induce Carew to leave it until after more than forty years of this existence, when he became worn-out and old, and settled down on a little property that had been left him. Of his schoolfellows who became gypsies with him, some soon returned to their families, while others devoted themselves, either entirely or at intervals, to the life of vagabonds and mendicants. It was a curious taste, and it throws no little light on the state of English society of that period, to find gentlemen, like Lord Weymouth, for instance, loving occasionally to disguise themselves and study the characters of their neighbors and friends by coming to their doors in rags for charity, and looking on each successful imposition as an act of prowess. Carew, by his skill in disguising and counterfeiting, soon acquired a great reputation, and was a welcome guest at many houses where he occasionally threw off his rags and lived for a few days as a gentleman. His family position contributed also to raise him above the common herd of beggars, and he was frequently urged by his acquaintances to see how often he could impose on them and on their friends. Not every one, however, regarded him in this favorable light, and some, either from personal feeling at being imposed on, or from a real hatred of this system of false mendicancy, caused him to be frequently arrested, and twice transported and sold as a slave.

Among the beggars themselves Carew was in high regard from the very successful tricks he had performed, and the numerous cheats he had devised, and when their chief died they elected Carew as their head or king. It seems that the beggars of this time—whether gypsies or not is uncertain—had banded together for the purpose of carrying on an organized system of imposture and deception, and as such submitted themselves to the absolute will of a sovereign whom they had freely elected. The former king—the predecessor of Carew—while on his death-bed, delivered himself of some maxims and advice to his people, put into his mouth of course by Mr. Goadby, which well explain the arts of professional beggars. He urges them, among other things, to observe carefully the persons they are about to attack; to judge as much as possible of their characters, and to tell them those stories which will be most likely to influence their compassionate feelings. The perusal, not only of this address, but of the whole account of the imposture of Carew, would be of service to many of us who are too apt to indulge in indiscriminate charity—a charity which is mostly either excessive good-nature, or a desire to rid one's self of a disagreeable object.

Carew's first visit to America was in consequence of a sentence of the Court of Quarter Sessions at Exeter, which condemned him to be transported to Maryland for seven years. After an eleven weeks' voyage from Falmouth, the vessel cast anchor in Mile's River, in Talbot County, and the captain fired a gun as a signal to the planters that the convicts had arrived, when a notice was immediately posted of the day of sale. The convicts were ordered on deck, a large bowl of punch was made, and the planters eagerly flocked on board. The able-bodied, and especially the mechanics, were quickly bought up, but Carew could find no purchaser. The next day he was taken ashore to be shown about, but while the captain was making merry with certain planters in a tavern, he managed to escape to the woods, with a pocketful of biscuit. He had reckoned without his host, for he met four timbermen, who stopped him, in hopes of the usual reward of five pounds, and, as he had no pass, conveyed him to the New Town jail. Here he met some old acquaintances, sea-captains from England, who would willingly have bought him out, but he refused to be freed by their generosity, and was redelivered to his captain. His escapade only secured him a severe flogging, hard work, and an iron collar riveted around his neck. Again he escaped, and after many adventures in the woods with wild beasts came to a tribe of friendly Indians, of whom he recounts many curious details. After being treated with great hospitality by their chief, who filed off his collar with his own hands, and made him a bosom friend, he got away and reached Newcastle, where he fell in with the Quakers. He was helped on by them to Chester, where Mr. Whitefield was preaching, whom he made one of the victims of his imposition.

With Philadelphia Carew was very much pleased, and his biographer gives a long description of its plan and advantages. Among other things, he says: "Several creeks run into the city out of the two rivers, and there is no city in Holland that is so naturally accommodated with fine and commodious canals as this might easily be. The quay is beautiful, about two hundred feet square, to which a ship of five hundred tons may lay her broadside; and as these surprising advantages have already rendered it one of the best trading towns in the British Empire out of Europe, so in all probability it will continue to increase in commerce, riches, and buildings, till for number and magnificence it will have no equal in America, where the French have not, nor are likely to have, anything like it." Through Burlington, Perth Amboy, and Elizabeth Town Carew proceeded to the then small town of New York, containing about 1,100 houses and 7,000 inhabitants, contrasting strongly in appearance with Philadelphia. "He was surprised at the sight of a great number of gibbets, with blacks hanging upon them; but, upon enquiring, he found the negroes had not long before entered into a conspiracy for burning the whole city; however, the plot being timely discovered, great numbers were executed and hung up to terrify others." "The inhabitants of the Dutch extraction," he says, "make a very considerable part of the town, but most of them speaking English, one may suppose they went pretty much to the great church, especially all those that are or hope to be in offices."

After travelling through Long Island, Carew took a ship at New London for England, and accomplished his threat of getting back to Exeter two months before the captain who took him out, though he narrowly escaped being impressed into the navy when he was within sight of shore. His return was hailed with joy by his quondam friends and patrons, who would hardly believe that he had ever really been transported. He took to his old tricks again, and after a series of adventures in Russia, Sweden, Germany, and France, was sent once more to America, but this time illegally and arbitrarily, being kidnapped by the owner of the vessel which had first carried him, who felt defrauded at the loss of his purchase-money, Carew having escaped before he was sold. No sooner landed, however, than he again ran away, and, after many days' wanderings in the woods, caught a horse that was grazing in a pasture and swam on it over the Delaware. He made his way, often being befriended by the same people as before, to Boston. This city is described at some length by Carew's biographer. A remark about the number of printing-presses and booksellers' shops, with the statement that "at New York there is but one bookseller's shop, and none at all in Virginia, Maryland, Carolina, Barbadoes, or any of the Sugar-Islands," occasions a very naïve note by the latest editor. He gravely states: "It is proper to remark that these and other computations do not apply to the present time." Carew was soon home again from Boston, and the merchant who had sent him off to America was so amused at being again outwitted, that he was the first to head a subscription for him. Carew's impressions of travel, or, perhaps, the mere remarks of his biographer, are no more just than many that have been printed since; but they are interesting as showing what was known and thought of us in England a hundred and fifty years ago. The little book is written in a lively and amusing style, and its perusal will help to pass profitably and pleasantly a leisure hour. As it belongs in a certain sense to the class *Americana*, we recommend it to all collectors of such books, as being more likely to be read and remembered by them than the rest of the contents of that section of their libraries.

* "An Apology for the Life of Bampfylde-Moore Carew." London. 1749. 8vo, pp. 149.

"The Adventures of Bampfylde-Moore Carew, King of the Mendicants." A new and revised edition. London: William Tegg. 1871.

TWO BOOKS ON THE PARIS COMMUNE.*

Mr. Leighton, as he tells us, had, early in June last, been making notes and sketches of the Paris catastrophe, without the least idea what to do with

* "Paris under the Commune; or, The Seventy-three Days of the Second Siege. With numerous Illustrations, Sketches taken on the spot, and Portraits (from the original photographs). By John Leighton, F.S.A., etc." London: Bradbury, Evans & Co.; New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 1871.

"The Rise and Fall of the Paris Commune in 1871: with a full account of the Bombardment, Capture, and Burning of the City. By W. Pembroke Fetridge, Editor of 'Harper's Guide-book to Europe and the East,' 'Harper's Phrase-book,' etc." Illustrated with a Map of Paris and Portraits from original photographs. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1871.

them, when a friend bought a brochure, entitled "Bataille des Sept Jours," and gave it to him with the words, "Voilà le texte de vos croquis." "Hence this volume," which the author likens to a French château to which he has "added a second story and wings." Thus, it is far from being an original narrative of the events it sketches, or a collection of notes penned under momentary impressions. In spite of this, however, it has all the freshness of such a narrative and such notes, owing, probably, to the vivid remembrances of the writer, and to a good use made of the journals and other prints of the time. We have, therefore, no hesitation in recommending it to all those who, not satisfied with the fragmentary information presented to them on the subject in the papers this side of the Atlantic, wish for something like a connected panorama of the strange scenes in Paris under the late Commune, as they might have been observed by an impartial observer not devoid of feeling and humor. And that it offers such a cursory but faithful view of things within the walls of revolted and besieged Paris is the only merit of Mr. Leighton's book; for it is neither a real history of the Commune based on personal knowledge and research, nor even a fragmentary study on the subject, such as might have been executed at the date of the author's writing, with the aid of materials already collected and published. Mr. Leighton makes the reader share with him the impression left on his mind by the fleeting appearances of seventy-three days of crazy commotion, foolish delusions, anxiety, terror, destruction, and bloodshed; but imparts hardly any more knowledge than could have been gathered in the streets at the very time of the occurrences. The notes, mostly taken from journals which he attaches to his diary-like chapters, are of very slight value, often disfigured by mistakes, and so hastily added that they occasionally contradict the text. Nor are the various appendixes—embracing, among other things, a "Chronology of the Commune," and special notices of Rochefort, Gambon, Lullier, Protot, Jourde, Ferré, and Urbain—of any real historical importance. In spite of the "chronology" presented to the reader, the author's own chronology is defective, as may be seen, for instance, from the confusion of dates concerning the operations of the 2d, 3d, and 4th of April. Altogether, Mr. Leighton seems to have had more concern for his illustrations than for his text; and of the former, which are very numerous, for the humorous portion more than for the serious, which we decidedly prefer. The text consists chiefly of light talk in a pleasantly humorous way, of which, however, a kind of polemical wrangling with the men of the Commune constitutes too large a portion. The following is, perhaps, a fair specimen of the latter:

"Ah! you do not only make us tremble and weep, you make us laugh too. What is this miserable parody of universal suffrage? What is this farce of the will of the people being represented by a half-a-dozen electors? . . . What are right and justice to you? Let us reign, let us govern, let us decree, let us triumph. All is contained in that. Rogeard pleases us, so we'll have Rogeard. If the people won't have Rogeard, so much the worse for the people. Beautiful! admirable! But why don't you speak out your mind frankly? There were some honest brigands *(par pari refertur)* in the Roman States who were, perhaps, no better than you are, but at least they made no pretension of being otherwise than lawless, and followed their calling of brigands without hypocrisy. . . . The time of illusions is past; you need not be so careful to keep your masks on; we have seen your faces. We have had the carnival of the Commune, and now Ash-Wednesday is come. You disguised yourselves cunningly, messieurs; you routed out from the old cupboards and corners of history the cast-off revolutionary rags of the men of '93; and, sticking some ornaments of the present fashion upon them—waistcoats à la Commune and hats à la Fédération—you dressed yourselves up in them, and then struck attitudes. People perceived, it is true, that the clothes were made for giants, were too wide for you pigmies; they hung round your figures like collapsed balloons; but you, cunning that you were, you said, 'We have been wasted by persecution.' And when, at the very beginning, some stains of blood were seen upon your old disguises, 'Pay no attention,' said you, 'it is only the red flag we have in our pockets that is sticking out.' . . . Down with your mask, I tell you! Come, false Danton, be Rigault again, and let Sérailler's face come out from behind that Saint-Just mask he has on. You, Napoléon Gaillard, though you are a shoemaker, you are not even a Simon. Drop the Robespierre, Rogeard! Off with the trappings borrowed from the dark, grand days! Be mean, small, and ridiculous—be yourselves; we shall all be a great deal more at our ease when you are despicable and we are despising you again."

Mr. Fetridge's book is written in an entirely different vein and style. He has very little inclination to discourse about the Commune in the tone of a humorist, or in any way to amuse his reader. He expresses his unqualified abhorrence of the subject of his work in very brief and very dry terms, and fills his pages with very long but equally dry narratives of the insurrection and siege, as well as with proclamations, bulletins, and similar public documents of the period. These documents, collectively, form the most valuable portion of the whole, though the very minute accounts of the fighting around Paris—based, it is true, on fugitive reports, which cannot be considered adequate materials for genuine history—have, above all similar publications touching the same events which have come under our notice, the merit of completeness. The author claims, also, the merit of accuracy, and we must acknowledge that he has at least made an attempt at being accurate. A close examination, however, shows that it was but a feeble attempt. His account of the fighting on the first days of April is as little correct as Mr. Leighton's. His pages are, besides, disfigured by a vast number of falsely printed names. Thus, the names of the members of the Central Committee, which on page 48 are correctly given as Billioray, Ed. Moreau, Mortier, Gouhier, Géresme, and Pougerot, are changed on page 45 into Bilhoray, Edouard, Moreau, Martier, Gushier, Geresme, and Pougerat. The French accents are almost as often omitted as given. A more essential defect is the omission of a rational introduction to the history of the fatal 18th of March, in lieu of which we have a few remarks at the opening on the wickedness of "the ruthless desperadoes of Paris," as well as on "the overthrow of the Imperial dynasty, September 4, 1870, by a greater *coup d'état* than that practised by the Emperor," and—*in extenso*—Prince Napoleon's letter to Jules Favre, dated May, 1871. On the whole, however, Mr. Fetridge's book is well worth reading.

The personal details of the two books are of equally insignificant value, both in regard to the fate and the character of most of the prominent actors in the bloody drama of the Commune. We cannot refrain, however, from copying, as characteristic both of the man and the movement, the following order by Cluseret, a kind of Catonian Marius, who is said to have declared, "I don't want to take one life unnecessarily; but if, at the last moment, I should be called on to kill ten thousand people, I would rather make arrangements for killing fifteen thousand, in order to be on the safe side, than run the risk of not killing the ten thousand," and whom both writers agree in representing as the vilest of revolutionary wretches:

"The Minister of War to the National Guard:

"*Citoyens:* I notice with fear that, forgetful of our modest origin, the ridiculous mania for trimmings, embroidery, and shoulder-knots has begun to take hold on you.

"To work! You have for the first time accomplished a revolution by, and for, labor.

"Let us not forget our origin; and, above all, do not let us be ashamed of it. Workmen we were! Workmen let us remain!

"In the name of virtue against vice, of duty against abuse, of austerity against corruption, we have triumphed; let us not forget the fact.

"Let us be, above all, men of honor and duty; we shall then found an austere republic, the only one that has, or can have, a reason for its existence. . . ."

RECENT REPUBLICATIONS.

We have so recently and so fully expressed our opinion of Jowett's "Plato," that in mentioning the new edition of it, in four volumes octavo, which Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. have made for this market, we need only speak of the printer's and binder's share in it. Costing half as much as the elegant English edition, these volumes are still handsome enough for a library, and have, for readers, the advantage of being smaller and less heavy to handle. The paper is thin, but takes a clear impression from type which, in the Introduction to each dialogue, is of the same size as this now under the reader's eye, and in the body of the text is a size larger. We are glad that a work of such a high character has thus been brought considerably nearer the means of those who are capable of appreciating both Plato and his translator. Messrs. Scribner & Co. also publish a condensed edition of President Noah Porter's work, "On the Human Intellect," making it, we should judge, much more fit to be used as a text-book, and also more likely to secure a reading from the non-student public. Its title in this form is "Elements of Intellectual Science." Scribner, Welford & Co. continue the regular issue of the marvellously cheap edition of Carlyle's works, which, begun with the "Sartor Resartus" and the "French Revolution," now embraces also the "Life of John Sterling" and, in two volumes, "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches." The success of this republication, remarkable as it has been, is merited by every circumstance connected with its editing and manufacture.

In similar brown cloth covers, stamped with black, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. issue their "Handy Volume" edition of Dickens's works, with which, in paper covers, the public was already familiar as the "Plum-pudding Edition." It is cheap and compact, but we fear we cannot recommend it to weak eyes, or, for that matter, to strong ones, especially of growing boys and girls. The same house also reprint Darwin's "Journal of Researches, etc., during the Voyage of H. M. S. *Beagle* Round the World," a work which bears such a relation to the present doctrines of its author, as well as to future investigations, that its republication after more than thirty years may still be considered timely. Within a few years, Dr. Habel has visited the Galapagos Islands, discovering new species, and now Prof. Agassiz is following in the track of the *Beagle*. Apart from its scientific value, however, this narrative will always rank among the foremost books of travel for popular reading.

Messrs. Harper & Bros. publish an edition that will compare favorably

with the original of "The Earth," by M. Elisée Reclus, whose recent appearance among the Communists and sentence to transportation have excited a painful interest in him and his works. Mr. Kingsley's "Christmas in the West Indies," and Dr. Smith's "Student's History of the Middle Ages," are also reprinted by the Harpers. The latter, as the preface points out, is not an abridgment, being rather a revised edition, of Hallam, incorporating those corrections and changes of view which the author himself refrained from inserting in the text, though he frankly acknowledged them elsewhere. Dr. Smith has added notes and sundry documents famous in English history.

Hawthorne's "American Note Books"—two volumes in one—continue the illustrated library edition of this author's works, issued by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., who also publish a second edition, with some corrections and additions, of the excellent little work on the marine animals of Massachusetts Bay (Radiates), by Elizabeth C. and Alexander Agassiz, called "Seaside Studies in Natural History." The essays in "Chapters in Erie," published by the same house, appeared in great part as they stand in the *North American Review* during the last five years, and are all except one—that on the Legal Tender Act—from the pens of Messrs. Henry Adams and C. F. Adams, Jr., and of that one Mr. Francis A. Walker, formerly of the Census Bureau, and now of the Indian Affairs, was part author. Except the essay on Captain John Smith, of Virginia, which is an enquiry into the veracity of that gentleman, based on the little work of Mr. Charles Deane, they all discuss our railroad system or our financial system; for the elaborate articles on "Bank of England Restriction" and "British Finance in 1816," which we commend cordially to the careful perusal of all "financiers," in Congress or out, are mainly valuable for the light they throw on some of the leading problems of our financial situation. Mr. C. F. Adams's "Chapters in Erie," giving an account of the great Drew-Fisk-Vanderbilt fight for the possession of the railroad, "The Erie Raid," telling the story of Fisk's operations against the Albany & Susquehanna road, and the "New York Gold Conspiracy," by Mr. Henry Adams, giving the history of the crisis of "Black Friday," are known to all our readers for their perspicuous explanation of the most curious intrigues and rascalities with which the tribunals of a civilized community were ever called on to deal. Taken in connection with the articles on our "Railroad System," they not only furnish a deal of information and suggestion which must prove of great value in the railroad legislation of our own day, but they are likely to have considerable historical value, as probably the only comprehensible description of "the transition period," in the application of capital to great enterprises, and in the growth of the art of transportation.

As this year has witnessed the completion of the first step towards annexing the Bluenoses to their Yankee neighbors—the building of the International Railway—there is a peculiar propriety in reprinting Haliburton's "Sam Slick" (New York: Hurd & Houghton). No one on this side the border can possibly read the book with the same feelings which it excited at the time of its first appearance—the sensitiveness at its delineation of Yankee character, or enjoyment of its castigation of the people of the Provinces, or even amusement at the Clockmaker's stories and quaint language. We have, since then, made much more thorough and serious studies of Americanisms, and developed a much subtler humor, and have so far cultivated the critical faculty as to be able to judge "Sam Slick" by a literary instead of by a political or national standard. What Nova Scotians thought of us thirty-odd years ago was of considerably more consequence than it is now, and we can therefore, at the present time, say without suspicion of prejudice or wounded vanity, that Sam Slick is as artificial a character as his own clocks, and a very imperfect artistic creation; but we can also say that Haliburton did not overdraw the "logyness" (to use a fit Americanism) of his countrymen, and that he wisely admonished them of the measures necessary to be adopted if they wished to emulate the progress of their American cousins. Viewed in the light of the event to which we first alluded, the following passages are creditable to the Judge's foresight as well as insight:

> "The only thing that will either make or save Halifax is a railroad across the country to the Bay of Fundy.
>
> "'It will do to talk of,' says one. 'You'll see it some day,' says another. 'Yes,' says a third, 'it will come, but we are too young yet'" (p. 91).
>
> "I confess I have more faith in this humble but eccentric Clockmaker than in any other man I have met with in this Province. I therefore pronounce, '*There will be a railroad*'" (p. 93).

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton are also the publishers of a complete and beautifully printed series of Hans Christian Andersen's writings, including his Autobiography, brought down to date. From Messrs. Holt & Williams we have Spielhagen's "Problematic Characters" and "Through Night to Light," in handy volumes, and Aytoun & Martin's "Poems and Ballads of Goethe," which the publishers have added to their Library of Foreign Poetry. From C. C. Chatfield & Co.: "Half Hours with Modern Scientists," a collection of addresses and essays by Huxley, Tyndall, Cope, and others, on the subjects with which these investigators are identified, including the physical basis of life, the hypothesis of evolution, and the scientific use of the imagination.

It is not every work that has reached its nineteenth edition which we could therefore assume to have been worth printing, but the late Mr. John Wilson's "Treatise on English Punctuation" (New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.) owes its success to merits which have never been disputed. In fact, if it is not the only book in the language which treats solely of punctuation, it is by all odds the most thorough, learned, and authoritative, having the great advantage of being composed by a practical printer as well as a scholar and a grammarian. There appears to be something constitutional in punctuation as in spelling, and on some persons instruction in these branches is nearly wasted; but the fault is, after all, chiefly with the teachers, and it is to Mr. Wilson's treatise that they must turn for self-instruction.

A work also unique, though in another field, and indispensable to all who take an interest in politics, is McPherson's "Political History of the United States during the Period of Reconstruction" (Washington: Philp & Solomons), which embraces a classified summary of the legislation of the three last Congresses (1865–70), with much additional matter. With the same author's "Political History of the Rebellion," it forms a complete review of the political aims, struggles, and development of the people of this country during the most eventful decade in its history, and these two volumes will probably always remain the most convenient and best-stocked works of reference for journalist, statesman, student, or private citizen.

Mr. Geo. A. Townsend's remarkable letters from Utah to the Cincinnati *Commercial* have been collected in the form of a square pamphlet, printed on good paper, of which the American News Co. are the publishers. The reading of this correspondence will enlighten any one, not possessed of special information on the subject in hand, in regard to the motives and character of the present "Mormon Trials at Salt Lake City." We have already expressed our conviction that if Mr. Townsend's statements cannot be controverted (and we have not yet seen them publicly invalidated), there is little cause for congratulation and much for shame in the mode of putting down polygamy which we are now witnessing. Mr. Townsend is no friend to the system, of course; but neither is he friendly to judges with a "mission." His letters will be found entertaining and highly graphic. The passages on pp. 21–23, relating to the Emma Mine, ought to have a special interest for the apologists of Minister Schenck.

Illustrated Holiday Books.—"Raphael of Urbino" (London and New York: Macmillan & Co.) purports to be a translation of such parts of Passavant's great work "as are likely to interest the general reader." No name of translator appears. It would, perhaps, not be fair to judge the book as a standard and serious treatise—as a real life of Raphael, based upon Passavant's, if not strictly a translation of it. It has rather the air of a gift-book, although the retention of some at least of the tables and lists given in the German original would seem to be intended to recommend it to students. It is as a gift-book that we treat it here, and as such we find it rather a better one than ordinary, because of the comparatively high value of the illustrations. It is true that there are clearer and brighter-looking permanent photographs from engravings than some of these; but the pictures are tolerably successful even in this respect, and they are well selected as to subject and as to engraver from among Raphael's works.

We hold that it is very desirable to become familiar with the subject and disposition of important works of art. The engravings by Volpato from the large demilunes at the Vatican, the Disputa, the Parnassus, the School of Athens, however little they may give of the real virtue and beauty of the original frescoes, are capable of showing what sort of thing the original frescoes are; and documentary and historical knowledge of these most famous and important works is by itself desirable, and may lead to something more. Undoubtedly these photographs are a long way from being as intelligible and as interesting as the prints from which they are taken; but these Volpatos are costly, fetching from ten to thirty pounds apiece in England, and are not often to be seen in America. This kind of knowledge, too—knowledge as to "fact and date," subject of picture and general arrangement, is the kind of knowledge that can be used in conversation; and a gift-book that can promote intelligent talk on any subject is so far worth giving.

It is a pity that photographs cannot be made to lie flat, without warping their mounts. French books are sometimes better in this respect; but we do not remember an English book containing photographs that is fit to bind, the pictures are so irrepressible in them all. This is a serious injury to the appearance as well as to the convenience of the book before us.

"The Mighty Works of Our Lord Jesus" (New York: Pott, Young & Co.) is a small book, containing only eighty pages of text, and comparatively low priced, so that it is well calculated to supply the want of those who wish to give away an illustrated book of religious meditations. The text is made up of extracts from sermons and the like, and a few short poems or extracts from poems of sacred subject, whether hymns like Doddridge's well-known masterpiece, or didactic narratives like Mrs. Sigourney's contribution. The illustrations are not very good photographs from engravings, etchings, and lithographs. It is unnecessary to particularize in regard to these: most of them are very familiar to all dwellers in towns. Though a fine original of the Rembrandt etching, "Christ healing the sick," is a thing rarely seen, and its cost beyond most purses, yet photography has familiarized the community with its general character. Nor is there any one of these illustrations which we think will be more novel to people generally than the above-mentioned one. To describe a book of this class is to criticise it, and the title of the book before us is, perhaps, sufficiently descriptive by itself. Those who want such a gift-book will understand what this one is.

Mr. Bryant's neat piece of versified meditation upon a hillside spring, "The Story of a Fountain" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), has never seemed to us very stimulating poetry. A poem of this sort invites illustration, however. Every lot in the catalogue may be represented pictorially, first a wolf, and then a bear, and then an assortment of red Indians; a sportsman, a "plumed soldier," two "blue-eyed girls," a "sage"; to each lot a proper landscape background can be furnished, and the poem of a hundred lines or thereabouts finds itself an illustrated book of fifty pages. It is hard to read aloud when one has to turn a page at every second or third line of the verse; we have tried it, and have found it so. No doubt the poem is in a trying position, thus made to do duty as a running title to a scrap-book of pictures, and would read better if printed consecutively on two pages, and headed by a single one of these many engravings—shall we say by Mr. Fenn's clearing, on page 42? That one we think as good as any of them. The illustrations generally are not pleasing; they may have been pretty once, and some of them doubtless were, as, for instance, in the first sketches, whether they were on the block or on accidental pieces of paper. Wood engravers are underpaid, and are often hurried; printers of woodcuts are generally unskilled; the exigencies of book manufacture too often cause failure where comparative success was within easy reach. We criticise no artist's work in this case; no person who looks at this book will fail to see that the pictures as they stand are singularly unsuccessful.

Wear and Tear; or, Hints for the Overworked. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)—This little tract, of fifty-nine pages, which has just reached a third edition, contains an admirable description of the evils of our American rapid way of living, and it ought to be placed in the hands of every teacher and of every hard worker. The warning against overworking schoolboys and, worse still, school-girls, is strongly put, but not a bit too strong for a system of education which justifies a doctor in speaking of the health of our girls in these emphatic words: "If the mothers of a people are sickly and weak, the sad inheritance falls upon their offspring. How many in each score of young girls are fit to be healthy wives and mothers, or, in fact, to be wives and mothers at all? Multitudes of them are merely pretty to look at, or not that: their destiny is the shawl and the sofa, neuralgia, weak backs, and the varied forms of hysteria, that domestic demon which has produced untold discomfort in many a household." On this text Dr. Mitchell preaches a sermon, brief, pithy, and to the purpose. The other heads of his earnest appeal to the people, for more leisure and harder play, may well be left to the parties interested, for the cure is largely in their own hands. What he tells us of the peculiar characteristics of our climate, and the mischievous habits of life here, which make mental work more exhausting than in Europe, opens a wide field of discussion, and suggests warnings and instruction which deserve a separate and larger treatment, that we hope yet to see from Dr. Mitchell's hands. What was wittily said of another Philadelphia book, that it was "too broad, but not long enough," may, in another sense, be said of Dr. Mitchell's tractate. It covers a broad field, for it includes maternity, education, and intellectual work of every kind; but it is brought within its narrow limits by such terseness of statement that every word is full of meaning, and every line teaches a lesson too important to be neglected.

Johann Reuchlin, sein Leben und seine Werke (The Life and Works of John Reuchlin). By Dr. Ludwig Geiger. (Leipsic: Duncker & Humblot. 1871.)—Those of our readers who are sufficiently familiar with the German language will know, without an explanation on our part—which the English translation of the title seems to render necessary—that the book before us contains only the life and remarks on the works of the great humanist, but not also his works themselves. And this biography alone, with the introduction to it, consists of no less than five hundred octavo pages. Nor is it the only comprehensive work devoted to the memory of Reuchlin by German literary historians of our century, not to speak of similar products of biographical research by writers less remote from the age of the admired scholar, the rival of Erasmus and precursor in more than one field of Melanchthon and Luther. Gehres, Gabler, Meyerhoff, Erhard, and Lamey have, within the last six decades, published lives of Reuchlin. And yet Dr. Geiger—by the bye, a son of the veteran Jewish reformer and critic, Dr. Abraham Geiger, now of Berlin—has been able, by dint of most diligent research, to elicit entirely new points of interest from his many-sided subject—for Reuchlin's life and activity belonged to as various countries and spheres as were the domains and ages of literature embraced by his scholarship—and to make his book both attractive to the general student of history and instructive to the philologist and antiquarian. A very judicious division of his copious matter between the text and the notes has made the one and the other possible. That Reuchlin's great struggle in opposition to the proposed burning of all Hebrew books, with the exception of the Bible, occupies a prominent place in the narrative, need hardly be told. The comprehensive erudition of the young author is displayed on almost every page; his style is plain; but we think he will have to sacrifice much of his fondness for small critical details before attaining a standing among literary historians adequate to his learning and zeal.

A Grammar of the Latin Language, from Plautus to Suetonius. By Henry John Roby. Part I. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1871.)—In this book Mr. Roby strikes out so boldly and vigorously that it is hard to speak of it within circumscribed limits. We remark briefly on the scope and intention of the work, that the author disclaims at the outset any attempt to twist the natural arrangement of the facts so as to make it suitable for persons who are learning the language and cannot be trusted to find their own way. "There are plenty of other books for that purpose." The first volume—the second, containing the Syntax, is promised soon—is divided into the usual grammatical categories. But inside of these categories many novelties are to be found. In "The Doctrine of Inflexions" we have the old Aristotelian division into nouns and verbs; adverbs, prepositions, and conjunctions are subordinated as being original parts of nouns and verbs. The Third Book on "Word Formation" contains most valuable lists of Latin words arranged according to their endings.

This grammar is a credit to English scholarship, and a refreshing contrast to the "Public School Latin Primer." It shows on every page extensive and thoughtful reading, much acuteness, and great modesty. Considering the amount of material, there are few inconsistencies and oversights. We regret that the author has not discussed the obscure and interesting question of the length of vowels in syllables long by position. In the Prosody, p. 90 (*c*), the word *pŏl* is omitted, as also monosyllables in *m*, such as *dum, nam, num*, etc. Obvious misprints, such as *coenaturio, humeo, quadrigæ, ὄζεω, νομός, foedos* (for *faedos*), *postūmus, γλνκός, lurŏr, adolescentulus* and *adolescens, πάτηρ, intelligentia, negligentia*, and *negligere* cannot mislead the readers for whom the book is intended. But is *Neptunus* (p. 308) equivalent to *νιπτόμενος*, or more closely related to *νέω, navis, nare*? On p. 301, Cicero's "Orator" is quoted for "De Oratore." By an odd blunder, on p. 164, *Scipiadas* is called an "accusative plural, Sons of Scipio," instead of a nominative singular.

Overland: A Novel. By J. W. De Forest. (New York: Sheldon & Co.)—It cannot be denied that this is an interesting novel. It gives us a succession of incidents, all of which are well told and probable enough to disarm criticism until the book is finished. It is a love story, in which dangers from Indians, treacherous Mexicans, and starvation take the place of the ordinary jealousies and timid doubts that usually torment the hero and heroine. Instead of a mesh of social intrigues, we have an old-fashioned villain in the story, Coronado, and the scene of the novel is well chosen for his crimes; in civilized parts he would only be a sharper, in the Far West he is grand in his wickedness. He bribes a bully to kill the rather stupid virtuous hero; he sets tribes of Indians in ambush, and manages very well all the melodramatic machinery of the novel. Nor is this ever overdone. None of the incidents are impossible, and all in their place seem very probable. Many of the descriptions are admirable. They are, indeed, the best part of the novel, and their merit far outweighs the rest of the story. All the love-tale sinks into insignificance in comparison with, for example, the account of the voyage of Thurstan through the cañon, or of the shipwreck at the end of the book. One

is reminded of what is sometimes seen at the theatre, when a play is brought out with great splendor, new dresses, "gorgeous scenery and new effects," and is itself only a very ordinary piece of love-making after all. It would be very unfair not to acknowledge that Mr. De Forest has done something much better than scene-painting in this book, but still it is easy to see that in this, as in most cases, the novelist feels it necessary to make the young man and young woman enamored, whatever tale he may be telling. A novel is surer to have a wedding than nine-tenths of the flirtations we see around us. But is it impossible for an interesting tale of adventure to be written without a love-story? Would Robinson Crusoe have been as interesting if Friday had been a woman? Moreover, one who is chased by Indians, under peril of death at every moment, has hardly thought left for a civilized courtship. But, however the question may be settled in general, in this case the love-tale does not add to the merit of the story.

The author's style is peculiar, and might even be called "jerky." It is not attractive. For example, page 4: "Now for the remarkable woman. Sturdy and prominent old character, obviously. Forty-seven years old, or thereabouts; lots of curling iron-gray hair twisted about her round forehead; a few wrinkles, and not all of the newest," etc. In spite of its defects, however, the novel is entertaining, and valuable for its excellent descriptions of Western scenery. The reader might very easily do worse than spend an evening over it.

**** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books on the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Bacon (Rev. T. S.), Christian Children, swd	(M. H. Mallory & Co.)
Hampton (Gen. W.), Life and Character of R. E. Lee, swd	(John Murphy & Co.)
Howells (W. D.), Their Wedding Journey	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)
Hughes (T.), Alfred the Great	(Macmillan & Co.)
Jevons (W. S.), The Theory of Political Economy	(Macmillan & Co.) 3 50
Lord Bantam	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)
Marcy (R. B.), Border Reminiscences	(Harper & Bros.)
Merry Maple Leaves	(E. P. Dutton & Co.)

The handsomest, and one of the best and most entertaining of monthlies.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

JUST READY.

THE JANUARY NUMBER.

Specially suited to the Holidays. With numerous Illustrations. Commencing the New Volume.

CONTENTS:

1. Scrambles Among the Alps. A Series of Graphic Sketches. By Edward Whymper. Part V. Profusely illustrated.
2. Christmas Carol. By Millie W. Carpenter.
3. Shadows of a Christmas Fire. A Story. By L. Clarke Davis.
4. Our New Port Storm-Signals. By Prof. T. B. Maury. With Illustrations.
5. Aytoun. A charming New Serial Tale. Part I.
6. Types of Castilian Vagrancy. By David G. Adee.
7. Brown's Christmas Bundle. A Story. By W. Mackay Laffan.
8. A Dog of Flanders. A Story of Noel. By Ouida. Illustrated.
9. The Herald's Cry. A Poem. By Constance F. Woolson.
10. A Russian Family Wolf-Hunt. By Vera Goetz.
11. In Good Time. A Poem. By Charlotte F. Bates.
12. The Coming Woman. By Prentice Mulford.
13. Our Monthly Gossip. Extracts from Forster's Life of Dickens, etc.
14. Literature of the Day.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

With the number for January, LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE enters upon a new volume. The number of pages is increased, enabling the conductors to furnish an additional amount of popular reading in the best and most emphatic sense. The contributions now on hand or specially engaged embrace an unusually attractive List of Tales, Narratives, and Descriptive Sketches by well-known authors; together with a variety of able and interesting articles on the Important Questions of the day. In addition to the shorter articles by well-known writers, the following attractive Serial Works will be published during the year:

A POWERFUL AND ABSORBING NEW STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.,

Author of "Alec Forbes," "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," etc.

(To be commenced in the Number for March.)

ALSO, A CHARMING NEW NOVEL,

AYTOUN,

By a talented American Author. (Commenced in the present number.)

Mr. Edward Whymper's Exquisitely Illustrated Work,

SCRAMBLES AMONG THE ALPS,

which has already been begun, will be continued from month to month until completed.

A large amount of space will be devoted to "Our Monthly Gossip," which will be enriched with short and lively articles on persons of note, incidents of the day, and other novel or amusing topics.

Illustrations designed by distinguished artists and engraved in the highest style will accompany each number.

☞ For sale by all Periodical Dealers.

TERMS.—Yearly Subscription, $4. Single number, 35 cents. Liberal Clubbing Rates. Specimen Number mailed, postage paid, to any address, on receipt of 25 cts.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,
715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

THE COMPREHENSIVE SPEAKER,

Designed for the Use of Schools, Academies, Lyceums, etc., carefully selected from the best authors, with notes by Henry T. Coates. Large 12mo, 672 pp., half bound, cloth sides, $1 75.

From the New York Daily Tribune.

"It contains a judicious selection of pieces from the best authors, omitting all of doubtful morality, of a sectarian or political character, and of transient literary value. Great care has been taken in the selection of extracts to give the genuine text of the author, without the errors in quotation and punctuation which are such a frequent blemish in this class of school-books. A large proportion of the contents are from American authors, furnishing the materials for a comparative survey of our native literature."

From the Christian Union. (Henry Ward Beecher, Editor.)

"Of course the work of compiling such a book as this is involves difficulties which do not appear to the superficial critic. The enormous mass of available matter has to be winnowed with great care and judgment; the hackneyed extracts, which in the days of the old United States Speaker were declaimed until every boy knew them by heart from simply hearing them, must be avoided; and yet it will not do to omit many of those thrilling passages in the Reply to Hayne, the Declaration of Independence, and a hundred others. Mr. Coates has certainly done his task well and faithfully, and the introductory remarks which precede the body of the work are characterized by good sense, and are evidently the result of considerable thought and observation. The plan of the volume is a natural subdivision of the selections first into prose and poetry, and then into narrative, historical, forensic, etc., the design evidently being that a reading class shall not go through, as it were, from Genesis to Revelations, but shall, in the judgment of the teacher, read 'Mrs. Caudle on Lending Umbrellas' on a rainy afternoon, or the 'Impeachment of Warren Hastings' when the public is excited about official corruptions. The selections are good so far as we have examined them—and we have done so with considerable care—being taken from the best current literature, as well as from that which will always be regarded as classical where the English tongue is spoken."

Send for a Descriptive Circular.

Copies sent to teachers on receipt of one-half the retail price.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,
822 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

NOW READY.
A New and Handsome edition of the

WORKS OF HENRY FIELDING.

The best edition of the Works of Fielding (with an Essay on his Life and Genius, by Thomas Murphy) has lately been so much in request, coupled with a scarcity of the Work, that the publication of a new and elegant edition of the productions of this distinguished Novelist is much rather the result of a public demand than the experiment of a Publisher. The Edition now published is superior to Murphy's, not only in the elegance of its typography and other mechanical properties of paper, style, etc., but as being most carefully revised and edited by Dr. James P. Browne, of Edinburgh. It will rank in all respects with the best modern editions of English Authors. A fine, handsome book, in 10 8vo vols., in the following styles: Half-morocco, Roxburghe style. Half-morocco extra. Half-calf extra. Tree-calf, gilt edges. Polished calf, gilt tops. J. SABIN & SONS, 84 Nassau Street, New York; 22 Buckingham Street, Strand, London.

LARGE PAPER EDITIONS, UNCUT.

GRIM'S MICHAEL ANGELO. Photographic Illustrations, $30.

PALFREY'S NEW ENGLAND. $20.

LIFE OF SAMUEL ADAMS. $30.

SPEDDING'S BACON. $100.

In good condition, fresh, scarcely opened. Address, L. P., Office of "THE NATION," 5 Beekman Street.

A LIBRARY OF EDUCATION,

FROM THE

BEST WRITERS OF ALL COUNTRIES.

Vol. I.—LOCKE'S THOUGHTS ON EDUcation.

Vol. II.—LOCKE'S ESSAYS ON STUDY and Reading; Milton's Epistle on Education, with Lives of Locke and Milton.

Vol. III.—HORACE MANN'S PAPERS ON the Study of Physiology in Schools.

Vol. IV.—SCOTTISH UNIVERSITY ADdresses: (1) Mill, on Literary and Scientific Education; (2) Froude, on Hand-work before Head-work; (3) Carlyle, on the Choice of Books.

Vol. V.—THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC Schools—the Opinions of Individuals and of the Press, with Judicial Decisions.

Vol. VI.—THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC Schools, Part II., containing the Addresses of A. D. Mayo and Thomas Vickers, of Cincinnati.

Other Volumes, in preparation, will be duly announced. It is our design to make Complete and Standard Editions of the works of Educational Writers of eminence, and reduce the cost to a minimum. We have adopted a model, very successful in France, which puts the products of the best minds within the reach of all.

The Price—Twenty-five Cents a vol., post-paid.

J. W. SCHERMERHORN & CO.,
14 Bond Street, New York.

VALUABLE BOOKS

FOR

GIFTS AND LIBRARIES.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.,
110 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.

HAVE JUST ISSUED

A CATALOGUE OF BOOKS

COMPRISING

WORKS IN EVERY CLASS OF LITERATURE,

SELECTED FROM THEIR

LARGE AND EXTENSIVE STOCK.

☞ Sent free by mail to any address.

TO BOOK-BUYERS.—Now Ready, a Catalogue of Rare, Curious, and Useful Books, particularly rich in the Drama, Burnsiana, Byronana, Shakespeariana, and Miscellaneous Literature, just imported.

Send stamp to

GEORGE TAWSE,
YE OLDE BOOKE STORE,
735 Broadway, New York.

HENRY K. VAN SICLEN,

BIBLIOPOLE,

133 NASSAU STREET,

Catalogues sent on application.

Special attention given to orders by letter.

INDEX TO VOLUME XIII.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1871.

The Week.

AT HOME.

Adams, J. Q., interviewed as to the "new departure," 33, endorses the "passive policy," 361—Attorney-General Akerman on constitutionality of civil-service legislation, 170—Grand Duke Alexis arrived, 230—Alaska monopolists, 330.

Bowen, Hon. C. C., pardoned for bigamy, 1, 17—Hon. G. S. Boutwell, difficulty with Gen. Pleasonton, 17, 33, 81, Cincinnati defence of his policy, 213, dealings with the Syndicate to be overhauled, 345, Treasury report, 361, 362—Gov. Gratz Brown interviewed as to the "new departure," 33—Hon. B. F. Butler nominates himself Governor of Massachusetts, 33, 81, 82, first gun at Springfield, 137, second fie at Worcester, 153, frightens the Republicans, 186, beaten at the Convention, 217, speech on the Washington Treaty, 281—Battle of Boyne and what it did for Ireland, 34—"Builded better than they knew" theory of constitutional interpretation, 34—Speaker Blaine not so rich as painted, 154—Judge Barnard's injunction against Connolly, 169—Judge Barrett nominated for Supreme Court, 265—Judge Bond's court in North Carolina, 266—Gen. Barlow's resignation voluntary, 282—Gov. Bullock of Georgia resigns, 298—Brooklyn Ring frauds, 313—Secretary Belknap's system of inspection, 362.

Cameron, Hon. Simon, nominated for Vice-President, 1—Coreans attacked by Commodore Rogers, 1, 35, 122—Civil Service Commission in session, 1, meets with constitutional difficulties, 33, encouraged by Attorney-General, 265, report, 393, 409—California Democrats accept the "new departure," 2, State carried by Republicans, 170—Connolly's accounts, 49, public debt statements, 81, put under injunction, refuses to resign, 169, appoints A. H. Green deputy, 185—Charleston election carried by Conservatives, 82—Cincinnati Sunday question, 82, corruption in county officers, 313—Dr. Carnochan's extortions, 97—Senator Conkling's letter to Mr. Griswold, 154, criticised by B. F. Mudgett, 170, stump speech, 250, on civil-service reform, 266—Hon. Caleb Cushing appointed counsel for U. S. at Geneva, 186—Chicago burnt, 233, 249, assistance from State, 266, effect on business, 313—Chas. O'Conor retained to prosecute the Ring, 250, 265, declines nomination to the Assembly, 281—O. V. Catto indignation meeting in Philadelphia, 266—Geo. T. Curtis denies the State's right to sue the Ring, 281—Hon. B. R. Curtis appointed counsel for U. S. at Geneva, 281—Geo. Wm. Curtis addresses the Cabinet on civil-service reform, 314—Catacazy-Fish difficulty, 361—Connecticut lobby, 393—Committee of Seventy's Charter, 409.

Congress (XLIId, 2d session): meets; Committee of Ways and Means, 361; Sumner's bill to abolish internal revenue bureau, Trumbull's Retrenchment Committee (Senate), 377, 410; Cox's copyright bill (House), 378; Committee of Investigation appointed (Senate), 393; Hoar's bill for a Labor Commission passed (House), 409.

Daly, Judge, nominated for the Common Pleas, 265.

Evangelist (N. Y.) apologizes for the Ring, 18—Eastern Railroad accident, 137—Evans embezzlement in Pennsylvania, 153, 154, 234, criminal charge dismissed, 282—Elections in Connecticut, Ohio, and Pennsylvania carried by Republicans, 235, in New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Wisconsin, etc., 297—W. M. Evarts appointed counsel for U. S. at Geneva, 281.

Financial review of the week, 2, 18, 50, 51, 67, 83, 98, 99, 138, 154, 155, 187, 233, 249, 314, 331, 346, 379, 394, 395, 411—Foley, J., suit against the city authorities, 153, 169—Forest fires in the Northwest, 249—Fenian raid on Red River country, 259—Thos. C. Fields a Tammany embezzler, 297—Secretary Fish resigns, 377.

German Democratic revolt against Tammany, 137—Gold combinations on Wall Street, 187—Geneva Commission meets, 394.

Hoffman, Gov., ignorant of Mayor Hall's intentions, 34, 49, appealed to by Committee of Seventy, 250—Mayor Hall's reply to the *Times's* exposures, 49, 50, 65, 97, asks Connolly to resign, 169, removes him, 185, indicted for misdemeanor, 218, culpability, 329—Health Officer's extortions at the port of New York, 97—"H. B. B." and the Republican programme, 98—*Harper's Weekly* and a Massachusetts Republican, 171—Major Hodges, a defaulting paymaster, 185, sentence, 235—Haggerty the voucher thief, 201—T. W. Higginson rebukes Wendell Phillips, 202—*Horton* case, 266—Judge Hilton resigns, 329—Hartford *Post* on the capital lobby, 395.

Independent on Butler's speech at Philadelphia, 282—International Society and the Chicago fire, 298.

Jewell, Hon. Harvey, withdraws from gubernatorial contest in Mass., 186.

Ku-klux Congressional Committee report, 65—Ku-klux trials in North and South Carolina, 266, 282, 297, 410—Kentucky State election, 82—J. H. Keyser assigns his property to the Committee of Seventy, 234.

Louisiana finances, 65, 121, 122, Republican divisions over the Convention, 121—Louisville *Commercial* on the punishment of defaulters, 235.

Massachusetts Supreme Court on women justices, and on trades-union intimidation, 21, gubernatorial struggle, 17, 33, 81, 82, 186, 202, 217—Labor and Prohibitory Conventions, 234, election carried by Republicans, 297—Senator Morton on the civil service, 121, 393—B. F. Mudgett on Senator Conkling, 170—Tom Murphy's record, 170, 186, 201, 217, dismissal insisted on, 218, 234, not purified, 281, resigns, 329—Maine carried by Republicans, 170—W. M. Meredith appointed Consul for U. S. at Geneva, 186—Mormon trials in Utah, 282, 298.

New York City debt, 81, meeting to protest against the Ring frauds, 137, 153, Republicans quarrelling, 186, 249, State Republican Convention, 217, Democratic Convention, opposition delegates from N. Y. City, 218, Tweed triumphant, 233—North Carolina convention defeated, 82, 138—J. W. Norton, assistant postmaster in N. Y., a defaulter, 185.

Ohio Republican prospects, 17, 221—Orange riot in N. Y., 17, 18, 33, 34—Ottendorfer, R., speech against Tammany frauds, 153.

Phillips, Wendell, on the objects of the Commune, 19—Commissioner Pleasonton removed, 81—Political prospects, 121, 169—President Grant working for a renomination, 169—Message, 361, 377, nepotism denied, 377, adopts civil-service regulations, 393—Philadelphia politics, 201, 202, city treasurer's defalcation, 313, Penn. R. R. and N. J. R. R. consolidation, 265—Niles G. Parker declines investigation, 82, antecedents, 314, debt statements, 345, 346, accused of fraud by the legislature, 394—Gov. Palmer and the military at Chicago, 393.

Roberts, Marshall O., explains his endorsement of Connolly, 65—Ring in Court, 169, 218, breaking up, 329, grand jury indictments; bank failures, 394—Rochester Convention managed by Tweed, 233.

Staten Island Ferry-boat explosion, 66—Southern elections, 82—Sunday question in Cincinnati, 82—Hon. Carl Schurz's speech in Chicago, 98, in Nashville, 219, lecture on civil-service reform, 345, interviewed in regard to his conspiracy with Trumbull, 409—N. Y. *Staats Zeitung* against the Ring, 137—Senators Sumner and Wilson oppose Butler, 186—South Carolina bonds declining, 297, 313, 314, 330, practices of the Ring, 345, 346, 378, report of legislative committee, 394—Hon. R. C. Schenck and the Emma Mine, 345, 377, 410—Mrs. E. C. Stanton's defence of Woodhull, 378.

Treasury statement for June, 2, report, 361, 362—N. Y. *Times* comes to blows with *Tribune* on free love, 18, publishes secret city accounts, 49, breaks the ring, 169, apologizes for Murphy, 217, more squabbling with *Tribune*, 249, acquits Grant of nepotism, 377, on professional jealousy, 377, threatens Schurz and Trumbull with exposure, 393, 409—Tweed Army Company and Allen Army Company, 97—Tweed defies arrest, 201, 218, controls Rochester Convention, 233, plunder discovered, 265, bank account overhauled, 281, elected senator, 297, arrested for felony, 394—Treaty of Washington arbitrators, 138, U. S. counsel, 281—Rev. Kinsley Twining answers Dr. Marvin, 186—*Tribune's* exposure of Murphy, 201, 282, defence of Mr. Schenck, 377—Texas under the carpet-baggers, 219, carried by Democrats, 234—S. J. Tilden exposes Tweed's bank account, 281—Tammany defeated at the polls, 297.

Viaduct railway in N. Y., 50—Vouchers stolen from Connolly, 201.

World on irish history, 34—Elizur Wright on constitutional interpretation, 34—Workingmen's National party and platform, 66—*Westfield* explosion, 66—*World* disturbed by suggestion of a vigilance committee, 153, by a Federal official's defalcation, 186—A. D. White attacked by the *Tribune*, 267—Woman's Suffrage test case in District of Columbia, 313, in Wyoming Territory, 378.

Young, Brigham, moving southward, 298.

Zabriskie, Chancellor, decision on railroad consolidation, 265.

ABROAD.

[*See also Special Correspondence.*]

GREAT BRITAIN:—English sympathizers with the Commune, 2, 19—Treaty of Washington ratified, 3—Army bill defeated in Lords; Ballot bill carried in Commons, 35—Crown abolishes purchase of commissions, 51—Censure of ministry by the Lords, 67—Newcastle-on-Tyne iron-workers' strike, 202, 219—Co-operative success at Oldham, 299—*Pall Mall Gazette* on speculation in England, 362—Illness of the Prince of Wales, 378, recovery, 395—Robert Lowe's reply to Sir Chas. Dilke, 395—Republican agitation, 411.

FRANCE:—Commune endorsed by International Association, 2—Success of loan; indemnity payments; elections carried by Republicans; Louis Blanc and A. Dumas, fils, 3—Analysis of the electoral vote; Comte de Chambord retires from France; free-traders calling for an income-tax, 9—Increasing strength of Thiers; Gambetta interviewed; E. de Pressensé's reminiscences of the Commune; finances, 35—Relations towards Italy discussed, 51—Gambetta's reappearance and influence, 67—German evacuation of Paris forts; loyalty of French army; Thiers' troubles in the Assembly; retirement of Jules Favre, 83—Rivet's proposition to prolong Thiers' term; Paris Municipal Council asks for return of the seat of government, 99—Thiers' term and salary; new army bill; trial of the Communists, and order of events after the capitulation of Paris, 123—Assembly debates on disbanding the National Guard and prolonging the Executive, 139—Executive prolonged subject to the Assembly; Communists sentenced, 155—Versailles to remain the capital, 171—Prorogation of Assembly; Committee of Control *ad interim* appointed; customs treaty with Germany; disarming of National Guard, 187—Jules Favre scandal; Thiers' message to the Assembly; evacuation of Departments, 203, 219—Elections for Conseils Généraux; Alsace-Lorraine treaty; Rochefort's sentence; the protectionist tussle between Thiers and Bismarck, 235—Alsace-Lorraine treaty concluded, 251, 267—Elections for Councils-General, 267—Paris labor deranged by the war; sale of Imperial old clothes; Benedetti's defence of his diplomacy, 283—Chas. Périer appointed Minister of the Interior, 299—Thiers the trustee of the Republic, 315—Commercial treaty with England and its results; execution of Communists, 346, 363—Assembly convenes; martial law in provinces held by Germans, 363—Thiers and Rossel; President's message; disorder in the Assembly, 379.

GERMANY:—Dr. Döllinger favors lay representation, 3—Hanover does not celebrate victory with the rest of the Empire; Ultramontane celebrations of 25th anniversary of Pius IX., 19—Alsatians giving trouble, 51, reasons of discontent, 67—Ultramontanes in trouble; Catholic and Evangelical departments of Ministry of Worship and instruction merged, 99—Objects of the Imperial meeting at Gastein, 123—Anti-infallibility movement gaining strength, 139—Bismarck and Beust meet at Gastein, 155—Defensive Alliance with Austria, 171—Baravian cabinet snubs the Ultramontane clergy, 203—Berlin Government locking up gold; second session of Reichstag; Alsace-Lorraine treaty concluded, 251—Emperor's address to the Reichstag, 282—War budget passed, 299—Benedetti exposed by Bismarck, 314—Constitution of the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg, 363.

AUSTRIA:—Hohenwart's efforts towards federalism, 83—Alliance with Germany, 139, meeting of Emperors William and Joseph at Ischl, 155, at Salzburg, 171—Mixed result of elections in the provinces, 219—German protest against Slavonic tendencies of the Emperor, 251, 267—Resignation of the Hohenwart ministry, 283—Kellersperg ministry formed, resignation of Beust, 299, 347, Beust succeeded by Andrássy, 315—Popular elections ordered in Bohemia, 331—Kellersperg Cabinet succeeded by Auersperg's, 347.

RUSSIA:—Educational movement, 67.

SWITZERLAND:—Fifth Annual Congress of International League of Peace and Liberty at Lausanne, 251.

ITALY:—Rome entered by Victor Emanuel, 3, followed by the ambassadors; reception of Syndic of Turin, 51—Pope's reproaches of the Jesuits, 99—Parliament meets in Rome; decadence of Florence; difference between Mazzini and Garibaldi in regard to the Internationals, 347.

SPAIN:—Republicans allied with the Internationals, 315—Malcampo ministry defeated in Cortes; proposed tax on foreign creditors of the Government, 331.

CUBA:—Execution of medical students, 362, anarchy, 411.

BRAZIL:—Emancipation act passed, 298.

PERSIA:—Famine, 315.

Literary Notes.

Announcements, 25, 40, 57, 72, 89, 104, 128, 142, 176, 193, 209, 228, 240, 258, 273, 289, 321, 337, 353, 368, 386, 401—Adolphus's (John) biography, 10—Afanasieff, Alexander, deceased, 239—Allen, Dr. Nathan, address at Princeton, Mass., 355—Aphra Behn's works, 401—Arnold, Matthew, essays in *Cornhill*, 26—Alaska and its tribes, 144—Anglo-American Association and the Chicago Library, 386—American Philological Association meeting, 72—Architectural Works, 402—Art Journals for October, 274—Anthropological Institute and Journal of N. Y., 368—Auroras periodical, 322—*American Law Review* on Geo. Ticknor Curtis, 25—American Oriental Society, 417.

Babbage, Chas., deceased, 307—Beaussire, Emile, on the law-abiding Parisians under the Commune, 105—Beekman, J. W., Centenary address, 369—Benndorf's "Greek and Sicilian Painted Vases," 356—Bentley, Richard, deceased, 229—Berkeley's philosophy, 355—Blake's designs, 241—Büchner's reply to his assailants, 308—Belgium, rights of foreigners in, 210—Berlin's growth, 194—Brazilian abolition legislation, 210—Boston Charity Building, 355; Public Library's 19th report, 90—Battle of Dorking, 9—*Baptist Quarterly* on the Bible and school question, 58—Bache's "American Wonderland," 417.

Chanzy, Gen., on the Second Army of the Loire, 178—Chaucer *cruces* solved, 241—Cherbuliez's "Revenge of Joseph Noirel," 274—Chesneau, M. Ernest, on N. Y. art collection, 333—Coquerel, Athanase, in America, 142—Curtis, Geo. Ticknor, ridiculed by *American Law Review*, 25—Chicago, libraries destroyed by fire, 258, fire phenomena, 322, *Chicago Legal News* redivivus, 273—Connecticut and New York boundaries, 228—Canadian education for women, 259—Chinese Government's attitude towards missionaries, 275—Corea, American naval photography in, 143—Commune as defended by the General Council of the International Workingmen's Association, 27, decrees and reports, 53, Communist types, 309—Catholic movements in Germany and Switzerland, 242—Cholera nests in India, 89—Census statistics, 240—Clerical impostor, 177—Catena Classicorum, 41—*Cornhill Magazine* on flying-machines, 274—Chinese-American college, 417—Chicago Free Library, 418.

Dante street, London, 403—Darwin and Chauncey Wright, 289—Dickens's works in penny issues, 241—Droop on minority representation, 73—Dürer, A., carved chessman, 402—Dutch estimate of the German war, 129—Dublin University's examinations in state medicines, 40—Dorking, Battle of, pamphlets in refutation, 129.

Erckmann-Chatrian lectured by Julian Schmidt, 210—Evelyn as host of Peter the Great, 369—Ewing, Thomas, deceased, 290—English publications, 58, 105, 129, 193, 273, 338—Early English Text Society, 9—1870 as a religious anniversary year, 290.

Faidherbe, Gen., falsehoods exposed by Gen. Von Goeben, 178—Favre's "Rome and the French Republic," 356, 370—Frère, John Hookham, Works of, 369—Frenchman's natural pet animal, 73; French press shutting out foreign criticism, 229; French and Italian journals in U. S., 209, Franco-Russian war, works on, 129, 177; French fine art publications, 290—Female education in Canada, 259—Flemish orthographic changes, 58—Franking privilege and threatening letters, 307—Flying-machines, 274.

Garfield's (Gen.) eulogy of Gen. Thomas, 57, 58—Garrick described by a German contemporary, 143, 144—Gauss's "Theoria Motus Corporum Coelesticum," 368—Gautier, Théophile, on the Venus of Milo's adventures, 177—Greatbatch, Miss E., prouciency in studies, 73—German navy during the war, 8; German War Literature, 90; German acquisition of mineral territory from France, 274.

Hariot's Brief and True Report, 401—Hotten's List of Emigrants to America, 73—Howells, W. D., and Henry, James, jr., in October *Atlantic*, 228—Hindu sympathy with Germany, 91—Hermann and Dorothea illustrated by Freiherr, 418.

Ideville's Diary, 369—Italian precautions against Communistic ideas, 59—Italian library statistics, 90; Italian public morality, 194—Ireland, religious denominations in, 177—*Irish People* on mobs, 128—Inns-of-Court products in England, 74—*Im Neuen Reich*, 290.

Jacquemart's etchings, 337—Johnston, Alex. Keith, deceased, 74—Journalistic amenities, 401.

Kellogg, A. N., purveyor for country newspapers, 258—King and Hague's Mining Atlas, 57.

Lacroix's "Manners, etc., of the Middle Age," 356—Landor's "Gebir," 322—Lilly and Shakespeare, 163—Luther's "Here I stand," 144—Lyman and Howe family gatherings, 162—Leicester, Mass., centennial jubilee, 240—Lisbon earthquake and English aid, 307—Luxembourg and Vosges etymologies, 164—London national theatre, 274—Lobby corruption in Connecticut, 259—Ligue de l'Enseignement, 194—Latin pronunciation, 355.

Macé, Jean, on popular education, 194—Mahan, Prof. D. H., deceased, 193—Mansel, Dean H. L., deceased, 90—Marvin, Rev. Dr., rebuked by Rev. Mr. Twining, 177—May, Rev. S. J., deceased—Méritens, Baron de, on relations with China, 339—Murchison, Sir Roderick, deceased, 208—Mentana monument at Rome, 357—Methodist Church property in the South, 337—Metric system in England and Germany, 105—Minority Representation pamphlets, 73—Muscular exertion, 369—Mounted designs, 241—*Macmillan* on American charities, 355—*Moniteur des Architectes*, 309—Microscopic department of *American Naturalist*, 416.

Napoleon Saint's-day, 194—Nast's designs in *Harper's Weekly*, 104—N. Y. Museum of Art, 337—Norway Coast of, 386—National University movement in U. S., 228.

Overland Monthly to be illustrated, 162.

Palikao and the Empress's necklace, 338—Peirce, Chas L., review of Berkeley, 355; Peirce's Logarithms, 307—Peter the Great in England, 369—Pope, the, declines temporal sovereignty, 356, 370—Porter, Prof. N., elected president of Yale, 42—inauguration, 259—Portuguese literature and criticism, 144—Paris Police Archives saved, 58; Paris press under the Commune, 106—Prehistoric discoveries in Germany and Switzerland, 144—Princeton, Mass., 385—Prison literature, 128—"People" *versus* "Volk," 228—Penates, 386—Postal-telegraph in England, 130—Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, 416.

Ranke's Origin of Seven Years' War, 90—Raphaels in the market, 387—Ripalda Madonna, 387—Roger L'Estrange's *Observator*, 307—Roman municipal improvements, 145—Russian reforms in education, 27, 67, encroachments in Asia, 323—"Runaway" in *Romeo and Juliet*, 8—*Revue des Deux Mondes*, 274, under the Commune, 42, 43, 106.

Sainte-Beuve, Nouveaux Lundis, 259, death, intimacy with Princess Mathilde, 260—Schlesinger, Dr. L., on the history of the Germans in Bohemia, 338—Schouler's political reminiscences in Boston *Journal*, 176—Schubert and his works, 356—Schwabe Gallery for Fallen Heroes, 273—Schwarz, Mme. Sophie Marie, 40—Scott centennial in Edinburgh, 163, 164—Scribner, Chas., deceased, 142—Secchi, Father, in trouble, 74—Shakespeare in Venice, 322, sonnets translated by Gilderminster, 322, Euphuism, 163—Sheppard's "Shut up in Paris," 323—Smalley, G. W., and the Anglo-American Association, 386—Smith's "Student's Hallam," 193—Stoffel, Baron, new edition of his Military Reports, 129—Stubb's "Documents Illustrative of English History," 194—Saints' relics, fraudulent Roman trade in 74—Serf and cerf, 73—Songs of the Spirit, 386—*Saturday Review* on the nomenclature of fiction, 402.

Thackeray's nomenclature, 402; Thackeray, Miss, new novel by, 368—Thomas, Gen. Geo. H., eulogy by Gen. Garfield, 57, 58—Thomson, Sir Wm., theory of life on the earth, 210—Thompson, Rev. Dr. J. P., goes abroad, 337—Toombs's rhetoric ridiculed at the South, 8—Townsend, Geo. Alfred, a graphic writer, 240—Trumbull, J. H., on mistaken notions of Algonkin grammar, and the study of American languages, 41—Tuckerman, Henry Theodore, deceased, 401, 417—Twining, Rev. Kinsley, to Rev. Dr. Marvin, 177—Tylor's "Primitive Civilization," 26—Treaty of Washington denounced by English petitioners, 42—Tidal wave hoax, 209—Tobacco scrapbook, 308.

University judges in Germany, 242.

Von Goeben and Gen. Faidherbe, 178—Venus of Milo during the siege of Paris, 177—Vases of Greece and Italy, 356—"Volk" and "People," 228.

White, Alexander, collection of paintings, 368, 401—Whitmore's Ancestral Tablets, 162—Woolsey, President, farewell address at Yale, 258, Woolsey Fund, 42—Warwick Castle on fire, 418.

Editorial and Miscellaneous Articles.

Anglo-Saxon Judge, - - - - - 52
Another "New Departure," - - - 252
Basis of All Reform, - - - - - 365
Bohemianism in French Politics, - 287
"Boss's" Dominions, - - - - - 236
Bottom of the Great City Difficulty, - 157
Butler Canvass, Lessons of the, - - 221
Butler's "First Gun," - - - - - 140
Charter Should Provide, What the New (N. Y.), - - - - - - - - 380
Cherbuliez, Victor, - - - - - 7
China, Our Duty as regards, - - - 101
Christians and Thieves, - - - - 286
Civil Service Reform Constitutional? Is, - - - - - - - - - 68
Civil Service Reform in the Party Platforms, - - - - - - - 220
Colleges, - - - - - - - - - 5
Confederate Bondholders, - - - 253
Diplomacy and Stocks, - - - - 345
Duxbury, Some Recent Proceedings in, - - - - - - - - - 126
England, Labor Movement in, - - - 284
England, Republicanism in, - - - 331
Episcopal Church, Crisis in the Protestant, - - - - - - - - 222
Erie, Latest Decision in, - - - - 85
Famous Field, A, - - - - - - 333
Gladstone's Unpopularity, - - - 190
Hastings, Battle of, - - - - - 333
Imprisonment for Debt, - - - - 317
Indian Bureau, Recent Change in, - 100
International Copyright, - - - 301
Irish and the Riots, - - - - - 36
Laborer, Condition of the, - - - 397
Labor Movement in England, - - - 284
Land Question, the Great, - - - 20
Minority Representation, - - - 69
Municipal Cæsarism, - - - - 205
Municipal Government, - - - - 188
Municipal Reform, Prospect of, - - 84
Municipal Responsibility, - - - 333
Murphy's Case, Collector, - - - 270
Newspaper Fights, - - - - - - 350
North Carolina and a New Constitution, - - - - - - - - - 37
Notoriety, - - - - - - - - 38
Papacy, The New, - - - - - - 140
Political Prospect, - - - - - 332
Political Watering-Place, - - - 171
President and the Renomination, - 172
Political Financier, A, - - - - 412
Press and the Knaves, - - - - 269
"Radicals" and "Conservatives," - 21
Railroad Axioms, - - - - - - 53
Republicans to Consider, Things for all, - - - - - - - - - 204
"Revenue Reform" Mystery, - - - 349
Rich Men in City Politics, - - - 316
Ring, Rising against the, - - - - 300
Royalty and Republicanism in Europe, - - - - - - - - 413
Science and Human Brotherhood, - 268
Scott's Birthday, - - - - - - 103
Senate, Conflict in the, - - - - 396
Sherman, Joan, - - - - - - - 412
Southern View of the Southern Problem, - - - - - - - - - 4
South, The, - - - - - - - - 364
Syndicate, The, - - - - - - - 124
Treasury View of the Finances, - - 157
Underwood, Judge, and Woman Suffrage, - - - - - - - - - 285
War-cloud in Europe, New, - - - 173
"What Are You Going to Do about It?" - - - - - - - - - 195
Who Killed the Ring? - - - - - 334
Woolsey, President, - - - - - 6

Occasional Correspondence.

Barings and the Treasury Department, - - - - - - - - - 208
Boutwell and the *Nation*, - - - 160
Boutwell and the New Loan, - - - 176
Brackett, Col. A. G., - - - - 89, 128
Charles Reade's Last Plot, - - - 57
Cheney Controversy Again, - - - 8
Cheney, Last Word for Mr., - - - 24
Chicago Academy of Sciences, - - 367
Coal Production, - - - - - - 88
Correction, A, - - - - - - - 89
Englishman at Court, Old-Time, - - 127
Garfield, Gen., Note from, - - - 128
German Armies, Composition of, - - 401
Great Fire, The, - - - - - - 354
Imprisonment in Civil Actions, - - 367
Kennicott, John and Robert, - - 321, 367
Louisiana Politics and the Federal Army's Interference, - - - - 161
McKean's (Judge) Court *vs.* the Mormons, - - - - - - - - 354
Milton's Views on Church Government, 161
Mormon *vs.* U. S. Government, - 325, 354
North Carolina Convention, - - - 71
Peirce, Mr., and the Realists, - - 386
Protectionist's Charity, - - - - 306, 386
President and the Civil Service, - - 104
Prohibitionists, - - - - - - - 57
Railroad Axioms, - - - - - - 89
"Runaways" Again, - - - - - 40
Science and Alcohol, - - - - - 39
South and West Despondent, - - - 127
Sugar and Coffee, Reduction of Duty on, - - - - - - - 239, 257, 258
Was it "Serf" or "Cerf"? - - - - 400
Wool, High Price of, - - - - - 399

Special Correspondence.

Domestic—Quebec, - - - - - 206, 223
Worcester, Scenes among the Butterites, - - - 225
Niagara - - - - - 238, 254
Chicago in distress, - - 302
Washington: Political Prospects, - - - - 415
England— - - - - - - 207, 319
Brougham; Grote; the Ballot in Ireland, - - - 22
Parliamentary Filibustering; Two Poets, - - - 55
Mercantile Claims under the Treaty of Washington; Mr. Russell Gurney, - 191
The Military Manœuvres, - 255
The International Exhibition - - - - - 271
Conservative Tactics, - - 288
Gladstone at Greenwich, - 352
An English Water color Exhibition, - - - - 366
Table-talk in England, - 398
France—Paris, and France, - - - 23
The Army; The Loan; The Elections, - - - - 56
Chambord's Manifesto; Duc de Chartres, - - - - 86
The Centralization of M. Thiers; Gambetta, - - 126
The Prolongation of the Executive, - - - - - 139
The Personal Government of Thiers, - - - - 192
A Neutral President; the Army, - - - - - 227
France in European Diplomacy, - - - - - 256
Political Apathy, - - - 305
A General Council in Session, - - - - - 320
Taxation in France, - - 353
Nicolai Turgeneff, - - 385
Communist Manners, - - 415
Germany — German Austria; Alsace; Peace Celebrations, - - 87

Literature.

Austen, Jane, Early Writings of, - - 164
Balaustion's Adventure, - - - - 178
Behind the Bars, - - - - - - 371
Berkeley, Life and Works of Bishop, 59
Border Town, A, - - - - - - 130
Bounty, Mutineers of the, - - - 165
Children's Books,
Supplement (No. 336), - - - 383, 404
Cholera, Notes on, - - - - - 229
City of God, - - - - - - - 357
Coming Race, The, - - - - - 133
Coolie, The, - - - - - - - 131
Dallas, Alexander James, - - - 179
Earth, The, - - - - - - - 134
Forsyth's Novels and Novelists of the Eighteenth Century, - - - - 27
Greeley as a Farmer, - - - - 108
Henry Brougham, - - - - - 43, 260
International Law, Recent Works on, - 339
Jefferson, Thomas, - - - - - 309
Kamtchatka, - - - - - - - 145
Kapp's Frederic the Great, - - - 106
King of the Beggars, - - - - 426
Kingsley in the West Indies, - - - 60
Lanfrey's Napoleon I., - - - - 194
Last Tournament, - - - - - 418
Laveleye's Prussia and Austria, - - 92
London, Misery of, - - - - - 62
Magazines for July, 29, August, 77, September, 147, October, 211, November, 294, December, - - - - 358
Maine Regiment in the War, - - - 213
Maine's Village Communities, - - 370
Mary, Queen of Scots, and Mr. Froude, 323
Masson's Life of John Milton, - - 91
Miller's Songs of the Sierras, - - 196
Minnesota and Consumptive Patients, 93
Mitford's Tales of Old Japan, - - 245
North American Review for July, 75, October, - - - - - - 292
Nebulous Proceedings, - - - - - 277
Paris Commune, Two Books on the, - 420
Patterson's Magyars, - - - - - 181
Pauperism in England, - - - - - 10
Play for Manhood, - - - - - - 244
Poet Redivivus, A, - - - - - - 146
Poetry, Fall Books of, - - - - - 341
Popularized Science, - - - - - 197
Recent Republications, - - - - - 421
Revision of the U. S. Statutes, - - 291
Russia, Two Books on, - - - - - 75
Siberian Adventure, - - - - - 310
Stimulants, - - - - - - - - 28
Stowe's, Mrs., Last Novel, - - - 324
Suburban Home Grounds, - - - - 275
Terrible Temptation, - - - - - 107
Two Historical Essayists, - - - 387, 403
U. S Government, Recent Works on the, - - - - - - - - - 242
Woolman's Journal, - - - - - - 44
Young, Charles Mayne, Memoir of, - 45

Books.

[The Italics indicate the Shorter Notices, for which also consult the Notes.]

American Association for Advancement of Science, Proceedings of, - 277
Annual Register, - - - - - - - 13
Art. Philosophy of (Taine), - - - 343
At Last, - - - - - - - - - 60
Austen, Jane, Memoir of, - - - - 164
Balaustion's Adventure, - - - - - 178
Bankrupt Law (Gazzam's), *Treatise on*, 94
Behind the Bars, - - - - - - - 371
Behind the Veil, - - - - - - - 278
Berkeley, Bishop, Works of, - - - 59
Book of the East (Stoddard), - - - 341
Books for Girls, - - - - - - - 181
Bounty, Mutineers of the, - - - - 165
Brougham, Lord, Life and Times of, 43, 260
Butterflies and Moths, British, - - 198
Cameos from English History, - - - 278
Carew, Bampfylde-Moore, Life of, - - 420
Children's Books,
Supplement (No. 336), - - - 388, 404
Cholera (Peters's), Notes on the Origin of, - - - - - - - - - 229
City of God, - - - - - - - - 357
Coming Race, The, - - - - - - 133
Commune, Paris under the, - - - 420
Rise and Fall of the, - - 420
Concordance to the Christian Year, - 14
Conservative Reformation and its Theology, The, - - - - - - - 312
Constitution of U. S., History and Analysis of, - - - - - - - 242
Coolie, The, - - - - - - - - 131
Cuba, My Winter in, - - - - - 343
Dallas, A. J., Life and Writings of, - 179
Daughter of an Egyptian King, - - 14
Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson, - 309
Dorking, Battle of, - - - - - 11
Droit International Codifié (Bluntschli), - - - - - - - - 339
Droit International, Commentaire sur les Eléments du (Lawrence), - - 339
Earth, The, - - - - - - - - 134
East and West Poems (Bret Harte), - 341
Education Sentimentale, - - - - 95
Elections in U. S., Law of, - - - 247
England, History of, - - - - - 311
Episodes in an Obscure Life, - - - 62
Federal Government and its Officers, - 242
First Maine Regiment, History of the, 213
Fragments of Science (Tyndall's), - 197
Friedrich der Grosse und die Vereinigten Staaten, - - - - - 106
From Fourteen to Fourscore, - - - 13
Gold and Name, - - - - - - - 96
Goosnargh, History of, - - - - 407
Greek (Boise's and Leighton's), *First Lessons in*, - - - - - - 95
Historical Essays (Freeman's), - - 403
Historical Questions, - - - - - 261
Historical Reader (Anderson's), - - 14
Household Book of Songs, - - - 407
Institutes of Medicine (Payne's), - - 96
Illustrated Holiday Books, - - - 422
Island Neighbors, - - - - - - 262
Japan, Tales of Old, - - - - - 245
Journey Round My Room, - - - - 327
Kennedy, Life of J. P., - - - - 325
Last Knight, - - - - - - - - 278
Last Tournament, - - - - - - 418
Latin Grammar (Roby's), - - - - 423
Law (Washburn's), *Lectures on the Study and Practice of*, - - - 277
Light Science for Leisure Hours, - - 197
Little Sunshine's Holiday, - - - 132
London, Hand-book to the Charities of, - - - - - - - - - 62
Lost Despatch, - - - - - - - 262
Magyars, The, - - - - - - - - 181
Maryland, Doings in, - - - - - 372
Mary, Queen of Scots, - - - - - 323
Miller, Hugh, Life and Letters of, - - 47
Milton, Joan, Life of, - - - - - 91
Minnesota as a Home for Invalids, - 93
Modes of Origin of Lowest Organisms (Bastian's), - - - - - - 46
Mount Desert, Rambles in, - - - 135
Mouvement Socialiste, Le, - - - - 107
Musings over the Christian Year, - - 14
My Wife and I, - - - - - - - 324
My Witness (Winter), - - - - - 341
Napoleon I., History of, - - - - - 194
National Peace Jubilee, History of, - 372
Novels and Novelists of the Eighteenth Century, - - - - - - 27
Opium and the Opium Appetite, - - - 28
Overland, - - - - - - - - - 423
Paris during the Siege, Inside, - - 149
Pauperism (Fawcett's), - - - - - 10
Pentateuch, Key to, - - - - - - 150
Peoria, History of, - - - - - - 148
Pink and White Tyranny, - - - - 94
Pioneer Biography, - - - - - - 167
Pioneers and Founders, - - - - - 149
Play-ground of Europe, - - - - - 244
Prusse, La, et l'Autriche depuis Sadowa, - - - - - - - - - 92
Psalms, The (Conant's), - - - - - 12
Pupil of the Legion of Honor, - - - 247
Quatrains de Khèyam, - - - - - - 146
Reindeer, Dogs, and Snow-Shoes, - - 310
Reminiscences of Fifty Years, - - - 214
Republications, - - - - - - - 421
Reuchlin, Leben und Werke, - - - - 423
Rhododendron and American Plants, - 79
Riesser's (Gabriel) Life, - - - - 246
Roadmaster's Assistant, - - - - - 150
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam, - - - 146
Russia in 1870, - - - - - - - 75
Russian, Historical Narratives from the, - - - - - - - - - 75
Rye, History of, - - - - - - - 130
Shoemaker's Village, - - - - - 182
Short Studies on Great Subjects (Froude's), - - - - - - - - 387
Sierras, Songs of the, - - - - - 196
Spruner's Hand-Atlas, - - - - - 326
Suburban Home Grounds, - - - - 275
Synonyms Discriminated, - - - - 342
Ten Great Religions, - - - - - 109
Tent-Life in Siberia, - - - - - 145
Terrible Temptation, - - - - - 107
Two College Friends, - - - - - 389
U. S. Statutes, Revision of, - - - 291
Village Communities in the East and West, - - - - - - - - 370
Virginia, Journal of a Young Lady of, - - - - - - - - - 230
Wake-Robin, - - - - - - - - 79
War and the Weather, - - - - - 326
Wear and Tear, - - - - - - - 423
What I Know of Farming, - - - - 108
Who is Responsible for the War? - - 12
Why Did He Not Die? - - - - - 63
Woolman, John, Journal of, - - - 44
Young, Charles Mayne, Memoir of, - 45
Young Mechanic, - - - - - - 198
Zanita, - - - - - - - - - 326

Books of the Week.

14, 31, 47, 63, 79, 96, 135, 150, 182, 198, 230, 247, 262, 296, 327, 343, 360, 373, 390, 407.

Fine Arts.

Music: Mrs. Charles Moulton's Concerts, - - - - - - - - 279

ERRATA.

Page 66, column 1, line 16. For "$9,000,000," read "$900,000."

Page 79, column 1, line 6. For "J. R. Osgood & Co." read "Hurd & Houghton." Line 4 from bottom: for "C. S. Rand" read "E. S. Rand."

Page 110, column 2, line 17. For "postulating our" read "portraying an."

Page 180, column 1, line 17. For "poetical" read "political."

Page, 371, column 1, line 11. For "Mill" read "Maine." Line 15: for "alluvial" read "allodial."

Page 397, column 1, line 4 from bottom. Insert "and" before "the State geologist."

REGISTER OF BOOKS RECEIVED DURING THE HALF YEAR.

Theology, Metaphysics, and Ethics.

Abbot (E.). Literature of the Doctrine of a Future Life.....(W. J. Widdleton) $2 00
Adams (Rev. W.), Regeneration in Baptism.....(M. H. Mallory & Co) 2 50
Antidote to "The Gates Ajar," swd.....(G. W. Carleton & Co.) 25
Augustine (St.), Works: The City of God, 2 vols.....(Scribner, Welford & Co.) 6 00
Bacon (Rev. T. S.), Christian Children, swd.....(M. H. Mallory & Co.)
Beecher (Rev. H. W.), The Life of Jesus, the Christ.....(J. B. Ford & Co.) 3 50
Brown (J. B.), Misread Passages of Scripture, 2d series.....(Carlton & Lanahan)
Chamberlayne (Rev. I.), Saving Faith: Its Rationale..... " "
Collyer (Robert), The Life that Now Is.....(H. B. Fuller)
Connelly (Rev. P.), Terms of Reunion with Rome.....(London)
The Italian Reform Movement in the Church of Rome, swd... (Florence)
Constable (H.), Duration and Nature of Future Punishment, swd..... (C. C. Chatfield & Co.)
Cook (F. C.), The Holy Bible [and Speaker's Commentary], Vol I., Part I., Genesis—Exodus.....(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Cornell (J. H.), The Introit—Psalms for Sundays and Holy-Days..(Pott & Amery) $1 50
David (C. G.), A Positivist Primer.....(David Wesley & Co.)
Demonstration in Honor of the 25th Anniversary of Pius IX.....(J. Murphy & Co.)
Dunn (H.), The Study of the Bible.....(G. P. Putnam & Sons) 1 50
Dunn (Rev. L. R.), The Mission of the Spirit.....(Carlton & Lanahan)
Fitch (Rev. E. T.), Sermons Preached at Yale College.....(Judd & White)
Folsom (N. S.), The Four Gospels, 2d ed.....(A. Williams & Co.)
Formby (Rev. H.), Pictorial Bible and Church-History Stories...(Cath. Pub. Soc.)
Fowle (T. W.), The Character of Christ, swd.....(Hurd & Houghton) 15
Gardiner (Rev. F.), Harmony of the Four Gospels in English..(Warren F. Draper) 2 50
Harmony of the Four Gospels in Greek.... " " 2 50
The Life of Our Lord in the Words of the Gospels. " 1 00
Giberne (Agnes), The Day-Star.....(Pott & Amery) 1 25
Gilbert (Rev. D.), The Love of Jesus.....(John Murphy & Co.) 50
Gray (Rev. E. P.), The Apostolic Treasury, swd.....(Libby & Swett)
Hodge (Rev. C.), Systematic Theology.....(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Hopkins (Rev. M.), The Law of Love and Love as a Law, 3d ed. " " 1 75
Hutton (R. H.), The Incarnation and Principles of Evidence.....(Pott & Amery) 60

Register of Books Received.

Hudson (C. F.), Critical Greek and English Concordance of the New Testament, 2d ed.....(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Huntington (Rev. W. R.), The Church Idea, 2d ed.....(Hurd & Houghton) $1 25
Jowett (B.), Dialogues of Plato, 4 vols.....(Charles Scribner & Co.) 12 00
Lebon (H.), The Holy Communion.....(John Murphy & Co.) 1 00
Letter to an Alarmed Friend, swd.....(Pott, Young & Co.) 05
Lord (J.), Prophetic Imperialism.....(Hurd & Houghton)
Mansel (Prof. H. L.), Metaphysics.....(D. Appleton & Co.)
Mediation: The Function of Thought.....(Warren F. Draper) 1 25
Modern Scepticism.....(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) 2 25
Mudge (Rev. Z. A.), Footprints of Roger Williams.....(Carlton & Lanahan)
Owen (R. D.), The Debatable Land between this World and the Next.....(G. W. Carleton & Co.)
Pond (Rev. E.), The Apocalypse Explained.....(Hoyt, Fogg & Breed) 1 50
Porter (Prof. N.), Elements of Intellectual Science.....(C. Scribner & Co.)
Pressensé (Rev. E. de), Jesus Christ: His Life and Work....(Carlton & Lanahan) 1 50
The Early Years of Christianity.....(Chas. Scribner & Co) 1 75
Proceedings of the Free Religious Association, swd.....(Boston) 35
Sermons by the Paulists, Vol. VI.....(Catholic Pub. House)
Stiebeling (Dr. G.T.), Naturwissenschafte gegen Philosophie, swd.(L. W. Schmidt)
Taine (H.), On Intelligence.....(Holt & Williams) 5 00
The Four Gospels in One.....(R. A. Campbell)
The Mighty Works of Jesus Christ: Illustrated.....(Pott, Young & Co.)
Thomson (Rev. J. P.), Home Worship.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.)
Tyng (Rev. S. H.), The Rich Kinsman.....(Prot. Epis. Soc.) 1 00
Ueberweg (Dr. F.), History of Philosophy, Vol. I.....(C. Scribner & Co.)
Walden (Rev. T.), Our English Bible and its Ancestors.....(Porter & Coates)
Weiss (Rev. J.), American Religion.....(Roberts Brothers)
Whedon (D. D.), Commentary on the New Testament, Vol. III. (Carlton & Lanahan)
Wilson (Bishop), Expository Lectures on Colossians.....(Prot. Epis. Soc.) 1 00
Woolsey (Rev. T. D.), Two Sermons Preached at Yale College.(C.C.Chatfield & Co.)

Poetry.

Aldornere: a Pennsylvanian Idyll.....(John Penington & Son)
"Awful!" and Other Jingles.....(G. P. Putnam & Son) 1 25
Aytoun (W. E.) and Martin (T.), Poems and Ballads of Goethe (Holt & Williams).. 1 50
Birch (C. M.), Reveries of Song.....(Bell & Daldy) 75
Browning (R.), Balaustion's Adventure.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 50
Bryant (W. C.), Homer's Odyssey, translated, Vol. I..... " " 5 00
Poems.....(D. Appleton & Co.)
The Song of the Fountain: Illustrated..... "
Bulwer-Lytton (Sir E.), King Arthur: a Poem.....(Harper & Bros)
Butler (W. A.), Poems.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 2 00
Channing (W. E.), The Wanderer: a Poem..... " 1 25
Duyckinck (E. A.), The Poets of the Nineteenth Century.....(Harper & Brothers)
Everything Serene: Verses, swd.....(American News Co.) 25
Ganter (F. S.), Man: a Poem, swd.....(New Orleans) 1 00
Gardner (Celia E.), Stolen Waters: a Poem.....(G. W. Carleton & Co.)
Glenn (Jessie), Poems.....(Bannan & Ramsey)
Grün (A.), The Last Knight.....(Hurd & Houghton)
Harte (B.), East and West Poems.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.)
Holcombe (Dr. W.), Southern Voices: Poems.....(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Imogen, and Other Poems.....(B. B. Russell)
John Jerningham's Journal.....(Chas. Scribner & Co.) 75
Kendrick (Prof. A. C.), Our Poetical Favorites.....(Sheldon & Co.)
Lazarus (Emma), Admetus: a Poem.....(Hurd & Houghton) 2 00
Lee (A. T.), Army Ballads and Other Poems.....
Longfellow (H. W.), The Divine Tragedy.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 50
Mac-Henry (G.), Time and Eternity: a Poem.....(A. L. Bancroft & Co.)
Markham (C. R.), Ollanta: An Ancient Ynca Drama.....(Trübner & Co.) 75
Meredith (O.), Lucile, and Other Poems, swd.....(Jas. R. Osgood & Co.) 50
Miller (C. H.), Songs of the Sierras.....(Roberts Bros.) 1 50
Morgan (J. A.), Macaronic Poetry Collected.....(Hurd & Houghton) 2 75
Odenheimer (Rev. W. H) and Bird (F. M.), Songs of the Spirit.....(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)
Palgrave (F. T.), Lyrical Poems.....(Macmillan & Co.) 1 75
Songs of the Heart.....(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Stoddard (R. H.), The Book of the East, and Other Poems....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 50
Tennyson (A.), The Last Tournament..... " " 1 52
" " " .....(J. E. Tilton & Co.)
Washburn (J. B.), Yo-Semite: a Poem, swd.....(A. Roman & Co.)
Watson (J. W.), Beautiful Snow, and other Poems.....(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 2 00
Winter (W.), My Witness: Poetry.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 25

Political and Social Subjects.

Adams (C. F., jr., and H.), Chapters in Erie, and Other Essays.(J. R. Osgood & Co.) $2 00
Ames (P. W.), Speeches of Fisher Ames, 1789-1796.....(Little, Brown & Co.)
Beecher (C. E.), Woman's Profession as Mother and Educator....(George Maclean)
Dillon (J. B.), Historical Evidence of the Origin and Nature of the U. S. Government.....(New York)
Eberhardt (M.), Die Rechtstellung des Weibes innerhalb der Ehe, swd.....(Meininger & Schick)
Elder (Dr. W.), Questions of the Day, Economic and Social.....(H. C. Baird) 3 00
Emerson (Dr. G.), Le Play's Organization of Labor(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)
George (H.), Our Land and Land Policy, swd.....(San Francisco)
Gillet (R. H.), The Federal Government.....(Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.)
Greeley (H. G.), Letters from Texas, swd.....(New York)
Hamilton (Gail), Woman's Worth and Worthlessness.....(Harper & Bros.)
Heinzen (K.), Der Deutsche Editoren-Kongress zu Cincinnati, swd.....(Boston)
What is Real Democracy? swd.....(Indianapolis)
Hopkins (E. A.), Relationes Comerciales entre la República Argentina y la de Bolivia, swd.....(Buenos Ayres)
Jevons (W. S.), The Theory of Political Economy.....(Macmillan & Co.) 3 50
Johnson (Rev. S.), Labor Parties and Labor Reform, swd.....(Boston)
Lord Bantam.....(Geo. Routledge & Sons)
Löwenthal (Dr. E. J.), Die Bedeutung des Deutsch-Französischen Krieges, swd.....(L. W. Schmidt)
McPherson (E.), Political History of the U. S., 1865-1870.....(Philp & Solomons)
Nast (T.), Miss Columbia's Public School, swd.....(F. B. Felt & Co.)
Paez (R.), Ambas Américas: Contrastes.....(D. Appleton & Co.)
Pim (Hon. J.), Ireland and the Imperial Parliament, swd.....(Dublin)
Ruskin (J.), Fors Clavigera.....(John Wiley & Son) 1 00
Societyism and its Evils, swd.....(Sheldon & Co.)
The Coming Race; or, The New Utopia.....(Francis B. Felt & Co.)
The Second Armada, swd.....(Porter & Coates)
Townsend (G. A.), The Mormon Trials at Salt Lake City, swd....(Am. News Co.)
Watertown (G.), Hibernia: Showing How Pat Rules America.(American News Co.) 50
What Happened after the Battle of Dorking, swd.....(Geo. Routledge & Sons) 25
Wright (H. B.), A Practical Treatise on Labor.....(G. W. Carleton & Co.)

History, Biography, Geography, Travels, etc.

Abbott (J. S. C.), History of Frederic the Great.....(Harper & Bros.)
History of Louis Philippe..... " "
Abelous (L.), Gustavus Adolphus.....(Carlton & Lanahan)
Andersen (H. C.), Pictures of Travel.....(Hurd & Houghton) 1 75
Beekman (J. W.), Centenary Address, N. Y. Hospital, swd.....(New York)
Biographical Sketch of Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan.....(Cath. Pub. Society)
Boyd (M.), Reminiscences of Fifty Years.....(D. Appleton & Co.)
Brockett (Dr. L. P.), Paris Under the Commune, swd.....(H. S. Goodspeed & Co.) 75
Brockman (R.), The Land of Lorne.....(F. B. Felt & Co.) 2 00
Bush (R. G.), Reindeer, Dogs, and Snow Shoes.....(Harper & Bros.)
Butler (Rev. W.), The Land of the Veda.....(Carlton & Lanahan)
Carlyle (T.), French Revolution, Vols. 2 and 3.....(Chas. Scribner & Co.) 0 90
Life of John Sterling.....(Scribner, Welford & Co.) 90
Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches..... " " 90
Celebration of the 150th Anniversary of Leicester, Mass., swd.....(Cambridge)
Cole (Maj. W. L.), California, swd.....(New York)
Curtius (E.), History of Greece, Vol. II.....(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Da Costa (B. F.), Rambles in Mount Desert.....(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)
The Moabite Stone..... " "
Dewey (Mary E.), Life and Letters of Catharine M. Sedgwick....(Harper & Bros.)
Egli (J. J.), Nomina Geographica. Part 2, swd.....(B. Westermann & Co.)
Essex Institute Historical Collections, Vol. XI., Part 1, swd.....(Salem)
Fetridge (W. P.), Rise and Fall of the Paris Commune.....(Harper & Bros.)
Fishwick (H.), History of the Parochial Chapelry of Goosnargh...(Trübner & Co.) $3 00
Forster (J.), The Life of Charles Dickens, Vol. I.....(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Forsyth (W.), Novels and Novelists of the 18th Century.....(D. Appleton & Co.)
Four Years at Yale.....(C. C. Chatfield & Co.) 2 50
Freeman (E. A.), Historical Essays.....(Macmillan & Co.) 4 00
Froude (J. A.), Short Studies on Great Subjects, 2d Series.....(C. Scribner & Co.)
Gilmore (P. S.), History of the National Peace Jubilee.....(Lee & Shepard) 5 00
Gould (Maj. J. M.), History of the First—Tenth—Twenty-ninth Maine Regiment..(Stephen Berry) 5 00
Hampton (Gen. W.), Life and Character of R. E. Lee, swd...(John Murphy & Co.)
Hay (J.), Castilian Days.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 2 00
Hawthorne (N.), American Note Books..... " " 1 25
Headley (J. T.), Mountain Adventures.....(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Helps (A.), Life of Hernando Cortes.....(G. P. Putnam & Sons) 2 00
Howe (F.), The True Site of Calvary.....(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) 1 00
Hughes (T.), Alfred the Great.....(Macmillan & Co.)
Hutchinson (C. C.), Resources of Kansas, swd.....(Topeka)
Illustrirte Kriegs-Chronik.....(B. Westermann & Co.)
Inside Paris during the Siege.....(Macmillan & Co.) 2 00
Jay (W. M. L.), My Winter in Cuba.....(E. P. Dutton & Co.)
Journal of a Young Lady of Virginia, 1782.....(John Murphy & Co.)
Julian (Hon. G. W.), Speeches on Political Questions.....(Hurd & Houghton) 3 00
Kingsley (Rev. C.), At Last: A Christmas in the West Indies...(Macmillan & Co.) 2 00
" " " " .....(Harper & Bros.)
Labberton (R. H.), Historical Atlas.....(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) 3 50
Historical Questions..... " " " 1 75
Leighton (J.), Paris Under the Commune.....(Scribner, Welford & Co.)
Life of the Rev. Mother Julia.....(Cath. Pub. Soc.) 1 50
Life and Times of Henry, Lord Brougham, Vol. II.....(Harper & Bros.)
Lossing (B. J.), History of England.....(G. P. Putnam & Sons) 2 50
Mackenzie (R. S.), Life of Sir Walter Scott.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 2 00
Marcy (R. B.), Border Reminiscences.....(Harper & Bros.)
McVickar (Rev. W. A.), Life of Rev. John McVickar, S.T.D...(Hurd & Houghton) 2 00
Meline (J. F.), Mary, Queen of Scots..... " " 1 75
Neill (E. D.), Memoir of Rev. Patrick Copland, swd.....(Charles Scribner & Co.) 50
Palestine Exploration Society, First Statement, swd.....(New York)
Palgrave (F. T.), Life of Sir Walter Scott.....(Porter & Coates)
Passavant (J. D.), Raphael of Urbino, and his Father.....(Macmillan & Co.) 12 00
Prentiss (Rev. G. L.), Discourse in Memory of Thos. Harvey Skinner, D.D., swd (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) 50
Proctor (Edna D.), A Russian Journey.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 50
Randolph (Sarah N.), The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson.....(Harper & Bros.)
Schouler (W.), A History of Massachusetts in the Civil War...(E. P. Dutton & Co.)
Spillan (Dr. D.), Livy's History of Rome, translated, 2 vols.....(Harper & Bros.)
Smith (P.), Ancient History of the East.....(" ")
Taylor (B.), Illustrated Library of Travel, etc.....(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
The Great Fires in Chicago and the West, swd.....(J. W. Goodspeed) 50
Tuckerman (H. T.), Life of John Pendleton Kennedy.....(G. P. Putnam & Sons) 2 00
Tyndall (Prof. J.), Hours of Exercise in the Alps.....(D. Appleton & Co.)
Yonge (C. M.), Cameos from English History, 2d series.....(Macmillan & Co.) 1 50

Fiction.

Alcott (Miss L. M.), Morning Glories, and Other Stories....(G. W. Carleton & Co.)
Almost Faultless, swd.....(D. Appleton & Co.) 60
Ames (Mrs. M. C.), Eirene: a Woman's Right, swd.....(G. P. Putnam & Sons) 75
Anne Furness, swd.....(Harper & Bros.) 75
Behind the Veil, swd.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 75
Benoni Blake, M.D.....(Geo. Routledge & Sons) 1 75
Black (W.), A Daughter of Heth, swd.....(Harper & Bros.) 50
College Library: Julian Home; Eric; St. Winifred's, 3 vols.....(M. Doolady) 5 00
Collins (M.), Marquis and Merchant, swd.....(D. Appleton & Co.) 50
Craik (Georgiana M.), The Cousin from India: a Girls' Book.....(Harper & Bros.)
David Lloyd's Last Will, swd.....(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) 75
De Forest (J. W.), Overland.....(Sheldon & Co.)
Dickens (C.), Martin Chuzzlewit, Nicholas Nickleby, Old Curiosity Shop and American Notes, Our Mutual Friend, Pickwick Papers..(D. Appleton & Co.)
Dickinson (Ellen E.), Emmanuel, and Other Stories.....(F. Whittaker & Co.) 1 25
Disraeli (B.), Tancred, swd.....(D. Appleton & Co.) 50
Douglas (Amanda M.), Lucia: Her Problem.....(Sheldon & Co.)
Douglas (Matilda), Doings in Maryland.....(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Dumas (A.), Edmond Dantes, swd.....(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 75
Louise La Vallière, swd..... " " 1 00
The Iron Mask, swd..... " " 1 00
Droz (G.), Around a Spring, swd.....(Holt & Williams) 75
Edwards (Mrs. A.), Ought We to Visit Her?.....(Sheldon & Co.)
Eggleston (E.), The Hoosier School-Master.....(Orange Judd & Co.) 1 25
Enault (L.), The Pupil of the Legion of Honor.....(Porter & Coates)
Christine, swd.....(J. S. Redfield) 50
Erckmann-Chatrian (MM.), The Invasion of France in 1814...(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Farjeon (B. L.), Joshua Marvel.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 2 00
" " .....(Harper & Bros.) 40
Gardner (Mrs. H. C.), A King's Daughter, and other Tales....(Carlton & Lanahan)
Garrett (Ruth and Edward), The Quiet Miss Godolphin....(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Gibbon (C.), For Lack of Gold, swd.....(Harper & Bros.) 50
Haliburton (T. C.), Sam Slick, the Clockmaker.....(Hurd & Houghton) 1 25
Harris (Mrs. S. S.), Richard Vandermarck.....(Charles Scribner & Co.) 1 50
Hawthorne (N.), English Note-Books.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 2 00
House of the Seven Gables, and the Snow Image. " " 2 00
Mosses from an Old Manse..... " " 2 00
Scarlet Letter, and Blithedale Romance, 1 vol. " " 2 00
Twice Told Tales..... " " 2 00
Holt (Emily S.), Isoult Barry of Wynscote.....(T. Whittaker & Co.)
Howells (W. D.), Their Wedding Journey.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.)
James Gordon's Wife: a Novel, swd.....(D. Appleton & Co.) 50
James (Marian), The Diamond on the Hearth, swd..... " " 50
Lever (C.), Con Cregan, swd., Davenport Dunn, swd., Horace Templeton, swd., Kate O'Donohue, swd.....(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)
Lindsay Lee and his Friends.....(Carlton & Lanahan)
Loring (F. W.), Two College Friends.....(A. K. Loring) 1 00
Lowly Ways: Diary of a Poor Young Lady.....(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)
McCarthy (J.), Lady Judith.....(Sheldon & Co.)
MacDonald (G.), The Portent.....(A. K. Loring)
Mackenzie (Mrs. A. S.), Aureola; or, The Black Sheep.....(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)
Macquoid (Katharine S.), Patty.....(Macmillan & Co.) 1 75
Rookstone.....(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Magill (Mary T.), Women, or Chronicles of the Late War.....(Turnbull Bros.) 1 75
Marryat (Florence), Her Lord and Master, swd..... " " 50
The Prey of the Gods.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 25
" " " swd.....(Harper & Bros.) 30
Melville (G. J. W.), The Gladiators, swd.....(D. Appleton & Co.) 60
Moore (Mrs. J. F.), Losses and Gains.....(Henry Hoyt)
Morton House, swd.....(D. Appleton & Co.) 1 00
Müller (O.), Charlotte Ackerman.....(Porter & Coates)
Mulock (D. M.), Agatha's Husband, Hannah, swd., Little Sunshine's Holiday, Olive.....(Harper & Bros.)

Register of Books Received.

Newby (Mrs. C. J.), Kate Kennedy, swd.....(T. B. Peterson & Co.) $0 50
Parr (Louisa), John Thompson, Blockhead.....(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Perch (P.), Dukesborough Tales.....(Turnbull Brothers) 1 50
Prentiss (E.), Aunt Jane's Hero.....(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) 1 50
Reade (C.), A Terrible Temptation, swd.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 50
" " .....(Harper & Bros.)
Reynolds (G. W. M.), Mysteries of the Court of London..(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 00
Richardson (Mrs. A. S.), Stories from Old English Poetry.....(Hurd & Houghton) 1 50
Roe (A. S.), Resolution.....(G. W. Carleton & Co.) 1 50
Sand (Mme.), A Rolling Stone, swd.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 50
Cesarine Dietrich..... " " 1 50
Handsome Lawrence, swd..... " " 50
Monsieur Antoine, swd.....(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 75
The Last Aldini, swd..... " " 1 00
Fanchon, the Cricket..... " "
Saunders (Katherine), Gideon's Rock.....(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
The Haunted Crust, etc.....(Geo. Routledge & Sons)
Schwartz (Marie S.), The Wife of a Vain Man, swd.....(Lee & Shepard) 1 00
Six Months Hence, swd.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 75
Smith (Julia P.), Brazen Gates.....(G. W. Carleton & Co.)
Spielhagen (F.), Problematic Characters.....(Holt & Williams) 1 50
Through Night to Light..... " " 1 50
Spofford (Mrs. H. S.), New England Legends.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 00
Stephens (Mrs. Ann S.), A Noble Woman.....(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
Palaces and Prisons..... " " 1 50
Stowe (Mrs. H. B.), My Wife and I.....(J. B. Ford & Co.) 1 75
Tautphœus (Baroness), Cyrilla, swd.....(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 75
The Cliffards of Clyffe.....(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
The Curate and the Rector.....(Geo. Routledge & Sons) 1 75
The Home at Heatherbrae.....(E. P. Dutton & Co.)
The Island Neighbors: a Novel of American Life, swd.....(Harper & Bros.) 75
The Member from Paris.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 25
The Prisoners of St. Lazare.....(D. Appleton & Co.)
The Sower's Reward, swd.....(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 25
Trollope (T. A.), Durnton Abbey, swd.....(Harper & Bros.) 50
Wallace (Mrs. E. D.), Strife.....(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) 1 75
Walworth (M. T.), Delaplaine.....(G. W. Carleton & Co.) 1 75
Wells (Prof. W.), The Heroine of the White Nile.....(Carlton & Lanahan)
Whitney (Mrs. A. D. T.), Real Folks.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 50
Zerub Throop's Experiment.....(A. K. Loring)
Wilford (Florence), Vivia, swd.....(D. Appleton & Co.) 50
Williams (L. A.), The Lost Despatch, swd.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 50
Won—not Wooed, swd.....(Harper & Bros.) 50
Wood (Mrs. H.), Dene Hollow.....(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
Yelverton (Thérèse), Zanita: a Tale of the Yo-Semite.....(Hurd & Houghton) 1 50

Juvenile Literature.

Abbott (J.), August and Elvie.....(Dodd & Mead) 1 50
Abbott (E.), The Baby's Things; a Story in Verse.....(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) 75
A Tale of a Nest.....(E. P. Dutton & Co.) 1 50
Bache (R. M.), American Wonderland.....(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)
Barker (Lady), A Christmas Cake in Four Quarters.....(Macmillan & Co.) 1 50
Chatterbox for 1871.....(Pott, Young & Co.) 1 50
De Kroyft (Mrs. S. H.), Little Jakey.....(Hurd & Houghton) 1 50
Djaz (Mrs. A. M.), William Henry and His Friends.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 50
Douglas (Marian), Picture Poems for Young Folks..... " " 1 50
Du Chaillu (P.), The Country of the Dwarfs.....(Harper & Bros.)
Elliott (J. W.), National Nursery Rhymes.....(Novello, Ewer & Co.)
Hale (Rev. E. E.), How to Do It.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 50
Harrison (Jennie), The Old Back Room.....(Dodd & Mead) 1 50
Hood (T.), Puss and Robin; and their Friends Kitty & Bob.....(Macmillan & Co.) 1 50
Household Tales and Fairy Stories.....(Geo. Routledge & Sons)
Johnson (E.), The Judge's Pets.....(Hurd & Houghton) 1 25
Kingsley (H.), The Lost Child.....(Macmillan & Co.) 1 50
Knatchbull-Hugessen (E. H.), Moonshine; Fairy Stories..... " " 1 50
Lee (M. and C.), Rosamond Fane.....(E. P. Dutton & Co.) 1 50
Little Folks, Vol. I.....(American News Co.)
Morris (Rev. F. O.), Dogs and their Doings.....(Harper & Bros.)
Mother Goose set to Music.....(G. W. Carleton & Co.)
Nine Years Old.....(Macmillan & Co.) 1 50
Norris (Emilia M.), Adrift on the Sea.....(E. P. Dutton & Co.) 1 00
Our Country Home.....(Pott, Young & Co.)
Rogers (W. H.), Cat and Mouse, swd., Sugar Bread, The Naughty Boys of Corcutt, Ice Peter.....(Sampson Low, Son & Marston)
Sanford (Mrs. D. P.), Five Happy Children.....(E. P. Dutton & Co.) 1 50
The Children's Magazine, Vol. I.....(E. P. Dutton & Co.)
The Merrie Heart; Nursery Rhymes.....(Robert Turner)
The Story without an End.....(Chas. S. Francis)
Trowbridge (J. T.), Jack Hazard and His Fortunes.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 50
Two Legends of the Christ-Child, swd.....(De Witt C. Lent & Co.)
Ward (Mrs. F. M.), The Vagabond.....(T. Whittaker & Co.)
Claude Spencer; and Waddles..... " "
Weeks (Mrs. H. C.), Four, and What They Did.....(Hurd & Houghton)
White (Alexina B.), Little-Folk Songs..... " " 1 25
Yonge (Miss C. M.), Little Lucy's Wonderful Globe.....(Macmillan & Co.) 2 00

Education.

Abbott (J.), Gentle Measures in the Management of the Young...(Harper & Bros.)
Anderson (J. J.), The Historical Reader.....(Clark & Maynard) 1 80
Bartholomew (W. N.), Teacher's Guide in Drawing.(Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.)
Bascom (Prof. J.), Æsthetics; or, The Science of Beauty..... " " "
Brooks (E.), The Normal Algebra.....(Sower, Barnes & Potts)
Cathcart (G. R.), Youth's Speaker.....(Ivison, Blakeman & Co.)
Coates (H. T.), The Comprehensive Speaker.....(Porter & Coates)
Collins (C. W.), Sophocles.....(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 1 00
Collins (W. L.), Cicero..... " "
Combe (Dr. A.), The Management of Infancy.....(D. Appleton & Co.)
Comfort (Prof. G. F.), Manual of German Conversation.....(Harper & Bros.)
Corneille (P.), Le Cid, 2d ed., swd.....(Holt & Williams)
Crosby (Pro. A.), Grammar of the Greek Language, 44th ed.....(Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.)
Dindorf (W.), Sophocles.....(Harper & Bros.)
Fish (D. W.), Arithmetical Examples.....(Ivison, Blakeman & Co.)
Goodwin (Prof. W. W.) and Allen (J. H.), Greek Reader.....(Ginn Bros.) 2 00
Gross (M.), Languages and Popular Education, swd.....(E. Steiger)
Hamilton (Dr. J. H.), Parker's Exercises in English Composition.....(Oakley, Mason & Co.) 1 00
Holbrook (A.), School Management.....(Josiah Holbrook & Co.)
Hudson (Rev. N.), Plays of Shakespeare, for the Use of Schools.....(Ginn Brothers) 2 50
Jelliffe (W. M.), Good Selections in Prose and Poetry. (J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.) 2 00
Jononnot (J.) and Hewes (S. E.), School-House..... " "
Leighton (R. F.), Greek Lessons.....(Ginn Bros.)
Lodeman (A.), German Conversation Tables, bds.....(Holt & Williams) 40
Lyell (Sir C.), The Student's Elements of Geology.....(Harper & Bros.)
Martin (Prof. B. N.), Choice Specimens of American Literature....(Sheldon & Co.)
Nicholson (H. A.), Text-Book of Geology.....(D. Appleton & Co.)
Text-Book of Zoology..... " "
Potter (H. L. D.), Manual of Reading.....(Harper & Bros.)
Racine (J.), Athalie, 2d ed. swd.....(Holt & Williams)
Roby (H. J.), Grammar of the Latin Language.....(Macmillan & Co.) 2 50
Rolfe (W. J.), Shakespeare's Tempest.....(Harper & Bros.)
Smith (W.), Hallam's Middle Ages, Student's ed..... " "
Swinton (Prof. W.), Condensed School History of the U. S.(Ivison, Blakeman & Co.)
Word-Analysis..... " "
Underwood (F. H.), Hand-Book of English Literature.....(Lee & Shepard)
Waddell (Prof. W. H.), Latin Grammar for Beginners.....(Harper & Bros.)

Science and Technics.

Agassiz (Elizabeth C. and Alex.), Seaside Studies in Natural History, 2d ed.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.)
Ball (Prof. R. S.), Experimental Mechanics.....(Macmillan & Co.) $6 00
Beard (Dr. G. M.), Eating and Drinking, swd.....(G. P. Putnam & Sons) 50
Stimulants and Narcotics, swd..... " " 1 50
Brightly (F. C.), Leading Cases on the Law of Elections.....(Kay & Bro.)
Chambers (Dr. T. K.), Restorative Medicine.....(Henry C. Lea)
Cocke (W. A.), Common and Civil Law Practice in U. S. Courts.....(Baker, Voorhis & Co.) 4 00
Curtis (G. T.), The American Conveyancer, 2d ed.....(Little, Brown & Co.)
Darwin (C.), Researches in Natural History and Geology.....(D. Appleton & Co.)
Half-Hours with Modern Scientists.....(C. C. Chatfield & Co.)
Hartwig (G.), The Subterranean World.....(Scribner, Welford & Co.) 8 50
Henson (W. S.), Modern Astronomy.....(Newark)
Hinton (J.), Health and its Conditions.....(G. P. Putnam & Sons) 1 50
Holbrook (Dr. M. L.), Parturition without Pain.....(Wood & Holbrook)
Hunter (Dr. J. B.), Review of Darwin's Theory, swd.....(D. Appleton & Co.)
Lawrence (W. B.), Disabilities of American Women Married Abroad.....(Baker, Voorhis & Co.)
Morgan (L. H.), Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity of the Human Family.....(Smithsonian Institution)
Mount Washington in Winter.....(Chick & Andrews) 1 50
Packard (Dr. A. S., jr.), Record of American Entomology, for 1870, swd....(Salem)
Peirce (Prof. J. M.), Tables of Logarithmic and Trigonometric Functions.....(Ginn Bros.)
Peters (Dr. J. C.), Notes on Asiatic Cholera, 2d ed.....(D. Van Nostrand)
Powers (E.), Artificial Production of Rain.....(S. C. Griggs & Co.)
Proctor (R. A.), Light Science for Leisure Hours.....(D. Appleton & Co.)
Professors Huxley, Roscoe, Huggins, Dawkins, and Ward, Science Lectures for the People, swd.....(D. Van Nostrand)
Professors Roscoe, Alcock, Jevons, Morgan, Science Lectures for the people.....(D. Van Nostrand)
Professors Williamson, Carpenter, Green, Lockyer, Science Lectures for the People, swd.....(D. Van Nostrand)
Pynchon (Prof. T. R.), The Chemical Forces.....(Taintor Bros.)
Ram (J.), Science of Legal Judgment.....(Baker, Voorhis & Co.) 3 00
Reclus (E.), The Earth.....(Harper & Bros.)
Seymour (S.), Review of the Theory of Narrow Gauges, swd....(D. Van Nostrand)
Tandon (M.), The Wonders of the Sea.....(Robert Turner)
Tyndall (Prof. J.), Light and Electricity.....(D. Appleton & Co.)
Walker (W. B.), Cyclical Deluges..... " "
Wallace (A. R.), Action of Natural Selection on Man, swd..... " "
Washburn (Prof. E.), Lectures on the Study and Practice of the Law.....(Little, Brown & Co.)
Wood (Rev. J. G.), Insects at Home.....(Chas. Scribner & Co.)

Periodicals.

Bastian (A.) and Hartmann (R.), Zeitschrift für Ethnologie, Vol. II., Nos. 4, 5 6...(L. W. Schmidt)
Catholic Family Almanac, swd.....(Cath. Pub. Soc.) 25
Dodd & Mead's Sunday-School Annual, for 1871, swd.....(Dodd & Mead)
Holtzendorff (F. von), Jahrbuch für Gesetzgebung, Verwaltung und Rechtspflege des Deutschen Reichs, Part I., swd.....(Leipzig)
Im neuen Reich, swd.....(L. W. Schmidt)
Josh Billings's Farmer's Allminax for 1872, swd.....(G. W. Carleton & Co.)
Journal of the Anthropological Institute of New York, Vol. I., No. 1, swd..(B. Westermann & Co.) 50
Littell's Living Age, Vol. CX.....(Littell & Gay)
Nast's Illustrated Almanac, swd.....(Harper & Bros.) 30
The Workshop, swd.....(E. Steiger) 40
Zeitschrift für Erdkunde, Vol. VI., No. 3, swd.....(L. W. Schmidt)

Miscellaneous.

American Tour of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson.....(D. Appleton & Co.)
Appleton's Hand-Book of American Travel, Western Tour..... " "
Atlas accompanying Vol. III. on Mining Industry, U. S. Geol. Explor. 40th Par...(Washington)
Atwood (D. T.), Country and Suburban Houses.....(Orange Judd & Co.) 1 50
Bowman (F. C.) and Dana (C. A.), Household Book of Songs for Four Voices.....(D. Appleton & Co.)
Colange (L.), The National Encyclopædia, No. 1, swd.....(F. B. Felt & Co.) 40
Cornelius (Mrs.), The Young Housekeeper's Friend.(Thompson, Bigelow & Brown) 1 50
Davis (A. J.), Mental Disorders.....(American News Co.)
De Maistre (X.), Journey Round My Room.....(Hurd & Houghton) 1 50
De Vere (Prof. M. S.), Americanisms.....(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Downing (C.), Selected Fruits.....(John Wiley & Son)
Emerson (L. O.), National Chorus Book.....(O. Ditson & Co.)
and Tilden (W. S.), The Hour of Singing..... "
Emerson's Singing School..... "
Fables of Pilpay.....(Hurd & Houghton) 1 50
Fetridge (W. P.), Harper's Hand-Book for Travellers in Europe....(Harper & Bros.)
Gardner (F. B.), The Carriage Painter's Illustrated Manual.....(S. R. Wells) 1 00
Grün (A.), The Last Knight.....(Hurd & Houghton) 2 50
Guide for Travellers by Railway, Stage, and Steamboat, in the Pacific States, swd.(A. L. Bancroft & Co.)
Haswell (C. H.), Book-keeping by Double Entry.....(D. Appleton & Co.) 60
Higginson (T. W.), Atlantic Essays.....(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 2 00
Houses not Made with Hands.....(G. W. Carleton & Co.
Huntington (W. S.), Roadmaster's Assistant.....(A. N. Kellogg)
Hutchings (J. M.), Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity in California. (A. Roman & Co.) 3 00
Jepson (B.), Elementary Music Reader.....(Chas. C. Chatfield & Co.)
Kelly (J.), American Catalogue of Books, 1866—1871. Vol. II.....(J. Wiley & Son)
Lear (E.), Nonsense Songs, Stories, Botany, and Alphabets.....(Jas. R. Osgood & Co.)
Leeds (L.), Treatise on Ventilation, 2d ed.....(J. Wiley & Son)
Life of Jefferson S. Batkins.....(A. K. Loring)
Menke (Dr. T.), Spruner's Hand-Atlas für die Geschichte des Mittelalters und der Neueren Zeit, Part I., swd.....(B. Westermann & Co.) 1 60
Merry Maple Leaves.....(E. P. Dutton & Co.)
Monteith (A. H.), French, German, etc., without a Master.(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 2 00
New Map of Central California.....(A. L. Bancroft & Co.)
New Year's Autograph Album, swd.....(M. W. Sparks)
Norton (C. L.), American Sea-Side Resorts.....(Taintor Bros. & Co.)
Pendleton (Mrs. H.), The Parent's Guide, 2d ed.....(S. R. Wells) 1 50
Poor (H. V.), Manual of the Railroads of the U. S. for 1871-72.(H. V. & H. W. Poor)
Rockwell (Rev. C.), Catskill Mountains and Vicinity.....(Taintor Bros. & Co.)
Salad for the Solitary and the Social.....(De Witt C. Lent & Co.)
Schroedter (Allwina), Penates.....(L. W. Schmidt)
Spencer (H.), Philosophy of Style.....(D. Appleton & Co.)
Taine (H.), Art in Greece.....(Holt & Williams) 1 25
History of English Literature, 2 Vols..... " " 10 00
The Coin Book.....(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
The Fall of Man; or, The Loves of the Gorillas, swd.....(G. W. Carleton & Co.)
The Musical Treasure.....(O. Ditson & Co.)
Tissandier (G.), The Wonders of Water.....(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Tourist's Guide. Around San Francisco Bay.....(A. L. Bancroft & Co.)
Tourist's Guide. Around San Francisco Bay, South..... " "
Transactions of the American Philological Association, swd.....(Hartford)
Traveller's Guide to the City of New York, swd.....(J. S. Redfield) 25
United States Patent Law.....(Munn & Co.)
Valedictory Poem and Oration, Yale College, 1871, swd.....(C. C. Chatfield & Co.)
Warren (T. R.), Shooting, Boating, and Fishing for Young Sportsmen.....(C. Scribner & Co.)
Wilson (J.), Treatise on English Punctuation, 19th ed.(Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.)
Wood (Lieut. O. E.), West Point Scrap-Book.....(D. Van Nostrand)
Zell's Descriptive Hand-Atlas of the World, swd.....(T. Ellwood Zell) 50